

THE STANDARD

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To Our Friends Throughout the State.
THE STANDARD invites correspondence from its friends throughout the state relating to the progress of the campaign, and giving facts which may illustrate or bear upon the principles advocated by the united labor party. Such correspondence should be brief, and confined to the recital of facts, to avoid undue pressure upon our columns.

CHARITY AND JUSTICE.

J. E. Miller of San Francisco writes to THE STANDARD from Los Angeles, sending a list of recruit subscriptions, and adding: At the same time that we send our subscriptions to THE STANDARD, I think it would be a grand idea if we all would spare a little money for the poor of New York this winter. If ten thousand of us would spare twenty-five cents a month for four months we would have ten thousand dollars on hand. Now, what an amount of good could be done for that sum, if it were only to supply some of the poorest families with a bag of coal or so forth, or to open free soup and coffee houses. What a chance we have to show the world that we intend to do all that we can to help the poor. If course, we must not shut our eyes to the poor of our own cities. But the anti-poverty movement has started in New York, and it is there that we must strive to gain first. The rest will follow fast enough. Now, if you think that this will help the cause, send me for the first dollar. You can depend upon me to send you a subscription each month.

Mr. Miller's suggestion is a kindly one, but it is totally inconsistent with the aim and spirit of the Anti-poverty society. There are enough institutions and associations for the relief of the poor by doling out alms. The Anti-poverty society was not formed to add to their number. Its purpose is something entirely different—not the relief of the poor, but the abolition of poverty. If the giving of soup and coffee and coal and clothing, if the establishment of orphanages and asylums and charitable institutions, could lessen poverty, we should long ago have ceased to have the poor with us. But experience proves that they do nothing of the kind. No one can long accept public charity without losing personal independence and self-respect, and the effect of the well-intentioned alms in which in cities like New York millions and millions are annually spent is not to lessen poverty, but to foster and perpetuate a race of paupers. The amount of money that is already disbursed in this city annually by public and private charities and by the spasmodic doles of individuals, is something absolutely appalling. It means that we already have and are rapidly increasing a great class of paupers and semi-paupers, and this in a country of manhood suffrage, where the vote of the most degraded and vicious may neutralize the vote of the most virtuous and thoughtful.

The spirit of the Anti-poverty society is not that which would close its hand in the face of suffering, but personally and through existing charitable organizations its members have ample opportunities to give alms. The Anti-poverty society differs radically from such organizations, in that it puts justice before generosity. In its creed the existence of any class that can be called "deserving poor" is the result of a social crime—the need of any appeal to man's bounty comes from the interception and misappropriation of the bounty of God. We who, under the banner of the Anti-poverty society have taken the cross of a crusade against the wrong that causes poverty, do not believe that the Creator ever intended one class of men to be pensioners on the alms of another class. We believe that in this wide and richly-freighted world there is room for all, work for all, food for all, shelter for all; and that there is no reason, save the injustice which denies to labor access to natural opportunities, why in such a country as this and in such a stage of civilization as this every man of ordinary powers should not be able to provide himself and those whom nature has made dependent upon him, not only with all the necessities of life, but with all comforts and reasonable luxuries as well. We are sick of the cant of charity and the hypocrisy of benevolence with which those who will not hear of justice endeavor to solace conscience and drug a righteous discontent. If there are men willing to work, but forced to beggary, we hold that it is because they are robbed. If there are little children who would die if not taken for a little while out of their squalid surroundings by fresh air funds, we hold that it is because they are disinherited of their birthright.

We can leave it to other societies to dole out bags of coal. Our struggle is to kill the monopoly that lays an embargo on the coal mines. We can leave it to others to ladle out soup, and make the squalid tenement houses a little less intolerable. Our battle is to end the wrong that prevents men from securing food from bounteous nature and from erecting homes on vacant lots. Our larger, wider, higher aims call on us for all our effort. We have a hard fight to make to spread the gospel of justice; to open to its great truths minds that are befogged by prejudice and dulled by habit, to arouse consciences that have been lulled to sleep by the blasphemous notion that the poverty which festers in the midst of increasing wealth is due to the laws of the Creator. For this we need money. And in using all the money we can raise to

urge on the crusade we have begun we shall be using it for a far higher and more beneficent purpose than if we applied it to alms-giving.

On another page will be found an acknowledgment of contributions which have been made through THE STANDARD, some for the dissemination of literature and some for the necessary expenses of the campaign; and elsewhere on this page is printed an appeal of the executive committee of the united labor party for funds. New York this year is a battle ground, and those all over the country who hold with the principles of the Anti-poverty society, can make no better use of the money they have to spare than by strengthening with it the hands of their brethren in New York.

P. H. Burns, declaring himself a "socialist," writes from Iron Mountain, Mich., to deplore "the unfriendly feeling that has arisen between the united labor party and the socialists," and to protest against "the unfriendly criticism of the socialists by some of the members of the united labor party."

Mr. Burns is a man who has done good work, and deserves attention. He organized the first labor association in the upper peninsula of Michigan; is president of the Iron Mountain land and labor club, and has been active in spreading anti-poverty literature in that part of the state. What he has to say is sensible. He deprecates such cries as, "We want no foreign ideas!" "We want a purely American party!" which, he very truly observes, is suggestive of that class "who do not want alien landlords, but are willing to be blackmailed by American landlords for all eternity." And he says that if the socialists proposed something impracticable, thinking it would better the condition of the people, that is no reason why they should be shunned, sneered at and abused. All this is true.

But while, as is only natural in such cases, there has been some hot and sweeping language used, Mr. Burns is wrong in supposing that it has been directed against such men as himself, or that there has been any split between the united labor party and such men. This misapprehension comes from the looseness with which the term socialist is used. The truth is that Mr. Burns seems to be no more of a socialist than I am, and that so far from there being any departure on the side of the united labor party from the principles and programme which are advocated by such men as himself, the rupture between the united labor party and those who are here called socialists is due entirely to the determination of the great body of the united labor party to adhere to those principles and that programme.

Mr. Burns, in defining his own position, says: I, as a socialist, am willing to confine the work for the present to securing those reforms sought for by the united labor party, a single land tax, government control of railroads, telegraphs, etc. After we have accomplished this, it will be time to lay hold of something else, and then we shall be better able to judge as to how far it is practicable to have government control of production and distribution, and I believe this idea is shared by the majority of the socialists throughout the country.

With the substitution of the word "needful" for the word "practicable" in the above declaration, a change to which Mr. Burns would doubtless assent, this represents the position of the united labor party.

The difference between this position, which was the position of the socialists of this city who last year supported the Clarendon hall platform, and is, I am inclined to think with Mr. Burns, yet the position of the majority of the men throughout the country who have been accustomed to call themselves socialists, and the position of the ultra socialistic faction which has recently been endeavoring to force its views on the united labor party, may be seen from the following extract from a pamphlet by Laurence Gronlund, which was distributed by the socialists at the Syracuse convention:

It is curious that George has not long ago seen, and that he apparently does not yet see, the wide divergence which this position on the wage system which we hold and which George emphatically denies must cause between us. But no, he seems yet to think that our aims are at this stage practically the same and would remain so for some time. He has a favorite illustration which he now puts in this form: "I and my friend both want to reach the Pacific ocean. I think we shall reach it at San Francisco; he is firmly of opinion that it will be necessary to keep on until we get to China. So long as we are willing to travel westward in one car we can well postpone disputes."

No, no, no, George, we are not willing both to travel westward. We dispute from the very start about the direction we should take. And we socialists do not think that there can be too much clearness on this subject which you have shown yourself disposed to slur over. We say, since we fundamentally disagree, let us know it, let us know all about it; let us have our positions clearly defined, whether we come to an agreement or not.

It is the insistence by the ultra socialists upon this fundamental divergence which has caused the split between them and the united labor party. I agree fully with Mr. Burns in all he says about the duties of harmony, but it is utterly impossible that there should be harmony between people who are not going in the same but in different directions.

Among the facts which Mr. Burns cites as showing that there is no neces-

A SONG FOR THIS FALL.

(Tune—"Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl.")

The people they are bound to win, this fall, this fall
To finish what they did begin "Last fall," says I.
For we've cleaned the slates and started new,
And we're going to carry our ticket through;
And we'll all keep sober till the counting is safely done,
From the early morning till the battle is fought and won.

The farmers they will cast their votes this fall, this fall,
To take the tax off wheat and oats. "Vote all," says I,
To free the crop each acre yields,
And drive the land sharks from their fields;
And the farmers' vote will show that they understand,
For they're bound to see that the people get back their land.

Reporters, they will all have fun, this fall, this fall;
The time for lying's just begun. "Who cares?" says I.
The little dogs are barking all,
The cats are fighting in Tammany hall,
And the beer flows free, with politics getting hot;
And who cares for truth, while editors pay the shot?

The wicked World and fallen Star, come down! come down!
They wonder where the voters are; "Come down!" says I.
The by-gone Times and spotted Sun
Are weeping for subscribers gone,
And they'll all feel worse when the ballots begin to come,
And the people tell both parties to stay at home.

The ladies of the Evening Post, oh, dear! oh, my!
Are hunting for a mugwump's ghost, "Oh, fie!" says I,
To tell how far the ball will run,
A-rolling away to Washington;
And they'll all find out, when we knock at the White house door,
With the votes we poll this fall, and some millions more.

Then let the papers howl, my boys, this fall, this fall;
We'll let them take it out in noise, "Who cares?" says I.
For we've cleaned the slates and started new,
And we're going to carry our ticket through;
And we'll all step out, with the ballot in every hand,
And we're bound to stay till the people get back their land. EGYPT.

sity for any division between the united labor party and the socialists, and how well the socialists have worked for the dissemination of united labor principles is this:

The first socialist I ever had the pleasure of meeting was young Vrooman. The first copy of "Progress and Poverty" I ever saw was with Vrooman, and to my knowledge he distributed hundreds of them where there had been none before, nor is Mr. Vrooman the only socialist who has done this.

If Mr. Burns will consider the difference between Mr. Vrooman's position then and the position which he avowedly occupies now, he will see that it is the socialistic labor party and not the united labor party which has abandoned the broad platform on which members of both were formerly enabled to work together, and on which Mr. Burns himself still stands.

The term socialist has been applied in a general way to all who desire change in existing social conditions, and especially to all who would in any way extend the co-operative functions of government. I, for instance, ever since the publication of "Progress and Poverty," have been by many termed a socialist, and in many of the catalogues of economic works my writings have been classed as socialistic. For myself, I have neither accepted nor repudiated the name, for either course would lead to misapprehension. There are many men, however, throughout the country, of whom I take Mr. Burns to be a representative, who, holding substantially the same views that I do, and believing that the changes to be made in our institutions and laws should be in one direction individualistic and in another socialistic, yet being constantly called socialists, have accepted the name, and called themselves socialists. But the men who, by attempting to force their own narrow views and impracticable programme upon the united labor party in New York, have compelled that party to repudiate them, are socialists in a quite different sense. They are the doctrinaires of one peculiar school of socialism. They are the followers of Lassalle and Marx, and from the fact that they would ignore individualism and place everything under control of the state, are sometimes distinguished as state socialists, and sometimes, from the country in which their theories originated and have taken their deepest root, as German socialists. But since they constantly proclaim themselves simply as "socialists," and since, in popular usage, there is a constant disposition to drop any qualifying word in a title, they have come to be spoken of by others simply as socialists. It is in this sense, and in this sense alone, that there has been any repudiation of socialism by the united labor party, and any denunciation of socialism by its members. And since names are not worth disputing about so long as they convey a fixed meaning, and since the term socialist has become in the popular mind firmly identified with the doctrines of the extreme school, it would be well for such men as Mr. Burns to consider whether it is worth while for them to longer continue to call themselves socialists.

And since it has been widely stated that I have desired to bring about a split between the united labor party and the socialists as a matter of policy, hoping thereby the easier to gain the farmers, it may be worth while for me to explicitly deny ever having expressed, either in public or in private, any sentiment of this kind. I have been not only willing, but desirous, of uniting all who are in favor of any social improvement upon the broad principles laid down in the first platform of the united labor party and reasserted, at Syracuse—the

same principles declared by Mr. Burns as those upon which he is willing to work with all others. And I think it is true, as Mr. Burns states, that this is the disposition of the majority of the men throughout the United States who have called themselves socialists. Whatever split has occurred has been caused by the rule or ruin faction of doctrinaires, who made up their minds to impose their throughgoing state socialism upon the party. That their principles and programme are essentially opposed to those of such men as Mr. Burns may be seen from a comparison of the declarations they are now making in opposition to the concentration of taxes upon land values, with his declaration in favor of it.

The split, however, is not to be regretted. It will lead to the clearing away of many misconceptions, and to the fuller and more thorough discussion of vital principles. And the great means by which the emancipation of labor is to be attained is not the carrying of elections, but the stimulation of thought.

Sylvanus H. Sweet, the nominee of the Syracuse convention for state engineer, has not yet signified his acceptance. Since his public utterances and private conversation indicate that this delay is caused by a desire on his part to secure the democratic nomination, it seems to me that it is the duty of the state central committee to consider his neglect to accept the nomination as a declination, and to place some other man upon the ticket as candidate for state engineer.

HENRY GEORGE.

The cave of Machpelah and the field of Ephron are made to do stout theological duty on behalf of the land owner of 1887, even as did the unfortunate Onesimus on behalf of the man owner a generation ago. And now comes the story of a Paterson, N. J., lady who in 1879 bought a little Machpelah of her own in the New Methodist cemetery, and there buried her husband. And having taken to herself a new spouse she went lately to the cemetery, doubtless to reflect on the many virtues of the departed as compared with his successor. But lo! her Machpelah was somebody else's Machpelah now, and was freshly decorated with floral offerings to the name of a lately deceased one whom she knew not. And when she inquired concerning the matter she found that her Machpelah had been sold twice since she bought it, and that things were very much mixed.

As a theological argument, Machpelah hardly comes up to Onesimus.

"The true theory of taxation," says Mayor Hewitt, as reported in the World, "is to tax value wherever you find it." There was once a certain man traveling from Jerusalem to Samaria, who fell in with a set of tax gatherers who conducted business on just that principle.

Labor day will be celebrated in New York this year as a legal holiday. It was in 1882 that the Central labor union, then recently formed, issued a call to the labor organizations of New York to parade through the heart of the city on the first Monday of September. It was only with the greatest exertion on the part of a few men that the parade was made a success; but a success it was, and immediately after it was suggested that labor organizations set aside the first Monday of September in each year as labor's holiday.

In 1883 the celebration here was much more significant than in 1882, and in several other cities it was also observed. During the following three years the

voluntary observance of the day by organized labor grew into an institution in all the leading cities of the Union, and at the late session of our legislature it was legally made a public holiday in this state.

It is evident that the day will be very extensively recognized. Parades and meetings are to be held not only in the large cities, but in towns and villages. The farming population is not yet aroused to the significance of the day to them. Such persistent efforts to narrow the labor movement to artisans have been made by the pro-poverty press, to which a few members of labor organizations have unfortunately lent their influence, that farmers are disposed to count themselves out of the labor movement. But as this narrowness is giving way to broader views of labor, labor day will become a welcome and honored anniversary with all who work, whether in factory or office, in the shop or on the farm.

The Chicago Tribune discourses in a breezy way on the "impotence or cowardice of the eastern press" in dealing with what it calls "Georgeism." It says that, "with scarcely an exception, the New York and Boston papers fail to meet Henry George on fair ground or make any respectable answer to his arguments." Such a policy, it declares, will not do. "The press of New York and Boston," it continues, "cannot dispose of Henry George with an affected sneer. He is gaining converts every day and will continue to do so as long as the eastern papers show themselves indisposed to give him fair treatment or powerless to meet his arguments. If Georgeism is to be exploded, it must be by showing that it is inexpedient and incompatible with justice and right." If the press of New York has no writers capable of doing this, the Chicago Tribune offers to lend them a few.

This strikes us as a fair and reasonable offer. Certainly the editorial writers of New York are unwilling or unable to even state the theory under discussion, much less refute it. Let the young Lochinvars come out of the west, then, and set about demolishing the platform of the united labor party. They will receive no warmer welcome than from the advocates of the doctrine that the land belongs to the whole people, and that individual possession of a portion of the common stock is a privilege for which the possessor should of right pay a fair price into the common treasury. We welcome discussion, and the equity of our claim is so obvious that we do not believe that any fair man can fail to accept the doctrine if he once hears it intelligently stated.

Our western contemporary is right about one thing, and that is that the policy of our eastern papers does not check the growth of the opinions it views with such alarm; but its own plan will be equally ineffective. Our cause is the cause of truth and righteousness, and nothing can prevail against it. It is just as sure to win as the sun is to rise to-morrow, and the more it is discussed the surer it will triumph. Let Chicago, then, send on its editorial athletes. We are ready for them.

DR. MCGLYNN AND THE HIBERNIANS.

An Enormous Audience and a Telling Speech—The Interest of Widows and Orphans in the Labor Question—Teachings of the New Crusade.

Nearly 4,000 persons packed themselves into the Grand Army hall, on Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., last Friday evening to hear Dr. McGlynn lecture before the Ancient order of Hibernians. An attempt had been made by a few members of the society to have the society withdraw its request on the ground that the reverend father was preaching doctrines opposed to the teachings of the Catholic church. This was indignantly resented by an overwhelming majority of the members of the society, who not only turned out in such numbers that they filled every seat in the big hall, but gathered in a large crowd outside. Dr. McGlynn was hailed with a remarkable outburst of enthusiasm, and made an eloquent address, which lasted two hours and a half. In introducing him Dr. Sylvester Malone said that it was a great honor to stand on the same platform with a Catholic priest who, distinguished for great learning, piety, humility and a profound respect for lawful authority and rightly exercised, had the moral courage to assert his citizenship against a corrupt and powerful combination in New York, to face a callous tyranny, and to challenge a system which enacts laws and holds itself superior to them—a combination which had the unblushing effrontery to assert that the Catholic church teaches blind, unquestioned obedience.

On Dr. McGlynn's coming forward there was loud applause which lasted several minutes. When quiet was restored he said that it was particularly pleasant for him to speak in the cause of gentle charity, which was the object of sweet religion. Nothing should be dearer to the heart of the priest of Christ, next to the reverence that he owes to the Christian altars, to the Christian sacraments and to the holy words that fell from the lips of the Master, than the love and the care of those poor who are exceedingly blessed.

"And so to-night," said the speaker, "forbidden to preach from the pulpit of that church which is dearer to me than my life, it is an unspeakable pleasure and consolation to me, that I sincerely hope and believe shall never be denied me, to speak the self-same truths, to preach the very essence of religion from the stages of the theaters, in the byways, from the tail of a cart, in the grand army halls, or wherever else I may be permitted to raise my voice; and I give you all permission, and to all men, once for all, to denounce me as a traitor to all that I hold sacred should I at any time deny one tithe of the truths I have taught (applause), and voice, 'Well stand by you, Father!' or if I by word or example should endeavor to lead men in any other path than that in which I have endeavored to lead them in the past." (Applause.)

Dr. McGlynn said he remembered that there

was a time when the Ancient order of Hibernians did not seem to enjoy as much ecclesiastical favor as it seems to enjoy to-day. "I believe, in fact I know," he said, "that they are tolerated at least today by ecclesiastical authorities. (Applause and laughter.) But I do know that there are not a few bishops and priests, if they could do their own free will, who would be at the throats of the Ancient order of Hibernians. (Applause.) And I know that they have only been restrained by the pressure that has been brought to bear upon them by wiser heads among them that have made it a rule that they shall not dare to attempt to deprive of the sacrament members of an order that happens to be spread in another diocese than their own, without some general authority representing the whole church in the United States. (Applause.) But I can remember—for it is not so very long ago—when this Ancient order of Hibernians was most frequently condemned by bishops and priests, and they were refusing them the sacraments of Christ because of some absurd, bigoted prejudice against them (applause); because too many of these good pastors, in their narrowness, would actually seem to be jealous of any body of men or society that should be anything more than a good, good Sunday school society (applause)—under the immediate, direct, and autocratic control of the pastor, not without a view to the pecuniary profit of the parochial treasury (applause); and to illustrate this view, I have only to quote from what we have all read within a few months in the newspapers, how some small, narrow, bigoted, antiquated ecclesiastics in the city of Rome gravely urged in argument with Cardinal Gibbons against the Knights of Labor (applause) and three cheers for McGlynn that it was altogether improper that Catholic workers should be associating with Protestant workers in its societies (applause), and that the proper thing would be to have societies (applause)—they properly should be confraternities or sodalities of workers under the immediate control and indeed the entire direction of the bishops and priests. (Applause.) That would be a funny kind of a substitute for the Knights of Labor. (Applause.) We should then have to have the holy guild of shoemakers, the sanctified confraternity of stone cutters and the canonized, amalgamated society of building trades and the like. (Applause and a voice: 'What about the molders, doctor?') Including the molders. (Applause and laughter.) Now, does not this show plainly the supreme wisdom of compelling those to whom are committed the spiritual things to mind their own business, to leave men untrammelled, unfettered, unhampered in their scientific and national aspirations and in the fullest enjoyment of their rational liberty? (Applause and cheers.)

The speaker then picked up a new thread in his discourse. He said that the subject of his evening's lecture, the labor question, had a close connection with the object of his evening's lecture—the benefit of widows and orphans. If the labor problem were properly settled there would be no need of appealing for the support of these widows and orphans. The question was simply: Could poverty be abolished, and what were the necessary means by which it could be abolished? He would answer in the affirmative and in this way: Men, in order to live, still more to develop their powers, in order to enjoy anything like reasonable share of the comforts and the luxuries of life, must labor. The teaching of the new crusade was the essential teachings of Thomas Jefferson, the very essence of all religion, that all men before God are equal.

As the general bounties of nature were the necessary materials out of which alone labor could produce things for human comfort, advancement, education, cultivation, it was clear that the human family must at all times and everywhere be equal, for the undivided right of access to these bounties, that could not be sold or bartered away. The child that was born to the poor beggar mother at the back of the stable at night came into the world with the same rights to the bounties of nature as did the child that was born to an imperial sovereign in an imperial palace.

This equal, undivided, indivisible right of access, joint ownership of the bounties of nature was, the speaker declared, at the very bottom of the solution of the labor question. Ownership came from the idea of making something. Now, who made the bounties of nature? There was no one save the Almighty, outside of an insane asylum, or unless he was fit to be there, who would dare to say, "I made these natural bounties."

The simple method by which justice could be done to all would be to appropriate for public expenses values attaching to natural bounties, arising from the growth of population, and to abolish all taxes that now burden industry—thereby taking a good off labor and capital for engaging in producing the one hand, and on the other hand throwing open to producers natural opportunities, which are now withheld from them.

Boston Printers Propose to Take a Hand in the New York Campaign.

Earliest in the field among the printers of the country who intend assisting the united labor party in the coming campaign are the compositors of the Boston Herald. A club has already been formed by them which will make a weekly remittance of funds to New York, and some of the more energetic of its members talk of suggesting the formation of similar clubs in other "Herald" cities. The genesis of the boys of the Boston Herald is already well known to the printers of New York, and the doctrine of the land for the people has among its most intelligent adherents a large proportion of the printers of Boston.

United Labor Party of the State of New York. Headquarters State Executive Committee, 28 Cooper Union, New York City, Sept. 1, 1887.

To all members and friends of the united labor party throughout the United States: By its platform, adopted at Syracuse on the 19th of August last, the united labor party of the state of New York has brought into state politics the principles on which the new movement of a year ago was fought, and thus taken a great stride in the forward movement which must not know retreat. Within the next twelve months the advance must be made upon the national field. To this end a national conference will at an early day be called in conformity with a resolution adopted by the New York state convention. To all throughout the state and the union who desire the emancipation of labor, the destruction of monopoly, the doing of even justice, the simplification and purification of government, with the abolition of privilege on the one hand and of poverty on the other, the united labor party of New York sends greeting and it solicits their help. Every such contest as the one we are now entering upon must be a costly one. We need money to send speakers through the state, to distribute literature in every city, town and village, and to print and distribute our ballots. The last item alone, owing to unjust electoral laws which we are striving to reform, and which throw upon private generosity what should be a public burden, will cost us several thousands of dollars. Contributions, small or great, to aid in this work will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged by this committee.

EDWARD MCGLYNN, Chairman and Treasurer. GAYBERT BARNES, Secretary.

ANTI-POVERTY.

RELIGION IN POLITICS AND POLITICS IN RELIGION.

A Crowded and Enthusiastic Meeting—Speeches by Dr. McGlynn, Victor A. Wilder, P. H. Cummins and Others—The Justice, the Injustice and the Remedy.

The eighteenth public meeting of the Anti-poverty society illustrated the manner in which the religious and political wings of the great anti-poverty army may be expected to work together in harmony during the coming campaign. While the political aims of the united labor party were clearly defined and ably defended by the speakers, the great truth was enforced that these aims rest on a broad foundation of ethical and religious principle, and that the triumph of the party would be, essentially, a triumph of religious truths.

The meeting was opened with the singing of "The National Hymn" by the Concordia chorus, under Miss Munier's leadership, after which James Redpath introduced Victor A. Wilder of Brooklyn, the nominee of the united labor party for state controller. Mr. Wilder said:

"This is the Sabbath evening, and I have been brought up to believe that the only thing that should be thought of and discussed on the Sabbath day was religion. And I confess I do feel somewhat out of place in attempting to make a political speech on the Sabbath day. But I recognize this, that the nation that does not make its politics its religion; the people that does not make its religion the administration of the everlasting God; the nation that does not build at its very foundation a true faith in God and truth and justice, must be swept down into ruin. (Applause.) Therefore, it is that my heart rejoices that at last we have found a politics that is a religion. (Applause.) I want to say a word that comes into my mind just now about a certain matter that occurred at our recent Syracuse convention. It has been said to me on repeated occasions that the socialistic labor party stood in its relative position to the united labor party the same as the abolitionists prior to 1850 or about that time stood to the republican party. Now, I was nursed on my mother's knee as an abolitionist. I was taught to believe that the constitution of the United States that sanctioned human slavery was in league with the devil and in covenant with hell. (Applause.) I was taught to venerate John Brown as a saint (applause), and I have always been taught to recall my memories of him because I did sit upon his knee in the city of Boston and can recall his features to-day. I was taught by every lesson of my life to venerate him as one of the loftiest characters the world ever saw. And when socialists claim that they stand in their relations to the united labor party precisely as the abolitionists stood to the republican party I stand here to deny it. (Applause.) I say that those old abolitionists were worshipping at the altars of an everlasting truth, and whether it was practical politics to follow them or not, that was a question for every man to determine. But I declare that the socialist worships at the altar of an everlasting lie (applause), and that they can no more be spoken of together than the darkness of the cellar may be compared to a broad noonday. For socialism kills individualism, kills liberty, kills right. (Applause.) And as I said at that convention, and as I would plainly say, for I have studied socialism from a boy up (I know what it means, and they cannot tell me what it does or does not mean as I said in that convention, before I would consent to stand upon a platform acknowledging the basic principle of socialism or any of its processes, I would walk out of that convention and go it alone. (A voice: 'Good boy!' and applause.) The united labor party has placed itself straight there; and I say it has placed itself straight with what is true, and it has rejected, in rejecting socialism, what is false. I do not fear criticism. I am not afraid of what has been said that socialism is un-American, because I do not believe anything that is un-American could not, therefore, be deterred from sanctifying socialism for that reason. But I do refuse because my will and conscience protest against it. We have not only sought the negative side in that convention, but we have found the positive basis. We have looked about us and we have seen a republic with broad republican liberties, and we have seen in that republic, germinating there, growing there, becoming all-powerful there, an industrial serfdom. We seek its cure along the same lines that men sought in establishing the political republic. We are not stepping ahead; we are going back. The united labor party puts out its foot back, and it puts it on the eternal foundation of liberty planted in the Declaration of Independence. (Applause.) back to where Thomas Jefferson stood (applause); back to where Abraham Lincoln stood (applause); back to where every lover of liberty has stood all down the ages. It has gone to the root of the thing, and it stands there, and, as opposed to socialism, it declares what God Almighty declares. It declares for industrial liberty. It seeks to establish those practical relations so declared in our platform through certain things—through the land—(applause)—through our money system, through our transportation system. The whole question comes right down here: It is the distribution of wealth, and the factors that distribute it. To those factors we go, and, planting ourselves on economic truth, we declare that the land should belong to the people. (Applause.) I thought that that had been so much talked about here that it would seem worn; but it seems to be a good battle cry yet. (Applause.)

"When God made man he didn't make him with a silver dollar or a greenback in his pocket. He said, I will not put so many on my fair earth but that they will all have an abundance. I will not put this question any more, because you want to hear Dr. McGlynn. (Applause.) I only want to say this: I will talk during the campaign, and you will all hear enough of me undoubtedly. As I was crossing the ferry from Brooklyn (voices, 'Loudly!') I can talk louder; I only talk low because it is the Sabbath; and I was crossing the ferry I saw on a news stand a cartoon in Judge. It represents a raft with a lot of seamen upon it, and on that raft was written 'United labor party.' There was a forlorn set, a hopeless crew, wrecked. And on the distance there was a full rigged ship, and in the starboard bow there was written the name, 'Henry George.' (Great applause.) And on the foretop sail was written 'Land.' And all the mottos were there, indicating the principles of the united labor party. And it was called 'The Phantom Ship.' (Groans.) I said to myself, That is well done, but no, it is not the phantom ship; no, it is a phantom. I see it is not a phantom. I see a ship as full rigged as she, sailing before the wind as lightly as a gull, breasting the white caps, and I see that it is the Henry George. (Applause.) And I see along its decks the men of the united labor party. (Applause.) And

they are sailing by a sign in the heavens, not a cross, not a fiery star in men's fears and imaginations, but a star of hope such as shone into the vision of the ancient seers 1,800 years ago (applause), the star of hope that shall surely lead this God-fearing free nation out of its troubles into the fair, beautiful, peaceful waters of the industrial republic." (Great applause.)

Gahan's "The Land for the People" was then sung, and Chairman Redpath introduced P. H. Cummins of Amsterdam, candidate for state treasurer, who said:

"While I make no pretensions to oratory, having worked the largest portion of my life at the anvil and forge (great applause), and not having had the advantages of education, yet I feel that I have been called upon tonight to say a few words to you.

"Some have seen fit to say that the united labor party is made up of one-idea men, and that those men have borrowed that one idea from Mr. George. (Applause.) I wish to speak for myself saying that I would rather have one idea and have that idea sound than have a multitude of ideas that are unsound (applause) and borrowed from the monopolists of this country, whose duty it seems to be to lead the laboring people to the slaughter.

"While in attendance at the state convention of this great party at Syracuse, I there met men from all parts of the state, representative men, some of whom I have met in the past in other labor movements, and in my judgment some of them at least are well posted upon social and economic questions besides the land question. There may be here and there some difference of opinion in that convention, yet there were some things upon which we were unanimous: first, that there is a boring tolling masses of the world have been robbed of their rights and privileges, of their natural inheritance (applause); and second, that the great land question as taught by Henry George (applause) and advocated by the great Dr. McGlynn (applause) is undoubtedly the most practical way to remove some of those great wrongs. (Applause.)

"The democratic and republican parties are advocating a system of chicanery, thimble-rigging. Now, what is politics? What do we mean by that term as separated from the partisan politics of the democratic and republican parties? (Hisses.) Politics means the science of government, while partisan politics as set forth by the democratic and republican parties means simply 'Get there, Eli, and get the spoils.' (Laughter.) That is all there is of it. And I am not satisfied to train with men in that direction. Partisan politics means minority rule and at the same time attempting to make people believe that the majority rules. This is supposed to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people; but it is not rather a government of monopolists, by monopolists and for monopolists! (Applause.) And how did they bring this about that the minority rules the majority? Let me attempt to illustrate. In the first place, remember that the politicians of both the old parties must necessarily crowd down and out of existence any movement toward a third party. Why? Simply because they cannot control the new element, and because that element is an unknown quantity. Let me endeavor to show you how they bring about this minority rule. We will assume that there are 1,100 voters in this house, five hundred democrats and five hundred republicans and one hundred monopolists—land grabbers, if you will. Let me classify them in this way. Assume that all the republicans are on this side of the house (pointing to the left of the auditorium, which was received with vigorous protests), and all the democrats on this side of the house (pointing to the right, who also objected), and all the monopolists up here (indicating the platform and pointing to Dr. McGlynn and others, causing great laughter). We are now ready to start out. One of the politicians of the democratic party comes up here and says: 'Boys, I am proud to meet you once again. I know that you are going to stand by the old democratic flag. I know from the past that you will stand by that. Why? Your fathers were democrats before you. Your mothers were democrats before you. Your grandfathers and grandmothers were democrats, and you were rocked in a democratic cradle. Remember Jackson, and stand by the old democratic party; and all is well.' (Laughter.) The republican politician comes over on this side, and he says: 'Fellow citizens, fellow republicans, I am proud to meet you once again upon the shores of time. I can see by your honest republican countenances that you are going to stand by that grand old republican party that whipped the south, that fought all the battles, that did everything grand, and thereby saved the country from its democratic enemies. (Laughter and applause.) Now, fellow republicans, do you want to pay the southern war claims, do you want to put those rebels upon an equal footing with yourselves? If not, then see to it that the democratic party is whipped this fall at the polls, and our country is once more saved.' (Laughter.) Now, we are ready to start the democratic-republican-monopolist machine. Five hundred republicans on this side of the house, five hundred democrats on that side of the house. The rank and file are all apparently honest men; and now we want the hundred monopolists to outnumber you all and score a vote for monopoly. Very well then. Place the ballot box in the center. We are ready. Up comes a republican to cast his ballot, fully determined to save the country, when up comes a democrat and casts a ballot that kills it dead as a door nail; and next a republican comes and then a democrat; and when you have all voted you are back where you started and have not advanced an inch. If the monopolists have made a bargain, a deal, previously with, say the democratic party, then the hundred voters step forward and cast one hundred votes for the democratic party, not that they have any love for anything other than this monster monopoly lack here. Now, we count the votes: Five hundred republican votes, and the republicans' faces grow long as they walk off and they know they are defeated. We count the other votes: six hundred democratic votes. 'Hip, hip, hurrah for the democracy! a victory for the democracy!'

"But who is looking after the interests of the people all this time? What have those democratic or republican speakers said to them about the present or the future? Everything about the past, the dead, by-gone past, nothing of the present and nothing of the future. Are you satisfied, fellow citizens, to be led to the slaughter that way? (No, no!) If you are, I am not. If you are not satisfied with that, then why not come out from those old parties, filled, as you and I both know, with nothing but corruption? Then come out from them and vote for yourselves. Vote for the people; and you can only do that by banding yourselves with this great and noble party, the united labor party, based upon the grand and glorious principles of equal and exact justice to all." (Great applause.)

The chorus sang while the collection was being taken up, and then Mr. Redpath said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: My next duty is a very pleasant one, although it is entirely superfluous, for it is to introduce to you a man whom you all know and whom you all love, whom you love for his own sake and also because of the enemies he has made, and who has allowed the brute to rise up and

eloquent and illustrious champion, Dr. Edward McGlynn." (Deafening applause.)

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The great movement in which we are engaged has well been called a religious one. If it were not in some sense religious, it would be unworthy of our enthusiasm, unworthy to engross, as it clearly does, your minds and hearts. For nothing but things essentially divine are worthy of the supreme and perfect alliance of the minds and hearts of men and women. If my teaching, or my preaching, from this platform has not been entirely in vain, you are already pretty familiar with my thought on that subject. And it is not merely my thought. I am unspeakably happy knowing that the same conviction animates the hearts and minds of those whom you love to honor most as your guides, your leaders and your prophets in this work that we have well called a crusade. (Applause.)

"It is the religious spirit that is in this movement that clearly marks it out for victory. It is that which gives to us the same calm, unquestioning, undoubting confidence with which thousands of martyrs, men, women and children, of every age and condition, have gone smiling to their deaths. The unselfish love, the clear conviction of religious truth that we feel, make our efforts, our words, our troubles, our sufferings, inestimably precious, because they are helping in the enacting of a wondrous drama, the plan and the plot of which are not of our making, but came from God, and must have their solution and their end in God. (Applause.)

"It might seem strange at first that beings gifted, as we are, with capacity to know the truth, to love the good, to enjoy the beautiful, should have been imprisoned in these channel houses of the flesh, that an angel should have been chained to a brute, that the soul that is capable of knowing and constantly yearning for the infinite, should be made the companion of so gross and mean a thing as man can be in his baser and his meaner part. It is a mystery. It is to many a scandal and a stumbling block. It has made too many doubt the spirituality of the soul and its divinity. And immortal destiny.

"And so it is the purpose of wise philosophers of true religion, as it was the purpose of Him whom nearly all of us, I am sure, call Lord and Master, to teach to men the solution of this mystery, and to show them how by proper understanding and use of the things of time and sense we can win a wondrous victory; we can deserve a most precious crown; we can fight a battle; we can bear a burden; we can pursue our journey in a path the end of which is perfect peace in the satisfaction of all the highest cravings of our being—an end all the more perfect, more noble and more worthy of us because it comes not as a mere inheritance, not as a gratuitous gift, but as the well deserved reward of the journey pursued, of the battle manfully fought, of the doubt, the anxiety, the toil, the care and the sorrow borne patiently for the love of the higher truth after the dear example of Him who came to be our model, to teach us the significance of simple and humble duties, to teach us how every tear has a power and an alchemy within it by which it may be changed into a priceless gem, how every groan and sob and sigh may be converted into a shout of victory, how the infamous gibbet may become a glorious throne and a wondrous pulpit from which He and those believing in His word can teach and conquer the minds of men and triumph over the world, over Satan and over themselves. (Great applause.)

"I confess that I am frequently overwhelmed by the mystery that I am to myself. I wake up sometimes with this inquiry on my mind, and almost upon my lips, 'Who am I? Whence came I? What am I here for? Whither am I tending?' I seem, then, to be as it were a stranger to myself. And every man and woman at times must have this same sense of the mystery of being, the incomprehensibility of a man even to himself. We know not even ourselves. We know not the processes of thought. We know but little of the processes of life. We are compelled to feel that we are like the bubbles that exist for a little while upon the ocean, like the leaves that year after year sprout forth and fall as the seasons wax and wane. And we ask ourselves, 'What is this mystery, and why is it? And no effort of friends, no love of parents, no admiring multitudes can make a man feel satisfied until he has gained the solution of the mystery, has learned the perfect answer to the questions, 'Who am I? What am I? Whither am I tending?' By what road shall I best reach the goal of my destiny?

"All questions of politics, all questions of commerce and trade, all the eager pursuit of science and art, all the things that we call life, are but fuller, a deeper and higher significance than merely to satisfy a temporary greed, to amuse for a moment an idle hour, are but unworthy playthings; they are but children's rattles; they are but the sugar plums of life, and higher beings must look down in contempt or with infinite pity upon the multitudinous, multifarious comings and goings, and wars, and calamities that men call business and politics, and upon the base, ignoble, and worse than childish things that men call pleasure. (Applause.)

"And so it seems to me that to the philosophic mind this life were worse than a mere joke, it were a cruel hoax of some mocking fiend, were it not possible for us to find a solution to its mystery that may teach us to give to these trifles that we call business and politics, to these things that we call science and art, a significance that is above and beyond the things of time and sense, by referring them to an infinite and all perfect, an absolute and an eternal ideal. And that possibility is religion. (Applause.)

"If it were not that we are permitted to believe that we are compelled to believe, not merely by the teachings of revealed religion, but by the teachings of that natural religion that speaks in the mind and heart of every being that is; if it were not, I say, that we believe these things, then life would not be worth the living; the battle would not be worth the fighting; then the burden would not be worth the bearing, and they would be wise or foolish—it matters very little which, indifferently wise, or foolish or neither—we should say with the epicureans of old, 'Let us eat, drink and make merry, for to-morrow we die.' There would then be no wisdom in the proverbial philosopher to the self-indulgent man, there would be no ideal of truth or virtue or justice, and human society could not be the thing that we believe it was intended to be—a well-regulated family of brothers and sisters, living under the laws of a wise, beneficent and loving Father—but simply a menagerie of wild beasts, a brutal scramble, a horrid competition in which the only law would be 'every one for himself.' The mere talk of fraternity, of brotherhood, of equality, of liberty, of justice, of virtue would be worse than a mockery, for there would be no such thing as sin or vice or crime in the sense in which we understand these things, and witless, senseless, and stupid things of would simply be a mistake, simply a sin against good taste, and would hardly rise to the dignity of a grammatical blunder. (Great applause.)

"And as a matter of fact I am quite satisfied that there are people in the world who have yielded to the despair of ever solving the mystery, who have found the struggle between the brute and the angel too arduous, and have allowed the brute to rise up and

strangle and put down the angel. There are too many who to-day feel that it were worse to make a serious grammatical mistake than to permit what to an enlightened Christian conscience is the most horrid of crimes. (Applause.)

"All this I think is entirely pertinent to what we are striving for. It goes to show that if this movement that we call a political one has not for its aim the doing of that justice which is the essence of the moral law—if it have not for its object the putting of the brute into his proper place—in a word, the bringing out in men of that image of the eternal ideal of truth and goodness and duty, which is God, then it is all a mistake and a blunder, and I for one, the very first, would cheerfully acknowledge that we might as well spare ourselves the pain and trouble; we might as well spare our breath; we might as well leave the world to the horrid fate to which many of our brethren believe it condemned by a law as necessary as the law of gravitation itself. (Applause.)

"We who invite you to join us in this crusade for justice, for the brotherhood of men, and for the proclaiming to all the world of the fatherhood of God, are bearing a word of infinite comfort to the doubting, to the fearing and the despairing. We are teaching men no new thing; but we are endeavoring to teach them with new force and energy, with new confidence of victory, the old truths that were written by the very finger of the Father upon the hearts of all his children. (Applause.) And therefore we must necessarily be far from saying the slightest word that might impair the reverent sense of religion in the minds and hearts of men. We should be justifying ourselves if we were so unfortunate as to do so."

Dr. McGlynn then pointed out, in clear and emphatic language, the relation between the religious ideas just enunciated and the practical schemes of reform advocated by the Anti-poverty society and formulated in the platform of the united labor party.

"The one essential doctrine of this crusade of ours, taught, as I have often said, by right reason and natural, as well as supernatural religion, is this: That each man is made free, that each man is born with an inalienable right to liberty as well as to life, and the pursuit of happiness; and any condemnation that shall deprive man of that right to enjoy his life and his liberty, and in his own way to make the pursuit of happiness, is an infraction of a natural law, and is a crime against natural justice. (Applause.) The things that were made common by nature must be carefully guarded as common by society. The things that can only exist by the consent, the permission, the creation of society itself, must, by the plain law of justice, be used only for the benefit and the welfare of society. And therefore not only the land, but all those things that are necessarily the gift of the people, must be controlled for and in the interests of the people.

"The beauty of this crusade of ours is this, that the remedy is so simple that it actually strikes the average hearer as too simple. They cannot believe that the remedy for such multitudinous and all-pervading evils can be so wondrously simple. It is actually amusing to hear the wisecracks of the press saying from day to day, 'Will Mr. Henry George be good enough to get down to something practical, and not continue himself to theory, and tell us exactly what he really wants to do?' (Laughter.) As if that philosopher had not told them again and again in words that burn—as if he had not written so many luminous pages, as if he had not told them in so many eloquent speeches, of the magnificent simplicity of the law of justice and the admirable simplicity of the remedy, which is simply that justice shall cease and justice shall begin to reign. (Applause.)

"There may be some here to-night who are not as blameworthy as these editorial wisecracks, and it may be not amiss to repeat for them the simple statement of the justice on the one hand, the injustice on the other, and the beautiful remedy. The statement is this: That all men being equally the children of God, were endowed by their Creator with the same equal, inalienable, indefeasible right to the use of the bounties of nature, the sunlight, the air, the waters, the forests, the land. (Applause.) That while it is necessary for the best use of these common bounties that individuals should have undisturbed possession of the choicer portions of them, especially when, by the density of population, a new and peculiar value comes to them that is called the unearned increment, justice can always be maintained and the charter of the common rights violated, by taxing the land, and not find it amiss even to interpret an innocent jest as an illustration of spiritual things. (Applause.)

"But at the same time it were unworthy of our holy cause, it were doing violence to its sacred ensign, if our purpose were not a most serious and a most determined one. If we may with the ancients say 'What shall forbid me to tell the truth laughing?' We should remember that the jest or innocent recreation should be but a means toward an end; that we may the better enforce a truth, or by innocent relaxation stiffen our nerves and intensify our energies to take up again the ensign, to renew the battle on the morrow, to continue the march until we shall have achieved a perfect victory." (Great and long continued applause.)

W. T. Crossland being introduced, said he had not come to make a speech, but to read a few letters that had been handed to him concerning a matter that particularly concerned his hearers. A paper that had been started during the political canvass of last fall, largely through the contributions of working men and trades unions had lately fallen into the hands of the socialistic labor party. A number of young men dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood, had consequently taken a noble resolution, which a number of their friends thought should be made known in some way to the members of the Anti-poverty society. He therefore read the following:

THE LEADER OFFICE,
NEW YORK, AUG. 27, 1887.

To the Board of Trustees of the Leader Co-operative Association: Gentlemen: You introduced last December, with the city editorship of the Leader, instructing me to be honest and impartial between all the divisions of organized labor, and to be, at the same time, true to the principles of the united labor party.

Circumstances have arisen which make it impossible for me to carry on the work, as a journalist, you then imposed upon me. The Leader has ceased to be the organ of the united labor party. It has become the representative and the advocate of one party and of other principles, with which I have no sympathy.

I therefore hand you back the trust you gave me.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN P. FOLEY, City Editor.

Letters of a similar tenor were also read from the rest of the city staff, Messrs. Joseph W. Parker, James Kirker Bagley, Frank Cahill, W. E. Dougherty, A. H. Ballard, J. Edgar Burner and Thomas F. Donohue.

Mr. James Barclay next addressed the meeting. He discoursed for some minutes on proposed palliatives for the ills of society, and then said: "I realize that first of all we must have access to the forces of nature. I do not believe that the great Creator formed and fashioned a planet and sent it twirling around the sun and then decided it to one man or any body of men." (Applause.)

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the teachings of Him who taught us the blessed doctrine of the equal brotherhood of men under the equal fatherhood of God, let us, in God's name, enroll under the holy ensign of this crusade. And let us not do so from the selfish hope that our individual condition may be somewhat better; but let us join the holy war filled with the magnificent enthusiasm of humanity. Let us enroll ourselves in this army with no thought of individual gain or profit, but rather with the heroic thought that it were well to suffer privation, toil, hardship, loss, and even death itself to gain the higher reward that is promised to those who shall have hungered and thirsted for justice here.

"And if any man should dare to say that we are desecrating the sanctity of the Christian holy day, that our plaudits and our songs are an unworthy breaking of the stillness of the Sabbath evening, let us hurl back the reproach and say that we would not be here upon this platform, that these doors would not have been thrown wide open, or these multitudes have come here week after week throughout the sultry evenings of the summer months if it were not for the sake, not of politics, but of religion. (Tremendous applause.)

"No man more than I is sensible of the poetic beauty of the holy altars of the church of God. No man's nature, I think, can thrill more than mine at the poetic touch of the harmonies of the church of God. No man's nature, I think, is more than mine attuned to the mystic thrill that pervades the atmosphere of the temple of the Most High. And yet I had been a false teacher and preacher if I had not taught, as I have taught, that the walls of the temple, the painted windows and the marble altar, and the magnificent organ pouring contrition from its notes of gold, were at the most but mere signs and symbols and remembrances, and helps, of to spiritual things; if I had not taught, as I have taught, that even the forest are good temples, and that all the voices and songs and sights of nature are full of religion; and that the essence of religion can never be confined to temples, or to ceremonies, or to creeds, or to sacraments, and that creeds and sacraments and temples and ceremonies have no value except as signs and symbols and evidences of spiritual things. (Applause.)

"And therefore I feel it no sacrilege, I can see nothing unworthy in preaching with all our best energies, with whatever eloquence and pathos and learning we may command, even from the stage of the theater on the blessed Sabbath evening, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood in Christ. (Applause.) And even if, in the midst of the teaching, I should utter an eternal truth, while seeking to fasten the attention of men upon the eternal verities, even the merry song and the innocent jest should be interpolated, I think that still it is a good thing. I believe that it is well for us to bring all the resources of eloquence, of oratory and music and wit and humor into the service of religion. (Applause.) And while I am willing enough to confess that in the sacred stillness and the soft solemnity of God's temple, in the presence of the holy altar of sacrifice, our humor were perhaps out of place, I cannot but think that it is a good thing to find occasionally some other platform from which we may discourse the sublimest truths of religion, and not find it amiss even to interpolate an innocent jest as an illustration of spiritual things. (Applause.)

"But at the same time it were unworthy of our holy cause, it were doing violence to its sacred ensign, if our purpose were not a most serious and a most determined one. If we may with the ancients say 'What shall forbid me to tell the truth laughing?' We should remember that the jest or innocent recreation should be but a means toward an end; that we may the better enforce a truth, or by innocent relaxation stiffen our nerves and intensify our energies to take up again the ensign, to renew the battle on the morrow, to continue the march until we shall have achieved a perfect victory." (Great and long continued applause.)

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Where It Goes.

On page 279 of Cairnes' "Political Economy" (Harper Brothers, publishers, 1874), occurs the following, which, coming from one of the most distinguished of the later English orthodox economists, would furnish a good and convenient motto for banners, transparencies, etc.:

"The large addition to the wealth of the country has gone neither to profits, nor to wages, nor yet to the public at large, but to swell a fund ever-growing even while its proprietors sleep—the rent roll of the owners of the soil."

A Compliment from the Farmers.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Highway society of this city, Henry George was unanimously elected an honorary member, the resolution reciting that the honor was conferred "on account of his patient, wise, thorough and energetic services in behalf of the masses of farmers and people of this country." The object of the society is to advocate the government administration of railways.

GOING WEST.

A California Paper Tells a Story, but Fails to See the Moral of It—What Young Americans May Expect who Go West with Pluck, Land and Industry, and Nothing Else.

San Francisco Examiner.

James Gleason, aged twenty-two years, resided with his parents on a farm near Ellingworth, Chautauqua county, New York, but, becoming tired of the monotony of his life, decided to come west. For this purpose he was given money by his father, and after a tedious trip he landed in Tucson, Arizona, having \$25 of his money remaining. He had never learned a trade, and found it very difficult to get employment in the territory. His struggles lasted for some three months in that city, the young man earning an occasional dollar at odd work, but meanwhile his scanty funds had been sinking, and he could see nothing but eventual starvation by remaining, while there was hope for him, he thought, on this side of the Colorado desert.

He had \$9 of his money remaining, but between Tucson and Los Angeles was a wide stretch of 500 miles, mostly desert, and, with the exception of section hands along the railroad, perfectly innocent of population. By paying \$3 to the brakeman he managed to ride on freight trains as far as Texas hill, sixty-two miles east of Yuma, where he was discovered by the conductor and forced from the train. There his luck deserted him. He abandoned the train, almost without money, wholly inexperienced in the mode of beating trains, and without the disposition to do so, there was nothing to do but walk the remaining 220 miles through to the City of Angels.

Taking a couple of wine bottles from the side of the railroad, he filled them with water, tied them together, hung them over his shoulder, and started on his long tramp for civilization. At the end of his second day he landed in Yuma, already footsore and weary. Here another effort was made to find work, but without success.

At last there came a day when life and death hung evenly in the balance. Young Gleason had started for a walk from one section house to another rather late for such a trip in such a climate. This distance was eight miles. It was almost 10 o'clock when he neared the station, and, seeing the building so close, he raised the bottle to his lips and moistened them with his last drop of water. There was plenty more to be had in only a few moments' walk! But horror! As he drew near he saw too plainly evidences of desertion. He gazed into the eastern, but no water was there. It was a life and death struggle. Eight miles more to walk with the very heat of a burning furnace pouring down upon his head. He started on, but every step forward cost a struggle. His lips broke open and the blood oozed out. His tongue was so swollen he could barely breathe. For a moment he sat down on the ties, but he realized that a stupor was coming on him. Life! It was a precious word, and he rose to his feet and pressed on. About noon, reeling about almost crazy, he came to the section house and drank deeply of the abundant water.

Until now he had had little trouble in buying food at the section houses. But here they at first refused to sell. He had \$2 left. Finally he gave one of these for what he could eat, and it was considerable.

The next two days he lived in comparative luxury on his remaining dollar, having a meal each day.

The third day, however, being too independent to beg, and having no money with which to buy, he ate nothing. After his day's fast his scruples were somewhat weakened, and on asking for aid he was given the only thing at hand—a can of tomatoes.

The next day, which was the eleventh since being forced from the cars at Texas hill, was Sunday, and coming to a dairy ranch he applied to the only person on the place—a workman—for something to eat. The house was locked and the only thing he had was a pan of milk, which was greedily drunk. On the night of the thirteenth day, after untold misery, the young man landed in Los Angeles. His health was nearly worn out, and too proud to send home for money, his struggles were by no means ended. On his long trip his clothes had become dirty and ragged, and his appearance was such that no one would have employed him even had his condition permitted of hard work. At last he was forced to leave the city to find food, and started up the coast. After long wanderings and many hardships he landed in San Francisco.

Ruined in health, but with spirit yet unconquered, Gleason declared to the reporter that he would yet find a foothold in the state; and with such dauntless spirit it cannot be doubted that, despite his bad appearance and debilitation, he is yet on the road royal to a decent living.

Stumbled on the Truth.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—It is funny to see how men sometimes stumble on the truth. Robert P. Porter in his book, "Free Trade Folly," after proving the miserable condition of the English workingmen, says: "It has been shown in the east end that about one-fifth of the children went to school without having any breakfast, while the 'penny diners' had failed to send the poorer children could not procure the necessary money. The average wages of these classes are from \$3.40 to \$5.90 a week, and much of this sum is spent in rent." And he describes this misery in his book of putting on the back of free trade the misery and wretchedness produced by high rents and the exclusion of Englishmen from their natural inheritance.

I sincerely hope that such an able and honest man as Mr. Porter will see his mistake and lend his energies to the advancement of a plan from which infinitely more is to be hoped than from any "protection" panacea.

H. Y. PINAIL.

That Platform Makes Converts.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—Almost the sole topic of conversation among the labor organizations here is the proceedings of the Syracuse convention. The plank declaring for the abolition of all taxes on industry and the imposition of a tax on land values finds ready acceptance. Rev. Henry Frank, Congregationalist, has written a very strong letter in support of our doctrine to the editor of the Journal, and the Weekly Democrat publishes a favorable editorial. THE STANDARD is doing good work. I am much gratified and encouraged to see what progress has been made here within the past few months. I am happy to say that I was the first reader which THE STANDARD had in this town.

H. B. LAMMERS.

A Suggestion.

NEW YORK.—I write to offer a suggestion. It is that one of the poets of the movement compose some spirited verses to be sung to the air of which the chorus runs:

One wide river, one wide river to Jordan,
One wide river, one wide river, one wide river,
It is a grand air and especially adapted to be intoned by a multitude of voices. J. F.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

When Fred Rippel, through last week's **STANDARD**, expressed dissatisfaction with the land value tax because "there are some very rich people who without working could live upon interest, which, like wages, would be higher than now if land values were taxed away," he had in mind the economic truth that wages and interest rise as rent falls and fall as rent rises, from which he inferred that people who have unjustly grown rich through special privileges would be able to perpetuate their wealth by means of interest and thus live by the labor of others without working themselves. This is an important question. No able man ought to live by the labor of others, and whoever does must be classified either as a dependent or a parasite—a beggar or a thief. It makes no difference, however, whether the fortune that enables him to live upon labor was honestly or dishonestly acquired—whether it was earned by his possessor or accumulated by means of special privileges. The real question is whether, land being free, anyone's fortune can be increased and perpetuated at the expense of other people. It is not even a question of whether a man can live without working, as Mr. Rippel puts it, for if Hodge should discover a method of living without working no one could complain of Hodge's idleness, provided his method did not take away any of the earnings of other men.

The theory of interest as propounded by Mr. George has been more severely and plausibly criticised than any other phase of the economic problem as he presents it; but I have yet to see a criticism that does not proceed upon a misconception of what interest is. Mr. Rippel, for example, clearly has borrowing and lending exclusively in mind, and supposes an unearned bonus for a loan, whereas interest on borrowed capital is merely incidental to real interest, and instead of being a bonus is a product of the loan. Borrowing and lending might cease (and if land were free, I believe it would in great degree), but interest would remain.

The element of time is important and valuable in production. The laborer who has capital ready when it is wanted, and thus, by saving time in making it, increases production, will get and ought to get some consideration—higher wages if you choose, or interest, as we call it—just as the skillful printer who sets 1,500 ems an hour will get more for an hour's work than the less skillful printer who sets only 1,000 ems. In the one case greater power due to skill, and in the other greater power due to capital, produce greater results in a given time; and in neither case is the increased compensation a deduction from the earnings of other men.

Suppose a natural spring "free" to all, and that Hodge carries a pail of water from it to a place where he can build a fire and boil the water. Having hung a kettle and poured the water into it, and arranged the fuel and started the fire, he has by his labor set natural forces at work in a certain direction; and they are at work for him alone, because without his previous labor they would not be at work in that direction at all. Now he may go to sleep, or run off and play, or amuse himself in any way that he pleases; and when an hour—a period of time—shall have elapsed, he will have, instead of a pail of cold water, a pot of boiling water. Is there no difference in value between that boiling water and the cold water of an hour before? Would he exchange the pot of boiling water for a pail of cold water, even though the cold water were in the pot and the fire started? Of course not, and no one would expect him to. And yet between the time when the fire is started and the time when the water boils he does no work. To what then, is that difference in value due? Is it not clearly due to the element of time? Why does Hodge demand more than a pail of cold water for the pot of boiling water if it is not that the ultimate object of his original labor—the making of tea, for example—is nearer complete than it was an hour before, and that an even exchange of boiling water for cold water would delay him an hour, to which he will not submit unless he is paid for it? And why is Hodge willing to give more than a pail of cold water for the pot of boiling water, if it is not that it gives him the benefit of an hour's time in production, and thus increases his productive power very much as greater skill would. And if Hodge gives to Hodge more than a pail of cold water for the pot of boiling water, does Hodge lose anything that he had, or Hodge gain anything that he had not? No. The effect of the transaction is a transfer for a consideration of the advantage in point of time that Hodge had, to Hodge who had it not, as if a skillful compositor should, if he could, sell his skill to a less skillful member of the craft.

There are certain products of labor upon which natural forces operate to increase their utility, and consequently their value. Such are live stock, fruit trees, corn, and so on. Labor may be devoted to these products from time to time as they grow, but they also improve between times just as the water boiled while Hodge slept. This increase is interest. There are other products which do not improve except as labor is applied to them. Such are furniture, cloth, iron, and so on. Upon the utility and value of these there is no effect. Labor may improve them, but the instant labor stops improvement stops. Such forms of capital, therefore, do not produce interest, and if it were not for exchange would not command interest. But since exchange causes a constant tendency toward equalization of values, forms of capital that are naturally non-productive come to bear interest in exchange at the expense not of labor, but of productive forms of capital.

If Hodge worked six days at inclosing and plowing a piece of ground and sowing it with wheat, and Podge worked the same six days at making shovels, the sowed field and the shovels would at the end of the six days, other things being the same,

exchange equally; they would be of the same value. But if Podge kept his shovels out of the circle of exchanges, storing them away, and neither he nor Hodge did any more work, Hodge's sowed field would be worth more at the end of a month than Podge's shovels. The grain would have sprouted and grown, while the shovels would be just what they were before. If, however, Podge had made his shovels for a market which it required a month's time to reach, and had shipped them, the goods he received in return at the end of a month would, after paying expenses, exchange equally for Hodge's field of growing grain; they would have increased in value according to the time required to complete the exchange. This illustrates the principle, which is that the element of time adds to the value of labor products when they are in process of growth or exchange; and this added value justly belongs to him who has so given direction to natural forces as to enable the lapse of time to increase the utility of what he produces.

"A light seeker" who writes from Cincinnati, puts the proposition in the form of the following question: "If A allows B to use his reserved power—or capital—which, in connection with B's labor, earns twenty per cent, is not A's capital or reserved power an active agent in securing that result, and should not due credit, in the shape of interest, be given to its owner, A?" How could it be otherwise? If A uses the capital himself, it is clear that he is entitled to the whole twenty per cent; and it is also clear that the twenty per cent is in part his wages for current labor, and in part the benefit he derives from lapse of time in the use of his capital. Now, if B uses the capital, by what process of reasoning can he be held to earn more than wages for the current labor? How does he acquire title to that increase of the capital that is due to lapse of time, and which would not have resulted at all but for the previous labor of A in giving direction to natural forces? Obviously, if capital does yield an increase apart from the increase that current labor directly produces, and it certainly does as in the case of growing grain or cattle, the producer of the capital as against its user is entitled to that increase.

Interest pure and simple is the increase that capital yields irrespective of borrowing and lending. But inasmuch as the owner of capital can by using it acquire something more than wages, namely, the natural increase of the capital, he will not lend capital unless he may approximately acquire that increase. And inasmuch as what he acquires is the real increase of his capital and not a deduction from anyone's wages, it is perfectly just that he should have it.

Let us recur to the boiling water illustration. Hodge has the cold water in the pot, and, having started the fire, is about to go to sleep to wait for the water to boil, when Podge wants to borrow Hodge's capital for an hour just as it stands. What would Hodge require and what ought Podge to give at the end of the hour? If he merely return the capital as he got it, namely, a pot of water arranged for the process of boiling, he will lose and Podge will gain the benefit of an hour's time. As the question of interest is sometimes discussed this would make no difference, for it is assumed that Hodge does not need the capital at present while Podge does, and, therefore, that it is a benefit to Hodge to have Podge use the capital for him, and by returning the same thing in point of value to in effect preserve Hodge's capital from decay. But such cases are exceptional. Hodge might be glad to do that with wealth that he has in hand for consumption, but not with capital that he is using in production. For example, a householder having more furniture than he can at present use, will be glad to lend it on condition that furniture in just as good condition be returned to him; but if a furniture dealer lends furniture he must have as much profit as he could realize if he retained it in his stock. In production time is an important consideration. Hodge wants his boiling water just as soon as he can get it. To him, as a producer, an hour lost is wealth lost. Therefore he will not make a free gift to Podge of the benefit of the hour which his capital gives him. If Podge wants to borrow Hodge's pot of water which will boil in an hour, he must agree to pay back at the end of an hour (no labor being required meantime) not a pot of water in condition for boiling, but a pot of boiling water. If Podge gives less he gets for nothing an advantage that justly belongs to Hodge.

So I should say to Walter Manning of Troy, N. Y., who asks whether bank discount can be called economic interest, and whether in fact it is not a tax on production, that it is economic interest.

Podge has worked six days in the making of shovels for shipment to a distant market. His shovels will now exchange for Hodge's newly sowed field of grain, and if he waits a month when the returns for his shipment of shovels arrive in the form of foreign products, these products will exchange for Hodge's more valuable field of growing grain. But if he waits some one else to wait the month instead of waiting himself, he must give up the benefit of that time, and be satisfied to take the present value of his product. Here the bank steps in as an intermediary between producers, and by giving to Podge the present value of his shovels, requires his right to the greater value of wheat in a month's time, they will have an exchange for. In this transaction Podge loses nothing, and the bank gains nothing more than the natural increase of what it has, in effect, bought from Podge.

Of course there is discount and discount. I am speaking of a legitimate economic banking transaction. But frequently bank discounts are nothing more than taxation, due to the choking up of free exchange, in consequence of which an institution that controls the common medium of exchange can impose arbitrary conditions upon producers who must immediately use that common medium.

And now, will interest tend to perpetuate fortunes so as to enable their owners to

live by the labor of others, or even to live without labor, as Mr. Rippel fears?

If a man possessed of great capital could lend it, and receive its earnings as distinguished from the earnings of the labor that used it, his wealth might be perpetuated, not at the expense of labor, but without labor on his part. But when wealth is perpetuated and increased by lending, it is chiefly through public debts. Whoever buys an interest in a public debt, or what is the same in essence, in a monopoly created by the public, may enjoy a perpetual income without working and without increasing the general wealth. But not so of commercial loans. These require labor on the part of the lender, and may be efficient agencies in exchange, which is a form of production. If land were free and public debts abolished, such loans would be about the only ones, and as they would increase wealth by facilitating exchange the interest they bore would be no burden upon labor.

Or, a man with a large capital might invest it in production, and, employing laborers to manage the enterprise, enjoy an income from his labor without working. But, while this might enhance his fortune, it would give him no advantage over men whose wages were limited only by what they produced, and whose capital was as productive as his own.

And whether he lent his capital or put it into a business that he did not manage, it would tend to dissipation on account of its magnitude. Countless influences would operate against its perpetuation. The disposition of those to whom he made loans to procure their own capital, or of those whom he employed to work for themselves, would constantly menace his great fortune. Fortunes then would be like houses of cards, which are secure enough while small, but become more and more shaky as their size is increased. Now the reverse is true; fortunes become more secure as they grow.

For an illustration take the Astor family. If the single tax were in full operation that family would be very wealthy in houses, although they would own land values no more. They could get an income from these houses only by renting them. But the disposition of men to have a home would constantly tend to diminish demand for leases of Astor dwellings and to force the Astors to sell. In time they would not find it profitable to own more houses than they required for use, and what they sold their houses for would have to be invested in building more houses to sell or promoting some other productive enterprise, unless they suffered it to lie idle and from idleness to diminish. And if they decided to devote it to productive uses they would be obliged to work to keep it active; and despite all they could do, and notwithstanding that capital generally was more productive than before, their unwieldy fortune would be disintegrated by the influence of an ever increasing multitude of small fortunes. Now the Astors control something that no one can produce, land; and through that they may perpetuate and increase their wealth. But if land were free they could control nothing that could not be produced as it was required.

But even if great fortunes might be perpetuated, that would not be a matter of vital importance. It is not great fortunes that are oppressive, but the power that great fortunes give under an unjust system of land tenure of depriving men of their natural inheritance. And if when the vital wrong is abolished it should appear that great fortunes could perpetuate themselves, and that they menaced individual liberty, it would be a mere detail to terminate them by a probate tax, which, like the land value tax, is an impost that does not tend to interfere with industry or to check production. A probate tax to follow the land value tax might be a good thing; but without the land value tax it would be useless.

And without it, must not be forgotten that in point of real wealth, after deducting the value of monopoly privileges, there are very few great fortunes.

Notes.

TRUS K. SMITH, New York.—Read chapter 3, book 3 of "Progress and Poverty."

F. W. G., Brooklyn.—If you are really anxious for light upon the subject, read "Protection or Free Trade?" by Mr. George. It is impossible to enter into the subject here as fully as your question demands.

M., Hamilton, O.—There is no data from which you can ascertain how much tax is now derived from land, and how much from accumulated wealth including improvements.

JOHN H. FINN.—Cannot give you the information you ask for.

E. W. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—We propose to abolish all taxes except the tax on land values, and to increase that until it takes from the land owner whatever advantage he may derive from ownership of better land than other people own or use, and in some form to give to him his honest share of whatever advantage he may derive from ownership of better land than he owns. Mr. Wallace proposes to make the whole community the landlord by abolishing titles and compensating present owners.

HUGO BIGRAM, Philadelphia, Pa.—If the economic rent of a piece of land is \$600, its probable exchange value (the current rate of interest being four per cent and the effect of speculation being eliminated) would be \$15,000. If taxes at the rate of two per cent were assessed upon the full exchange value of the land, exclusive of improvements, the tax would be \$300, which, deducted from the rent of \$600, makes the net rent \$300. This would reduce the exchange value of the land to \$7,500. A two per cent tax on that would be \$150, which, deducted from the gross rent of \$600, makes the net rent \$450, and raises the exchange value of the land to \$11,250. A two per cent tax on that would be \$225, which makes the net rent \$375, and lowers the exchange value of the land to \$9,375, and so on until the exchange value reaches an equilibrium at \$10,000, when a two per cent tax would be \$200, and the net rent \$400. Therefore \$10,000 is the exchange value of land renting for \$600 when interest is four per cent and the land value tax two per cent, provided all disturbing factors, such as speculation, changing rates of taxation, etc., are eliminated. I suggest the calculation, not because it has any value practically, but to satisfy your curiosity, since you appear to be under the influence of the figure habit.

It is necessary to remind you, perhaps, that this would be only a unit of exchange value by which the equilibrium of exchange value is reached. In practice there is no perceptible process, but a jump. When

taxes are imposed on land values the level of values is found at once. It is the actual or potential rent minus the tax capitalized at current rates of interest, subject, however, to disturbance by the influence of speculation. In the case you assume \$300 would go to the people and \$400 to the land owner.

THOMAS KIPP, Columbus, O.—(1) We cannot tell what percentage of New York's population owns land. (2) Nor what percentage owns vacant land. (3) The single tax would reduce rents.

J. N. WHITMAN, Fulton, N. Y.—As to equality of taxation read "Progress and Poverty," book 8, chapter 3, subdivision 4.

N. J. JENKS, Jenksville, Tioga County, N. Y.—Read "Progress and Poverty," and give particular attention to subdivision 4 of chapter 3 of book 8. The land value tax will not only lift the burden of taxation somewhat from small farmers; it will lift it almost entirely. The bulk of the small farmer's taxes are taxes on labor products, his improvements, stock, products and articles of consumption, not on the value of his land. Read "Land and Labor Library," Nos. 6 and 12.

D. W. HOAN, Waukegan, Wis.—(1) By the rental value of land is meant what it would rent for if unimproved. (2) If your farm will rent for \$300, it would not follow that your tax should be \$300; but if unimproved land in or near to your farm, which was just as fertile and just as well located as the land of your farm, would rent for a certain sum per acre you should be taxed that sum per acre for your farm. If your farm rents for \$300, you must deduct the rental value of the improvements, and the remainder is what your tax ought to be.

A READER, New Britain, Conn.—(1) If a number of persons locate in a place and erect houses, it will tend to enhance the value of the land by making it desirable for some people to come there, and consequently the land tax will increase. (2) If there is unimproved land in a community, the basis of taxation for all land will be the value of that which is unimproved, provided it is as desirable as the other.

J. C. ROSHEIT of Albany, who wanted some "mud" to build on, and to whom "Knickerbocker" offered some "mud" more than 100 miles from where Mr. Rosheit works, comes back at "Knickerbocker" in this style: "There is plenty of mud here, and also plenty of taxes. It is the taxes that prevent me from building, not the want of mud. The mud owner wants \$1,000 for a lot of mud that cost him \$500. I was willing to give it, but before doing so I sat down and figured, and found that the house would cost \$2,000, making \$3,000 for house and lot, on which I would have to pay taxes. When the taxes were paid I would not have three per cent on my investment. If Mr. George's system of taxation were in force, Mr. K., I would have to pay taxes only on \$1,000, and then it would pay me to build. You must have lots of mud, Mr. K., if you can give it away as you propose, and I hope you are good enough Christian to thank the Lord in your prayers every night for making so much mud for you. Perhaps it is the tax on houses that has kept you from building. If so, my heart goes out to you, and I pray the Lord to hasten the day when there shall be no taxes on houses. My dear Mr. K., I am sorry that you do not read THE STANDARD often. You say that your labor is dirtier than mine. Do you mean to imply that mine is dirty? How can it be, when my business is mostly with soap—soap all the time! My brain is bubbling with soap. If you have lots of timber on your land, as you say, I will spend my vacation on your place and help you to build a house. My address is at THE STANDARD office, that glorious paper that is trying for you and me to clear the way so we can build our two houses. That is the reason why I belong to the Anti-poverty society—to abolish my poverty and help to abolish yours. You know you are house poor and I am land poor, but the Lord has been good to me in respect to land, and perhaps you will help yourself in respect to a house."

TO A WAYNE COUNTY FARMER.

DR. WOOD WRITES A PLAIN, PRACTICAL LETTER TO HIS COUSIN—FIGURES THAT TELL THEIR OWN STORY.—LESS FAVORABLE, INCREASED DEMAND AND HIGHER PRICES ARE WHAT THE UNITED LABOR PARTY OFFER TO THE FARMER.

MY DEAR COUSIN—Some time ago I wrote you, asking certain questions about your farm. Below are the questions and your replies.

(1) Q.—What is the size of your farm? A.—Eighty-five acres.

(2) Q.—What is its actual selling value? A.—\$75 per acre; total \$6,375.

(3) Q.—For how much is it assessed? A.—\$51 per acre, or \$4,325 in all.

(4) Q.—Amount of taxes of all kinds? A.—\$46.

(5) Q.—How much of the total value of your farm is due to natural values and public improvements, like the railroad, canal, growth of population, etc.? A.—\$575.

(6) Q.—And how much of the total value is due to your labor in making improvements of all kinds? A.—\$5,800.

You are a working farmer and have struggled long and hard to be able to call the farm on which you live your own. It has been only by the most persistent industry and the strictest economy that you have shaken off the mortgage burden and are now enabled during the short intervals of toil to sit under your own vine and fig tree and enjoy the fruits of your labor.

You have doubtless heard of the convention of the united labor party, and have read their platform and the comments of the old party press upon it. No doubt you are troubled by the declaration in that platform that we propose to place all taxation upon land values, especially as the old party paper you have been accustomed to read says that it will raise the taxes of the farmer and in other ways oppress him. You are led to believe by that paper that the united labor party is composed of a small class of discontented men whose only following is in the cities, and that it will soon die from lack of anything to keep it alive. All that is a campaign lie.

This party has come to stay. There are no people more interested in the welfare of our party than the farmers. They will profit by its success and be injured by its downfall.

Asking justice, we mean to do no injustice. There are several reasons why the farmers of New York should earnestly support the principles of the united labor party.

First, we believe the farmer is taxed too highly. Therefore we propose to reduce his taxes.

How? By taxing the land value of his farm and not taxing the improvements on it. Figure it out for yourself. Your house, barns, fences, orchards, wells, stock, tools and drains are all improvement value. What would it take to replace them? Your farm to-day of eighty-five acres you wrote me you would consider worth \$6,375. Take from that all the improvement values, and how much is left? You have stated yourself that the value of the improvements on your farm is \$5,800. Then you would be taxed only on a land value tax of \$575.

You pay to-day \$46 taxes. How much would you pay under our plan? Suppose we should tax you up to the full rental value of

the bare land, and, as money can be had to-day for four per cent on absolute security, the rental value of your land could not be more than the interest on the sum it was worth; four per cent would be the highest rate at which we could tax you. Four per cent on \$575 is \$33.

Thus, the united labor party taxing you on the full rental value of the land of your farm would lower your taxes \$11 per year. We would make you pay twenty-five per cent less taxes than you do now. Is that going to hurt you?

The next reason why you should support the platform of our party is that we will increase the market for the products of your farm.

How? There are hundreds and thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, of valuable lots in our cities which are not used, but held for speculation, increasing by their withholding the rent of the lots that are used, and diminishing the opportunities for the laboring men to get work.

There are thousands of unemployed men in the cities who, because of their lack of work, cannot buy bread, flour, meat, fruits, clothing, etc., and because they cannot buy so much as they wish the products of your farm are in excess and you must sell at a price that makes the wages of your own labor low. Set these unemployed men at work, give them good wages, and they will buy your corn and wheat, your eggs and bacon, your pork and your beef, the wool from the backs of your sheep, and the flesh of your lambs faster than you can furnish them. They will do this because these valuable vacant lots are by their value proved to be wanted for use, and the tax upon land values will force these owners to bring them into use by improving them. The builder, the carpenter, the mason, the painter, the plasterer and the day laborer will go to work. In the same way this increase in the use of the valuable vacant lots in the cities will call on the lumber merchant, the hardware dealer, the glazier, the furnisher, in fact, upon almost every trade and profession, and all these can use more of your products, can cut thicker slices of bread and put more butter on them, and you will be called upon to furnish that bread and butter. You will be in better shape to ask a higher price and they will be able and willing to pay it.

Will all this injure you farmers? We propose in our platform the control of the highways of commerce, the means of transportation—the railroads and canals. We will carry your products to market for you as cheaply as it can possibly be done. There will be no watered stock which must receive dividends. There will not be added to the freight of your products a little every pound of grain you sell and on every pound of merchandise you buy to pay the dividends on that stock, as now. We will do away with the taxation of the farmer by monopoly. Will that hurt the farmers?

Everything we propose to do will help the working farmer because he is a working man. Because all he gets he earns by the sweat of his brow. We cannot help the working man anywhere without helping the farmer.

As the son and grandson of a working farmer, as one whose first earnings were got while working by the month on your farm; as one who appreciates the kind treatment, prompt pay and pleasant home which he received from you, I endeavor to point out to you what is for your interest, and urge you to support the platform of the united labor party.

Wm. C. Wood, M. D.

An Honest Political Movement.

In an editorial under the above heading the Brooklyn Standard-Union reviews the proceedings of the Syracuse convention, and says:

The movement is a thoroughly honest one, and its promoters are not afraid to express themselves boldly on any subject. They believe in the old republican idea of free action and a fair count. No attempt is made to suppress the discussion of any subject because debate on it may have a tendency to drive away some votes from the party. The united labor men drove out the socialists because the great majority of them do not believe in socialism. It is conceded that the socialists are splendidly organized, and that they control thousands of votes in New York and Brooklyn, but the united labor men did not hesitate about driving them out, because they believed that a compromise might easily have been patched up. The socialists were more than willing. They offered to disband "the socialistic labor party," and promised to subscribe to every plank in the platform of the united labor party, and in return, with a considerable number of votes depending on the result, what would either of the older parties have done? There is only too much reason to believe that they would have decried the democratic platform as a party would. But the united labor men wavered not for a moment. They did not charge the socialists with dishonesty; they simply told them that their doctrines put into practice were inimical to the spirit of American institutions, and that setting it at naught it was with every other matter dealt with by the convention. Free discussion and open voting was the rule. Resolutions which seemed to be in the general interest of the community, as the delegates understood it, were adopted without any reference to their present power of attracting votes. The party of united labor means to be a party of moral ideas. Its land taxation theories may not hold water, and its financial theories may be tainted with unsoundness, but its honesty of purpose is undoubted, and its platform is not without features calculated to attract men whose interest in politics is confined to an earnest and patriotic desire to promote the progress and prosperity of the people.

A Pro-Poverty Dilemma.

Boston Globe.

Rev. George C. Lorimer, formerly of Tremont temple and now of Chicago, does not agree with most social reformers that poverty is a social disease which should be cured. Mr. Lorimer preached lately at the Commonwealth avenue Baptist church, and said that poverty was the source of almost all the progress that has taken place in the world, and that it was the only power that could be trusted to bring about the great changes of the future. He was one of the great causes of poverty. "Are we to conclude from this that Mr. Lorimer regards intemperance as the motive power of progress? He would have us admit this, and yet intemperance is the chief cause of poverty, and poverty the chief cause of progress, it is difficult to see what other conclusion could be drawn. . . . We cannot agree with this eloquent preacher that extreme poverty is a social disease which should be cured. He does not agree with himself, or he would not find fault with employers for not paying higher wages."

Wheeling Into Line.

The Henry George club of Baltimore has adopted resolutions declaring that city councils should not grant a franchise for either elevated or underground railroads, but that if either or both are necessary for public accommodations, they should be built and controlled by the city.

Does This Man Realize What He Is Saying?

Denton Herald.

There is a class of the very poor, those who cannot take care of themselves, who belong to every generation, and are not specially to be reckoned with in the discussion of present problems. They are not more numerous among us to-day than they ever were, and are not made better or worse from generation to generation.

Why did not Mr. Ives openly declare that he believed in anti-poverty?

Because He Believes in Poverty—for Other People.

Saratoga.

It doesn't take much to satisfy the Democracy.

Wichita, Kan., Beacon.

The George party claims the land, the prohibitionists have a firm hold on the water and the republicans are building Blaine castles in the air. Meanwhile the democracy is content with its place in the confidence and affection of the people.

THE FARMERS' HIGHWAY SOCIETY.

A copy of the following letter, which is being sent to individual farmers throughout the country, has been sent us by the Farmers' highway society of Kansas City, Mo., with a request for publication. We make room for it with pleasure:

HEADQUARTERS FARMERS' HIGHWAY SOCIETY, ROOM 533, NELSON BUILDING, KANSAS CITY, MO., AUG. 29, 1887.

Dear Sir—As temporary chairman of the Farmers' highway society I am instructed to urge you to send your name to us and co-operate with the organization. First, let me outline its origin, principles and aims.

1. The census of the United States shows that out of a population of seventy millions, seventeen millions are farmers, and out of a total population of sixty millions forty-two millions are perhaps farmers, and their families, together with villagers in agricultural regions, make more than a dependent almost wholly upon agriculturalists.

2. We pay to the railroads a tribute of from one to three bushels of corn for transporting every bushel that is shipped to the seaboard markets—our sole outlet from restricted home markets. The cost of that tribute, says, "Charge the traffic all that it will bear," the railway barons exact the pound of flesh at every turn, and their tariff rates on food products allow us barely enough surplus to live on during the interval between harvest seasons that are to again give us the opportunity to harvest for the barons of modern feudalism.

3. The inability to reach the seaboard markets and to return home with a surplus drives us to under-consumption of home products, forcing us to be parsimonious. As a result of our condition—that of the robbed—we annually purchase less by hundreds of millions of all articles of home consumption than we ought to be able to do under a fair distribution of the economic surplus. As a result, we have twenty thousand idle American factories, overstocked warehouses, idle employees in the east, faded carpets, dingy furniture, restricted necessities and mortgages at the west and south.

4. The actual cost of moving freight, if the remarks of the American society of highway engineers may be believed, is many hundreds per cent less than present tariff rates. The surplus gained from us goes to pay enormous interest on watered stock investments, principally salaries to railway magnates, and to maintain their iron highways during many hours of idleness, whereas, under proper control, each track would present the appearance of a procession of trains, operated at first cost, for the people.

5. The iron highway—the actual track—must be emancipated from the thrall of corporate greed. The vast iron thoroughfares that have been sold at the auction block of public legislation are inherently incapable of private ownership. The highways, without manifest injustice to all men other than the owners. The highways should be freed from the miserly clutch of the railway kings, and transportation should be maintained at the minimum cost. No princely salaries, no perversion of the highway. No further aggregation of fabulous fortunes and material power by a few corporations, which are corruptly enabled to control commerce, and especially the farmers' markets, imposing unequal burdens upon the masses, and robbing the people of this country of the benefits of the scientific application of steam, and taking the fruits of our labors to the foreigners—ignorant of our wants and customs—who own seventy per cent of these thousands of miles of iron in American railways.

6. These facts, among other things, led, more than a year ago, to the formation of this society. Freed from politics, supreme in its own sphere, in search of the simple truth, and knowing the strength of union, it now makes known its mission to the world. The time is ripe when, for the better development of its wealth, the wiser direction of its industries, the welfare of its people and the suppression of mobs, anarchy and lawlessness, the government should take the highways into its hands. Let the remedy be applied before "the barefooted militia from the hills pounce down and tear up the tracks."

7. This is an economic educational society and not a political party. We desire to disseminate important information on these vital questions that we may learn who our masters are and how to abolish the evils that underlie the trying industrial depressions that have afflicted us with singular regularity since the first private railway was built in this country.

8. The representative farmers who receive this letter are invited to correspond with the president at Kansas City relative to further particulars. The organization of a vast farmers' convention, to meet in Kansas City some time this fall, is one of the questions for immediate solution. Many farmers in Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska are already in the field, and it is hoped that you will acknowledge the receipt of this letter and that a majority will inquire further with a view of becoming active members. We are already quite well organized, but we need corresponding and active members yet.

By order of the Executive Committee, LEIGH H. IRVINE, Temporary Chairman.

Who Owns Detroit?

Certainly not small property owners. Tax Receiver Karrer's figures prove this, if nothing else. Out of 150,000 inhabitants in this city, 19,128 have, by reason of being taxpayers direct, been compelled to go to the tax collector's office and pay there \$1,283,323, paid nearly three times as much as 16,000 others, and thirty persons paid one-eighth of the entire tax. The exact figures are: Thirty persons paid \$283,323; some 2,123 paid \$1,025,000, and 1,000 paid \$1,000,000. If these holdings property in different parts of the city, and who have received a separate receipt for each description, were only counted once instead of as many times as they hold separate receipts, the actual number of property owners as indicated by the tax receipts would be very perceptibly lessened. Doubtless the exact figures would not vary much from 15,000. But if, in addition to this, were those pieces of property now mortgaged put to the tax roll, the number of mortgagees who really have the titles, the number of real property owners would be still further reduced. And yet another factor must be recognized before the actual number of property owners can be determined. Many are buying real estate, particularly in the city, and they pay the taxes. So their names are on the tax rolls, though they have no deeds at all, and in the majority of cases, have only a very small and very insecure interest in the property. Deduct these from the total of its holders, if there could be mustered 10,000 real property owners in the city of Detroit.

Notwithstanding the large sale of lots to those buying to build, the fact is apparent that the proportion of property owners to those owning nothing is increasing. The steadily increasing number of landless men in all other growing cities, is putting land out of the reach of our citizens, and Detroit is no longer a place where any considerable percentage of the workmen own their own cottages.

The employment of music in the city of Detroit is the future be the principal real estate purchasers.

Such a condition of affairs is not for the best. A tenant population means a discontented community. The possession of property, and particularly the possession of real estate, by the wage receiving class, is a sure preventive of such scenes as lighted Pittsburgh in 1877, and shocked Chicago in 1896. The prosperity of a city should be measured not so much by the price of its real estate, or its lots as by the contentment of its inhabitants. And content is not to be found in tenements.

It Doesn't Take Much to Satisfy the Democracy.

Wichita, Kan., Beacon.

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A GOOD LETTER FOR FARMERS TO READ.

"If They Have Farms They Get Too Independent, So I'll Sell Them No Land."

BROCKWAYVILLE, Pa.—It is one of the favorite complaints of the New York World that the land doctrines of Henry George will apply only to Manhattan island, and that outside of that enough land is obtainable to render the single tax idea inapplicable and powerless.

The World is certainly ignorant of the condition of the real estate market of the United States. Here in Jefferson county, on the summit of the Allegheny mountains, midway between Rochester and Pittsburgh, where unoccupied land is so plentiful that the hunter may travel from this village a distance of from thirty to fifty miles (without swerving from a straight line) in almost any direction except that included in the angle between a south line and a west line, and never see a farm of ten acres, our best young men are leaving for the west to hunt land.

And they are not leaving to hunt cheap land, but simply land that they may be permitted to use.

East of us the Northwestern mining and exchange company holds thousands of acres of lands and coal privileges.

Northeast Joseph Hyde has a holding so large that he is alluded to frequently as owning "all of Elk county."

South lies John Du Bois's four or five million dollar estate, composed almost entirely of lands and saw mill property. North to the Allegheny river all of Jefferson, Elk, Forest and Warren counties is as sparsely settled as the Flagstaff mountains of Arizona. Lumber camps are the only habitations except an isolated farm settlement of a few acres cleared, that marks the home of some lumberman farmer. These are miles apart. All of this land belongs to men who hold immense contiguous bodies, and I feel sure that the greater part is arable, while I am certain that thousands of acres are unsurpassed in fertility by any of the hill lands of the Appalachian system. Years of familiarity with this land, and with the land from Georgia to Vermont, is the foundation for my belief.

Now it might be supposed that men who own this land would be anxious to sell it; but most of them are lumbermen or coal producers. The coal companies hold much of their land only as far as the coal right goes, but the lumbermen hold theirs largely in fee complete. The reason given by a Forest county lumber manufacturer for refusing to sell was the independence of mill hands when they have lands to employ themselves on. He unwittingly proved the George doctrine when he said: "If they have farms they get too independent to work for the wages I give, so I'll sell them no land." Of course all the operators here are not of that disposition, and, taking them as a class, the men who hold these lands are men of whom no complaint can be made. They are the results of the system, and the system is the thing that is bad.

The complication caused by coal rights and surface rights falling into different hands adds to the difficulty of securing and holding farms. For instance, a large body of land is held by a lumberman here in the Philadelphia area. Several times the lumberman has attempted to sell land, but his deed can only give surface, reserving all mineral, with the right at any time to buy back lands desired for use in building mining works, etc., at the rate of \$15 per acre, as this is the reserve the Philadelphia has made.

At one time a young man here attempted to buy from the Philadelphia some land which he held in fee complete, and a reservation was made of "all the undergrowth and all upper growth." This referred, no doubt, to the timber and smaller trees, but the expectant purchaser said it looked too much like as though it would take all the corn and potatoes, so the deed was never executed.

Our men work for \$1.50 a day, and wages have been for railroad hands ninety-six cents per diem, yet the men who own the lands are growing wealthy.

The tax assessments on all of these lands are nominal, often not over one to two dollars on each acre, and rarely above three. Joining a small piece upon which my neighbor pays on an assessed value of \$125 an acre a large lot is assessed at about \$3 an acre. In spite of this the coal privileges must be worth \$300 an acre in a large quantity of this untitled land, and the magnificent forests of pine and hemlock that are going daily are worth more than any farm crop ever raised in western Pennsylvania.

Meanwhile, if a word is said of shifting taxes to land the stereotyped howl goes up that the farmers can't stand it. Now, I tell you frankly that if an equalized land tax were to be assessed here the wants of our local and state governments would be met long before the farmer would need to pay a cent more than he does now. Indeed, when the wild lands paid according to their value at the same proportion the farms do, the valuation of farms could be cut down and still a greater revenue collected. The wild lands here pay a nominal tax and the farmers pay the burden, while the wild land reaps the benefit of the natural bounty.

The World should come out here and look around. BION H. BUTLER.

A Correspondent on Victoria's Rights.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—In your issue of Aug. 13, Tudor Jenks puts a question (his second) which, if you grasped its spirit fully, seems to me not to have been well answered.

I believe firmly and I think consistently in the doctrine that the land of our globe, its air, sunshine, and all its natural opportunities are the common inheritance of all mankind. This means much more than some of its believers seem to think. The doctrine of "the brotherhood of man" implies that all men are by right of a common fatherhood equal sharers in not a part merely, but the whole, of the Father's bounty, and when this doctrine is carried to its logical conclusion, arbitrary state, national, or geographical lines can have no recognition.

The single tax on land values will effect equity in the enjoyment of natural opportunities in any community where it is applied, and the community in which it would have ideally perfect scope would be one in which Queen Victoria and a New York horse car driver would both be members, and thus, you see, Victoria would, as Tudor Jenks suggests by his question, have some interest in the soil of New York state, and at the same time the New York horse car driver would have an interest in the soil of other natural opportunities of England. Practically, however, our communities must be limited in extent. Shall we, therefore, because our theory cannot find ideal scope for its operations, refuse to put it in operation at all? Not so. Each man must "build over against his own door." We must make a beginning, must demonstrate in our own country, state or city the beneficent results following the adoption of our theory, and the rest will be more easy of accomplishment.

"For right is right, since God is God, And right the duty must win. To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin."

Along the line of Henry George's theories

A PHASE OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

It was on Mulberry street within a stone throw of the police headquarters. In a low and dingy room, perhaps 20x40 feet in size, there were a few tables, benches and chairs. In one corner was a small bar presided over by a coarse featured but keen eyed Italian. Only stale beer was sold and rendered lively when drawn by soda, of which a liberal quantity was placed in a keg. The beer came from the spigot frothy and rosy and was villainous stuff for a decent man to drink. The price was six cents a quart, three cents a pint and one cent a glass. The glasses were small and the quarts and pints were served in old oyster cans. The purchase of any quantity of beer entitled the buyer to a place on a bench or on the floor for the night. That is, they could lie around until morning. Many, of course, bought more than one can of beer and some several cans.

By midnight a miserable crew had congregated in the dive, and later on the place was well filled. There were more than forty poor wretches in the room, the greater number of whom were women. These unfortunate women looked old and haggard, and most of them had passed forty, and some were not over thirty. What pitiable wrecks they were! Sudden-faced and bleary-eyed, ragged and unclean. Few, if any, were criminals or fallen women, in the full sense of the term. They were the outcast poor, the once careless "chippies" and the comely young Slav, grown old and degraded by poverty and the fierce lust of drink born of hunger and hopelessness.

One by one they took their cans of beer and shuffled to a place on a bench or on the floor. There was little of merriment and little comradeship shown. Now and then a woman with a newly-filled can would push it toward another, who, less fortunate, was shivering with weakness or from incipient delirium. The "God bless you" of the grateful receiver of the bounty seemed strangely out of place and grated harshly on the ear. Yet the passing show went on. The can went and came. From the bosom of their ragged tights, when young and gay had been critical of cigarettes, now and then drew forth the penny's worth of cheap stuff so dear to them. How charitably it was passed to a neighbor; how eagerly clutching when returned. Toward morning the herd of women were nearly all asleep, and the silence was unbroken save by the entrance of some newcomer or the croonings of the few who, unable to rest, rocked to and fro like reeds in the wind.

These miserable women work a day now and then at washing in a laundry or at scrubbing, beg and pilfer. Enough is obtained for the requirements of the stale beer dives, which, for them, are shelter and food, with now and then a crust of bread. The dives are frequently raided by the police, and so, fortunately for them, the women who frequent them, pass half of their time on Blackwell's island. Some day, one by one, they are taken from the prison to the hospital, and from thence their dead bodies are thrown into the common burial plot. There these profanations of God's temples rest and rot, unwept and unknown.

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MARINER J. KENT.

The Anti-Poverty Society of Paterson, N. J.
PATTERSON, N. J.—D. A. 100, K. of L., will celebrate labor day (Sept. 5) by a meeting at Washington hall, in the morning at 10 o'clock, a parade at noon and picnic afternoon and evening. At our regular meeting last night, we received an invitation to attend the meeting, which is to be addressed by Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, which was accepted, and we thought it would be a good opportunity to see some seed. Hence the enclosed order for tickets, which we will distribute on the morning of the meeting.

Our meetings will be held hereafter on Sunday evenings, and we hope soon to have some eminent speakers from headquarters to assist us. Correspondence is now going on to that end. Our work, as yet, is slow, but we are making considerable headway, not as many as we could wish, but they all "stick" so far, which is better than a multitude who don't stick.

All our meetings have been interesting and fairly attended, so that we have confidence that we will "get there" some day.

E. W. NELLIS,
President Anti-poverty Society,
89 N. Main street.

Facts Which Are Arguments.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—In 1853 a practitioner bought a house and lot in a sparsely-built quarter of this city for \$300. A day or two ago he sold it for \$5,000. The increase in the community has increased the value of that land ten-fold, without any exertion on the part of the owner.

An uncle of the physician, in 1868, bought 125 acres of ground in Rahway, N. J., for \$40,000. Rahway was then a prosperous, promising town. It has since become dull and unprosperous, and about a year ago the owner was offered \$5,000 for the same ground, which probably represented something near its value. Here is an instance of the land depreciating eight-fold in value by decrease in population.

In the teeth of such facts as these fly the pro-poverty press and body ecclesiastic with lame and impotent arguments to prove the justice of private ownership in land.

W. P. C.

Wants to Join the Party.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 20.—I have long been a democrat, but since reading your paper I am convinced that the time has come for every American to enter a vigorous protest against the abuses of our government and against the system of wholesale legalized robbery of the masses of their birthright in natural opportunities. In common with many others of both parties I have sickened of holding wakes over corpses of issues that should have long since been buried. There is not in the platform of either of the old parties one vital issue. They adopt only such planks as will please all voters and will raise no opposition. I approve of the platform of the Syracuse convention, and wish to know where the headquarters of the united labor party is in this city, that I may join the ranks. T. C. W.

And an Edward Atkinson Besides—and Still They Are Not Happy!

Rev. J. L. Russell, Altoona, Pa.
There are in the United States 64,000 ministers of Jesus Christ to teach workings of eternal life; 85,000 physicians and surgeons to heal their diseases and bind up their wounds; 12,000 journalists to edit their papers and magazines; 72,000 printers to print books for them; 41,000 bakers to prepare bread for them; 76,000 butchers to provide meat for them, and 101,000 grocers to furnish the various articles that sustain life.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ALLIES.

Catholic Journals Reinforcing Their Opposition with Arguments from the Socialists.

"Henry George's teachings are not opposed to the doctrines of the Catholic church," said Cardinal Manning to a World correspondent in London some months ago, "unless they fall into socialism."

The significant repudiation of Mr. George and his teachings by the socialists within the past month ought to convince even the stupidest of Archbishop Corrigan's followers that these teachings have not "fallen into socialism."

But there is something worse than stupidity, it is malice. And with a malice which can only be likened to the ingenuity of the father of lies, Catholic journals are to-day filling their columns with socialistic arguments against the land taxation theory. They do not scruple to publish long expositions of principles which they know to be false and condemned by the church, so long as they can throw dust in the eyes of their subscribers and make them think that the land theory is wrong. At the same time they carefully avoid editorial responsibility for the errors to which they give publicity.

The Freeman's Journal last week published two columns of a pamphlet by Mr. Edward Gordon Clark, with the caption "George's Land Theories—A Practical Opponent," and says: "Mr. George has taken notice of it—because he finds it unanswerable." The sapient editor does not state how he comes to be so well acquainted with Mr. George's thoughts. Possibly Mr. George never heard of this redoubtable pamphlet, or he may consider it well enough refuted in "Progress and Poverty," as all who have read that book will see.

Well, Mr. Clark tries to prove that there is an unearned increment in everything of human production, as well as in land. "The land," he says, "got its value by the general coming of society around it." Then he goes on: "The house also got its value in precisely the same way. While a house stands alone, and there is no demand for it, except in the uses of its occupant, it has no more value than the land under it." "We have seen that, according to Mr. George's definition of land as 'nature's bounty,' a house, or any other structure of human handiwork, is land itself, as far as original materials are concerned. These have all been taken off the earth or out of it. They are component parts of land, improved by labor."

Of course they have all been taken from the earth, and once formed "component parts of land." In that condition they constituted natural opportunities to which all should have an equal right of access, which may be secured by a taxation on the possessors equal to the full amount of the rental value of such opportunities. But when they become "improved by labor" they are no longer land, but products of labor, and any tax on such products would be a discouragement to labor and a denial to the laborer of the full fruits of his toil. Mr. Clark proposes a tax on the full rental value of the whole—land as well as products. Such a tax would destroy ownership in everything, allowing to the possessors only the use. A man's household furniture would be owned and controlled by the state. Such a species of government is more absolute, more interfering with individual liberty than the roughest socialist has yet dared to advocate openly. Its refutation may be summed up in one sentence: Cost of production is the basis of value for all products of labor; the necessity of the community is the basis of value for natural opportunities. The editor of the Freeman's Journal may be pardoned for his ignorance of the difference. But he does not fail to see that Mr. Clark's pamphlet is somewhat socialistic; and to clear himself from a charge of unorthodoxy he says: "We are not prepared to accept all Mr. Edward Gordon Clark's statements without some grains of salt." This is a sample of the style of argument of an influential Catholic journal. Although called the "Freeman's Journal," this sheet has been consistently opposed to the cause of freedom in every land. For its traitorous abuse of the government during the darkest period of our civil war its rapid pro-slavery editor had to be disciplined by a course of imprisonment in Fort Lafayette, and it may be said that the present editor is faithfully following in the bigoted path of his predecessor.

T. B. PRESTON.

Cheering News from the South.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Land and Labor club, No. 2, of Tennessee, has been far from idle since receiving its charter. It has rented a hall and reading room at No. 221 Second street, which has been christened Land and Labor hall. Its library and reading room are well supplied with books and papers. Organized labor of all branches is with us and we are meeting with good success in our efforts to extend the cause in the rural districts. Although not all well up in political economy, the great mass of our colored friends are rapidly realizing the God made the land for all, and our cause needs but to be preached to command their adherence. The editor of the Republican, a weekly paper of this city, has given the club a column to fill with what matter it pleases each week. This is acceptable until we convert the stockholders (some editors are already practically converted) of some of our daily papers, or until we start a paper of our own, which will no doubt be done before the presidential election in 1888. Many of our members are poor; we are most in need of funds, and invite any who may desire to assist us in our effort to extend this gospel of good news to the surrounding country and state to send what contributions they can to our treasurer, Benjamin W. Hirsch, room 8, Cotton exchange, Memphis, Tenn. But whether we receive funds from without or not, the cross of the new crusade will go on. A heavy vote in New York this fall will do us immense good in convincing lukewarm people that their cause is going to succeed. As rises the tide in New York, so will it rise throughout the union. God bless the united labor party. LAND AND LABOR.

How the Pro-Poverty Press Makes Us Friends.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—A democrat always, and still identified in a formal way with the party which calls itself democratic, I am, nevertheless, one of those who are disposed to give all new ideas, however startling, a fair consideration. I am almost, if not quite, with you on the land question, which, I presume, is the main one. Perhaps I may "get there" entirely before long.

The Anti-poverty meeting of Aug. 21 was the first I attended, and I was curious to see how that marvelous demonstration would be treated by the leading papers of this city. I sum up my conclusions as briefly and fairly as possible: The World's report was full, fair and good; the Herald's, like most of the stuff that comes from that paper, was good natured, but flighty and evasive; the Times was paltry and silly; the Young man signed to the job probably having carte blanche to sling himself in some "dine" writing, but only succeeded in making an ass of himself; the Sun's report was mean and meager, and it simply lied when it stated,

with a view probably of depreciating the voting strength of the party, that most of the audience were women, when the contrary was the fact overwhelmingly; the Tribune was decent, but not adequate to the occasion.

If the majority of these examples are fair ones of the manner in which the press of New York has been reporting the doings of the Anti-poverty party, I have only to say that they are mendacious and misleading. I am one of those who care very little about the opinions of the average newspaper, for I am not wholly ignorant of their process of manufacture. But of this I am well assured, that such papers can no more stop—they can scarcely retard—the march of a great idea, than Canute could roll back the tide.

E. M. R.

ST. STEPHEN'S PICNIC.

Dr. McGlynn's faithful parishioners held a picnic on last Friday afternoon and evening at Jones's wood, Sixty-ninth street and East river. The crowd in attendance was enormous, the grounds and the large pavilions being packed with people.

The affair was in every way thoroughly enjoyable. As one of the parishioners remarked, "it was real anti-poverty weather;" bright and clear, with just sufficient coolness in the air to make action and motion pleasant. Everybody was happy, and from first to last nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Dr. McGlynn's name was on every tongue, and cheer upon cheer greeted him as he entered the grounds arm-in-arm with Henry George. Never were stronger evidences of affection given to a pastor. Women waved their handkerchiefs and wept with emotion; and the cries of "God bless him!" "Heaven smile on him!" "Long life to you, Father!" that went up from every side were the evident outpourings of hearts surcharged with emotion and faithful to the last. It was a fitting recognition of years of devoted love and faithful work, and the good father's eyes were moist with tender feeling as he felt the grasp of eager hands and listened to the shouts of loving voices. Such a day was worth living for, and suffering for and poster and people alike will carry the memory of it to their graves.

Father McGlynn rose to the occasion. He spoke as he never spoke before. At times his voice faltered, and it almost seemed as though the sight of the five thousand eager, loving faces around him would overpower him. But he bravely held his, and for a full hour and a half he held his hearers spellbound.

"I should be less than a man," said the doctor, "if I, who for years was your shepherd and guide and whom you called father, should be ungrateful for this magnificent welcome. Dearly beloved children (scores of women and men put their handkerchiefs to their eyes to dry the tears which began to roll down their cheeks and Dr. McGlynn was visibly affected; "dearly beloved children," he continued, "it was my constant duty and pleasure to inspire you with those divine truths which I was commissioned to preach on the day the dignity of the priesthood was conferred upon me. As God is my judge I shall never swerve from the doctrines of the Catholic church—the spouse of Christ—to which I consecrate my life." (Applause.)

The doctor went on to refer to his excommunication. He was frequently interrupted by cries of, "You are not excommunicated."

"Fully conscious of what I say, I declare, dearly beloved children, that if Christ appeared on the earth again and should approve the marble pulpit of the back stairs of the Vatican He would be ejected or arrested as a tramp."

"It was charged against me that I gave holy communion too often, and 'Mon-sei-nor' Preston (bisses and groans) said he was inclined to doubt my faith in the sacrament. In the archbishop's council he said that an old woman approached the communion rail in St. Stephen's with a bundle. I never saw her; but suppose she did! I can imagine that devoted child of the church of God walking along on the street on a wintry morning on her way to work. I can imagine her entering your church with her humble lunch wrapped in a bundle. I can imagine her, faint and hungry, kneeling before God's altar to partake of the holy communion—the bread of angels. The sight of this woman was pleasing to the angels and drew down the benediction of God. (Cheers.)

"When I was pastor of St. Stephen's it was my constant aim to induce my flock (cries of 'We are still your flock') to approach communion frequently. The sacrament was ever free to all—not so in St. Ann's (Monsignor Preston's), where the blessed sacrament was kept locked up from the people behind bolted doors and gates all day and all week." (Cries of 'That's so!')

Dr. McGlynn said he was denied the privilege of ever appearing before the archbishop's council to say a word in his defense or answer Monsignor Preston's accusations. He spoke with feeling of the archbishop and the members of his council, who had voted down the proposal that he should have even a single hearing before them. At this point there was hardly a dry eye in the audience, and the doctor was almost choked with emotion. Recovering himself, he said with pathos: "I would die on the scaffold rather than cause the least among you to suffer spiritual loss; but it is time that we should learn to distinguish between the truths of religion, the sacraments of Christ's church and the rottenness, corruption, abuses and ruinous policy of the ecclesiastical machines. (Applause.) Listen, dearly beloved children. Love God; cling to him never for a moment separate from His church or His truths."

With all the eloquence and force of which he is master Dr. McGlynn proceeded to lash some of the men whom he held responsible for the blunders and abuses of the ecclesiastical machine. He referred to Mr. Preston's absurd aristocratic title of monsignor (milord), and to Bishop Gilmore as "a bigoted Scotch Presbyterian minister who masquerades as the Catholic bishop of Cleveland."

"As much as you and I desire that we should be reunited at St. Stephen's," he continued, "you would not ask me to return if I should be compelled to stultify myself and do violence to my conscience. If the machine will not let me preach the social reform, the balls and the streets are open to me—yes, even on the dancing platform I can teach the word of God."

"It is with regret I say religion is losing its hold on men, and it cannot conquer the world until purified by suffering, nor until bishops seek only souls. A wiser generation of bishops will spring up, and they will spurn wealth and temporal power."

It Touches All the Great Interests of Man.
NEW YORK CITY.—I am rejoiced to see that your convention, nominations and platform were all a success at Syracuse. I am not a member of any union, nor do I expect to be, but I will work for the right to elevate the people and to hold in check the great monopolies which ride over and enslave them. The great party just called into existence touches all the great interests of man, for his highest development and for his social and financial, as well as religious, happiness.

T. S. S.

A SOUTHERN CLERGYMAN'S VIEWS.

He Sees in the "New South" Only the Growth of a System of Industrial Slavery—Earnestly Seeking for Light.

Being a priest of the Protestant Episcopal church, a branch of the "One Catholic and Apostolic church," which is as old as Christianity itself, I am, by all the traditions of my order, naturally inclined to conservatism. When Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty" appeared, judging from reviews of the work and from the reports of friends, I confess that, without reading it, I conceived a strong bias against it. I supposed Mr. George to be either a designing demagogue or a socialistic "crank." But I had, nevertheless, begun to be deeply interested in the great social questions which formed the theme of Mr. George's writings. I accidentally got hold of "Social Problems" two or three years ago. "Progress and Poverty," I am ashamed to confess, I have not yet read.

I began to read "Social Problems" with every inclination to dissent from its teachings, if I should find it in any way vulnerable. I am naturally a severe critic, seldom failing to detect fallacies in anything I see or hear, provided they exist. Judge of my surprise when I found Mr. George stating, with a luminous force and exactness far beyond that which the matter had attained in my own mind, almost the precise views which had for some years been maturing in my own thoughts. I do not mean that the remedy proposed in "Social Problems" accorded with my previous views—quite otherwise—but what I may call Mr. George's diagnosis of our social diseases was but a clearer, more strongly supported and altogether more vigorous statement of the views which I had begun already to entertain.

You must not suppose, conservative as I was inclined to be, that I was, or could be, blind to the evils and dangers that hang in an ominous, arid, ever thickening cloud upon the horizon of our social sky. No unbiased Christian thinker could fail to see the evils of mammon worship with its natural sequence of lawless anarchy with which our own and all Christian lands are threatened. In my efforts to inculcate the Christ-like use of wealth and all God's gifts, in my earnest desire to help the poor up to that state which St. Paul desired for himself, a moderate competence yielding contented freedom from dangerous temptations, I was brought to see many of those evils and dangers which Mr. George points out with such incomparable perspicuity and eloquence.

I am a Virginian by birth and a southerner, in full sympathy with those traditions which southerners generally hold dear. I look with suspicion and doubt even upon what some of our later speakers and writers call the "new south." I will tell you why. I gave up the old slavery with cheerful resignation, as its fate seemed to me a testimony of God's providence against the evils of property in man. My ancestors had been slaveholders from colonial times. By the fall of negro slavery I sank from comparative opulence to be, so far as the secular aspect of my life is concerned, a laborer for wages. With this I was and am content. I desire no more than a fair chance to earn my own living; I ask no more for my children.

But in giving up negro slavery, I had little thought then that a still more oppressive slavery threatened me myself—or, if not myself, my children and their children. To my mind, what many people among us mean by the "new south" is, in its ultimate issue, only a "new slavery." By the "new south," its admirers mean a south full of great cities, railways, productive mines, great manufacturing, vast corporations or princely proprietors, in all the branches of human industry. Mr. George has demonstrated that, with our present social policy, these things mean slavery for the great body of the people. To me they mean slavery for my children. To me they mean, within a few score of years, one million of a mammon worshipping plutocracy, forty or fifty or a hundred millions of hopeless toilers for poorer living (comparatively) than our slaves had thirty years ago, with perhaps a million or so of disciples of Herr Most and the Chicago dynamiter. These last, foes as they are to all good order and social peace, will always thrive where social slavery exists. Men goaded by a sense of wrong and oppression, cannot always be kept within bounds of reason. We used to deal severely in the old slavery days with preachers of abolition who sought to excite our slaves to insurrection. John Brown was no less a criminal than August Spies.

But while slavery lasted, we could not prevent the abolition anarchists from plotting against our "institutions." Those who sought to induce the slaves to murder and rape were evil men. But both are upon the social system which we have now, and we must prevent the corruption within. The wise physician will seek to cure the cause.

I am not yet convinced that Mr. George's proposed remedy is the true one. Indeed, I feel very sure that it cannot do all that some of its sanguine supporters claim for it. To be candid, I have seen nothing from Mr. George himself which warrants me in supposing that he expects as much from it as his followers appear to do. But I am fully convinced of several things: 1. That Mr. George is an honest man and a true philanthropist. 2. That he is one of the very ablest thinkers and clearest writers among the social philosophers of our time. 3. That his system is founded upon the principles of natural law, and differs radically in this respect from the visionary and artificial schemes of socialists and communists. 4. That it were better to adopt his plans for the amelioration of society, provided no better way be discovered, rather than suffer those ills which seem to threaten us in the road we are now going.

CLERGYMEN.

Henry Ward Beecher on Land Grabbing. From a Sermon Preached in 1881.

"The propensity of men to get everything, and to hold selfishly everything they get, needs no remark. . . . Men have learned to appropriate land. . . . One would think there were some things beyond their reach, but the earth is parcelled out, covered with titles and deeds and mortgages; rivers have been appropriated to mill owners and to the riparian inhabitants; and, so far from every shore, the ocean does not belong to the world at large, but to the men about it. Men would appropriate the air if they could get at it and parcel it out with lines of ownership."

\$5,000 for a Bit of Crust.

SHENANDOAH, Pa.—We have seven assemblies with an aggregate of almost two thousand members of the K. of L. in this borough. We have purchased a hall site for \$5,000. The lot is 60x75 feet, so you see that land values here are outrageously high, especially as only the crust remains, the Girard estate having mined out nearly all the wealth of coal that once underlaid Shenandoah.

For nearly two years I have advocated the principles and doctrines of THE STANDARD, and to-day I can see my way clear to organize a land and labor club in every portion of the anthracite region where I travel.

GEORGE S. BOYLE.

The United Labor Party Will Show Him How a Remedy Can Be Provided.

NEW YORK SUN.
"Now, what answer can I make to such a letter as that?" asked Mayor Hewitt, showing a letter which he had just been reading. It was from a boy asking if there was any place in New York where he and his companions could play base ball.

"What can I tell this boy?" went on the mayor. "I know of no such place. We have made no provision for our boys. Yet if a boy cannot amuse himself properly he is bound to do it improperly, and what is the result? Here we have on the east side of the city boys of seventeen or eighteen years of age shooting policemen. I must say that my sympathies are often with the boys. The policemen drive them off the streets and there is no place for them to go. It is a bad state of things, but I am sure I don't see how any remedy can be provided, unless some provision is made for out-door recreation when the new small parks are laid out. That is a subject that should be seriously considered."

More Than Delighted.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 20.—I am more than delighted with the work of the Syracuse convention and the platform and ticket it has put forth. I have not been attending the proceedings of the convention in the Herald, and I have cheered and cheered again for the good cause, in my heart.

SAMUEL QUINN.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.

Mr. George is not backing and filling. He is clinging to his idea like a death grip, and developing a high style of political sagacity in so doing.—[New York Sun.]

Whatever may be thought of Henry George's single tax, it is the quintessence of justice when compared with the New York World's contemptible graduated income tax.—[Memphis Scimitar.]

The coal barons have issued another edict fixing the output of coal. They also fix the price and the miners' wages. Some fine day the people will attend to the outputting of the barons.—[New York World.]

They say all that Kalaikawa does nowadays is to loaf about the palace and draw his salary. It's queer that anybody should have to go to the Sandwich islands to get material for a paragraph of that kind.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

The New York Times starts "a long editorial" against the labor movement in that city by saying that it will not be long before they first make mad.—[Boston Globe.]

Our present system of taxation constitutes a fine upon energy and thrift. It should be replaced by a single tax on land values, which will compel the owners of natural opportunities, thereby guaranteeing high wages to labor.—[Memphis Republican.]

The Henry George doctrine of taxation is already an important factor in United States politics, and sooner or later it will have to be threshed out in Canada. Men who have to pay a tax on the value of their property, and take one side or the other.—[Hamilton, Ont., Times.]

The only way to "abolish poverty," according to a protectionist organ, is for "everyone" to spend less than he makes. Does the editor think that he could accomplish it on the eighty cents a day which "protection" secures to the Pennsylvania miners?—[New York World.]

MY EXPERIENCE.

Permit me to relate my experience as a reformer. It may do a little good. Some discouraged reformers may read it and be inspired with renewed hope. Some impulsive natures who are just taking up the cross may gather philosophy from it.

The field of my labors is a New England town. My work has been the promulgation of the doctrine of the land for the people.

I am a product of the land of steady habits. I have lived to middle life in one town. My travels have not been extensive. I am aware that environment has had an influence in the formation of my character. My speech, in idiom, pronunciation and intonation, is the provincial dialect of the Berkshire hills country. My theology was early in life squared and narrowed by the precepts taught in a puritanical Sunday school, my family morals were nurtured by a mother who made our house a home, my business morals were fashioned by a father who bought and sold dry goods at small profits. This point of mine saved the pennies, did not point out the flaws in sleazy silk, and thought quarter cotton as good as all wool—when he was selling it. He was a careful man, and he earned the reputation of a good citizen by a lifetime of negativeness. His only weakness was admiration of me—I was so much like him. He often smiled on me when I was a lad of ten or twelve years, and said I was a chip of the old block; and then he would drop one penny into my little tin savings bank.

I was an old man of a boy. I went to school eight years and never played truant a single day. I had an aversion for some studies, but I worked at them with the patience of stupidity. But there were other studies that came to me so easily and naturally that it seemed to me the school board had intended to let the boys have a pleasant time in school occasionally. I noticed, however, that some other boys did not take readily to the books I liked.

My father did not send me to college. I was clay in his hands and had no will in the matter. I respected his virtues and venerated his wisdom. He, I believed, knew better than I what was good for me, and it was my duty to follow the road he mapped out for me. I felt this without thinking a great deal about it. So, father telling me it was best, I went to work "clerking" in his store.

My father never told me to misrepresent the quality of goods when selling them. He taught me no tricks of the trade. He once told me to keep my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. In that way I caught hints. At first I blundered, for I told the plain truth about goods and spoiled their sale. Then when I would reflect upon what I had done I would have a bad time all by myself. Then it was the windows were opened to me through which I could see the business world. The picture I saw was that of a market place in which adroitness, timely reticence, skillful display, slick advertising, humbugging human vanity and persistent drumming got the better of good goods and no trumpet. When I saw this picture my head grew hot, my eyes were moist and my face and ears tingled. I thought the world wicked.

I never spoke to my father about these things. I saw that his imagination had never brought up such pictures, and that his feelings had never been harrowed by any thoughts concerning business morality like those which sometimes flashed through my mind. I worked along. There was nothing else to do. I kept the books in good shape, was an obliging salesman, grew accustomed to business, and earned additional admiration from a father who believed he saw in me himself reproduced.

Our store was a modest one, and so was our house. Father owned both outright. He never took business risks, but plodded on safely. He had planned and saved for years to get his little possessions, and he was bent on keeping them and adding to them. Early in life I heard my mother say one day to my father that he was absorbed in watching the growth of his money pile. I remember thinking, when she said it, that father had no pile of money. He had only a cash drawer with a few score of dollars in it. No, it was not pieces of money that father was engrossed in putting together. It was a something else. I regarded the something like a growth—like a great apple tree that stood in our garden. Father, who was something of a gardener, used to tell how he had planted that tree, straightened it, grafted it, and trimmed it, and picked the fruit from it, and somehow, to my mind, his passion for accumulation seemed like his affection for his tree. Just as every year the apple tree had been a degree bigger than the year before, so was the growth of father's power and importance in our town because his mythical money pile was larger.

But, poor, good, careful soul, of what little significance did the object of his worship seem to me one day, while I was still in my teens, when he was called away from earth.

The so-called money pile was divided up among four of us—my mother, a brother, a sister and myself. The store fell to me as my share. And I fell to nurturing my fortune and watching it grow.

In time I married. My era of reform began the day I was married. When I courted my wife I thought her a bright, healthy girl who would prove a pleasant companion and a good housewife. But I soon became sensible of qualities in her which had the effect of bringing back to me some of the feeling that I had entertained when I was learning what business was. My wife had no "views." She had no thought of teaching me anything. But she had and has a great human heart in the right place. That heart takes in the whole world in sympathy. It stands for sense and conscience. It makes her beam with hope, admiration, enjoyment, kindness. It breaks down the lines of caste, draws whoever shares her society, and elevates people away from their own selfishness. It does not send her into utopian schemes of charity, or bring her to pose as an almsgiver. But it makes of her a democrat, a lover of justice, a believer in the essential equality of all—a Christian. It

was the woman's sympathy with the poor around us, her acquaintance with them, her comments on their condition, her observations regarding their unrequited toil, her faith in God's laws being better than man's, her confident hope of better days to come for the overworked and underpaid, that brought my mind to a state of inquiry. I was, in fact, degenerate. Reform came to me through a change of heart. Principles were corrected in the light of wider sympathies. A clear perception of the truth that God had provided for all the people of the earth came when mind and conscience had been stimulated.

My earlier experience as a reformer was gruesome. When I had started myself in my new principles, I settled out to make converts. I wrestled with Jew and Gentile, the learned and the ignorant. I have a suspicion that when it was bruited about in our quiet town that I had set up to teach that "land was common property" folks agreed I had gone daft. My business suffered for a time. The ladies of my wife's acquaintance whose houses have windows decorated with lace curtains forgot to return her calls. One day when we were dining with an old friend, I explained to my own satisfaction the land "theory." My friend at the moment when I finished missed his teaspoon, and he said: "Look here, does this communism of yours reach spoons?" Of course it was mere pleasantry. He meant nothing. But he has never invited me to dine with him since.

I found many people, the victims of their own hobbies, who, when I desired to convert them, only waited stone deaf to my arguments until I had finished them, and then proposed to convert me to their beliefs. Once, after I had spent two hours in elaborating the "theory" to an intelligent cosmopolitan, he said, "Yes, I shall join you in any endeavor to rid men of the irksome trammels of society. Now, I think that the law prohibiting a man having more than one wife should be abolished." I gave this man up in disgust.

I found the lawyers ready to argue, and when I had exhausted arguments with them I looked upon them generally as men without belief in anything save their own powers. One thought he could judiciously look on both sides of the argument and declared that my side had nothing in it. Another argued that if it was true that the land of a country belonged to the people of a country, these United States belonged to the Indians, for they were the only people really of the country. Another, wise as a judge, knew all about it, and communism in Russia, for as soon as we heard I was talking of free land he looked up the subject in the encyclopedia. And then, ignoring the despotism under which the Russians live, he attributed all the evils of that unhappy country to the land communism of a small part of it.

A neighboring storekeeper who asked me what this new-fangled belief of mine was, said, when I had explicitly stated "theory" and remedy, "Oh, I see, you believe that wherever you see a vacant lot you ought to 'collar it.'"

A large land owner calmly pointed out to me that the class of people uniformly the nearest the brutes in civilized lands were to be found in farming countries. "There," he said, "the people are nearest the beast of burden with whom they mingle in their daily work. You would reduce the world to that."

A man who had worked thirty years for a home, listened to me one day aghast while I unfolded my principles. He then said, sullenly, "If anybody comes to take my house, I've a shotgun and will shoot!" A literary woman smiled on me patronizingly and kindly tried to get me to see my mistake. She had seen the commons of her native town. It was as bare as a heath, and did I want the entire country like that?

Often did I meet the man who insisted I wanted the land cut up in little bits, and the one who knew everything that was to be known of land tenures and that a holding by fee simple was the one on which civilization rested, and the one who refused to see any difference between land and property the result of men's work.

If I could have been downed by opposing arguments, I would soon have ended my career as a reformer. But I soon saw that though men loved to argue they also love the truth. They would argue in spite of the whisperings of their conscience and the dictates of their intelligence. In time, however, inquirers came to me. They were from all classes. One day I was taken by surprise when our country's pride, its boasted millionaire, said to me: "The arguments of 'Progress and Poverty' are unanswerable. I have a bank in a western city. In ten years I will be paying lower salaries and wages out there than I am now. My bank's capital will be drawing a lower percentage than it is now. But the corner lot where the bank stands will be worth five times what it is now."

Well, things have so come around in my town I no longer stand alone. I made the first plunge, that was all. The doctrines are becoming respectable. Several young lawyers, converts to our "theory," are delighted by puzzling the older ones with the facts that support it. Shopkeepers who have been rack-rented are living in hopes of obtaining a chance to vote against rack-renting. The factory people have an implicit faith in the new doctrine and spend hours in the evening at the land and labor club headquarters discussing it.

Now, why did I tell you anything about my father and his property, my wife and her goodness? What have such things to do with land reform? It is because if I see in the one character some of the more remote consequences of an unjust social organization, I see in the other an unspoiled child of nature, a promise of what men and women may become if time brings with it an abolition of what so often dwarfs the mind and blunts the finer feelings—poverty. Apolish poverty and whatever is beautiful and admirable in character may be confidently expected to develop.

SALVATION BY MEANNESS.

"The common type of workingman so written at and lectured" must be very much obliged to the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby for showing him how he can, by due and proper prudence, save himself from the curse of poverty.

The perfect simplicity of the reverend gentleman is refreshing, and the workingman can never be too thankful that he has turned from the suppression of vice to the encouragement of virtue. The doctor must have been one of the good little boys that we read of in the Sunday school books. He does his sums so nicely. Figures in his hands lie with a blandness that would do credit to the heathen Chinese. It is in the August number of the *Forum* that the doctor comes to the help of a perishing world. There he figures out to his own satisfaction how easy it is for the poor to be rich—only ten years or so of superhuman self-denial. Ten years spent in the exalting work of saving pennies shall bring your workingman among the Astors and Golets. He, too, shall be a proud landlord; an owner of the soil. To prove his thesis, the doctor creates an ideal workingman, and pays him for his work the sum of \$2 per day for 300 days in the year, which he spends for him as follows:

The workingman is to be limited to three absolute necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. For shelter he is to pay yearly \$120; for food, \$300; for clothing, \$100, and for incidentals, \$30. This leaves him \$50 per year, the saving of which is to be the first duty in life, to fulfill which the man is to sacrifice the comfort and happiness, and, if need be, the lives of wife and children.

An ideal workingman, to succeed in this praiseworthy enterprise, must be very ideal indeed. He must never, during the first ten years of his working life, be sick for a single day. For should he happen to be sick, not only would he fail to make his two dollars a day, but his expenses would greatly increase. A week's sickness would easily wipe out a year's savings. Then our ideal workingman must have no children, or at the most but a single one, for your children are sad wasters of savings. It really costs more than a poor man can afford to have them. Not less than thirty dollars for doctor, nurse, etc. Nearly another year's savings gone. How distressing for a man whose first duty is to save money! And when a poor woman marries she should remember that her duty is not to fulfill the law of marriage in the blessedness of motherhood, but to be a household drudge, to help her man gather together the pelf for the banker.

However, let us suppose that our ideal workingman, who is never sick and never out of work, whose wife and child are never sick and never die—let us suppose that this ideal workingman has an actual existence; how, after all, can he live in this unideal world? He is to pay only \$120 per year for his shelter. He is to wear any place where he can earn his two dollars per day, will secure for him only the meagrest kind of lodging—an apartment in the lower order of tenements, three rooms, one light and two dark—or the smallest of houses on the outskirts—or no better cities, without a single convenience—no bath room, no closet room; and if the poor man should forget and have two or three children, no room for them to sleep decently. The workingman is to be content with his narrow quarters and bare walls, sustained through the terrible monotony of his life by the proud consciousness that he is saving fifty dollars a year.

Then he is allowed to spend \$500 a year for food. This is very liberal. It is 27 cents and a little more a day for each person in a family of three. Such a sum of money will buy, at current prices, enough to keep a man from starving, but it will do nothing else. He cannot eat as I have seen workmen eating time and again—bread and lard. This, of course, is good enough for your mere laborer. Many a poor wife and mother is compelled to keep within this limit; but, alas! the food she prepares is neither wholesome nor appetizing. It is round steak cut thin and fried hard, black bread and potatoes for dinner; coffee and bread for breakfast; tea and bread for supper; but this is good enough for the people. So we will grant that our worker and his family can make out to live on \$300 worth of food a year. Next comes his clothing, \$100—\$40 for himself, \$40 for the wife, and \$20 for the child. Well, it can be done; but, mind you, only one child! Dr. Crosby can never have known how little felt, with their ceaseless wear, wear away the shoes and with the shoes to mend. See, it is a cruel thing, that you have not met pairs of feet running to meet you as you come from work, else as your children run to you your money will run from you, and to save money is the end and aim of your life. You like to see your wife tidy and dressed as well as another, but you and she are to be content with life, and never think of life's adornment. It must make devilish laugh and angels weep to hear the rich finding fault with the extravagance of a poor man's wages for a year, lifting up her hands in holy horror because a poor woman buys a bit of Hamburg edging for her baby's dress. But let this go, also, and grant that our ideal workingman can dress himself and wife and child on \$100 a year.

Then he has \$30 for incidentals, which is to be for books, papers, traveling expenses and amusements. Thirty dollars a year is a good sum for three-quarter cents a day. Our ideal workingman will not get a glass of beer if he is thirsty, nor yet a drink of soda; for if he did, 150,000 workmen would do the like, which would make \$7,500 a day, \$3,500 a week, \$7,500,000 a year all gone in froth, and as for tobacco, he will of course eschew that, lest having spent three cents for tobacco 150,000 workmen should do likewise, and so \$4,500 per day, \$31,500 per week, and \$1,635,000 per year go up in smoke. Not our workingman shall be perfectly abstinent and so save his \$50, for through his saving is to come his crowning glory.

In ten years his savings, with interest, will amount to \$337.50. We now see him as he proudly draws it from the bank. See him as he goes into the market—to do what? Why, of course, to follow the doctor's advice and buy a house. A house for \$637.50! Well, not exactly on Harlem hill or River side park, but out in Murray flats and up in Westchester and over on Jersey heights men are just dying to sell houses and lots for \$337.50 each. Now, rent-riders people, lift up your voices and be not afraid. You have the word of a doctor of divinity that in and near your great cities you can buy houses and lots for \$337.50 each. "Lord! Lord! what fools these mortals be," paying \$1,000 or \$2,000 a year rent for a decent house to live in, and inside repairs at \$337.50 each, while houses are to be bought for \$337.50.

But the most marvelous thing is yet to come. When the ideal workingman has bought his house he will, of course, have no more need to pay. He will remove from his tenement to his suburban villa, and now mark you, his only expense will be his car fare. This will cost him \$30 a year, and, says the wise doctor, \$90 will be released. This is a simple sum in subtraction. One hundred and twenty dollars paid for rent, less \$30, leaves \$90. Of course that is plain. Now can the workingman enjoy life! He has not only a

house, but a house which will never burn, and so needs no insurance; which will never wear out, and so needs no repairs, and for which no taxes are to be paid; for as soon as this house is bought \$637.50 is released, and your \$637.50 earns fifteen per cent interest. O, Henry George and Edward McGlynn, go sit at the feet of this Gamaliel and learn how to abolish poverty. A house for \$637.50 that pays its own expenses is a swift and sure way to opulence, and blessed be he that has found it.

Does not Dr. Crosby know that such lying words as these make the poor hate the rich, to whom they justly cry, "If this thing can be done so easily, why do you not do it? Why do you not live as you say we ought to live? Why do you spend dollars when we dare not spend pennies?" And as for your preachers of justice, who, in your marble churches, rent a single sitting for more than a poor man can afford to pay for his house, how dare you, from the midst of luxurious comfort, preach to us to be patient in our misery! It is well we are patient. Contentment is good for us, but what is it for you? It was a good doctrine for Lazarus, but a terribly bad doctrine for Dives. Let us alone, then, as we are, and let us hear you say that you do not stand and revile us as the rich men reviled of old, shaking their heads and saying: "He trusted in God; let Him deliver him, if He will have him." Is it not enough that we live for you and die for you; must we also, like our Master, suffer your reproaches? We cry to you to let us alone, that we may die in peace.

ONE OF THE POOR.

The Ninety and Nine.

Iron Mountain, Mich., Signal.

There are ninety and nine that live and die,

In want and hunger and cold,

That one may revel in luxury,

And be lapped in silk and id;

The ninety and nine in hovels bare—

The one in a palace with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, those ninety and nine,

For the fruitage of mother earth;

They dig and delve in the dusky mine,

Bringing rich treasures forth.

And the wealth released by their sturdy blows,

To the coffers of one forever flows.

The sweat of their brow makes the wilderness bloom,

The forest before them falls,

Their industry fashioned our thousand homes,

And cities with lordly halls;

But the ninety and nine have empty hands!

The one owns cities and homes and lands!

But the night so dreary and dark and long,

The glorious day shall bring;

When over the land the victor's song—

Of the ninety and nine shall ring—

And the chorus shall echo from zone to zone,

"Rejoice! for labor shall have its own!"

CRUSOE LAND.

Silvius in Amsterdam Labor Stars.

A man alone, like Robinson Crusoe, dwelling upon an island, making his own clothing, house, boat; growing his own vegetables, and, in fact, supplying himself, is a perfect representation of production and consumption. If by making a spade he could till more ground, or by building a canoe he could catch more fish, the increase in his possessions was the reward of his capital as well as his labor.

In his case we see that capital and labor got all the profit. But suppose that far away on the mainland was a man who, by some means, had a claim or title to Crusoe's island, and every year should demand of Crusoe a certain quantity of fish, skins, produce or anything that Crusoe obtained by his industry and labor. Crusoe would get all that he produced. As Crusoe's boat was not big enough to carry him to the mainland, could not the owner of the island keep charging Crusoe a larger and larger amount for permission to stay there, until at last poor Crusoe would be reduced to the same condition as day laborers everywhere—have just enough left of his production to keep him in a condition to work? Let us imagine, instead of one, a hundred Crusoes there, and in order to produce more, they would have to catch fish, another builds canoes, a third tills the soil, a fourth hunts, a fifth makes tools, a sixth something else, a seventh buys the products and exchanges them—keeps a store, in fact, until at last the division of labor is complete. Now, if the owner of the island, who has the title to the island occasionally sells some of this land to the inhabitants, until at last we have land owners on our island, who collect the rent just as the single owner did.

Every improvement—every increase in the amount of land, more and more land for rent, and then, because they are getting to be quite a people and have established a government, all who produce wealth or employ capital must pay taxes to support the government. These taxes take a little more from those who work and those who employ labor, until most of the men who go into business fail because of these heavy burdens. The men who labor begin to grow discontented, and with good reason, until we have in our island strikes and boycotts, trouble everywhere, and a great cry for reform. The owner cries and says: Capital is not taxed enough; tax it more. They do this, and capital, not being able to pay any more taxes, shifts it over on to labor by paying less wages, or on the consumer, being in most cases the laborer, have to pay more, which helps nobody.

Then another says give us co-operation; let labor and capital divide up the profits and the losses; but whenever that makes prospering and profit for the laborer, the laborer and capital got no more than they did before, and co-operation, which is a good thing and the true system of production, is gouged out of its increase by rent, just as labor and capital formerly were.

Then a third says how is it, he speaks: I, too, have been poor, oh brethren, and I that I get or have I must labor for, even now. I have felt the same troubles which afflict you, and have sought the reason, and lo, I have found it. Listen: When labor began to control the land, and to control the land, the land had no value, neither did you pay any rent. But just so soon as you began to prosper and to create wealth then some said we own the land and you shall pay us rent. When you paid the rent and worked harder and increased in number then again did the land owner say: Pay rent, pay more rent, and the rent swallowed up your production, so that, work as hard as you might, you got no more wages.

Now I ask you: How can these men to own land and charge rent? Did they make it? Did they create the world? When you have aught it is the produce of your labor or of the labor of the man who did make it, while the land was here before man was.

Then because land is the product of no man's labor; because without land men cannot live; because the owning of it by some enables them to take away from others what their labor makes, it would seem that all ought to have equal right to its use. Each should have equal freedom to do all that he will on the land, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other, but he who monopolizes land assumes greater freedom than the rest, and thus violates the law of equal right.

Behold, you have made a declaration and said that "all men are created free and equal." How can that be so when some are compelled to pay and others are enabled to collect toll for permission to dwell upon this island?

Behold! this advice I give you: Tax no more capital and labor. Let each have what he makes, and for whatever capital does to assist, let capital receive its wages.

Now, because the value of land is the result of the labor and capital of the inhabitants of the island, it should belong equally to all.

Tax the land value then and let the labor go free. It is because labor and capital wherever exerted increase the value of land, without correspondingly increasing wages and profits, that I say unto you let that which confers the benefit be rewarded by freeing it from taxation, and let the land which receives the benefit pay the taxes.

Then there arose a great commotion, and many believed, many doubted, some a great multitude refused to listen, while those who profited by the renting of land sought for arguments with which to combat him. Finding none, they resorted to falsehood and abuse, calling him "communism," "socialism" and "anarchism," saying that his system would only benefit the rich. Then he answered: Why do the rich oppose me if my system would benefit them? And it was answered because the rich love the poor, and would not be benefited at their expense. But at this reply even the small boys snickered and put their thumbs to their noses and said—go!

Then others, more cunning, distorted his position, and then made arguments and said: Lo, now is the prophet vanquished. But their arguments were like boomerangs in the hands of the unskilful, which bruise the hands of the thrower, and a great cry goes up from the people for their right to the land, and they make preparation to get back their own. But, because they are a law abiding and peaceful nation, they will seek it by lawful measures.

One Gospel For All.

CINCINNATI, O.—A church society based on the principles of toil, thrift and temperance is kindly suggested for workingmen by the Rev. Dr. Huntington. These three Ts are already the creed and practice of land reformers. They are our principles, not half-way, but altogether. We insist that the apologists of landlordism who put them forward shall observe one rule for all, not thrift, idleness and wine cellars for the few, and poverty, toil and prohibition for the miserable many, but the three Ts for all.

The church society proposed would then settle inevitably on land reform principles.

Dr. Huntington is yet a young man. I unite with many in admiring the talents which have given him a noble position in the Episcopal church. He is charged with great responsibilities. He needs no telling of that other young man, who, having kept the law from his youth up, as a result turned away from the true Christ sorrowing because he had great possessions. Will the church so turn away, and will Dr. Huntington be a ruder to it? Which way, Brother Huntington? "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. And the day of the Lord draweth nigh in the valley of decision." CHARLES H. FITCH.

It Did Right.

The Davenport, Ia., *Daily Times*, which supports the united labor party in that state, thus refers to the refusal of the united labor party's convention to treat with the men who call themselves the union labor party in New York:

Late dispatches, if correct, disclose the hitch in the proposed attempt to unite the labor parties in New York. The union labor party made a proposition to the united labor party to unite upon the basis of adherence to the first eight planks of the union labor platform. This was decidedly unfair, if not insulting, and is additional proof that the union labor party of New York is manipulated by the enemies of labor. Our first plank—in relation to land—is the one on which the trouble hinges; and to demand in advance that it should be adhered to was to preclude all hope of an adjustment of difficulties in the way of unity of action. The Henry George party did right in resisting overtures which practically demanded the capitulation of their forces.

Practical Malthusianism.

Omaha Truth. Forty tramps boarded the passenger train at Blair recently at one time and rode free to Herman. The conductor was powerless to enforce the no tramp no free rule. It was a matter of a day for tramps either. The report states that as the tramps left the car and made for a corn field the passengers fired several shots at them from revolvers, for which unlawful and brutal acts none of the passengers were arrested, although the train was at hand. How low is becoming the estimate of human life!

Perhaps It Is the "Post" That Is Exciting Itself About a Thing Without Understanding It.

Long Post. The land theory, which was successfully used to create a local excitement among men who were ready to excite themselves about anything, without understanding it, provided it looked toward a change of existing conditions, has no interest for the farmers and the real workingmen of a great state like New York.

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