

THE STANDARD

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THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

In the Presidential campaign now so near at hand, the issue will be protection or free trade. There is no middle ground. Democrats may say that their party is committed to tariff reform only, but they can not say, as they did four years ago, that tariff reform is not free trade. Though tariff reform is not in itself free trade, every one knows that it is in the direction of free trade, and that free trade will be its inevitable outcome. The more frankly Democrats admit this, the more certainly will their party win the votes of free trade Republicans and independents, the only means by which it can hope to succeed. Old issues are dead, old parties are passing away. A new issue has come, and new parties, albeit with the old names, are forming. THE STANDARD will continue in this fight. It will show that free trade is to the interest of every one who works, that it is morally right and practically possible, and that protection is a monopoly scheme to rob the worker while pretending to enrich him. As the paper will be sent to any address for the remainder of the present year for one dollar, it is the cheapest and best medium for exposing the fallacies of protection. Commanding the confidence of a large and growing class of independent voters, calculated to attract all readers who take an interest in public affairs, independent in policy and judicial in judgment, a trustworthy reporter of the leading events of the world, and a welcome weekly visitor in the family, it is in all respects the best paper that free traders and genuine democrats can use as a missionary for propagating their principles. For nine dollars a group of ten subscriptions to different addresses will be filled, and in all cases a copy of "Protection or Free Trade?" by Henry George, in the best paper edition, will be given. The regular subscription price is three dollars a year.

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THE STANDARD

VOL. XI.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1892.

No. 14.

CLEVELAND IN RHODE ISLAND.—Cleveland's reception in Rhode Island was a notable one. Republicans and independents as well as Democrats turned out in crowds to greet him. And that this reception was but a type of the ovation he would receive everywhere in the United States no one who has watched the drift of sentiment can doubt.

The speech he made was worthy of the man, of the occasion, and of the controversy in which the two great parties of the country are engaged. It was clear in statement, dignified, sincere, dispassionate and earnest, and it was addressed to the moral sense of the citizens. In this speech Mr. Cleveland showed more clearly than ever before that it is not alone from motives of even the highest expediency that he is opposed to protection, but also because protection is morally wrong.

New hope for the future arises when the prospective candidate of one of the leading political parties of this country for its highest office addresses the people as Mr. Cleveland did on this occasion, without apology for his opinions, without evasion, without hesitation or concealment, without any other concern for results than that the people should think aright and be governed as voters by their honest judgment of right and wrong. And this hope grows when we remember that the probability—the almost certainty—of Mr. Cleveland's nomination is due to no strategy, not even to activity in the way of office seeking. There is no reform, if it be a good one, which may not reasonably expect advancement when such men come in such a way to the front in public affairs.

FREE WOOL.—Before this issue of THE STANDARD reaches the majority of its readers there is every probability that the House of Representatives will have placed wool in the free list. The protectionists will find themselves at their wits' ends to prevent its passage by the Senate, and if they fail there, Mr. Harrison will have an opportunity to test his courage. If he approves, he drives one more spike into the coffin of protection; if he vetoes, he drives a spike into the coffin of his own political prospects. Whatever may be the fate of the bill, it will be followed from the House by separate bills placing other materials of production in the same list.

This method of tariff reform the protectionists call the retail plan. But it is a good plan. It is a good plan tactically, because it avoids all confusion by concentrating public attention upon a few objects, and upon the simple issue of protection or not protection. No questions of higher or lower duties, no questions of adjustment, come in to distract and mislead. It is a good plan tactically for another reason. When wool shall have been placed in the free list, wool-growers will drop out of the protection ranks, and with each commodity thus made free, the corruption fund for protection will lose a source of supply and its voting strength a factor. With trifling exceptions protectionists cling together, not in support of a common principle, but in support of personal interests which antagonize all other interests. But this "retail plan" is a good one for reasons far superior to all considerations of political tactics. A general scaling down of the tariff is merely tariff reform; this is free trade pure and simple.

THE HOME RULE TAXATION BILL.—The Connelly bill for allowing counties to decide for themselves the kind of property to tax, was defeated in the New York Assembly last week by a vote of 32 in favor of the bill to 78 against it. The chief opposition came from officials of certain paper organizations of farmers, who represent the farmer very much as a well-known class of labor organizers, now extinct or harmless, once represented workingmen of cities. Here was no question of one kind of taxation or another, but simply a question of home rule; and home rule was voted down. The personal property taxationists, not satisfied with keeping capital out of country counties, are determined to drive it out of city counties too, and to choke the voice of the people of the cities while doing it.

However, there is not much cause for complaint, and none for discouragement. The bill did not even get to a vote last year. This year it received almost a third of the votes cast. It will be presented next year, and, if necessary, the year after, and the year after that, and so on until either it or something better is secured. If the promoters of the bill are wise they will poll the candidates for Assembly next fall, and, as far as possible, make their election turn upon this issue of home rule in taxation.

New York State seems destined to lead in proposing public reforms, and fated to jog on behind in adopting them. It was in New York that the first and best ballot reform bill was proposed; but New York killed the bill, allowing Massachusetts to lead in enacting it, and fell into line at the tail end of a long procession

some years later. So with this bill for local option in taxation. New York proposed it and her Legislature defeats it; yet it has already attracted attention in Western States, and it is not improbable that in one or more of them it will be adopted before another year has rolled around.

THE LAST OF HILL.—It is reported by the New York correspondent of a Philadelphia paper that Senator Hill's political associates find him no more the "level-headed man" that he was when Governor, and that they doubt his mental balance. This report is corroborated by the procedure last week of the joint committee of the New York Legislature which has been investigating the case of Judge Maynard pursuant to a policy undoubtedly dictated by Mr. Hill.

Last fall, while Maynard was deputy attorney-general, he abstracted from public office an election return on which the question of a Republican or Democratic majority in the State Senate hinged. A return previously filed gave the majority to the Democrats; but that had been decided by the Supreme Court, presided over by a Democratic judge, to be fraudulent, and a new one, giving the majority to the Republicans, was filed in obedience to the mandate of the court. It was this return, subsequently recognized as valid by the Court of Appeals which affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court as to the other, that Maynard stole. When the State Canvassing Board met it had before it only the fraudulent return, and upon this the State Senate was given to the Democrats, when it legally belonged to the Republicans. For his criminal part in this revolutionary proceeding Maynard was appointed by Governor Flower, at the dictation of Senator Hill, to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Court of Appeals, the very court whose decision was nullified by his crime; and Hill was lauded by his admirers in this State, and by Democratic politicians of like morality and intellect all over the Union. It was said for him, and not without truth, that he had beaten the Republicans at one of their own old games.

A legal proceeding brought some of these facts to light, and the Bar Association of the City of New York appointed an investigating committee of lawyers of the highest standing. Of seven members of that committee only two were Republicans. The committee were forced to find that Maynard had purloined the paper. In addition to many indisputable facts, they were confronted with his own confession. But they inclined at first to excuse the act as having been done under political excitement and without thought of its criminality. All doubt on this point was quickly removed, however, for in the midst of the deliberations of the committee Judge Maynard addressed to his associate judges a letter embodying his confession of the act, accompanied with a frivolous technical defense, and asserting that he had acted deliberately and with a full appreciation of all the circumstances. There was nothing left for the committee but to report him as a criminal, who, under the code, had incurred the penalties of grand larceny. Judge Maynard's crime having been committed before he went upon the bench, he could not be impeached, and the committee could recommend nothing further than his removal by the Legislature. Its report and recommendation were adopted by over five hundred members of the bar, of all shades of political opinion, at an open meeting of the association, and against less than a dozen negative votes.

At this point Hill's participation in the attempt to shield Maynard distinctly appears, and the method he adopted is strongly suggestive of an unbalanced intellect. Rushing away from his Senatorial seat at Washington to the rendezvous at Albany, he called his dependents about him and gave them instructions for the Legislative inquiry which in response to the demand of the Bar Association had been referred to a joint committee of the two houses. Evidently in obedience to his instructions, the Democratic members insisted at first upon employing as counsel to the committee, a lawyer who was cognizant of Maynard's crime, who had knowingly assisted him professionally in making it effective, and who, at the Bar Association and elsewhere, had defended it. This was so transparent that it raised a hue and cry over the State, and other counsel were engaged. They were two partisans of Hill, who, if Maynard was guilty, was morally if not legally, guilty also.

Following that, the most astonishing investigation ever witnessed in the case of a public officer was begun. The committee's counsel, acting as if they were counsel for the accused, stated at the outset that they admitted all the facts charged by the Bar Association, and relied for Maynard's vindication upon the prejudice and partisan bias of his accusers. And this procedure they were allowed to pursue. No Legislative committee would have tolerated it unless under the orders of a political chief, and it is difficult to suppose

that any political chief in the possession of his senses would have advised it. Had there really been malicious bias against Maynard it would have been irrelevant. What the Legislative committee had to ascertain was the probability of his guilt, not the malice of his accusers. But there was no malice shown, nor was any attempt to show it made except by asking one of the accusers if he had once engaged in a professional controversy with Maynard, and by asking others if they were opposed to Hill's Presidential aspirations. The line of cross-examination tended chiefly to make it appear not that the accusers had a personal prejudice against Maynard, but a prejudice against the kind of crime with which he was charged.

Here, so far as official investigation is concerned, the matter now rests; but, so far as the public is concerned, the career of Judge Maynard has reached its climax. He may neither be removed from the bench nor wear striped clothes within the stone walls of a prison; but he will be as unavailable as a candidate next fall for his present office as if he had just emerged from the penitentiary. Hill's career is ended, too. When the State Democracy began to organize, all possibility of his becoming the Democratic presidential candidate disappeared from the sight of people who study the signs of the times, and from the sight of every one but himself and a few of his more sanguine dependents when he returned from his Southern pilgrimage. But now he has no future whatever. In the Senate, if he sits out his term, he will be an object of contempt; among the people he will be remembered only as an awful example.

For four years THE STANDARD incurred the censure of some of its readers for devoting so much space to David B. Hill, whom they regarded as a local politician. But it kept on, knowing that he would become a dangerous factor in national politics. Its fears were verified, but now the danger is past. Last fall it was obliged to support the Republican party in the State election, and it was criticised for thus endangering the success of the principles represented by the national Democratic party, and of which it has always been an advocate. But it persisted, believing that the greatest danger to the Democratic party was from within and not from without, and that the success of Hill's nominees at the State election last year would be the worst of all the internal dangers which threatened it. The event verified our judgment. Nothing but Hill's unforeseen fatuity in calling his midwinter convention has saved the national party from suicide. Without that, the State Democracy would not have been organized; the Democrats of other States would have feared to fly in the face of what they would have regarded as the Democratic sentiment for Hill in New York; and not even Hill's Southern trip, his idiotic speeches, nor Maynard's crime would have brought them to their senses. We are glad to leave David B. Hill to the enjoyment of his richly earned obscurity.

WALT WHITMAN, DEMOCRAT.—Walt Whitman's death removes from earth a true democrat. Whitman's work as a poet, powerful as it was, must be esteemed less important than his life as a man. He preached the gospel of equality, naturalness, and individuality. He believed, as few who do not earn a living by manual labor really believe, that the man in hickory shirt, or for that matter, the man in no shirt, is essentially the equal of the man in broadcloth. He taught that living is more important than gathering gear; that men should seem what they are; that the natural way is the best way and the right way.

Of course he was an abolitionist and free trader. He must have been each as the natural and necessary outcome of his individualism. It was the same spirit that made him a spurner of social conventions, and perhaps it made him a contemner of literary form.

It is scarcely necessary here to attempt to assign Mr. Whitman his final place as a poet. It is enough to say that his inspiration was greater than his performance, and that there is no measure of justification for those critics who, bringing his work to the test of literary form, find it defective. At the same time, the gospel contained in his prose or verse no single taxer, no individualist, can afford to neglect; and if the reader is also blest with receptive faculties, quickly responsive to the beautiful in nature, he must derive from Whitman an intense pleasure of taste. The best of Whitman's verse is such as any poet might be proud of; the best of his prose is equal to his finest verse. Both preach a true democracy; both contain passages that fix the elusive moods of nature in a fashion common to only the greatest poets.

DYNAMITE IN PARIS.—Paris, which has been in commotion for weeks over attempts at the destruction of life and property by dynamite, has at last caught a self-confessed leader, who takes pride in his crimes, defending himself with the plea that while labor is robbed it is a service to humanity to murder and steal from those who profit by the robbery. When men like this arise, who are not only willing to go to the guillotine but court it, regarding themselves as martyrs and their victims and prosecutors as tyrants,

a social danger-point has been reached. Neither exile nor death for such men will avoid the danger. Exile! To what place shall they be sent where their hatred of society will not be aroused again by the same social and industrial conditions against which they have rebelled at the peril of their own lives? And will their death prevent others from taking their place? The executions at Chicago are referred to as evidence of the efficacy of prompt and relentless prosecution. But there is no analogy. No such men as this Paris revolutionist were those at Chicago. In the minds of the victims of Chicago's judicial murder, violent assaults upon society were so far off—in the minds of some the idea of violence had no existence—that they had never thought of placing their own lives at stake. Their execution put a stop to violence in Chicago, because no violence was contemplated. The whole excitement was a police scare, having no other foundation than crazy talk and a police-made riot. Excepting Lingg, there was no revolutionist among the Chicago prisoners, and he was mad without method. Paris has to deal with a different condition. It is the beginning of a terror which, though it may for a time be sporadic, will extend and intensify with the cause that generates it.

After all has been said that can be said in condemnation of this Frenchman who, criminal that he is, inherits the bravery of the old guard at Waterloo, and after all has been said that can be said of the futility of his method of reforming oppressive institutions, his indictment of society holds good. The New York Times exposes the underlying cause of his outrages in the lack of room in Europe—in other words, in the monopoly of land. But the Times does not see any danger from that cause in the United States, of which it says that it is "a country in which there is still room for everybody so disposed to take up enough unoccupied land to yield him a living, and in which every industrious and able-bodied man can still pledge his future for land that is easy of access and of cultivation." But is there still room for everybody in the United States in any other sense than that there is still room for everybody in Europe? If we have plenty of unoccupied land here, so have they in Europe. But here as there, the land is withheld from use except upon conditions that rob the worker for the benefit of the forestaller, precisely the conditions of which the Paris revolutionist vaguely complains as existing in France. Men must pledge their future to get it. Now, when men have to pledge their future to fellowmen for access to the source of life, which nature offers freely to all, they are robbed; and it is the sense of justice which robbery arouses, more than actual suffering, that breeds reckless men like the Paris dynamiter. How long may we expect exemption from the conditions which, as the Times says, "generate anarchism" abroad, if we continue to force our citizens to pledge their future for opportunities to live either in the present or the future?

MORE PRIVILEGES FOR LAND-OWNERS.—In advocating his land loan bill in the Senate, a bill which would require the Government to make money and lend it to land-owners at the low rate of 2 per cent. on the security of their lands, Senator Stanford said: "There can be no doubt that paper money, redeemable in this manner, will be as valuable as gold and silver." Perhaps not. Neither can there be any doubt that the bill would give another privilege to land-owners over the great privilege that they already possess. This would be a privilege beside which the national banking privilege in its worst stages, would sink into insignificance.

Land-owners, already drawing unearned incomes from land, or patiently but confidently awaiting the inevitable rise in the value of unused land, could borrow half the value of their holdings from Government, and so long as regular rates of interest remained above 2 per cent. could make further profits by lending the money so borrowed to landless people, who could borrow only through landlords as intermediaries. Yet Senator Stanford has the temerity to declare to the American working people, farmers owning farms of little value, farm-hands, tenants, mechanics, and poorly paid professional men, that this scheme is in their interest. More wonderful still, agitators who profess to be interested in promoting the prosperity of people who can prosper only by working, are attracted to Stanford and his fad for giving new privileges to the privileged. Perhaps the wonder is ill-timed, however, in days like these, when half the people are clamoring for legislation which is to enrich them by taxing away their earnings, and by obstructing trade so as to limit their opportunities for earning at all.

M'KINLEY ON PROTECTION.—McKinley's speech at Providence last Saturday was a gem. It is no wonder that his managers shirked a joint debate with Campbell. A joint debate would have taken all the sparkle out of that gem. He began by saying: "You cannot import foreign products from Europe and expect to employ labor at home in making the same products;" from which he concluded that while we import foreign products there is no market for our own products and, therefore, no employment for our labor, and no wages for our workmen. Such a statement ought to disgust every protection laborer and frighten every protected monopolist who has sense enough to see that we cannot

import foreign products from Europe without employing labor at home in making other products with which to pay for those we import.

Before closing, Mr. McKinley piled one absurdity upon another until he reached a climax in the declaration that, after the protective tariff gets fairly under way "it is no longer paid by the American consumer, but is yielded up by the foreign manufacturer to get his products into American markets." Now, if Mr. McKinley is right when he says that importations deprive our workingmen of wages, how are they to be benefited by a protective tariff under which foreign goods are imported upon condition that the foreigners pay our taxes? Workingmen who earn no wages are not very particular about who pay taxes.

That a man whose intellectual capital consists of such absurd and confused notions should be seriously listened to goes far to prove the value of an honest character. Mr. McKinley is credited with really believing that foreigners would sell their goods to Americans for the price they sell them for at home under competition, which reduces prices to the cost of production, and that they would pay our taxes besides. But for his reputation as an honest man, no one would credit him with sincerity in such a ridiculous statement. It finds its parallel in the story of the woman who, in explaining how she could sell five apples for 3 cents when they cost her 1 cent apiece, said it was because she sold so many.

HENRY GEORGE'S LEGACY.—The pen of the ready editorial liar is now busy with the legacy of the late Mr. Hutchins, of New Jersey, who left the bulk of his property in trust for the publication of Henry George's books with an inscription on the title page to preserve the testator's memory. The imaginative newspaper man, with his customary contempt for preliminary investigation, at once appraised the legacy at \$30,000, and in newspaperdom \$30,000 it has been ever since, notwithstanding that the official appraisement valued the entire estate at less than \$10,000, nearly half of which was claimed as her own by Mrs. Hutchins. Mrs. Hutchins having now been found in an almshouse, the case is made a text for assaults upon Mr. George, as if he had consumed her husband's property and left her an object of public charity.

The inference might be excused if all the facts had not been published, or if they were not readily accessible and most of them matter of public record. When Mr. George learned how small an estate Mr. Hutchins left, he offered to relinquish his claims in favor of the widow; but distant relatives, to whom the property would have gone had Mr. George abandoned the legacy, refused to join him in his offer, and instituted legal proceedings to overthrow the will, in which though they failed they burdened the estate with heavy costs. Then Mr. George allowed the widow's claim of ownership to nearly half of the estate in addition to her rights in the estate itself as widow, conveyed the homestead to her for nothing, and gave to her all the profit over actual cost of the books to be published with the Hutchins fund. The latter item was not large, for he has received very much less than \$300. It was enough, however, with what she had and the homestead, to have made her comfortable. But she sold the homestead, and with a parasite whom she trusted, went West. This false friend, after obtaining all her money, deserted her, and she was next heard of in the almshouse.

Such are the facts, and there are no newspapers which could not readily have ascertained and verified them before drawing scandalous and unwarranted inferences from Mrs. Hutchins's impoverished condition.

A CORRECTION.—In criticizing it is the aim of THE STANDARD to be fair, and it cannot reconcile this as some papers do, with silence when it falls into error. A paper should never make mistakes; but as papers are printed by men they can no more be infallible than men, and mistakes are inevitable. The best check upon them is a standing rule never to allow a discovered mistake to go uncorrected.

About a year ago a meeting was held in New York to oppose silver legislation, and ex-President Cleveland, upon invitation, wrote a letter to the managers frankly stating his views, which were against free coinage. We admired his courage, but have criticised the act as uncalled for and calculated to push the coinage question to the front. We regarded such men as Mills, who, while favoring free coinage, were opposed to making it an issue to the prejudice of the free trade issue, as Democrats who, so far as the West and the South are concerned, would control the policy of the Democratic party; and we feared that Cleveland's letter would arouse a fight which men like Mills could not keep down. We did not count on the persistent wrong-headedness of men like Bland, much less on such an outcome of the Speakership contest as to give them a point of vantage. We were wrong and Cleveland was right.

The event proves that but for Cleveland's letter the silver issue might now be the all-absorbing one, and he, like Hill, be regarded as either without opinions or afraid of them. The influence of that letter in removing the coinage question from the campaign was

undoubtedly great, and to it may be traced now, with almost absolute certainty, the complete rout of the spoils-of-office Democrats, of whom Hill is leader, and the inevitable nomination of Cleveland as the representative of the principles of Democracy. Though its subject was essentially much inferior to that of his tariff message, Cleveland's silver letter ranks with that message as the production of an honest citizen and far-seeing statesman.

MONEY.

HENRY N. STARR.

An old edition of Webster's dictionary defines "Money" as "metal coined for the purpose of commerce." Money is a measure for the comparison of values of labor commodities, interest, and rent. That is the best money or currency which fluctuates least in its purchasing power. Its purchasing power must be defined by some commodity. The concurrent judgment of ancient and modern times has selected the precious metals. Hundreds of years ago the financiers of Venice perceived the utility of paper, credit, and interest. England attempts, through her bank rate of discount, to utilize the power of interest. The great fault with all currencies is lack of elasticity. The effort to cure this evil by bank of issue has, on the whole, proved a medicine worse than the disease, and the belief seems to



be growing that the issue of currency is not a legitimate function of banking. In the reform of our currency the lawmakers should bear in mind the habits, methods, and desires of a highly civilized people. We do not like coin except for small change, but prefer paper, and while desiring that both metals shall be used, are not particular about the ratio, hoping it will soon be fixed by international agreement. The belief among those who think disinterestedly upon the subject is strong that some method of giving elasticity should be devised without using bank currency in any form. If these generalizations are correct the solution appears to be easy.

1. Abandon coinage, except for small change, and use legal tender bullion receipts of the government of any denomination desired.
2. In place of treasury notes and national bank bills, substitute a new legal tender greenback currency, fundable at New York into interest-bearing-currency bonds, reconvertible at the pleasure of the holder into greenbacks. These bonds to be of large denominations, registered, the date stamped thereon when issued, the accrued interest to be paid at intervals or when returned for conversion into currency; the rate of interest on the bonds to be reduced or raised by a board of governors. This would give a self-regulating elasticity. If money were "cheap" it would flow into bonds (and not into wild speculations on call), ready when wanted for the legitimate calls of business, and for such a currency the nation could well afford to pay the interest which it would cost. Any unfavorable tendency of redundancy or stringency would be checked by raising or lowering the rate of interest, and the export of bullion would cause no more alarm than that of any other commodity that foreigners deemed it profitable to buy of us. This is the Kelly plan, only on a metal, instead of a fiat basis. Is it not simple and reasonable? The value might be printed on all bullion receipts and currency notes, in pounds, shillings and pence, francs and centimes, as well as in dollars. With such a currency and free trade, would not New York soon become the commercial centre of the world?

Henry N. Starr, Mayor of Rockford, Ill., was born in New York in 1840. His father, Melancthon Starr, at that time went to Tallahassee, Fla., and was a merchant and cotton factor until 1847, when he threw up a very profitable business and returned to New York on account of his anti-slavery principles. In 1850 the family settled at Rockford, Ill., where Melancthon Starr engaged in banking until his death in 1885. H. N. Starr has lived forty-two years on the same street in Rockford, and since his nineteenth year has been a merchant, hotel keeper and manufacturer. Always in sentiment a free trade Jeffersonian Democrat, he was an earnest Republican until the slavery question was settled. He believes that it was consistent to support Grant against Greeley, Tilden against Hayes, Garfield against Hancock, and Cleveland against all opponents. From 1876 to 1880, as a supervisor of his county, he studied taxation, and was ready to accept the great truths of "Progress and Poverty" when it was published. As alderman and mayor of Rockford, he has firmly held to the opinion, that national political parties should be rigidly excluded from any interference in county or municipal affairs.

CORRECT.

Chicago Free Trader.

We would not limit, in acres or feet, how much land one should own, but this much we would do: We would tax the land according to its value—that is, we would tax vacant land fully as much as the improved land adjacent, exempting all improvements (the products of labor) from taxation.

Same idea as
Tom L. Johnson
advocated Jan
1895.

A SKETCH OF THE FREE TRADE DEBATE.

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

Tom L. Johnson's speech on the floor of the House in support of the free wool bill was short, sharp, and ringing; not without a little nervousness at the opening that must come to the most practiced speaker in rising for the first time to address the House of Representatives, but leaving no room for doubt as to his meaning. The recognized champion of the gospel of free trade and the single tax stood there speaking his faith. For the first time the single tax was advocated in the halls of Congress, and though the House had been thinned out by two speakers preceding, Mr. Johnson soon had an audience that gathered close around him, and gave strict attention, every now and again breaking into applause of admiration at his straightforward manner and boldness.

"I hold," he said, "that the right to freely trade with whoever he pleases, and on whatever terms he pleases is one of the most important of those natural rights asserted by our Declaration of Independence, and that to deny this to the American citizen is to that extent to enslave and rob him. And to the open enunciation of this clear principle I hope to see the Democratic party come. When it does it will be invincible."

But if we abolish the tariff how can we get our revenue?

Thoughtful men in all occupations have been and still are doing a great deal of thinking about this matter of taxation. They are fast making up their minds that they want a system of taxation that will not bear on the millionaire like a feather and on the day laborer like a millstone, that will not fetter labor, that will not hamper industry, that will not fine enterprise, that will not muzzle the ox that grindeth out the corn and let the dog in the manger go free to monopolize and waste; a system that will not require a horde of officials, that will not provoke extravagance and squander corruption, but will take from each man for the use of the community the fair and just return for the special pecuniary benefits that he receives from the community.

That system is the single tax. All over the country it is steadily and swiftly making its way in the popular mind—nay, all over the English speaking world. It won in the last New Zealand Parliament, and is already in large measure in force in that country. It carried the city of London by a tremendous majority in the municipal elections a few weeks ago. It is on the verge of practical politics here. It may be too soon to ask this House to consider it, but we shall move towards it as we move towards free trade. And I am a free trader because I believe free trade leads to the single tax.

These sentiments, surprising as it may seem, were loudly applauded. Their very boldness challenged admiration, and when the speaker sat down a little knot of members gathered around to tender congratulations and express satisfaction, and, many of them, approval. "There are only two other men in Congress that I know of who dare talk so boldly," exclaimed one member as he wrung Mr. Johnson's hand, "and those two men are John G. Carlisle and Roger Q. Mills."

An amusing little incident occurred during the delivery of the speech when Joseph D. Taylor, a Republican member from Ohio, interrupted to ask how it was that the Democratic party in Ohio, now so enthusiastic for free wool, was but a short time ago as earnestly for a heavy duty. "Because," came the response, "the Democratic party in Ohio was then wrong and is now right."

Mr. Taylor subsided with a look of astonishment. He afterwards said that Mr. Johnson's answer was altogether unexpected and utterly disconcerting. "I expected Johnson to dodge," said he, "but instead of that he came out so squarely that I was speechless. I could not have asked another question if my life had depended on it."

If none have gone so far as Tom L. Johnson in their sentiments, many have gone to lengths that, in the last Congress when the McKinley bill was under consideration, would have seemed to border on political suicide—some of these men, perhaps, encouraged by the Ohio member's example.

Watson, of Georgia, generally known as Tom Watson, and, after Jerry Simpson, perhaps the brightest speaker among the little group of Alliance members, made an admirable speech on the day following Mr. Johnson's. He attacked the whole institution of a tariff from top to bottom, and in this fashion knocked the bottom out of the tub labelled "a tariff for revenue only":

Mr. Chairman, if the tariff is right, protection is right. Favoritism is a necessary incident to any general tariff system. Whatever tariff you impose, protection is necessarily incidental to it, and if protection is wrong, then the tariff is wrong. If you are to have a tariff at all, protection is part of the nature—necessarily flows from it. If protection is wrong, then the tariff is wrong, and a 50 per cent. tariff is just 5 per cent. less justifiable than a 45 per cent. tariff, and that is all there is of it.

Mr. Watson declared that the Democrats, in clinging to a tariff of any kind while they denounced the robber—protection, were absurdly illogical. They lacked courage and proclaimed, "We will practice what is wrong, while we know what is right." This brought a Democratic member to his feet—Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana. "I want to ask the gentleman," he said, "when he intimates that the Democratic party lacks the courage of its convictions on the tariff question, if he does not know that a large number of Democrats in this debate declared that they were in favor of free trade, and therefore favored the present bill because it eventuated in free trade."

"Every argument that they have made here that is worth a moment's consideration," answered Mr. Watson, "leads to free trade; defends it, fortifies it, makes it impregnable; and yet the moment it comes to a declaration that we will put it in practice they take the 'studs' and refuse to travel the road pointed out by their own logic."

But when he came toward the end of his speech, Mr. Watson proved to be one of those who "refused to travel the road pointed out by their own logic," for upon Tom L. Johnson's asking him where, after he had abolished the tariff, he proposed to obtain public revenue, he shifted and said: "I heard the gentleman's speech yesterday, and it was a good speech; and he presented his side of the case well; and I will say that I agree with him fully as to the question of an income tax, and I believe that the income tax, which the last year it was applied in this country produced \$73,000,000, would to-day, with the enormous aggregation of fortunes since that time, supply enough revenue to run this Government upon honest, economical principles."

Mr. Johnson looked astonished at this reply, and sat down, but in a few

minutes he was up again. "Did the gentleman understand that I advocated an income tax as the way to raise revenue?" he asked.

"Well, now, I rather thought you did," answered the Georgian. There was a general laugh, for everybody knew Tom L. Johnson to be first, last and all the time for the single tax idea.

"Then I am very sorry that I was not understood," said Mr. Johnson. "I simply recommended that as a choice of evils, and you ought to know what I did advocate."

Mr. Watson did know, and Jerry Simpson, who sat at the Georgian's elbow, said Watson knew, and most of those who were listening knew that Watson knew. There had been no mistaking the Ohio member's words the day before, and everybody on that floor had long known what his views were. But the member from Georgia was not ready as yet to come straight out, and he answered: "I do not think his statement materially alters what my understanding of the gentleman's speech was. I supposed he was going up the ladder or down the ladder one step at a time, and he certainly used the income tax as one of those steps. He favored it as compared with the tariff."

The incident passed off in a laugh, but pretty much everybody could see that Mr. Watson was dodging. The dodging day will not last, however. At the rate at which ideas are moving here it will not be long before many of the men who now rise in debate and declare for free trade will, in the same ringing tones, declare for the single tax. There are a great many of them who see it and believe in it, but who fear to advance beyond their constituents.

RELIGIOUS IRREVERENCE.

The Christian Union recently made a statement, which, considering the religious character of the paper, is certainly extraordinary. "Even within the field of Mr. Atkinson's investigations" it says, "natural laws have been operating to increase the concentration of wealth, and the natural law which would carry on this concentration needs to be checked by the action of the public conscience; there is as little ground for believing that natural law will overthrow monopoly as there was a century ago for thinking that natural law would overthrow slavery."

To this the secular Chicago Times calls its religious contemporary to just account in the following well considered criticism:

The logic of this statement is that natural law is responsible for the unequal conditions which now exist. In other words, it is the will of a Supreme Creator that the many should toil that the few may live in idle luxury; that the millionaire and tramp are creations of God rather than the result of man's disobedience of natural laws; that when man has progressed sufficiently he will remedy the defects of nature's laws and make for the race a better condition than could result from God's intent. Perhaps the writer in the religious weekly will explain in what manner natural law is responsible for the concentration of wealth. He must know that statesmen in this and every age have deprecated the conditions which have made it possible for man to control his fellow-man. He may learn by careful analysis that it was distinctly the operation of a natural law that awakened the public conscience to the iniquity of chattel slavery and guided man's efforts to its overthrow. He may see that the strongest efforts now being made toward social reform are based rather upon morality than mere fiscal necessities, and that men are coming to a better understanding of their duties as corresponding with their rights.

If the Times believed that man could be made better by unnatural laws than by the observance of those which have from the first been made the basis of ethics, if it could suppose the finite higher than the infinite, then it might agree with the Christian Union that man's progress was to come from a higher human intelligence unguided by nature. But it does not so believe. There is abundant proof to the contrary. Few students of sociology proceed with their philosophy without recognizing that parallel with every human right is a duty, and that all are so interwoven as to make the performance of the duty dependent upon the possession of the right. Holding these views the Times does not believe it necessary for the State to usurp the functions of the individual, but that it should rather defend each citizen in the possession of his individual and social rights, and leave him free to follow the laws of nature. The Christian Union, holding the contrary faith, not unnaturally falls into the errors of State socialism, and believes that man will rectify God's mistakes as Ingersoll does those of Moses.

God has plans man must not spoil;
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told;
Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hope, and love, and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please,
Hunger and cold.

A JUST REBUKE.

Commenting on the surprise expressed by the newspapers over a verdict in favor of a street car company which Henry George, as a juror, joined in rendering, the Knights of Labor Journal wonders what these papers expected of Mr. George, since in their ignorance of his writings they did not suppose him capable of rendering a righteous verdict in a case where a monopoly was involved. It adds:

Mr. George has pursued a course which could not fail to make him a careful observer of the law and the sanctity of the juror's oath, and those who assume it to be a matter of surprise that he joined in a lawful verdict in New York recently would do well to read some of the excellent and lucid essays and articles from the pen of that gentleman.

CLEVELAND OVERSHADOWS ALL.

Long Island City Star.

The New York (single tax) STANDARD for the current week briefly but pointedly reviews the National political situation, very truthfully stating that the drift of Democratic opinion is now, daily, more and more, surging steadily and overwhelmingly toward Cleveland. To those who take interest in and give close watch to the signs of the times, Grover Cleveland is the only man on the Democratic side who looms up with sufficient prominence to make his nomination already well-nigh assured and his candidacy the forerunner of sweeping and triumphant success. The tariff question is to be the issue, and Cleveland is the acknowledged champion of radical reform on this line.

CHEAP GOODS.

Charles E. Gerst.

If you want cheap goods, make plenty of them, by forcing them to come from into use—by the single tax.

denied from the audience, and he responded by offering to forfeit \$100 if he could not prove it by the book. His offer was accepted, and in addition he made a private bet of \$10 at the close of the meeting; but the single tax men of Cumberland are still patiently waiting for proof of his statement or for his forfeit.

The Detroit Daily News keeps up a constant fire. It is now presenting points from the report of Labor Commissioner Robinson, with editorial comments and arguments. It is to this paper that we are largely indebted for the prevalence of single tax sentiment in Detroit, and for the support which the reform receives from the most influential men of that part of Michigan. In the northwest, where there are many Scandinavians but few of whom read English readily, O. T. Erickson, president of the Minneapolis Trade and Labor Assembly, and Mathias Eldenness have started a Scandinavian labor paper, Folkets Advokat (People's Advocate), which they offer to mail to any Scandinavian whose name and address may be furnished.

We find the elegant and logical Scot, James MacGregor, lecturing before the Knights of Labor, in Brooklyn, advocating the single tax, to the satisfaction of a large audience of representative knights who flood him with questions for an hour. At Wollaston Heights, a suburb of Boston, Mass., Mrs. Eliza Stone Twitchell substituted for her regular economic talks a presentation of the subject of slavery, in which she explained the industrial slavery of the present time, and traced it to land monopoly. At the regular meeting of the Chicago Single Tax Club, John Z. White spoke on the "Cause and Cure of Municipal Corruption," apropos of the pending prosecutions of aldermen for fraudulent sales of public franchises. The speech, which Warren Worth Bailey describes as one of the strongest of one of our strongest men, was discussed by Mr. Sawyer, of Minneapolis, and by Mr. O'Leary and Rev. Joseph Adams, of Chicago. At Cedar Rapids, Ia., the single tax men have added to their number two talented lawyers and a traveling man of that city, none of whom were suspected until a few days ago. All three are bright and energetic, and have put their hands to the plough. In Boston, writes W. B. Conitt, there is rejoicing at the outspoken declaration for the single tax made by B. O. Flower, editor and proprietor of the Arena, in the leading editorial of the April number of that popular magazine. The editorial is entitled, "Two Hours in the Social Cellar." From Columbus, Ohio, where the organized movement has been at a standstill, come assurances that agitation has been going on effectively, and that it is now proposed to renew the organization. Though the free trade idea does not seem to grow there, protection is visibly dying among workmen, with whom the single tax is rapidly taking its place. John S. Madson illustrates this with a fact which fell under his observation:

"About a dozen workmen, together at noon hour, got on the theme. One, lately the most rabid protectionist in the town, said: 'Well, we'll have the single tax about 1900; it'll take about that long to educate the people up to it.' 'Oh, give us a rest,' said another hot protectionist; 'we want it before that; eight years is too long to wait.' 'Well, I should say so,' said the other. All of whom but one were lately strong protectionists."

The Philadelphia Single Tax Club was addressed by W. E. D. Duror, a member of the Philadelphia bar, on the advisability of advocating taxes on land values irrespective of free trade, and by A. H. Stephenson on public debt. F. A. Herwig addressed the American Democratic Club, of Camden, N. J., and, as usual with him, he argued with force and eloquence for absolute free trade. The single tax club of Kansas City has broken up a little scheme of the telephone company to grab a thirty years' exclusive franchise for laying underground wires. The club opposed the grant, and with the aid of the Star, whose services it enlisted, a public sentiment was created which forced a veto from the mayor. In Boston William Lloyd Garrison spoke before the club, and at Everett, Mass., before the Young Men's Democratic Club, he read a paper on "The Ethics of Taxation." As an indication of our strength among the printers of that part of Massachusetts, the election of Augustine McCraith as secretary of the Typographical Union is significant. He opposed the incumbent of six successive years and a bitter fight was made against him, but he won by a good majority. The Globe says of him that he is an eloquent advocate of the economic ideas of Henry George.

In Maryland, however, some adverse legislation appears. A most stringent personal property listing law has been passed in that state. This will tell in favor of the single tax at an early day, for stringent listing laws are excellent educators; but it has its compensations even now, for it affords the New York Times another opportunity to advocate the single tax on land values, of which it says:

A single land tax has the advantage of being put upon property that can be reached and the value of which can be accurately estimated—property that cannot run away and the owner of which cannot evade his liability. It is the simplest, easiest, and most economical of all taxes to collect, and it is as difficult to avoid as to be paid by everybody who occupies or uses land in proportion to the extent to which he occupies or uses it, and that is substantially in proportion to his means. Hence it is the most equitable of all taxes.

ECONOMIC READING CIRCLES.

The system of Economic Reading Circles, of which Miss Estelle Bachman, of March Creek, Penn., is in charge, is extending slowly, but every circle seems to take root. The best results thus far are in Brooklyn, N. Y., which has two flourishing local circles. The first of these, the Monroe, has had six classes, and has gone over the subjects of wealth, labor, land, and capital. Students to whom these subjects were riddles when the circle organized are now familiar with them, and are able to read and discuss economic problems with intelligent interest. The sixth meeting of the circle was held at the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Burns Battle, Dr. E. C. Bushman acting as moderator, and was followed, as all the classes have been, by an hour of social enjoyment. The Monroe circle has appointed a committee to arrange for an outing with the New York circle.

FAVORABLE CONDITIONS IN PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., according to one of its best informed citizens, would never be picked out as a likely place for radical ideas. Though watchmen do not now call out the hours of the night as they did within the memory of subjects yet in their prime, the fangs of the hydra have not yet been in the flesh

of the people, and under the clouds of smoke which hide the city from the sun a hideous fetish, called "protection," is worshipped. Nevertheless, this citizen believes that the single tax is coming to the front so vigorously and rapidly that Pittsburg will be one of the first, if not the very first, to put the reform in practical operation. He says:

There are several reasons for this. Pittsburg is not entirely destitute of modern improvements and appliances; she has a "ring," and the "ring," according to the habits of the animal wherever found, wants, primarily, money. To get money to make improvements, the city wants to borrow it, and as the state law does not allow her to borrow beyond a certain percentage on the assessed value of her property, which she has about reached, owing to her having had a high old spree in the shape of a railroad riot some years ago, it is to the interest of the ring to increase assessments, and to increase them in a way which will add least to the burdens of the common people, ergo, higher assessments on the land values. Towards this end they have been consciously working for several years, and the late election for Councilmen, in which this question of taxation was a distinct issue, resulted in an overwhelming majority for the ring against a so-called "citizens" ticket. Need I add that we have also here one of the finest object lessons in the United States in the Schenley estate. Thus it happens that in our city the ordinary course of events is reversed, and we have a high tariff community who are quite possibly on the eve of adopting the essential features of the single tax.

It is in the air all around us; we find the most unlikely men giving their adherence to its principles. The other evening on the train I met the general superintendent of one of our railroads centering here. A remark of mine introduced the subject of taxation, when he said, jocularly, "I will just give you ten minutes before I reach my station to explain how we could have our city better paved, better lighted, and altogether a better place to live in under any form of taxation which is better than the one in vogue." The time was short, but, like as Philip expounded the gospel to the eunuch, so I gave him the single tax limited, being certain he would stand no stronger meat. When I was through, he said: "That is just what I wanted to have you say; I am more and more impressed with the great injustice there is in increasing a man's taxes because he builds a fine house on his lot." It was the argument ad hominem you see. So it goes. I was relating this story to a friend whom I have vainly been endeavoring to convert to our ideas for the past two years, and his answer was, "Yes, and if you people will confine yourselves to that you will have lots of adherents."

THE UNCONSCIOUS DRIFT.

But the movement is doing more than make conscious converts. It is creating a drift into which men fall and float along, all unconscious of the pool toward which they are speeding. An illustration of this is the Democratic platform of Minnesota, in its demand for legislation "which shall make commerce and industries free." Another is the report of a sub-committee of the Ways and Means Committee of the Iowa House of Representatives, which had drafted and recommended the passage of a law requiring all taxable property to be assessed at its full cash value. This originated in a single tax agitation there against an abuse which prevails all over the Union, that of assessing vacant land far below its value and letting land monopolizers off easily, while correspondingly burdening the industrious by higher assessments on improvements. And from New England comes the report of an unsuccessful attempt of land-owners to fence in the seashore. The undulating line of seashore extending north from Boston to Portsmouth presents a diversity of headland and beach and wooded landscape, scarcely equalled elsewhere on the coast, and in these sequestered retreats repose in quiet and elegant leisure throughout the summer the wealth and aristocracy of our cities. Among these places none is more conspicuous than the town of Swampscott, lying just north of Lynn. Its natural advantages are a broad ocean exposure and a magnificent beach sweeping in an almost unbroken circle from headland to headland for many miles. The place has taken on the air and exclusiveness of a Newport, and the spirit of arrogance and monopoly is becoming more and more aggressive. Heretofore the privilege of the beach has been recognized as a universal right, and all classes have enjoyed its attractions. But now, it seems, the public use of the beach has become distasteful to the abutters, who have abridged public rights by projecting barbed wire fences out to low water. A petition against the fences was placed before the Harbor and Land Commissioners, who gave a hearing upon it. Mr. Benjamin Potter, one of the petitioners, although probably little conscious of the logical importance of his remarks, made a fairly good single tax speech in opposition to the claim of the land-owners, and the commissioners have just refused to allow the fence to remain.

ADOPTING THE SINGLE TAX IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Nor is the movement limited to the United States. In British Columbia, according to the Vancouver Daily News-Advertiser, the principles of single tax men, who until three or four years ago were regarded as cranks, have adherents among all classes of the community, and the tendency now in Vancouver, in Westminster, and in Victoria is to reduce the assessment of improvements and increase the assessment of land, which is directly in line with the single tax idea. The single tax question, says the News-Advertiser, is really before the people at the present time, and "it would seem that the Councils and the people of the principal cities of British Columbia are settling the matter in a practical way and with an absence of friction or violent methods that would have appeared impossible only three years ago."

SPREADING TO JAPAN.

The agitation has reached even to Japan, and in most promising form. Charles E. Garst, lately a missionary to Japan, writes us of a book, a copy of which has just reached him, published in Tokyo last year by a Japanese scholar, Sentaro Jo, and which is the first book on the single tax ever published in the Orient. Mr. Garst says that when it first came out he wrote to the author asking him where he first learned such doctrine. The author replied, from Herbert Spencer's works and also from Henry George's books. This reasoning, entirely his own, is perfectly adapted to the Japanese, and Mr. Garst believes the new economic doctrine will soon take a definite shape and policy in that empire. Describing the book Mr. Garst says:

The title is: "Complete Abolition of All Taxes," or "Dangers in the Economic World." The chapters are entitled as follows:

1. The Broad Problem. 2. Governmental Dangers. 3. The Tendency of the Times. 4. A Study on the Male and Female Principles in Nature—Extremes. 5. The Heavy and Light Sides of Wealth. 6. Reasons on the Evils of the Times. 7. The Enrichment of the Entire Country. 8. The

Root Law of the Sickness of Society. 9. Heaven Granted Human Rights. 10. The Dullness of the Practical Business World. 11. The Fruits of the Advances in Machinery. 12. Indirect Slavery. 13. Evils of Revenue and Indirect Taxation. 14. Complete Abolition of Taxes on Improvements. 15. The Indications of a Great Reformation of the Law of Taxes. 16. The Rise of the Wisdom and Virtue of Society.

Some of the translations are too literal to sound as well as they do in the original Japanese.

The fact that if the single tax is only once started anywhere, it must in the nature of things soon become universal, and give a working, tangible basis for a brotherhood of man, is one of the features that fills my soul with delight.

THE PRINCIPLE ADVANCING IN ENGLAND.

But it is in England that most progress is now making, and, perhaps, the most potent visible factor, after the London Council elections, has been the great coal strike. The London Daily News has had a correspondent at the mines, from whose reports it appears distinctly that the miners have been striking in the interest of their employers as well as of themselves. In coal mining there the three factors of production are represented by three separate sets of men. Landlords own the coal in its natural condition in the ground, and receive royalties for allowing it to be taken out; miners do the mining labor, receiving wages from the employing capitalists, who superintend the work, handle the product in the market, and take the risks of trade, for which they receive what is left after paying wages to their men and royalties to landlords. The miners noticed that the operators were losing money in low prices, and, fearing that this loss would soon react upon them in a reduction of wages, they struck for the purpose of diminishing the supply and thereby raising the price of coal. But as the strike went on their attention was called with greater emphasis than ever before to the unearned share of their product which the landlords were taking; and with one voice, says the News correspondent, the Federation has denounced what the correspondent bluntly calls "landlord blackmailing." Speaking of a typical colliery the correspondent says that the miner "gets less than a shilling a ton, while the do-nothing, the lord of the soil and all that is beneath it, extracts the full shilling." He adds: "This means that by a species of robbery, which landlord parliaments in an era of rudimentary national development made legal and respectable, this particular landlord extracts as much money from that particular colliery in course of the year as would maintain the whole settlement of miners during the same period." This plain speaking in what is practically the editorial department of the Daily News has called out more plain speaking from the public, not at all to the disadvantage of the News. In one instance an "Ironmaster" shows that he has learned to attribute the burdens upon business not to labor unions, as has been customary, but to landlords. He says that what is required in the coal trade is not a reduction in the coal miners' wages, but a reduction in landlords' royalties; and he draws an illustration from his own business in which the landlord gets six shillings a ton for permitting the miners to earn three. This strike promises to bring about a better understanding between English workmen and English employers, and to point the common enemy out to both. What with the London Council elections, the coal miners' strike, and the plain talk of such influential papers as the London Daily News, English landlords must begin to see that they have fallen upon evil times—for them.

The Daily News, however, is not the only London paper that has come to our side. The Times and Echo, discussing the recent election for members of the Council, demands that something be done to prove to the London ground landlords that their thrashing is going "to make them smart as well as look silly." While not very particular as to what is done, its declared preference is "the direct taxation of land values," which it regards as simple and capable of being made invariably effective—more, it fancies, than can be said for any other means suggested.

SINGLE TAX SENTIMENT IN IRELAND.

And in Ireland, over and above the wrangling of parliamentary politicians, and the schemes of "green sod patriots," the single tax makes itself heard. The Cork Eagle sees in the London election consequences more far-reaching than it had ever dared hope for. "A fierce agitation was set on foot," it says, "a single tax 'ticket' to absorb ground values was adopted, and the fearless men of progress went to battle, gaining a splendid victory at the late election that every lover of justice must feel proud of, for the Progressives mean to push this question forward before the Imperial Parliament; and, once the principle is established, once it is adopted, the 'Land for the People' doctrine will not rest within the walls of London. It will go forth like a mighty giant, touching every shore, removing every impediment that may be placed in its way, and crushing within its powerful grasp the iniquitous land laws that give to a few the birth-right of the human race; and, it can be truthfully said, if the ground rent of the great metropolis belongs to the population of London, so does the economic rent of the soil of England belong to its people; so does the earth of bonnie Scotland belong to her unconquered and unconquerable sons; so does the sacred soil of Ireland—as we have again and again proclaimed—belong, not to a few individuals, but to the Irish people. London—intelligent, liberty-loving London—as indeed it should, has taken the lead in this great and holy cause. Only ten short years ago Henry George, the learned author of "Progress and Poverty," the God-sent prophet, would not be listened to in England, was imprisoned in Ireland; but to-day, thanks be to the Divine Ruler, the seed he has sown is bearing fruit abundantly, and ere another triennial London Parliament sits, the single tax will, with the blessing of Him who doeth all things well, be in full force; industry will be free; and, in that great centre of trade, commerce, and human progress, labor will have full scope—a fair field, without fear, favor or affection."

SINGLE TAX LETTER WRITERS.

Division A—Sunday Truth, Buffalo, N. Y. Address care H. B. Buddenburgh, city editor. Truth has a People's Forum and will publish letters.

Division B—Morning Herald, Marion, Ia. Will publish single tax letters.

Division C—John W. Breckenthal, Chetopa, Kan.

Division D—P. E. Cook, Fifth and West streets, Topeka, Kan.

Division E—Dr. C. W. Brooks, Enterprise, Kan.

Above names are of thinking and influential men in their localities.

Divisions F and O—C. H. Church, Merrickville, Ontario, Canada. Is a protectionist, but open to conviction on the tariff and other economic questions.

Division G—Mrs. Mary Kendal, mayor of Keplar, Kan. Mrs. Kendal is a progressive woman, and would make a good target.

Division H—A. P. Smith, superintendent National Pump Company, Mound City, Ill. Is interested, having read a tract or two.

Division I—A. Preston, Battle Creek, Ia. Knows a little of our principles, but do not see the practical workings which will prevent dishonest men from taking advantage of the honest.

Division J—Rev. Mr. Oldham, Butler Street Methodist Church, Pittsburg, Penn. See page 5, STANDARD, March 30. Appreciates the unjust conditions now existing, but does not see a remedy.

Division K—L. Castleman, Bunceton, Mo. Farmer; believes in free trade, but thinks single tax will tax him out of his land.

Division L—Rev. M. J. Eckels, Bradford, Penn. Present the ethical side, as Mr. Eckels thinks the question only a political one.

Division M—Colonel C. E. S. Wood, First National Bank Building, Portland, Ore. Influential man, of great intellectual honesty, and has the courage of his convictions. Is thought to have read "Progress and Poverty" several years ago, but has not expressed himself on the question.

Division N—P. Schwiete & Bro., 3905a Kossuth avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Stonemasons; would like information of the working of the single tax, and how it would affect their business.

J. L. Moore, State Superintendent of Florida C. F. N. A. and C. Union. Would like literature to distribute at the State Convention to be held soon. Address him at Green Cove Springs, Fla.

New York, 1674 Broadway.

MARIAN DANA MACDANIEL, Secretary.

OBJECT LESSONS.

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

HOW TO BUILD COUNTRY ROADS.

C. J. Buell writes from St. Anthony Park, Minn.: The following extract from the Minneapolis Times contains a text worthy the consideration of STANDARD readers:

The proposed road from Minneapolis to Wayzata will be discussed by the county commissioners at their meeting on Monday. The road committee has already approved of the road as laid out. All that remains is to assess the benefits and award damages to those through whose land the road will run.

The building of the road in question will undoubtedly cause an increase in the value of the land along the route of the new highway.

In this case the county commissioners are simply following the general practice here in the opening of streets and roads.

The land taken for the road or street is appraised and the owners are paid the value. Then all those benefited by the building of the road are assessed proportionately to raise the funds necessary to pay the awards. In determining who are benefited, nothing is taken into account but increase in the value of land. No one is assessed any more because his land may be improved, and the notion that the users of the road should pay a part of its cost is not considered at all. All users of the road are on an equality, and none are asked to pay at all because they are users. But the owners of land along the line of the road or at its termini are benefited in a different way. They get a benefit that they can sell for cash. They get this in addition to the benefit that comes to them as users of the road. Therefore this benefit that shows itself in an increased value of their land is what determines who shall pay for the road and what amount each shall pay. This plan of special assessment is one that single tax men will do well to study with care. It is perfectly just and wholly practical, and it has the merit of being easily understood. It is far easier to make the average man see the merits of this special assessment plan than it is to convince him of the justice and expediency of the general single tax proposition.

AN ILLUMINATING ADVERTISEMENT.

A real estate agent of Portland, Oregon, throws a brilliant ray of light upon the vexed question of land values by the following advertisement:

LAND AT TWO CENTS AN ACRE.—Eighty nine years ago, on the 30th of April, one Monroe purchased from a French gentleman, by the name of Bonaparte, about 755,000,000 acres of land at about two cents per acre. Such cities as Omaha, Denver, New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, and St. Paul are built upon this land, and fifteen acres in St. Louis are now worth more than the whole tract sold for in 1803.

Two cents an acre! And yet it was probably worth no more. Why? Simply because it had no population, or none to speak of.

What is it worth now? One could scarcely understand the figures if the value was set down, so vast would the sum be.

What caused the increase? Population. All land values are created and maintained by population, and when the population departs the values are wiped out.

What follows? It must be true that values grow in direct proportion to increase in population.

What is the deduction? That land bought where the population is increasing must make money in direct proportion to such increase.

Keep an eye on Oregon. Everything points to the fact that Oregon, during the next five years, will have the best growth of any State in the Union. All eyes are turned her way. The tide has been somewhat slow in setting this way, but it has been rolling in slowly for two years, and is rising, rising, rising each day.

And Portland? Portland is not only the metropolis of Oregon, but of the entire Pacific Northwest, and her growth will be rapid, steady and substantial.

What must you do? If you wish to make a large profit, and at the same time have your money as safe as though it was in Government bonds, buy property in Portland.

If land values are created and maintained by population, by what right do part of the population reap all the advantage?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SHIFTING THE LAND VALUE TAX.

A. E. Davis, of Independence, Oregon, asks what he truly calls "that time-honored question" about shifting the land value tax from the landlord to the tenant. It is for an inquirer, not for himself, however, that he wants an answer. The question as he puts it is: "What would hinder a man who rents his building under the single tax scheme from making his tenant pay a good share of the amount of this tax on the value of his land?" We have answered this question over and over. Mr. George has fully explained it in a tract, which we now publish; and John Stuart Mill disposes of it so completely in his "Principles of Political Economy," that it seems almost a waste of space to answer it again. But Mr. Davis is right in soliciting an answer, and, after all, it is not strange that it should be so often asked, for there are very few people outside of the ranks of single tax converts who have given any intelligent consideration to economic problems. This time, however, we will not answer it ourselves, but will let the *Detroit News*, one of the leading papers of the West, answer it for us. We copy from a recent editorial in that paper:

Take, first, the owner of valuable unimproved land. On whom can he shift the tax? He has no tenant, at least, to charge it up to, therefore he must pay it himself. Nor can he shift it on some future purchaser. The price of land is governed by its availability, and as a tax does not add to this, the tax cannot be added to the purchasing price.

A landlord with a poor house on a valuable lot cannot add his land tax to his rent. The house will rent for no more than any other house of that class in that vicinity, no matter what the land tax is. A cottage within half a mile of the city hall, however, will rent for more than a cottage outside the three-mile limit. But this is because it is nearer business, not because it pays a higher tax. It is worth more to live in, as it saves, for instance, car fare, time going to and coming from work, etc. This value the landlord assesses on the tenant; the single tax compels its payment into the common treasury. Whether the municipal tax be 1 per cent. or 5 per cent., the tenant pays the same rent.

A landlord cannot add his land value taxes to his house rent, because the rent of the house is governed by the demand for, and supply of, houses. He gets all he can now. Should he charge more, the tenant would be compelled to leave, for he can pay no more than his competitors if for business purposes, and will pay no more than his neighbors for residence purposes.

The moment rents are increased more houses will be built; and the moment more houses are erected, competition between landlords for tenants will reduce rents to a sum just sufficient to pay the going rate of interest on the capital invested in the industry of building houses.

Under the operations of the present system of taxation the owner of valuable land charges the tenant the highest price he can get for its use. He charges him rent for the land and rent for the house. Under the operations of the single tax the landlord will still charge the tenant this land value rent and house rent; but the house rent will be less, owing to houses being built more cheaply, while the land value rent will remain the same. But right here comes the great difference between the two systems. To-day this entire rental of land, made valuable by the community, goes into the pockets of the landlord. Under the single tax much of this value created by the community will be absorbed by the tax. To-day the rent a tenant pays for the use of land stays in the landlord's pocket. Under the single tax this rent for land will be absorbed by taxation, and so, if rightly used, will return to the community.

All political economists of note, from the time of Adam Smith to the present day, agree in the statement that a tax on land values cannot be shifted. It sticks to the land affected, and neither the grain raised nor the goods manufactured thereon can be increased in price thereby. The landlord cannot add the tax on land values to the rent, the merchant cannot add it to his goods, and the farmer cannot add it to the price of his produce.

HENRY GEORGE AS A JUROR.

Editor STANDARD: While I do not often try to correct mistakes and misconceptions as to myself that I find in the press, I do not like to be misunderstood by the readers of THE STANDARD. Will you, therefore, let me object to one part of your editorial of last week, entitled "Henry George as a Juror." In it you say:

The judge who really renders the decision gives it the form of a verdict. And since the judge, and not the jury, controls the judgment, it is not of the slightest importance whether the jury assents or not. Nor do the jurors act upon their oaths. They do not act at all.

Had this been explained to Mr. George he would, doubtless, as he has since said he would, have silently allowed the procedure to take its course.

I have not said anything of this kind. What I said was that if the judge had dismissed the case on his own responsibility I would have had nothing to say, for that was a matter for his own conscience. It was not from ignorance that I protested. I understood perfectly that it was the judge who was rendering the decision and giving it the form of a verdict. What I objected to was that a decision that I did not believe just, should be rendered even formally in my name. Under similar circumstances I would protest again.

With what you say against this rendering of jury verdicts by judges I, of course, heartily agree, and would like to add a few words to it.

The registering of a verdict by a judge in the name of a jury is more than a mere formality. It carries with it the same weight in law as would an actual decision of a jury, and places the party against whom it was rendered at a greater disadvantage with regard to subsequent proceedings than the dismissal by the judge. In my opinion it is a judicial usurpation of the functions of the jury that seriously impairs the usefulness of trial by jury as a safeguard of the citizen. Our veneration of the jury system comes from a time when it was regarded as a barrier against the arbitrary power of judges subject to the influence of kings. Kings are gone, but in their place we have the influence of rings and bosses, and if a jury must render, or be recorded as rendering, any verdict a judge may dictate, I can see little reason in maintaining the institution. As to this particular case my opinion now is, as it was at the time, that the order of the judge was warranted neither by the facts nor by the law.

HENRY GEORGE.

JEFFERSON ANNIVERSARY AT CHICAGO.

The second annual Jefferson banquet promises to be a great success. Toasts will be responded to by James O'Donnell, editor of the *Bloomington Daily Bulletin*; Judge Mark Bangs, John Z. White, Captain J. F. Waters, Rev. A. J. Cleare, Rev. Joseph Adams, Marshall Beck and Thomas

Handford. Original poems will be read by George Horton and Charles Eugene Banks, and the Misses Levy, Mr. Chappell, Mr. Pierson, the Brown brothers, and others will furnish musical entertainment. The banquet will take place in Washington Hall, 68 East Adams street. A reception will be held at 6:30, dinner will be served at 7, and from 8 to 10 there will be speaking and music. Tickets may be had of Secretary Irwin at 753 Rookery Building for 75 cents each.

FREE TRADE FOR CANADA.

D. C. Fraser, a well-known member of the Commons from the Maritime Provinces, at a gathering of Liberals at Hamilton, came out flatly for Canadian free trade as the best policy to be adopted by the Liberal party to meet the effects of the McKinley act. His sentiments were loudly cheered. Reciprocity was touched upon, and Mr. Fraser said that was only a step, and a small step at that, in the way to free trade.

He was ready to fight to break down the tariff wall, and thus compel the Americans to do so also. To this some might raise the cry of direct taxation. For his part, he did not fear to pay five dollars directly rather than twenty dollars indirectly.

AMERICAN LABOR THE CHEAPEST.

Boots and Shoes.

A prominent English manufacturer of boots and shoes arrived in New York recently, and the sole object of his trip is, he says, to learn how to make footwear more cheaply. "The English people are just beginning to admit that America can beat the world at making shoes," he continued, "and what with your high rate of wages and other heavy expenses, we wish to know how you can possibly do it." The solution of the problem is not difficult to find—machinery and harder and quicker work. The American workman is undoubtedly smarter than his English brother, and can turn out a great deal more work in a given time, and any one who has visited factories on both sides of the Atlantic will unhesitatingly confirm this statement. Then, the English manufacturer who buys American machinery is fond of hiring boys to run it, under the delusion that this is economy, in addition to which the English workmen are opposed to machinery, as they think that it means less employment for themselves.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

—M. W. Norwalk, of Albany, N. Y., writes: If Mr. Henry Blackwell don't know how to solve the race question, which, according to his recent letter to THE STANDARD, has the precedence of all other questions, let me offer him an illustration. Let him invite ten or more children to one place; place before them, say one-quarter of a pound in all of candy and mixed nuts; and let the children understand that there is no more to be got. The race question, in all its degrading features, will hold away in the scramble. The girls, and children of the minority race, will get the worst of the fight and the least of the good things.

Now, let our friend bring in a barrel full of these good things; let the children be assured that there is an unlimited quantity at their command, and that all they and their friends have to do is to work at the opening of the barrel. Presto! the question of race will vanish, and the rights of woman (the girls) and weak races (the boys) will be equal.

—C. Reeves writes from Darien Centre, N. Y.: In all cities and large towns there are separate departments for the relief of paupers, and the expenses are usually paid from a separate fund appropriated for such purposes, but the appropriations are taken from a general fund raised by general taxes. I suggest that they be raised by a special separate tax on land values only, so that they who profit by the people's labor will support the people's poor.

This, of course, is single tax doctrine, but applied to poor expenses only. No matter how much poverty increased there would always be a fund to relieve it. I think the industrial interest in every city could be combined to support such a move, as it would lessen their tax and, if carried, would furnish a living object lesson on taxation, and also compel the separate assessment of land and labor values, and furnish an object on which to unite single tax men in practical work at home.

—F. S. Matteson writes from Turner, Ore.: I am the only single taxer here, and I act as a missionary who is not afraid of his convictions. I am a Democrat, but I am ready to split the Democratic party on free trade. Let it be the main, if not the only issue.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The United States Senate has ratified the Behring Sea treaty with England. It provides for arbitration of conflicting claims as to the right of sealing in Behring Sea. The *modus vivendi*, whereby sealing was forbidden last year, will not be renewed, but England has notified Canadian sealers that they may expect interruptions by our Government vessels sent to enforce our claims.

The New York Grand Jury has made a presentment accusing police officers of accepting bribes to suffer the continuance of gambling houses and houses of ill-repute, and with winking at violations of the excise laws under like influence.

FOREIGN.

Mandalay, the capitol of Burmah, in Asia, has been nearly destroyed by fire and many lives are lost. The city has 200,000 inhabitants.

There is a revolutionary movement in Venezuela and 300 insurgents have been killed near Caracas by the President's troops.

The Duke of Cumberland, heir to the throne of Hanover, a state of the German Empire, has definitely accepted a share of the Guelph Fund arising from the sequestered property of the late king of Hanover, and thus yielded to Prussia his rights in the kingdom. A bill providing for all this has passed the Prussian Landtag.

Labouchere's motion to reduce more than one-half the appropriation for maintaining royal palaces has been rejected by the British Commons, 232 to 92.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

ALICE CRITTENDEN.

When there is little or no money to be spared for the purchase of new furnishings, there is still a way of making the best of what one has. Perhaps this cannot be better exemplified than by telling how a little country parlor, with white walls, a half worn ingrain carpet and a shabby lounge, was transformed into the daintiest of rooms. It was shaded by a wide veranda, and was none too light. A very little chrome stirred into the whitewash gave a faint cream color to the side walls; before this was put on, however, a pine molding, stained a rich, golden olive, was run around the room on a level with the tops of the doors and windows, which was about nine inches from the ceiling. Above this the wall was stained the palest possible shade of pink, made by stirring a little Spanish brown into the plain whitewash. The ceiling was a still fainter cream than the side walls.

The woodwork was ordinary yellow pine and had never been stained. A small can of raw sassa, ground in oil, another of bronze-green oil paint, some linseed oil of the best quality, a little of the best spirits of turpentine, and a very little Japan was purchased, and the owner proceeded to experiment, mixing a very little of the bronze-green with the sassa, stirring this into the oil, thinning with the turpentine, and adding the Japan dryer. It was brushed on, a small space being covered at a time, and then rubbed off with clean flannel cloths. This gave a beautiful surface between olive wood and oak. The picture molding had been stained with this, as was also the floor: for a width of three feet around the room.

The ingrain carpet was in shades of tans and olives, with just a dash of red. Of the best parts this provident housewife made a rag large enough to cover the unpainted portions of the floor. It was bound with carpet binding and edged with a heavy, woollen carpet fringe. It is surprising how much carpets can be freshened after the spring shaking by wiping them with a cloth wrung out of clean water, to every pallid of which a tablespoonful of strong household ammonia has been added. Change the water as soon as it gets very dirty.

The lounge was covered with horse hair cloth; it was frayed and altogether about as uninviting as it could be. After carefully ripping off the outer covering, one of the homespun and homespun "cover lids," a relic of revolutionary days, was thrown over it like a rug. It afforded an ample cover which had to be looped up at the head and foot and firmly stitched in place to keep it from contact with the floor.

Large pillows were covered with blue denim, washed and boiled until it had become a lovely, soft blue. Denim may perhaps be better known as "overalls goods." A table cover of the same was worked with a flight of swallows, in cream blue glass, sailing diagonally across it. The fringe was made by doubling three strands of the flax a few inches long and drawing them through the hem with a crochet hook.

Ambition, like appetite, grows by what it feeds on, and the door leading into the dining room was next furnished with a pair of curtains made from single widths of denim, the dark side toward the dining room with a deep hem turned up on the parlor side. An embroidery pattern of a large and flowing bow-knot was stamped on at intervals and worked with cream floss in outline stitch, the space between the lines being filled in with fancy stitches, such as wide buttonhole, herring-bone, and out stitch. These curtains were hung from a plain pine curtain pole stained like the woodwork of the room.

Long curtains of cream cheese cloth, stamped with a faint pink figure, hung from like poles above the windows. It cost ten cents a yard, and was trimmed with a little tall fringe at eight cents a yard.

On a wide window sill stood one of the yellowish gray butter pots with blue bands, borrowed from the dairy, and filled with a wild growth of fern. In another window, for this was autumn, were potted plants of the same were filled with a great bouquet of golden-red.

The copper concentrated chains, worn just

almost guileless of paint, were sandpapered and painted with the same paint as that used for the woodwork. The rockers were cushioned with denim, for, as I have said, there was little money and consequently little choice of material.

There were no handsome vases or bric-à-brac, but there was some quaint old china nearly a hundred years old, and some old delf of the deepest, richest blue, which its owner had the taste to display on a narrow shelf running over the door between the parlor and dining room. A set of home-made book shelves stood in one corner, a work basket that betokened use on the table, and you knew at once that this was a "home."

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

AT SUNSET.

Margaret E. Sangster in Boston Globe.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wrath—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

PARAGRAPHS.

Gazzam: "Life is easily destroyed. I knew a strong man who died after having a tooth pulled." Maddox: "How long after?" Gazzam: "About ten years."—Puck.

"I can assure you that I am a bachelor from choice." "So I supposed; but whose choice?"—Life.

The increase caused by a revenue tariff is paid into the United States treasury by the one who imports the goods. That caused by a protective tariff is paid by one citizen of the United States to another and no foreigner is connected with the transaction in any way whatever.—Brickett's Cobden Pellets.

Stranger: "What's the matter? Where are all these men running to?" Citizen: "These gentlemen are politicians. They have just been holding a private conference. They are now hurrying to find a newspaper reporter, in whom to confide the secrets which they do not consider themselves able to keep unaided."—Boston Transcript.

Too Literal.—Teacher: "When the wise men came to the king, what did they say?" Boy: "They said, 'O, King, live forever!'" Teacher: "Quite right; and what then?" Boy: "And immediately the king lived forever."—Life's Calendar.

Allodial (absolute) property no subject in England now has; it being a received and now undeniable principle in law, that all lands in England are holden mediately or immediately of the King.—Sir William Blackstone.

General Thomas once, when he had refused a boon, was reproved in a way which decidedly amused him. A private soldier, who was very homesick, went to headquarters to obtain leave of absence. The General asked him why he wanted a furlough, and the poor fellow replied,

in the most dejected manner: "General, I haven't seen my wife for more than three months." "Why," said the officer, "that's nothing. I haven't seen my wife for over three years." "Well," said the soldier, "that may be, General, but me and my wife ain't them kind!"

The question of the unearned increment will have to be faced. It is unendurable that great increments which have been formed by the industry of others should be absorbed by people who have contributed nothing to that increase.—John Morley.

"I don't think papa cares much for you, Fred," she whispered softly. "That's all right," he replied, "forewarned is forearmed, you know." "Wouldn't it be nice," she continued, in a much lower whisper, "if you were really four armed?"—The Epoch.

He (gazing at the stars): "I wonder which are the evil stars?" She: "The ones that wink."—New York Herald.

A little Maine girl, in whose family there came an addition, remarked, with a sigh: "Now we shall have to cut the pie in six pieces."—The Morning Star.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

Erkman-Chatrain.

[Continued from last issue.]—The surprising manner in which Van Spreckdal had just appeared threw me into ecstasy. "Yesterday," I said, looking at the pile of ducats glittering in the sun, "yesterday I formed the culpable design of cutting my throat for a few wretched florins, and now to-day fortune falls to me from the clouds. Decidedly I did well not to open my razor, and if ever the temptation to make an end of myself returns, I will take care to put the business off till the morrow."

After these judicious reflections I sat me down to finish the sketch; four strokes of the pencil and the affair was done. But here an incomprehensible disappointment awaited me. These four strokes of the pencil it was impossible for me to make. I had lost the thread of my inspiration; the mysterious personage did not evolve himself from the limbo of my brain. It was in vain to try to catch his fleeting image; he no more agreed with the rest of the design than a figure of Raphael in a pot-house by Teniers. The perspiration stood on me in drops.

At the most critical moment, Rap opened the door without knocking, according to his praiseworthy custom; his eyes riveted themselves on my pile of ducats and with a yelping voice he cried:

"Eh! eh! I have caught you at it. You'll tell me again, Mr. Painter, you have no money—"

And his crooked fingers came forward with that nervous trembling which the sight of gold always produces on greedy souls.

I remained stupefied for some seconds.

The recollection of all the insults which this fellow had inflicted on me, his covetous look, his impudent smile, all exasperated me. At a single bound I seized him, and pushing him backwards with both hands out of the room, I banged the door in his face.

Outside, however, the old miser shrilly cried:

"My money! thief! my money!"

The lodgers rushed out of their rooms and asked:

"What is the matter there? What is going on?"

I opened the door abruptly, and giving Mr. Rap a kick which sent him rolling down twenty steps:

"This is going on!" I cried, beside myself.

I was pleased with my performance and rubbed my hands together. This adventure had put me in good spirits, I resumed my work and was about finishing the sketch when an unusual noise struck my ears.

Hearing the ring of muskets on the pavement of the street, I looked out of my window and I saw three gendarmes with cocked hats drawn up before the door.

"This ruffian of a Rap must have broken some limb!" I said in alarm.

Now, reader, note the strange whimsicality of human nature. I who wished to cut my throat the evening before shuddered to the very marrow of my bones at the thought that I might be hung if Rap was dead.

The staircase was filled with confused sounds—heavy steps, clanking weapons, short words.

Suddenly they tried to open my door. It was bolted.

Then there was a general shout, "In the name of the law—open!"

I rose trembling, my lips quivering.

"Open!" resumed the same voice.

I had the idea of escaping by the roof; but I had scarcely put my head out of the little dormer-window than I recoiled, quite dizzy.

I saw in a flash all the windows below, with their shining panes, their flower-pots, their bird-cages. Lower, the balcony; lower still, the lamp; lower still, the signboard of the wine shop, the Tonnelet Rouge, with its hooks and clamps; and then at last the three glittering bayonets, which only awaited my fall to split me from the soles of my feet to the nape of my neck. On the roof of the house opposite a great red cat, in ambush behind a chimney, was watching a flock of sparrows piping and fighting in a spout.

It is impossible to imagine to what clearness, what force, and what rapidity of perception the eye of man can attain when it is stimulated by fear.

At the third summons—"Open, or we will break in!"—seeing flight was impossible, I advanced to the door tottering and drew back the bolt.

Two fists at once seized the collar of my coat. A little squat fellow, smelling of drink, said:

"I arrest you!"

He wore a bottle-green overcoat buttoned up to the chin, and a stove-pipe hat; he had long, brown whiskers, rings on all his fingers, and his name was Passauf.

He was the chief of police, and behind him were five of his "bull-dogs."

"What do you want?" I asked Passauf.

"Come down!" he cried roughly, making a sign to one of his men to lay hold on me.

This fellow dragged me off more dead than alive, while the other fellows turned my room topsy-turvy.

I went down stairs, my hair hanging over my face, and stumbling at every step.

I was flung into a hack between two stout young fellows, who kindly let me see the ends of two clubs hung to their wrists by straps of leather. Then the hack started.

I heard the steps of all the gamins of the town running after us.

"What have I done, then?" I asked one of my custodians.

He looked at the other with an odd smile and said:

"Hans, he asks what he has done!"

This smile froze my blood. Soon a deep shadow covered the vehicle, and the tramp of the horses echoed under a vault. We entered the Raspelhaus. Here one may say:

Into this cave
How one comes in I see quite well,
How one gets out I cannot tell.

All is not rose-colored in this world; from the claws of Rap I fell into a dungeon whence very few poor devils have had the chance of escaping.

Large, gloomy court-yards, windows in rows like those of a hospital; not a tuft of grass, not a spray of ivy, not a weathercock in sight. Such was my new lodging. It was enough to make one tear one's hair out by handfuls.

To begin with, the policeman and the jailer took me into the guard-room.

The jailer, as far as I remember, was called Kaspar Schlüssel. With his gray woolen cap, his pipe between his teeth, and his bunch of keys at his girdle, he produced on me the effect of the Owl-god of the Caribs. He had its large, round, yellow eyes, its beak, and a neck buried in his shoulders.

Schüssel quietly locked me in, as one locks up old shoes in a closet, while thinking of something else; while I, with my hands crossed behind me and my head stooping, remained more than ten minutes on the same spot. At the end of this time I made the following reflection:

"Rap, when falling, cried out, 'He is killing me!' but did not say who. I will say that it was my neighbor, the old spectacle-seller; he will be hung in my place."

This notion lightened my heart and I breathed a long sigh. Then I looked at my prison. It had just been newly whitewashed, and its walls as yet presented no marks, save in one corner a gibbet roughly drawn by my predecessor. The light came from a bull's-eye window placed nine or ten

feet high. The furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a bucket.

I sat down on the straw, my hands clasped round my knees, in a state of inconceivable prostration. I could scarcely see clear; but, suddenly thinking that Rap, before dying, might have mentioned my name, I felt a creeping in my limbs, and I started up coughing, as if the hempen cravat was already squeezing my throat.

At almost the same moment I heard Schlüssel coming along the corridor. He opened the cell and told me to follow him. He was still attended by his two clubbers, so I stepped out resolutely.

We traversed long galleries lighted at intervals by a few interior windows. I saw behind some bars the famous Jic Jack, who was to be executed tomorrow. He had a strait-jacket on, and was singing with a hoarse voice:

"I am the king of these mountains."

On seeing me he cried:

"Hello! comrade, I'll keep a place for you on my right."

The two policemen and the Owl-god looked at each other smiling, while the goose flesh crept down my back.

Schüssel pushed me into a lofty hall, very dark, and furnished with benches in the form of a semi-circle. The look of this deserted hall, its two lofty barred windows, its crucifix of old dark oak—the arms extended, the head sadly drooping on the shoulder—inspired me with I know not what religious dread in accord with my actual situation.

All my ideas of false accusations disappeared; my lips moved, murmuring a prayer.

For a long time I had never said a prayer; but misfortune leads us always to thoughts of submission. Man is so small!

Opposite me on an elevated seat sat two persons turning their backs to the light, thus leaving their faces in shade. However, I recognized Van Spreckdal by his aquiline profile, caught from an oblique reflection of the window pane. The other person was fat; he had full, puffy cheeks, short hands, and wore a judge's robe, as did Van Spreckdal.

Below sat the clerk, Conrad. He was writing on a low table, tickling the tip of his ear with the end of his quill pen. On my arrival he stopped to look at me with a curious air.

I was made to sit down, and Van Spreckdal, raising his voice, said to me:

"Christian Venius, where did you get this sketch?"

He showed me my last night's sketch, which he had in his hand. It was passed down to me. After having examined it, I replied:

"I am the author of it."

There was a pretty long silence. The clerk Conrad wrote down my answer. I heard his pen running over the paper and I thought "What means the question just put to me? This has nothing to do with the kick I gave Rap."

"You are the author?" resumed Van Spreckdal. "What is the subject?"

"It is a fancy subject."

"You have not copied the details anywhere?"

"No sir; they are all from imagination."

"Prisoner Christian," said the judge in a severe tone, "I beg of you to reflect. Do not tell falsehoods."

I flushed scarlet and cried in a high-pitched voice:

"I have spoken the truth."

"Write, clerk," said Van Spreckdal.

The pen moved again.

"And this woman," pursued the judge, "who is being murdered by the edge of a wall—she, too, is from imagination?"

"Beyond doubt."

"You have never seen her?"

"Never."—[Continued in next issue.]

WALKING IN RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Little Imogen's father is a minister," says the Ladies' Home Journal, "and known far and wide for his goodness and benevolence. When Imogen was three years old she ran out of doors one day, where her father had been walking through the snow. At once the little maid began trying to put her small feet in the big footprints. Her mother went to the door, and exclaimed, 'Why, Imogen! what are you trying to do?' 'Oh, the little lady made reply, 'I'm walking in the steps of righteousness.'"

VARIOUS HELLS.

The Nineteenth Century.

The general conception of hell, a conception primarily based on curiosity and fear, has been elaborated with marvellous ingenuity. For instance, the Hindu hells, or Narakas, are 136. The walls of the principal of these are over one hundred miles in thickness, and their shine of fire is so fierce that they burst the eyes of those who look at them even from the distance of 400 leagues. Yama, the Greek Pluto, the Christian Satan, is 240 miles high. The hairs of his body are like palm trees. He punishes the damned by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead into their ears, pulling out their toe nails and tongues, and a vast number of other varieties of torture. The mind, says Goldsmith with much truth, is ever ingenious in making its own distress.

The general conception of hell has for many a fascinating horror like that of a modern murder and the subsequent hanging, which brings so rapturous a relish to our hot rolls at breakfast. It is an early sample of that remarkable human peculiarity which seems to delight in pain, that morbid tendency to self-torture, which, not content with ills of the present, looks forward with quivering horror to other worse ills in the future. And the future beyond experience, if not beyond reason, offers an ample field to the fancy of the Heautontimorumenos. The unseen and the unknown have ever presented an attractive arena for the gymnastics of the imagination. But as the bee and the spider suck, we are told, honey and poison from the same flower, so we may extract pain or pleasure from our something beyond the grave. Generally we prefer to extract pain. The Kafirs, with only thirteen paradises, have more than double that number of hells.

The primitive Christians, says the sarcastic Gibbon, were animated neither by the love of pleasure nor by the love of action. They were alike careless of procuring private happiness to the individual, or any public benefit to the world. But, he concludes, "it was not in this world that the primitive Christians were desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful." This passage, by the way, in an addition by Dean Milman, is curiously varied by the omission of the word "not." But Gibbon is perhaps a little hard on the primitive Christians. At all events, their hell is probably both as agreeable and as useful as that of other creeds. Though, indeed, it shows less variety of fancy than that of the Hindus, it yet runs a very close race in the arena of agony with that of the Muslims, wherein the lightest punishment is to be shod with shoes of fire, the heat of which causes the skull of the unlucky wight who wears them to boil like a caldron.

BAY RUM.

Garden and Forest.

Bay rum is manufactured in Dominica from the dried leaves of pimenta acris. Bay rum is prepared by distillation, and this in a very simple manner. The leaves are picked from the trees and then dried; in this state they are placed in the retort, which is then filled with water, and the process of distillation is carried on. The vapor is then condensed in the usual way, and forms what is known as "bay oil," a very small quantity of which is required for each puncheon of rum. The manufacture of bay rum is carried on at the northern end of Dominica, and proves a very lucrative business to those engaged in it, as the plants are plentiful in this district.

PLENTY OF WORK.

London Daily News.

Charity will stave off starvation for the time but no amount of charity nor a thousand years of charity organization will afford an effectual remedy for this wretched liability of a vast stratum of our people to sink into starvation and domestic ruin with any change of the weathercock and any temporary fluctuation in trade. To say that this liability is inevitable and must continue a permanent factor in our social system is only to betray a total ignorance of the past, an utter blindness to all the signs of the present and an incapability of gauging all the probabilities of the future. To say there is no work to be done is the very infatuation of blindness while a hundred thousand homes are destitute of every conveni-

ones of life and their occupants are chronically half clad and half starved.

I have been during the past few days into scores of homes, but when last evening I stepped into a passage with a mat on the floor it struck me as an indication of respectability that I had met with nowhere else. A hundred thousand homes without a door mat, and yet every now and again the mat makers of London raise an angry cry that their trade is being ruined by the mat making in one or two of our London prisons! You can walk miles in and out of poor people's homes in many quarters of London and never tread on a bit of carpet. Thousands upon thousands of homes are without a decent chair, without a bedstead, without a sheet or a blanket that you would care to touch without a pair of tongs. They have no books or pictures, no furniture of any kind to speak of, no second suit of clothes or second pair of boots, no food in the cupboard and scarcely any utensils for cooking it if they had.

All this is true, and yet there is nothing to do! And if our prison governors choose to send out into the world a few extra door mats or a few rolls of cocoa matting there is a cry, Stop this for heaven's sake or we shall all be ruined! There's work to be done and there are the people who ought to be doing it. The one question to which every earnest reformer should turn attention is as to how the people are to be set going.

"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

Notes and Queries.

The tune to which this song is sung is "Marlbrouck," which was once a national air in France. In "Marlbrouck" the death and burial of Queen Anne's great captain are burlesqued, and, in what some French critics have considered its something entire, the disasters of Blenheim and Ramillies are believed to have been avenged. But the fact is, really the reverse, for if read appreciatively, "Marlbrouck" expresses the widespread terror occasioned by the mere name of Blenheim's hero, and the exultation of the French when they heard of his death. The "complaint" is supposed to have come from the Walloon country, and it was unknown in the French capital until fifty years after Marlborough's death, when a Flemish peasant woman, coming up to Versailles to nurse the baby Dauphin, brought it with her and sang her little baby charge to sleep with the old jingling rhyme. From this "Marlbrouck" became popular in Paris, and ultimately it reached these shores. The tune being a catchy one, we discarded the French words and wedded it once and for all to our Bacchanalian chant of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and so a song written in savage ridicule of England and one of her greatest generals became one of the most popular ones to which the latter's countrymen pledge jovial cups.

OLD IDEAS ABOUT STUTTERERS.

"*Sylva Sylvarum*," Century IV.

Divers, we are, doe Stut. The Cause may bee (in most) the Refrigeration of the Tongue: Wherby it is lesse apt to move. And therefore we see that Naturalls doe generally Stut: And we see that in those that Stut, if they drinke Wine moderately, they Stut lesse, because it heateth: And so we see that they that Stut, doe Stut more in the first offer to speake, than in Continuance: Because the Tongue is, by Motion, somewhat heated. In some also, it may be (though rarely) the Driness of the Tongue; which likewise maketh it lesse apt to move, as well as Cold; for it is an Affect that it cometh to some Wise and Great Men; As it did unto Moses, who was Lingua Præputa; and many Stutters (wee saide) are very Cholericke Men; Choler Encreasing a Driness in the Tongue.

FREE TRADE.

London Courier Journal.

Free trade certainly cannot be treason or worse when we have Mr. Blaine as a historian declaring that free trade was beneficial from 1850 to 1890, and further insisting that, in this year of our Lord 1892, we shall have free trade in hides with all the world, and free trade in a great many other articles with nations that are willing to take our goods in exchange. If cheap shoes are a boon, cheap clothing cannot be a plague. If free trade with one nation is desirable, free trade with another cannot be an unmitigated misfortune.

CHARLEY MULGRIDGE'S FIDDLE.

Carl Smith in Harper's Weekly.

When I was a boy, oh, ages ago,
And back with the boys that I used to know,
There were countless pleasures and keen delights
That seemed like parts of "Arabian Nights";
But of all the things that there used to be,
Not one seemed so hopelessly lost to me
As Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

Its crippled owner could ever entrance
The gathered hosts at a country dance,
And every earthly care took wings
As his bow scraped merrily over the strings,
And a gent rose to bid care depart
From the wonderful depths of the wonderful heart

Of Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

No wedding in all the country-side
But it was there to salute the bride,
And its voice was a promise of hope and truth
And a snowy age for a golden youth,
And its cheery tones to the newly wed
Seemed as a greeting from heaven instead
Of Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

Oh, marvelous strains have I heard since then,
And magic music by wizardlike men—
By Gilmore and Thomas, and men like these,
And Edouard Strauss from across the seas—
And their minstrelsy made my heart rejoice,
For through it I seemed to hear the voice
Of Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

For at those times when the music swelled
I closed my eyes and again beheld
The crippled fiddler with flying bow—
The "first four forward" and "doe-a-doe"—
And the gay young people who danced the night
Away to the realm of that joyous sprite
In Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

And it seemed thro' the strains that a wandering ghost

Sang of the things that I have lost,
But sang in a voice that once again
Brought youth to gray-haired women and men,
And the wonderful music of later days
Was only created to swell the praise
Of Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

And I look with eyes that know naught of tears
Back through the curtain of gathered years,
And hear again the same old tunes
That made Decembers eternal Junes,
And I speak again as saluting a wraith,
The greeting of Time, and I keep the faith
With Charley Mulbridge's fiddle.

THE "POOR WIDOW."

Detroit News.

"Think of the poor widow whose all is invested in mortgages or land. Would you be so cruel as to ruin her by taking away the selling value of the land on which her mortgages are placed?"

The "poor widow" plays quite an important part in political economy. It is not business or right, but sentiment that prompts the question. No change, however beneficial to the community as a whole it may be, can be made without injuring some one. Railroads are good things, yet their building ruined thousands of owners of stage lines, depopulated towns and brought to ruin many a manufacturer. Still the damage done was and is more than offset by the advantages gained by the majority of mankind. A street needs to be opened. To do so an old homestead must be torn down—perhaps an old house hardly worth tearing down. But around it are many pleasing associations to its owner, for which he can never be compensated. The only question asked is, will the new street be a benefit? If so, out go the tenants and through goes the street.

But there is still another answer to the "poor widow" question. Under the operation of the single tax the men of the nation will have such steadier work at such good pay that the provident will be enabled to provide for the possible widows and orphans. And if, in the course of Providence, the mainstay of the family is taken away before he can provide for his loved ones, the fund provided through this single tax could be put to no better use than aiding the unfortunate widows. The State does that now, and there is no reason to believe, in whichever way taxes may be collected, that it will allow its poor to suffer. There is this great difference, however, in the way the

poor fund is now expended and the way it could be under the fiscal system brought into existence by the operation of the single tax. Now, what is given is charity. Then, what would be given would be the recipients' by right, for their presence helped to make the fund.

GHOSTS IN ANCIENT WILLIAMSBURG.

Marion Harland in Harper's Weekly.

Seated in the cosy parlor of a yet older house, face to face with the sweet-faced, sweet-toned mistress, we quite believe the recital given by the voice—whose modulations are like "the music of Carryl" to ears once familiar with the slow ripple of Virginia speech—of the click of high heels that echoes along the hall to the door of the apartment in which we are now seated, and that the door flies open as the footfalls reach it—a phenomenon so often repeated that the occurrence excites no alarm, scarcely remark, among the visible inmates of the dwelling. Sometimes the wearer of the high-heeled slippers walks in broad daylight, but usually at night. All attempts to fathom the mystery have been fruitless. The accustomed ears of our hostess have supplied other senses with a vivid conception of what manner of ghost is the unquiet visitant. The feet are small, she is sure; the tread is light, with the buoyancy of youth; the carriage is high-bred. The "tap! tap!" of the dainty heels begins at the back of the wide hall, and moves steadily to the door, obedient to her touch the door is opened, as by the eager hand of an expectant lover—then all is silent. Did the nameless "she" meet her fate upon the threshold? Or does she still seek and pursue it?

TWO MOTHERS.

Belgravia.

A famous surgeon told me that he went once to see a lunatic in a private asylum, and that, in passing through a corridor, he was thus accosted by one of the patients: "Take off your hat, sir." "Why should I?" asked my friend. "Because I am the son of the Emperor of the French." "Oh, I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," apologized my friend, taking his hat off. On revisiting the asylum a month or so later, he was again accosted in the same corridor by the son of the Emperor of the French, and in the same words: "Take off your hat, sir." "Why?" again asked my friend. "Because I am the son of the Emperor of Germany." "Of the Emperor of Germany? Surely, when last I had the honor to see your Royal Highness, you were the son of the Emperor of the French?" "Ah, well—yes," he stammered. But recovering at once from his embarrassment, he added brightly, "That was by another mother."

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SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PLATFORM

ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK, SEPT. 2, 1892.
We assert as our fundamental principle the self-ev-

dent truth enunciated in the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part. Therefore, no one should be permitted to hold natural opportunities without a fair return to all for any special privilege thus accorded to him, and that value which the growth and improvement of the community attach to land should be taken for the use of the community.

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

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

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

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

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

In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded and the only value taken into consideration would be the value attaching to the bare land by reason of neighborhood, etc., to be determined by impartial periodical assessments. Thus the farmer would have no more taxes to pay than the speculator who held a similar piece of land idle, and the man who on a city lot erected a valuable building would be taxed no more than the man who held a similar lot vacant.

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

The single tax, therefore, would—

1. Take the weight of taxation off of the agricultural districts where land has little or no value irrespective of improvements, and put it on towns and cities where bare land rises to a value of millions of dollars per acre.
 2. Dispense with a multiplicity of taxes and a horde of taxgatherers, simplify government and greatly reduce its cost.
 3. Do away with the fraud, corruption and gross inequality inseparable from our present methods of taxation, which allow the rich to escape while they grind the poor. Land cannot be hid or carried off and its value can be ascertained with greater ease and certainty than any other.
 4. Give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our Union, thus enabling our people to share, through free exchanges, in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions which are the outgrowths of the tariff. It would do away with the fines and penalties now levied on anyone who improves a farm, erects a house, builds a machine, or in any way adds to the general stock of wealth. It would leave everyone free to apply labor or expend capital in production or exchange without fine or restriction, and would leave to each the full product of his exertion.
 5. It would, on the other hand, by taking for public use that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, make the holding of land unprofitable to the mere owner, and profitable only to the user. It would thus make it impossible for speculators and monopolists to hold natural opportunities unused or only half used, and would throw open to labor the illimitable field of employment which the earth offers to man. It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make overproduction impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions blessings to all, and cause such an enormous production as such an equitable distribution of wealth as would give to all comfort, leisure and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.
- With respect to monopolies other than the monopoly of land, we hold that where free competition becomes impossible, as in telegraphs, railroads, water and gas supplies, etc., such business becomes a proper social function, which should be controlled and managed by and for the whole people concerned, through their proper government, local, state or national, as may be.

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MERIDEN.—Meriden single tax club. Meets second and fourth Fridays of the month at 7.30 p. m. at parlors of J.

Cairns, 72½ E. Main st. President, John Cairns; secretary, Arthur M. Dignam.

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

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

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

IOWA.

BURLINGTON.—Burlington single tax club. First Saturday of each month, 305 North 5th st. Pres., Wilbur, Mosena, 930 Hedge av.; sec. treas., Frank S. Churchill.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO.—Chicago single tax club. Every Thursday evening at 306 La Salle st. Pres., Warren Worth Bailey, 319 Lincoln av.; sec., F. W. Irwin, 317 La Salle st., room 733.

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

MASSACHUSETTS.

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

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Minneapolis single tax league. Every Tuesday evening, at the West Hotel. Pres., H. B. Martin, Woods' block; sec., Oliver T. Erickson, 2308 Lyndale av., N.

MISSOURI.

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

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

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN.—Eastern District single tax club. Monthly meetings on the first Monday of each month, at 94 South Third street, Brooklyn. Pres., Joseph McGuinness, 133 E. 9th st., Brooklyn, E. D.; sec., Emily A. Deverall.

Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club meetings, third Tuesday of each month at 3 P. M., at 138 Livingston street. Pres., Eva J. Turner, 506 Carlton avenue; Cor. Sec., Venie B. Havens, 219 DeKalb avenue.

OHIO.

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

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN.—Single tax club. Cor. Sec., E. D. Burleigh, 13 Willow av. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at 4533 Main st., at 8 P. M.

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

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

READING.—Reading single tax society. Monday evenings, 8 o'clock corner 6th and Franklin sts. Pres., Wm. H. McKinney; sec., C. S. Prizer, 1011 Penn st.

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