

THE STANDARD

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

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

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

The interesting reminiscences of Frederick Douglass in the *Cosmopolitan*, from which some extracts were given in last week's STANDARD, recall a story told me by Henry C. Davis as we were coming over in the *Umbria*. Mr. Davis is a Quaker, and a grandson of Lucretia Mott, and of course ought to be, as he doubtless will be, by the next election, an out-and-out free trader. But having been born in Philadelphia, and having lived there until he removed to New York a few years ago, his Quakerism has got contaminated by protectionism. He had been telling me lots of interesting things all going to show how American mechanics could more than hold their own with the rest of the world, and I had been quietly suggesting a contrast between the present, when every American who would go to Europe must sail under a foreign flag and American capital is building and American trade is supporting ships that in time of war will make the most effective cruisers for the British navy, and the times when we were boys in Philadelphia and American ships like the *Trade Wind*, the *Messenger* and the *Frigate Bird* discharged cargoes from beyond the capes at Queen street wharf, and Cope's liners sailed for Liverpool from Walnut street wharf. Mr. Davis knows too much of the ingenuity of American inventors and the skill of American mechanics to contend that we could not have held the same place on the ocean with steel steamers as we did with wooden ships, had "protection to American industry" not stifled our ship building, so he changed the subject with an anecdote suggested by the mention of the *Copes*.

Robert Purvis, a well known citizen of Philadelphia in the decades preceding the war, and still, I believe, living there at an advanced age, was the son of a southerner who had married a Moorish woman. Educated abroad, and inheriting from his father a considerable fortune, he was a man of fine culture and pleasing manners. But though the darker blood showed only in a slight tinge, it was enough in the Philadelphia of that time to make him a "nigger." Desiring again to visit England, Mr. Purvis had engaged passage on one of the *Copes*' ships. But as soon as it became known that a "nigger" had engaged a cabin passage, the other passengers began to make trouble, and the *Copes* sent for Mr. Purvis and requested him to allow them to buy back his ticket. This he at first refused, but when the *Copes* told him that they did a large southern trade and could not afford to excite antagonism on such a

matter, and that if he persisted they would send the ship with himself as the only cabin passenger, he concluded to accede to their request. He then sent on and engaged passage in a vessel sailing from New York. As he did not go on board until the vessel was in the stream, he was received without objection, but was completely ostracised by the majority of the other passengers during the voyage. Some of these passengers, however, met him afterward in London, and finding that he was received in good society there, were ready enough to acknowledge his acquaintance.

Coming home, Mr. Purvis took an American ship at Southampton—for American ships were then more plenty in all the English ports than they are now in our own, and being better ships and swifter sailers, trans-Atlantic tourists then no more dreamed of taking any other than an American ship than they now dream of taking one. Among the returning Americans with whom the cabin was filled were a number of southerners, including an ex-governor of South Carolina, with his family. None of them having any previous knowledge of Mr. Purvis, and learning from the friends who had come to see him off and from his conversation that he had mingled in good English society, they never thought of objecting to his dark complexion, though the conversation several times turned on the infallible indications which attested negro blood. Mr. Purvis's many accomplishments and pleasant manners made him a general favorite in the intimate relations which the long passages used to beget and in the amusements by which the time was beguiled. So much was this so that at "the captain's dinner," given just before reaching port, the ex-governor of South Carolina, after the regular toasts had been drunk, proposed in a pleasant speech the health of their most agreeable companion, Mr. Purvis. This, however, brought the climax. One of the colored waiters, who had known of Mr. Purvis in Philadelphia, but who had hitherto kept his own counsel, could not resist the temptation of whispering with a grin:

"If they knowed who you was, Mass Purvis, they would no more drink your health than mine."

"You can tell them as quickly as you please," said Purvis hastily; "I don't care."

It was well for him that the passage was nearly over, for the waiter did tell some of his comrades, and by the morrow it was known through the cabin that they had been associating with and even drinking the health of "a Philadelphia nigger." From that moment he was completely ostracised.

Shortly after he got home, Mr. Purvis happened to be walking up Chestnut street when he noticed the ex-governor of South Carolina coming down. Lifting his hat he politely saluted him. The governor passed without a sign. Mr. Purvis walked on, but he had hardly gone a hundred yards ere he heard the voice of the ex-governor at his elbow. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Purvis. You have taught me a lesson in politeness. You, sir, have acted more like a gentleman than I. Will you permit me to apologize and to shake your hand?"

This is the story that Henry C. Davis

told me, to get away from the sore subject of protection to American industry as illustrated by American shipping. Like all such stories, it is interesting as showing the wide gulf that in one generation has been crossed. But the race question still lies a black cloud on our southern horizon, a cloud that at any time may deepen and spread.

We are certainly making progress. The quick disaster that overtook Sheriff Flack's divorce job, and his repudiation by Tammany, the prompt conviction and sentence of a rich embezzler by a New York court, and the vindication of the majesty of Mississippi law in the conviction of John L. Sullivan, are all gratifying indications. And besides this, we are at last to have something like civilized pavements in New York, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment having decided to put down asphalt on the Boulevard and some of the streets in the upper part of the city, where rich people live and drive.

But still the best part of a million is to be spent in repaving with the abominable stone blocks the streets in the lower part of the city, under the delusion that asphalt will not stand heavy travel. This is nonsense. There is much heavier travel on asphalt paved streets in London than there is in any part of New York, for on the London pavements horses pull far heavier loads than they could move on the New York streets; and around the new city hall in Philadelphia, where comes the heaviest travel in that city, an asphalt pavement has been laid. And it is in the lower and more crowded parts of the city that the constant roar from the stone pavement tells most wearisomely on nerve and brain. Not merely are there more people to suffer, but their conditions are such that their suffering is greater. The rich people who live on the fine streets in the upper part of the city move away in the hot months, or if obliged to remain can find comparative quiet in the rear rooms of their commodious houses. But the poorer districts are as crowded as ever when, to give air to their narrow tenements, every window must be left open day and night. The right way to begin would be to pave the down town districts with asphalt first and the rich people's streets later on. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to get decent pavements for any part of an American city. The desire for them will grow.

When we think of what our cities might be made were their revenues, instead of being supplied by exactions on individuals, drawn from a source which an enlightened public opinion regarded as rightfully belonging to the citizens as a whole—when we think of how even country roads might be paved, watered and lined with trees, and the numberless ways in which facilities for education, for scientific discovery and mechanical improvement for transportation and communication and for rational amusement, might be provided from such public funds, all fear that we might stop there, if we ever got to the point of defraying present public expenses by the single tax on land values, seems indeed idle. If we can once get other taxes abolished in favor of the single tax, or, indeed, any considerable part of them, the rest will take care of itself. It is only the start that is difficult. So surely does improvement beget

the desire for further improvement that if that start is once made there is no danger that any part of the public revenue that it is possible to collect will long be left in the hands of landholders.

The Ohio democratic machine seems to be working in favor of the nomination of Campbell for governor. Campbell is a protection democrat, and it is sincerely to be hoped that if he is nominated the growing strength of free trade sentiment in Ohio will be made manifest in his defeat. To be sure the governor of a state has nothing officially to do with the tariff question, and the only choice, in case Campbell is nominated, will be between a democratic protectionist and a republican protectionist. But not merely is it impossible to divorce state politics from national politics; the question of protection involves a question of principle which goes much deeper than federal legislation. And as between a democratic protectionist and a republican protectionist the choice of every Jeffersonian democrat—of every voter who wishes to bring the tariff question into clear and sharp issue in politics, ought to be unhesitatingly for the republican. The election of an avowed, aggressive, thorough-going protectionist will tell to this end; that of an issue-dodging democrat will retard it. In any good meaning of the term, in any meaning which involves aught of political principle, no protectionist can be a democrat, and the best service that anyone who hopes for the revivification of the democratic party by Jeffersonian principle can render to that party is to vote for the republican whenever a protection democrat is nominated. It will at least be a lesson to the democratic protectionists, the secret service corps of the monopoly army, that they must get into the protectionist camp and show their true colors if they want office.

The gubernatorial election next year in Pennsylvania may be a very important one. The corporation ring that runs that state works through both parties, as is the way of corporation rings everywhere, and its aim is always to put up a monopoly democrat as against a monopoly republican. But in the last gubernatorial campaign this control of the democratic convention failed, and by sheer force of the demand from the ranks, Chauncey F. Black, than whom there is no better representative of anti-monopoly democracy in the democratic party, was put at the head of the ticket. He made a splendid run, but was of course beaten, for he had against him not merely the full force of the republican machine and all its allied interests, but the treacherous opposition inside his own party of all the monopoly power. If he is re-nominated next year he will in all human probability be elected, for the bitter dissatisfaction of the laboring masses in Pennsylvania and the growing distrust of protection in the ranks of both parties would rally behind him in far greater strength than before. This is, of course, however, the reason why he will not be nominated if the machine can prevent it.

The democratic societies, whose establishment has been suggested by the association of democratic clubs of which Chauncey F. Black is president, and which have for their object the discussion and propagation of Jeffersonian principles, seem to be quietly but steadily

spreading. In many places they have been joined, and in some places they have been started, by single tax men. This is an excellent idea, for nowhere can our work be done more advantageously than in these democratic societies. Where, indeed, could we find more congenial soil in which to sow the seed of our ideas than where the name of Thomas Jefferson is revered and his teaching is acknowledged, even if it be but formally. We are, in truth, democrats of democrats in the true meaning of the word—republicans of republicans as the word was used in Jefferson's day. Our aim is not merely to assert equal political rights, but to assert those equal social and industrial rights without which the equality of political rights soon becomes but a mockery and delusion—to carry to full effect and realization that truth which Jefferson's genius placed in the Declaration of Independence as its fundamental clause:

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as shall seem to them most likely to affect their safety and happiness.

This is a clause which is worth reprinting again and again. It will be found, on examination, that there is a good deal in it.

The Medical Record of August 10 contains two notable articles—one by Dr. Walter Mendelson of New York; the other by Dr. David DeBeck of Cincinnati. Both of these articles are written in support of a paper entitled, "Overcrowding in the Medical Profession," read recently before the American medical association by Dr. Cornick of Mascoutah, Illinois, and published in the Journal of the association. This paper, which seems to have excited a great deal of interest among medical men, took the ground that the overcrowding so keenly felt by them is but one of the results of the artificial scarcity in the primary means of production and field of employment which is produced by our treatment of land, and that it would disappear were the single tax on land values in operation. In their contributions to the Medical Record Drs. Mendelson and DeBeck ably support this reasoning.

Dr. Mendelson shows how the monopolization of natural opportunities necessarily brings about a seeming surplus of labor, in the primary occupations, which rapidly spreads to all occupations, and how the difficulty of earning a good living elsewhere drives men into the professions, while the ability of the masses of the people to employ and pay physicians is at the same time and by the same cause reduced. Then he goes on to show how the single tax, by removing the cause, would abolish the effects—how it would throw open natural opportunities and "tear down the fences that keep men from the element which is life itself—the land," and how this would not only open other remunerative occupations for men who now crowd into the profession, but would give to great bodies of people who now cannot afford to employ and pay a physician the means of doing so.

Dr. DeBeck enforces the same argument, and thus concludes:

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

Turgot, belongs the honor of having first proposed an *impôt unique*.

Such articles as these published in such a journal as the Medical Record must have great effect. There is no profession, not even that of the clergyman, which is so brought face to face with the bitterness of the struggle that goes on in the midst of our vaunted civilization as is that of the physician, and there is no profession which as a whole cherishes a nobler and kindlier sentiment. The single tax has many advocates already among medical men. It will have more because of these articles.

But the same reasons which commend the single tax to the medical profession commend it to all professions and all trades, save that of pure land owning, if that can be called a trade or a profession. And there is now hardly a trade, profession or branch of business in the country that has not its own special paper. Our friends cannot do better work for the single tax than to write to such papers, as these physicians have done.

On the sixth page of THE STANDARD of August 6, under the heading of "Work for Mr. Porter," was published a series of resolutions adopted by the St. Louis single tax league urging Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the census, "to collect the data to show in the next census what percentage of the people of this country occupy their own homes and farms, and what proportion are tenants, and of those who occupy their own homes and farms, what proportion have their property free from debt; and of the homes and farms which are under mortgage, what percentage of the value is so mortgaged."

In reply to this resolution Mr. Porter calls attention to that portion of the census act relating to the collection of the statistics of recorded indebtedness of private corporations and individuals, and goes on to say:

The report based upon this requirement of the act will show the aggregate of mortgage indebtedness upon real or personal property, or such parts of these two classes as it may be deemed advisable to have included in this special investigation. The results in any event will be approximate only, but will be the best information obtainable on the subject.

Commenting on this letter the Louis Republic, in a leading article entitled, "No guessing or garbling," says:

The language of the census act is mandatory. It is that the superintendent of census "shall also at the time of the general enumeration herein provided for, or prior thereto, as the secretary of the interior may determine, collect the statistics of and relating to the recorded indebtedness of private corporations and individuals, and make report thereon to congress."

Mr. Porter interprets "shall collect" to mean that a report is to be made "based on the requirements of the law," giving "such parts" of the recorded indebtedness "as it may be deemed advisable to have included." This is extraordinary language to be written in plain typewriting over the signature of a high official of the government in construction of a mandatory statute binding him absolutely. It is no less extraordinary to find him concluding in advance that "the results in any event will be approximate only, but will be the best information obtainable on the subject."

The law demands a listing of every dollar of mortgage indebtedness recorded in every county of the several states. Under the law there is no room either for the guessing Mr. Porter says he will do, or for the selection of certain figures and the leaving out of others under the plan he outlines. His duty under the law is to take this recorded indebtedness, county by county, and state by state; to set it down in his report; to foot up the totals by states and to publish the result, and is specially provided for in another part of the act.

It is not at all a question of what Mr. Porter "deems advisable" to include. If he deems it advisable to fail to show any part of this recorded indebtedness, he violates the law. The single tax league wished him to include in his report statistics of the number of homes owned compared with the number rented, with similar details, showing the condition of the people under the present system of taxation. The law gives him ample latitude for this, but as it does not say he "shall"

do it, he is not likely to "deem it advisable" when a truthful presentation of the facts would overthrow class taxation. But it is different with recorded indebtedness. If he leaves out of his report a dollar that is shown by the records, he violates the law, which does not allow him either to guess (approximate) or to garble.

Robert P. Porter is about the most unfit man in the United States to be appointed superintendent of the census, and there is not much to be expected from him or from any census that he has hand in making. But it might have some effect at least upon public opinion if every single tax league in the country were to pass resolutions similar to those of the St. Louis league, to procure their insertion in their local papers and to forward copies to Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the census, Washington, D. C., and to John W. Noble, secretary of the interior. An effort too ought to be made to get political clubs, labor associations, etc., to pass and forward similar resolutions. The single tax men are far from being the only ones interested in procuring such information.

Simon Van Veen advertises in THE STANDARD single tax cigars, each box of which contains on the inside of the cover an engraving of a single tax cat. It might be worth Mr. Van Veen's consideration whether it would not also be well to give in the label of the single tax cigar some idea of how much the buyer pays for cigars and how much for tax. Certain it is that if the ultimate taxpayer, the retail purchaser, were once to realize how much indirect taxes add to the prices they pay the whole system of indirect taxation would hardly outlast the next election. The dealers in articles enhanced in price by taxation could very quickly bring this realization about. But, unfortunately, from importer to retailer, they are rather in favor of the tax than opposed to it, because the effect of taxes that enhance prices is also to concentrate business.

John McMackin, chairman of the executive committee of the united labor party, was last week appointed a custom house inspector.

It is unnecessary to re-open a painful subject by any comments. The mere fact will convey its moral to those who at the time thought that the split in the Anti-poverty society and the separation between Dr. McGlynn and those who had been his warm friends was a mere matter of personal difference—to those who thought that the running of a third party candidate in the person of Mr. Cowdrey was conceived in good faith.

As for Mr. McMackin, Mr. Harrison has been niggardly. His sacrifices for republican success in the last election are not compensated for by this reward.

Nor yet, if this be all, have his services. Between the votes carried directly to Harrison and the votes called off for Cowdrey, the rump of the united labor party must have done a good deal to give Harrison the electoral vote of New York.

The Saturday Globe, which has become one of the ablest and most thoughtful democratic journals of the country, is taking a deadly revenge on John Wanamaker by quietly converting his name into a verb, and talking of elections having been wanamakered, the wanamaking of elections, etc. Though not as yet to be found in any dictionary the word has such a round, full and portentous sound that Mr. Wanamaker could not easily escape the same immortality that has overtaken Captain Boycott, were it not that the purchase of votes in elections is now, thanks to the Australian ballot, unknown to the English speaking world outside of the

United States, and despite the David B. Hills, will ere long be unknown here.

But the best way for the postmaster general to prevent even the temporary and local use of such sense is by devoting his great energies to the improvement of postal facilities by the introduction of pneumatic tubes, electric rail carriages, etc. The wanamaking of mail matter may thus come to have such a good meaning that the wanamaking of elections will be forgot.

The San Francisco Star wants to know the position of THE STANDARD as to the postal telegraph. THE STANDARD is for a postal telegraph, and always has been. THE STANDARD, it may perhaps be as well at the same time to say, is also for the single tax.

HENRY GEORGE.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Good Work for the Single Tax in the New State—People Ripe for Free Trade.

Our single tax friends in Dakota make up in activity what they lack in numbers. Mr. Frank Greene, of Rapid City, has recently made speeches at Deadwood, Central City and Lead City, under the auspices of the Farmers' alliance and the Knights of Labor. Mr. Greene writes:

My Deadwood audience was made up principally of business and professional men to whom the single tax idea was a revelation. Those who came out of curiosity, or to find fault, apparently went away convinced that there is a great deal in the theories of Henry George. . . . I had a number of questions put to me which I answered as I best could. . . . I propose henceforth to confine my work to the advocacy of the single tax pure and simple. Any concession made to any faction, as a faction, is a waste of time.

I am sorry that I cannot push this work as it should be pushed, and as I would like to push it. There is a splendid field in the west. The people here came to better their condition. They left their old homes in the east and in Europe because conditions there did not permit them to enjoy the products of their labor. A year's experience here convinces them that if they did not jump out of the frying pan into the fire they did the next worst thing. They find the conditions here as bad as in the older countries, and in some respects worse. Our people are cosmopolitan in character, and not cursed with caste distinctions. This makes them alert, ready to compare experiences, and anxious to study the cause of their misfortunes. We have no old gray-heads in the west, such as we have all over the east, whose wisdom is considered conclusive by virtue of their life-long residence in this or that community. There are none so wise that they are looked up to as authority on vexed questions of political economy. We have no oracles. All are "guessers," young and old alike.

Mr. W. E. Brokaw of Bristol, South Dakota, writes to Mr. Crossdale as follows:

In your speech at the George reception on the 29th, I see that you only mentioned one organization in South Dakota; the club at Rapid City. Besides this there is the "Back Hills single tax league," the "Lake single tax club" of Madison, of which Professor E. H. Evanson is chairman, and our state organization, the "South Dakota single tax association." I have recently received a letter from Judge Levi McGhee of our state association and also of the Back Hills league, in which he says: "I think we should make a big fight on free trade this fall, for I believe the people here are in condition to receive it at this time. Don't you think you could get some help from the east from the tariff reformers?"

Mr. Brokaw has recently had published in the Journal-Democrat of Waterton, S. D., an excellent article exposing the false pretence that a tariff protects labor. It appears as a signed editorial on the editorial page. He is now sending out a large number of copies of Mr. Shearman's speech before the Ohio legislature, together with a blank soliciting answers to the following questions:

Do you believe in: 1. A high protective tariff? Why? 2. A protective tariff? Why? 3. A tariff for revenue? Why? 4. A reduction of the tariff? How and why? 5. Free trade? Why? 6. Absolute free trade? Why?

In San Diego.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.—As gambling in land values constituted the business of most of our people during boom times, it is easy to see that they are likely to have little sympathy for our doctrines. Still, many of them are very much dissatisfied with the evils that afflict us, and it is easy to find men in accord with us, although they know little or nothing of our movement. Our daily papers have lately invited contributions from everybody on all sorts of subjects, and this opening we are utilizing by employing local affairs to illustrate the justice and practical nature of our principles. Our committee is full of faith and growing more aggressive all the time. It meets at 139 Tenth street. A. HARVEY.

TWO NOTABLE DINNERS.

ONE IN PHILADELPHIA—THE OTHER IN CLEVELAND.

The Henry George Club and the Central Single Tax Club, respectively, celebrate the return of Henry George to America—Speeches that were worth hearing.

The dinner in Philadelphia took place in the banquet hall of the Bullitt building on the evening of August 15. Plates were laid for over one hundred and fifty. W. J. Atkinson, president of the club, presided. The speeches, all of which were short, were substantially as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure."—Tennyson.

Delivered by W. J. Atkinson.

On the Umbria there was a representative of that two-legged animal usually known as a dude. What especially distinguished this dude was that he was married and had two children. One day, when the children were unusually annoying, his wife said, "Charles, do speak to those children." Charles drew himself up and stammered, "How do you do, children?" (Turning to the guest of the evening) And if I should be unable to do more than stammer out, "How do you do?" I trust you will take it as coming from a heart too full for further utterance.

We wish to welcome you this evening, not alone as an author, though judged by any standard save mere money making you are the most successful author who has written in any tongue; not alone as a political economist, although your works have marked a new era in political economy and made that once dismal science radiant with the dawn of a better day that is to be; not alone as a statesman, although you have marked out the only pathway that our nation can tread either with honor or with safety; not alone as an orator, although no man more truly eloquent ever spoke from the platform. More than the statesman, more than the political economist, more than the orator, more than the author, we wish to welcome Henry George, the man. (Applause.)

Of mere mouth eloquence we have perhaps too much, but of the eloquence which has spoken from Henry George's every action, we can never have too much. The motto that is devoted to our guest this evening is, "His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." There is the secret of the wonderful success of that one man who ten years ago set himself against the rottenness of politics and organized trickery throughout this whole nation, and who in those short ten years has entirely changed the face of affairs here.

You remember last fall, how shocked all good Americans were because an Englishman had an opinion and dared express that opinion in a private letter about American politics; and yet here we have an American, a Philadelphian, who has been to England and within the last few weeks has been expressing his opinion very freely, very publicly, and in almost every part of England, in many a church in England. And, although I have been reading the English papers, I have yet to find one Englishman shocked. Here a Philadelphian has gone to England and has practically changed the course of events there. The radical wing of the "liberal party," the party in England, has adopted his programme (applause), and to-day the new county council elected in London has practically adopted a single tax platform, the platform on which we stand, and upon which the majority of Americans will stand before long, as well as a majority of Englishmen.

We have to acknowledge having learned at your feet the unwisdom of endeavoring to tax ourselves rich, the utter folly of expecting we can raise ourselves by our boot straps to heaven, but we have to acknowledge a greater debt than that—the lesson we learn in one of your works: "What is there for which life gives us opportunity that can be compared with the effort to do what we may, be it ever so little, to improve social conditions and enable other lives to reach a nobler, higher development?"

SPEECH BY HENRY GEORGE.

It is not a pleasant thing for one to sit at a dinner of this kind and listen to compliments to himself, to praises that if deserved will be better after he has gone. But I know that the kind things that are thus said of me are really said of something far more than me, and that if you honor me to-night it is not as an individual, but as the representative of a principle. (Applause.)

It has been my good fortune to identify myself, as you men are identifying yourselves, with a great truth, to take part in the early stages of a great reform. And it is because your enthusiasm testifies to the spread of that truth—to the growth of sentiment in favor of that reform, that I am gladder of this greeting to-night—than if it meant more personal good feeling.

I have been called, in scorn, a prophet, and some of my friends repeat the word. "A prophet," we are told, "is not without honor save in his own country." And so it is

the more pleasing to me to come back to my own country, to my native city, and to find so warm a greeting. As we grow older, as we begin to feel that we have passed the summit and are on the down grade, the recollections of our early youth become fresher and fresher, and every time I come back to this native city of mine, though but for a night, it is always with warmer and tenderer feelings.

There is one thing, however, I must frankly say I don't like about Philadelphia. There is one thing that always makes me feel a little ashamed of her. That is her protectionism. (Applause.) I never cross the ocean and never come back to this country without feeling myself a more and more intense free trader, not without a fuller and heartier belief that free trade is indeed the international law of God; but with a more realizing sense of the utter pettishness, meanness and stupidity of this protection. (Applause.)

When a boy I used to know every ship that came up this Delaware river. It was our pride and boast that American ships were the best and fleetest on the ocean, and that the mastery of the waves was rapidly passing to our side of the Atlantic; but to-day no American can go to Europe, and no American can come back from Europe, without sailing under the British flag—unless he chooses to sail under the German, or possibly under the French flag. And why? Simply that by this "baby act" (applause) we have strangled American industry under the name of "protecting" it. Protection! Are not the American people bright enough, and strong enough, and active enough to hold their own against the world without whimpering for "protection"? Protection—a nation of sixty million people, with a higher average standard of education and intelligence than prevails elsewhere, planted on the temperate zone of a great continent, yet blubbering for "protection," fearing that if it were not for a paternal congress and a lot of custom house officers it would be deluged, overthrown—swept away, and that all its poor little "infant" industries, would go the bow-wows. (Laughter.)

I speak of this because it gives me pleasure to see how even here more manly ideas are steadily gaining. One of the things I hope for my native state, the great Keystone state, is that she will ere long spurn this miserable, stupid, selfish, unsocial, degrading policy of "protection," and lead the van for full free trade. (Applause.)

Full free trade means something more than the mere abolition of custom houses. But it is not necessary for me to explain that to-night. It is not necessary for me to say a word about the single tax when so many single taxers are yet to speak. It is not necessary for me to point out that the great truth on which we stand, and for which we battle, is that He who made this earth made it for all His children (applause); and that that grand Declaration, not merely of American independence, but of the rights of man, that over a century ago rang out from the square within a few hundred yards of where we sit to-night, will never be fully accepted and vindicated, that the republic then founded will never become that republic that Jefferson sought to found, until the equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is held to include the equal right of all men to that element on which and from which all men must live.

The city of Brotherly Love! Ah, Philadelphians, the grand aspiration lives as yet only in a name. That glorious city, wherein shall be practically acknowledged the equal brotherhood of men, the common fatherhood of God, is yet to rise. We who are here, may never walk its streets, but please God, it is ours to help lay the foundations. (Applause.)

Mr. Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, was to have followed Mr. George and respond to the toast "The Single Tax," but he was unavoidably prevented from being present. The next toast was:

"THE STANDARD."

"We hold that to tax labor or its products is to discourage industry."—The Standard.
"Let the Standard be lifted that all may see it."—The Land Question, page 87.

Responded to by Rev. S. H. Spencer of Germantown, Pa.

The "Standard," a name literally meaning a banner or flag. A banner or flag is loved or esteemed for what it represents, and so the American flag, our national banner, is esteemed by every intelligent citizen for what it represents. It has an historic interest and value. It has also a present interest and value, and a prophetic interest and value. Because of its history we love it. It has been baptized in blood and smoke in the cause of liberty, when it first floated over a free country, and we love it on that account. We love it to-day because of what it represents; but only to that degree do we love it that it represents our ideas of true human liberty.

Taking the future of this flag, it means a new republic, a republic that is a republic not only political but industrial, one in which the common fatherhood of God is recognized in the equal brotherhood of man. (Applause.)

And so THE STANDARD is named here on account of the fundamental principle it represents. And that principle is that all men by birth are equally entitled to natural opportunities, to the opportunities of living and becoming that which God designed them to be.

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

This is another self evident truth; and so those who read "Progress and Poverty," or THE STANDARD, or any other of the writings of this great movement will be struck continually with those fundamental principles that find a lodgment in every rational mind and in every Christian heart, that fix themselves deeply there, and hold men as nothing else could hold them. "Let THE STANDARD be lifted that all may see it."

"PROGRESS AND POVERTY."

"With want destroyed, with greed changed to noble passions; with the fraternity that is born of equality taking the place of the jealousy and fear that now array men against each other; with mental power loosed by conditions that give to the humblest comfort and leisure, and who shall measure the height to which our civilization may soar?"—"Progress and Poverty," page 496.

Responded to by J. E. Halbach.

"Progress and Poverty" is the title of the work which I consider the most important of our century. It is the culmination of the work begun in England by Adam Smith, developed by Ricardo, Mill and Spencer. It is a book which for the first time makes a science of political economy.

You all know how this book shows that all wealth, as it is produced, naturally divides itself into two parts, the one (afterwards subdivided as wages and interest) going to the producers as the reward of their labor, and the other the premium that must be paid by the producer for the privilege of using a natural opportunity. It further shows how the share of the proceeds of production paid for the use of natural opportunities is becoming relatively greater, while the share going to labor and capital is becoming relatively smaller. In this way it solves the problem why progress in every community is accompanied by increased poverty of its masses. If the book did nothing more than this, it would be a great book. But it does do more. It shows that any claim to private ownership in these natural opportunities is utterly baseless, and any acknowledgment of it unjust. It shows that all men have an equal right to life, and therefore an equal right to that which is necessary to life—land. (Applause.)

Even stopping there, the book would have been accorded a high place in the speculative world. The dilettanti would have read it with interest, and it would have commanded everywhere admiration and respect. But its author descended from the high place that he might have occupied as a man of thought, and came down into the field of action. His book shows us that by simply taking in the form of a tax the values of the natural opportunities, and devoting them to the common use of the community which creates them, we can once and forever abolish poverty. (Applause.) This done, it would be impossible to hold natural opportunities out of use; all the valuable natural opportunities would have to be put to their highest use. Then there would not be, as now, not enough positions to go around; on the contrary, there would be more positions than there were persons to fill them, and as a consequence wages would be high, and no one would find it impossible to get a living. Then want and fear of want would be banished. We would not then, as now, witness the spectacle of men living in want groveling to those living in opulence.

The remedy pointed out by "Progress and Poverty" will raise the people above the mere passion for money getting. Then man will need take no thought for the morrow what he shall eat, or what he shall drink, or where with all he shall be clothed, for the morrow will be assured for him. And those who would gain the approbation of their fellows will seek something more than mere riches.

"With want destroyed, with greed changed to noble passions; with the fraternity that is born of equality taking the place of the jealousy and fear that now array men against each other; with mental power loosed by conditions that give to the humblest comfort and leisure, and who shall measure the height to which our civilization may soar?"

The Chairman: Our newspaper friends are all familiar with the story of the Irishman who was wheeling a heavy barrel on a wheelbarrow when a man asked him, "Mike, what's in that barrel?" "Faith," said Mike, "how should I know? Sure it's marked Pat Duffly on one end and good rye whisky on the other." (Laughter.) Newspapers have all assured their readers that Pat Duffly was in our single tax barrel, but after this we trust they will investigate.

"WHY WE HONOR HIM."

"Honor for him who always feels himself in the presence of a high cause."—Emerson.

Responded to by J. H. Stephenson.

It may be out of place here but you will pardon me if I assume to represent to-night the "infant industries" of Pennsylvania. (Applause.) Now, as you all know, about every industry we have here still claims to be an infant. I have no doubt as long as we go on feeding them with pap that they will remain infants, but I think you will agree with me that among them all there is only one legitimate "infant industry," and that is the raising of young Pennsylvanians. (Applause.) It speaks well for the progress of our cause that we have so many representatives of that industry here to-night. (Applause.) Our old Keystone state is an earthly paradise, richly endowed by nature, settled by an industrious people, but to-day the great majority of this

people are very poor. With abundant opportunities for labor, yet thousands of our workmen beg in vain for the chance to work. Our almshouses are full to overflowing, and yet we count our millionaires by the hundred. This is the stronghold of that system of taxation known among its dupes as a protective tariff, yet it claims as her son the man whom we are here to welcome to-night, the man whom all others has done the most to destroy protection. (Applause.)

When we look around us here on this gathering, which, I take it, is absolutely unanimous for absolute free trade (applause), and then remember that only a few short years ago we were just about as unanimous the other way. (Applause.) When we remember that twenty or even ten years ago such a thing as a tariff reformer (that mugwump of political economy) was practically unknown, we can begin to realize what tremendous progress we are making.

Henry George has taught us not only that restriction of trade is bad, but he has shown us how to raise revenue without custom houses (applause), and there the principles of free trade logically lead us. He has shown us that every tax upon labor or the products of labor is simply the tariff in another form, and that who would be free traders must favor a single tax—a tax levied on land values. (Applause.) This great reform, which we hold must be the first step toward industrial emancipation, we call the single tax, and yet it is a misnomer. What we propose is not a tax, it is simply the abolition of all taxation and the collection of revenue from that source which nature has provided for the use of society. (Applause.) This is our goal. What progress are we making toward it? What has the future in store for us? You are all familiar with the rapid stride of our ideas throughout the country, but we question very much whether there is any state in the Union where they are making such progress to-day as they are in Pennsylvania. (Applause.)

Already we have organized in this state over a dozen single tax clubs with the assurance that before the year closes we shall have at least double that number. (Applause.) Everything seems to work with us. The people are at last beginning to lose faith in the idol of protection, and are willing to listen to reason. Men are beginning to ask what moral right have landlords in Pennsylvania to those vast deposits which nature has stored away for the use of all human beings alike. To ask such questions is to require an answer, and there is only one answer, the answer of Thomas Jefferson, "The earth belongs in usufruct to the living." (Applause.) If this is the situation, what need to speak of the future. It is enough to know that our cause is just and that justice must triumph in the end. How or when it will come we do not care. It may be that the democratic party will return to the democracy of Jefferson. (Applause.) It may be that the republican party will stand once more for freedom. (Applause.) But whether it comes through the old parties or through a new party, I know that we are laying the foundations here of a radical party which must eventually sweep the country, (applause) a party which can hold out the right hand of fellowship to our brother radicals of every country, to work with them towards a common object. Above all, a party which knows what it wants, and is not afraid to ask for it. (Applause.)

The Chairman: I have here some letters, extracts from a few of which I shall read. The first is from ex Governor Pattison, and states that he greatly regrets that "an engagement on Thursday, the 15th, will prevent the pleasure of being with you on that occasion to welcome Henry George." The next is from Rev. John Peddie, dated Fair Port, New York, and regrets in practically the same terms that his absence from the city will prevent his being present.

The next is from William T. Crossdale. He writes from Merriewood park, New York: "I regret very much my inability to be present at your banquet on the 15th instant. It would be a great pleasure for me to join my Philadelphia friends in honoring a man to whom I owe the whole hope for the future of our race. Though I can not be with you on this occasion I hope to be with you in the good work of bringing men to see that the only cure for wrong is the establishment of justice, and that the great social wrong of the day can only be righted by giving back to the community that which of right belongs to the community, to secure to individuals all that they produce by the application of their own labor to natural resources, and their share of the natural resources belonging to all. Let the friends of the single tax ever keep the whole truth before their eyes, and at the same time press forward through tariff reform, free trade, abolition of tax on personal property, and finally the single tax, to the establishment of that perfect justice that will justify the proud motto on your old state house bell."

John Huggard, of Philadelphia, regrets that he cannot be present at the reception.

The next letter is from John Norris, of the Record. He writes: "I regret my absence from the city on Thursday will prevent my accepting your cordial invitation, but I thank you for the courtesy extended." I can say we regret John Norris's absence as much as he can.

Thomas G. Shearman writes: "I received your letter to attend the banquet, and regret

that a business engagement will require my constant attendance during this week. I believe this step is a most important step toward the improved social condition which all good men, however much they may differ as to methods, desire."

William M. Ayers, who, I think, like most of the members of the Henry George club, is a converted republican, says he was one of the few candidates for congress in Philadelphia last fall who did not try to conceal his sincere desire for full free trade. He writes: "Your favor of the 9th inst. was received at Atlantic City. I desire to thank you for your kind invitation, and regret I will not be in town Thursday, owing to a previous engagement. You have my best wishes, and I hope the banquet will be a success."

Louis F. Post writes from Merriewood Park: "I am in receipt of your invitation to visit Philadelphia and be present at the reception tendered to Henry George and to respond to one of the toasts. It is with great reluctance I decline. The circumstances are such that it will be impossible for me to come. I hope you will be able to give Mr. George a reception worthy of your city, which is his birthplace."

Letters were also read from others regretting their inability to be present. The chairman then announced the next toast, and introduced Rev. Mr. Foster to respond to it.

"PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE?"

"That we shall do unto others as we would have them do unto us is a more correct principle than individuals, at this time, which we must conform social institutions a dominant policy if we would secure the blessings of abundance and peace."—Protection or Free Trade? page 306.

Responded to by Rev. E. P. Foster of Cincinnati, Ohio.

I asked about a year ago a lady member of the church I have the honor to serve whether she believed in protection or free trade. I thought she might be tinged with the idea that protection was essential to labor, or that she might say that the question was involved, and she had not had the time to study it, but she had taught school, and I saw that she knew more than some people. I do not know that I have ever heard the question answered more pertinently, more properly, more pointedly than she answered it then. Her answer was: "I believe in free trade for free trade is Christian" (Applause.)

I do not know that I could have said that I agreed with her then, but I had read "Progress and Poverty," and found that there is not very much in "Progress and Poverty" on the question of free trade, but there is enough to serve.

In 1884 I did not know very much about the question. I voted (I must admit here that I was blind for doing it) for Blaine for president. I had not studied the question. I thought it was deeply involved, and I was very much in the position of the hunter who in the early morning through the mist saw a moving animal—and he took a careful aim with the intention of hitting it if it was a bear and missing it if it was one of his neighbor's calves. (Laughter and applause.) When I read "Progress and Poverty" I saw what the animal was. (Applause.) Although in my study for the ministry I went through the seminary course at New Haven and at New York, yet "Progress and Poverty" taught me more practical theology than all I learned in all that seminary course. (Applause.) It was not the theology that rests on creeds but that which rests on laws that Christ gave, first, the law of love to God; second, the law of love to man. (Applause.) That theology I learned in the first place from "Progress and Poverty" and so to me was revealed the question of capital and labor, and the whole labor problem, the question of temperance and intemperance, and also the question of free trade. And I learned that protection was a fraud, that it told lies. It says it holds up wages; it does not. It says it comes to make the farmer prosperous; that is false. It says everyone that works must have protection, and they are cutting down wages now. Out where I am in Indiana and Illinois they are starving by the thousands. It did not keep up the wages and does not keep up wages. It is protection such as eagles give to lambs. (Applause.)

Protection is a robber. It has been truly said that the custom house robs under legal form. If I go over to Europe and buy a diamond—I don't know but it will startle your imagination to think of a poor preacher buying diamonds (laughter), but if I should put it in my pocket and come here the custom house has no right to say, "What have you got under your coat?" Having bought it on the other side and paid for it, it is mine, and no law has a right to ask me what I have. (Applause.)

The Chairman: The fearless utterances with regard to free trade which we have just listened to are in striking contrast to those delivered by one of the celebrated free traders, so called, who spoke here last fall. The latter speaker said "protection is robbery," but he thought he had gone too far for Philadelphians, so he added, "but we must have some protection." (Laughter.)

"SOCIAL PROBLEMS"

"We must seek justice, for at the bottom of every problem we will find a social wrong."—Social Problems page 21.

Responded to by William C. Ferguson.

Mr. George has succeeded most admirably in rescuing political economy from the misty

gloom of a dismal science, and in his "Social Problems" has set its tenets forth with such inspiring interest, and such conclusive, convincing arguments, that these ponderous propositions which once baffled the understanding of the most profound philosophers are now brought within the mental range of the ordinary school child. (Applause.) We of Philadelphia have long borne a reputation for conservatism, unhappily not that true conservatism born of thoughtful consideration and discretion, but rather a false conservatism born of restricted prejudice, but the open and hearty welcome with which "Social Problems" has been received by so many of our best citizens is very significant of the progressive strides Philadelphia has taken.

The greatest obstacle which we have to overcome is prejudice, or rather a misconception of what we mean. It was only last Saturday night that four members of the Henry George club, including myself, visited the Grand opera house, and while, between the acts, discussing the single tax question a man who sat immediately behind us volunteered the information that he always had been and always would be opposed to Mr. George's theories, because he thought it was a great injustice to tax only single men. (Applause.)

The waves of reform and regeneration are rapidly mounting for their onward dash, and the time is not far distant when the author of "Social Problems" will feel as much pride in claiming Philadelphia, or rather having selected Philadelphia for his birth place, as Philadelphia will then feel in having produced him. (Applause.)

The Chairman: Rev. Dr. Adams was expected to speak to the next toast, but on receiving a telegram from him this morning that he could not get here we telegraphed Rev. Mr. Roeder of Vineland, N. J., to respond. He also was unable to reach here, and Rev. Mr. W. G. Kent of Reading has very kindly consented to speak at very short notice.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

"We seek the kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven, or rather that earth may become a preparation for heaven."—Social Problems, page 129.

Responded to by Rev. G. W. Kent of Reading, Pa.

As an Englishman, I would that I could get my tongue back again around the old English accent, that I could bid Mr. "Eaery" George the same "arty welcome" that he has had across the sea. Let me say to him that I never felt like getting nearer to the kingdom of heaven or getting there any faster than when I read "Progress and Poverty," not until to-night, when I stepped upon the elevator, and the loose parts of my internal economy seemed to settle into my boots. (Laughter and applause.) I hope they will let us down easy. (More laughter.) There is no nobler thing to be observed in our times than the increasing and widening humanity of man. Never has there been a deeper interest felt in others' welfare than to-day. Never, thank God—say it reverently—never did the Church turn its attention so wisely from other worlds' salvation as to this world's salvation. (Applause.)

You remember the riddle of the old Hebrew champion Samson: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." A very poor affair had given the occasion to the riddle. He had slain a lion, and in his dried-up carcass found some honey. A nobler achievement would have been to have gotten excellency and sweetness out of the lion without killing the lion. That is the problem of the ages.

I remember looking in one of the London galleries at a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer. A simple picture, it was called the Chief Mourner, and all that it showed was just a coffin of the dead shepherd, and beside it, in mute expressiveness and grief, his dog; and yet as strong men looked upon the picture the tears ran down their cheeks. The dog of the shepherd unquestionably descended from a wolf. From out of falsehood and evil has been gotten strength, sweetness and fidelity without killing the beast. (Applause.) Now how to get excellency and sweetness and grandeur out of the evil and ferocity of man without killing the man is the problem. (Applause.) The medieval church attempted it; it helped to make all men charitable. The church gave in its bounty, freely, self-sacrificingly, but it killed the man, it undermined his character, it robbed him of those elements of force, strength and persistence which go to the making of a man, and it brought forth a race of paupers. The wiser charity of to-day seeks how we may sustain and ennoble a man, and keep all within him that represents a man, that lives to make a man; and I believe that that man (pointing to the guest) has pointed out the way. (Applause.)

As I read those words, "Thy kingdom come," I remember that this was the Master's prayer, and that it has been the prayer of saints and sinners for eighteen hundred years, and a reverence comes to my consciousness. And I feel that when in my study I sit down to think out the solution of this great problem of how to save a man without destroying the man, I grow inspired with hope, and I feel it must come.

"THE LAND QUESTION."

"The cause that in Ireland produces poverty and distress—the ownership by some of the people of the land, on which and from which the whole people must

live, everywhere produces the same results."—The Land Question, page 24.

Responded to by H. V. Helzel.

Although I am unaccustomed to keeping quiet when there is a chance to say something, I simply rise to express my gratification at being present with so many earnest men and women who have at heart the movement that is now spreading over the world, and which has for its object the abolishment of all privileges and restrictions that discriminate in favor of the few at the expense of the many, and that make it possible that he who works does not get all that he works for; and he that does not work, to get more than he is entitled to. Formerly, in Philadelphia, those of us who engaged in this cause have met with nothing but ridicule and sarcasm. Now the Philadelphia newspapers are claiming to be single tax advocates and people are becoming more concerned as to our demands. Even politicians are beginning to take up the subject. Our stubborn advocacy of free trade in the last campaign has opened the eyes of these people to the possibility of the future, and they are now trimming their sails to meet the freshening breeze.

The solution of the land question will bring us one step nearer to that principle laid down in the Declaration of Independence that all men are born equal, and have an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"THE REDUCTION TO INIQUITY."

"Given a shillingsent to sea with abundant provision for all, what must happen if some of that company take possession of the provision and deny the rest any share?"—Property in Land, page 54.

Responded to by I. Feinberg.

In the course of a noted discussion our honored guest once said that the moral faculties are higher and truer than the intellectual, that the moral faculties do more certainly rebel against iniquity than the intellectual faculties against absurdity. Now at first blush the facts do not seem to bear out this assertion. It is true that distorted moral perceptions have their counterpart in blinded intellectual perceptions, but it is rare to find any one in doubt whether twice two make four or whether they make five, though we often find very many who are in serious doubt in deciding so simple a moral question as to whether certain things belong to themselves or to their neighbors. But one need not seek far to see the reason of this. It is to no one's personal interest to doubt the abstract geometrical demonstration. Did interest, real or imaginary, influence them there would not be wanting those with the audacity, whether right or wrong, to enter into a debate as to whether twice two did make four or five.

The iniquity against which we contend is one as broad as creation; it meets us wherever we look. The lives of our people are shortened, our men and women wronged, their lives made hopeless and bitter; our children made prematurely thoughtful and unjoyous. We suspect that there is iniquity somewhere when it can be shown, as it has been so clearly shown, that all these stained and stunted lives are not the necessary outcome of natural, unavoidable conditions, but are the direct result of the allowance of the greater claims some make over others, to the possession of this earth. Then does all this avoidable misery become pitiful, awful iniquity; then what is approved as rightful becomes a hateful wrong that we must attack without flinching, pursue without resting until it shall have been overthrown.

Truth crushed to earth does rise again, not merely because of the inherent vitality of truth, but because the wrong though propped up ever so strongly is sure at last to fall (applause), and so strong is the sensation that the everlasting truths approved in the creation, at the beginning of all things, are with us and for us that we should continue strongly, bravely, hopefully in our work until those for whom we strive shall rejoice in the perfect completion of our labor. (Applause.)

"JUSTICE."

"This we may know certainly—this we may hold to confidently; that which is unjust can really profit no one; that which is just can really harm no one."—The Land Question, page 68.

Responded to by J. C. Frost.

I have made a long search for some gathering of men, landlords, coal barons, officers of railroad companies, but nowhere have I until this evening found a body of men who had the courage to give a toast to justice. (Applause.)

A toast to justice! Not that justice born of kings, councils or congresses, not that contemptible counterfeit of justice which does deeds of darkness rather than deeds of light, but the justice that is universal, that outsteps the confines of this world and extends to the farthest limit of space.

This justice we toast is the one that has been preached on this continent by the "prophet of San Francisco," and through his books has reached most of the civilized foreign lands; a gospel that is in harmony with that grand old gospel that was preached eighteen hundred years ago by the prophet of Nazareth. It demands that no individuals shall own the earth, because the earth is the free gift of nature and the fruit of no man's labor. It demands that land values shall be the property of all men, for as you know they are the fruit of the labor of all men. It demands that the rent of land shall be paid into

the public treasury, for since land values belong to all men, rent must belong to all men also, and therefore should be paid into public treasuries and be used for the public benefit. Let us from this night out strain our energies to have these demands enforced so that we will see no more helpless children condemned to work in mines and factories and mills, and virtuous women compelled to sell themselves in order to live.

IN CLEVELAND.

The Dinner of the Central Single Tax Club.

The Central single tax club took the occasion of Henry George's return to America for holding its first annual dinner.

The dinner was held on Wednesday, August 7, at the Hollenden, under the management of C. H. Nau, F. L. Carter, L. E. Semon, G. Senyard and W. F. Bien, and was an unqualified success. Tom L. Johnson, president of the club, was toast master, and on either side and before him sat at tables, arranged in the form of a double T, were:

C. W. Whitmarsh, Mrs. Whitmarsh, Wm. Backus, Jr., Mrs. Backus, J. B. Hoeigen, W. F. Bien, Mrs. Bien, C. H. Nau, Mrs. Nau, E. D. Stark, Mrs. Stark, C. O. Polwin, L. E. Semon, G. Senyard, J. B. Vinug, Mrs. Vinug, A. E. Bach, L. C. Byler, L. A. Stiles, F. Green, W. K. Field, H. B. Stron, F. Gallagher, J. Quinlan, Mrs. Quinlan, H. J. Davis, F. L. Fay, Miss S. Lewis, S. Conant, E. S. Reed, B. Cassin, M. Murray, H. B. Hitesnew, C. M. Spencer, P. S. Fay, Mrs. Fay, J. M. Wright, W. O. Cronberger, Samuel Moser, Mr. Gee, D. Mackintosh and niece, S. Russell, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. M. Smith, J. C. Larwill, Miss Larwill, J. Weif, E. Brennan, Thos. Quinlan, W. L. Hyatt and others.

During the supper the toastmaster called upon the secretary to read a number of letters which had been received, extracts from several are here given.

Judge J. E. Brannan said: "I regret that I shall be unable to attend, upon your courteous invitation, the first annual dinner of the Central single tax club on Aug. 7. I cordially commend the purpose of an such organizations as have in view the popular study of economic questions, and especially, that of taxation."

"If the people shall learn that taxation is not, and cannot be, a wealth creator, but may be, as it has been, a terrible engine of oppression and a device to transfer the fruits of industry from those who earn them to those who do not, we may hope that they will provide by law that taxation shall be as slight and as direct and single as possible."

Thomas G. Scharfman wrote: "Our friend, Henry George, has been doing a great work upon the other side of the Atlantic, of which we are justly proud. But have we sufficiently considered how it happens that such a true American can do such a work and receive such a welcome, in Great Britain, while any attempt on the part of a Briton to do similar good work here would be met with a furious outburst of international jealousy and hatred? Are we to be forever governed by such narrow, provincial feelings, that we cannot accept truth from any source outside of our own limits? Are we never to be sufficiently sure of our Americanism to listen with open minds to words of wisdom coming from any part of the world? The cause in which we are enlisted is one of world wide interest and influence. Let us recognize the full extent of our opportunities; let us discard these paltry prejudices which divide the masses of the human race into hostile factions, enabling the small minority, who alone can profit by such prejudices, to rule the divided nations for the profit of the few. Ours is a world wide mission; let us carry it forward, not merely as citizens of one state, though proud of our state, not merely as American citizens, though proud of America, but as citizens of the world and brethren with all mankind."

A letter was also received from Henry George regretting that he could not acknowledge the honor they wished to pay him by being present.

When coffee had been served President Johnson called for order, and with a few brief remarks introduced the vice-president of the club, W. F. Bien, to respond to the first toast: "The Central single tax club." Mr. Bien said that he arose to speak with much the same feeling that would animate one member of a united and happy household if asked to respond to the toast "Our Family." He then reviewed the history of the club and showed how aptly it illustrated the manner in which "tall oaks from little acorns grow." Mr. Carter had read a copy of THE STANDARD one day while returning home on a street car. He became impressed with the truths there set forth. He interested others in the articles, and in a short time a few friends began meeting at each other's houses on certain evenings in the week to study "Progress and Poverty." Finally a club was started and organized under the name of Land and labor club No. 9, with seven members. The membership increased; soon it became necessary to hire a hall. Then the genial and earnest Tom L. Johnson became the club's president. Soon the old name was discarded and the name the Central single tax club took its place. Mr. Bien then spoke of the great hopes for the future. "When we see grim, gaunt misery stalking onward," said he; "when we see man ground down, op-

pressed, until his very features begin to take upon them the aspect of the brute; when we see this and think what might be, we feel that we cannot rest, that we must cry aloud and teach this gospel until these wrongs shall be righted and man shall stand out free and independent. We remember that but a few years ago there was a band of reformers who were reviled and scoffed at, who were stoned and mobbed—and yet that band of abolitionists went on until the curse of slavery was abolished. We feel that the time will and must come when our anticipations will be realized and all men shall be free and equal, not only in name but in fact."

President Johnson then responded to the toast of "Henry George." "Had I the eloquence of Antony," said he in beginning, "I could not do justice to that toast." His address consisted of a brief biographical sketch, interspersed with pleasant anecdotes, and contained many high tributes of esteem. His remarks were listened to with rapt attention and at the close he was loudly applauded.

The next toast, "The Single Tax," was responded to by Mr. A. E. Buell in place of Mr. F. L. Carter, the secretary of the club, who was to have spoken, but who was prevented from being present by illness. Mr. Buell made a very skillful speech, commencing with a declaration of first principles and following with an explanation in detail of the method of applying the proposed tax.

Mr. C. W. Whitmarsh spoke next of "Free Trade." Ever since he could remember he had heard more or less of free traders, but he had never met one until he met Henry George. Whenever he had questioned others, free traders in bygone days, they had always given evasive answers which left a reasonable doubt as to whether they really were or were not free traders. At the time of meeting Henry George he was a firm protectionist. He said he didn't know any better. Since then he had received the light and now he was a single tax advocate and free trader for all time.

The toast "Landlordism" was treated by L. E. Simon in a carefully prepared paper, in which he took the stand that the world had made no real progress. He said that when our untutored forefathers were gathering shells and clams on the seashore, one would generally prevail upon some others, by using a club by way of persuasion, to give him part of their gatherings of clams. This was the landlord. He was the same landlord to-day, only that his methods were slightly more refined.

Mr. C. H. Nau next handled the toast, "Equal Rights, Equal Opportunities, Equality," in a manner that proved him to be thoroughly conversant with the subject. He spoke of the way the principles of equality were incorporated in the constitution and American system of government, but called attention to the fact that, notwithstanding the American boast of equal rights, there was about as much inequality to be found in the social conditions of this country as anywhere else.

The last toast on the programme, "The Press," was responded to by Mr. Will Backus, jr., editor of the American Union, which is a fearless exponent of the single tax principles. Mr. Backus's address was pregnant with thought. "It is often boastfully asserted," he asserted, "that the newspapers lead public opinion. They do not. As a whole, they simply follow and reflect public opinion. In fact, it is no injustice to say that they are more often found catering to public opinions and tastes, even of the baser sort, than attempting to lead the way to any better and purer plane which might be unpopular through being misunderstood. This is why you find the great journals of civilization giving only a few lines in some obscure portion of the paper to a great moral and social reform movement that vitally concerns the welfare of all humanity, but devoting whole pages with thundering headlines to the latest prize-fight."

The explanation of this is not far to seek: "The newspaper graveyard is full of journals that have tried to lead public opinion. The same unjust and unequal social conditions that breed millionaires and paupers side by side, and place an ever present fear of poverty in the heart of industry, meet the newspaper publisher upon the threshold of his career and force him to ignore the higher moral considerations involved in his undertaking in order to more fully devote his energies to the mad race for the almighty dollar and the struggle for existence. Among none is this state of affairs better known and more deeply deplored than among the editors and newspaper writers themselves. They are brought into contact with all the kaleidoscopic phases of human existence. They see the forces at work that cause men to fatten at each other's expense and leave wretchedness and suffering in their trail; and to the credit of the editors be it said, that notwithstanding their curtailed opportunities, they have made of the press of the country the greatest power for the uplifting and enlightenment of mankind known to civilization. It was a newspaper reporter who made plain to his fellowmen the unjust and un-American system of taxation now in vogue, whose bright intellect sought out in detail the causes which make misery and want go hand in hand with progress in a land of plenty, and who evolved a remedy based upon common sense and common justice between man and man, which has become the bright star of hope for the

downtrodden and suffering of all nations." Before closing the proceedings the president called upon Mr. A. Potwin of Zanesville, and Messrs. Stark, W. K. Fields and Samuel Moseley for a few words. When their remarks had been concluded it was past midnight.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Prof. Hamlin Garland Finds Time to Scatter Some Seed There

EAST EPPING, N. H., Aug. 15.—Hedding camp ground contains a village now of fifteen hundred people—quite largely teachers, preachers and students seeking vacation for a week or two. A village peculiarly open to conviction, one would say, on a moral issue. I have been delivering a series of lectures upon American literature during the last ten days and to-day I spoke upon the single tax, thus opening my fall campaign. I had many ministers and teachers to hear me and they listened an hour and forty minutes, and would have listened longer, I guess, if I could have spared time and strength. As one man said, "This is a live issue and we're greedy to hear it." Many came to shake hands with me, some silently, others to say, "You're on the right track." The whole village will be discussing it pro and con before to-morrow night. If I can I will return and speak next week, when the Chautauqua assembly takes place.

The most of these people have felt the sting of poverty and are ready to inquire into the cause of its prevalence amidst abundance. The farm houses all about here are poor, bare, unpainted; and as the farmers drive in their horses are gaunt and spiritless. Every evidence of hard work and poor living—the same old story. I didn't convince them all of the efficacy of the single tax but I set them all thinking and reading, which is quite enough for the present.

At the close of my summer term of literature at the Boston school of oratory I spoke (at the request of my pupils) upon our reform and made some strong convictions. Every one of those people I reach thus becomes in turn an evangel of the new faith. It seems little to do, but my knowledge of life tells me that the impetus given another soul, perhaps unconsciously, may have infinite reach and infinite harvest of results. I write this to encourage those who see so little coming directly from their battle against wrong, but work as it is in ignorance and prejudice.

I was down at Kittery the other day and saw the old Constitution rocking idly at her wharf, and one of the first things I saw as I entered her side were the letters in gold: "Don't give up the ship." And I thought of the ship we have manned, and I determined to write and say, "Don't think of giving up the ship, and don't 'go below' too much. Take your turn at the watch. During the summer a great many have gone below to eat and sleep or smoke, or to growl at the man at the wheel. Now, every man on deck! Open the port holes and run the double-shotted guns out. As the somewhat grandiloquent Cooper used to say, 'Let her show her teeth.'"

Dropping figures of speech (which are sure to betray us), I think the coming winter a good time to spread our theory. Men are disheartened by the failure of a protective administration to do them good, and they will be moved to listen to us. I predict a very wide diffusion of the single tax idea this year.

I shall go out as often as I can leave my work in the city, and will cheerfully respond to letters on the matter. Our friends should be sure they have strength enough to support a meeting before going to the expense of getting a speaker.

It may be advisable to hear from the single tax men of Massachusetts soon, in order to form a state league and executive committee. Our secretary, Mr. E. M. White, 208 Main street, is always glad to hear from organizations, and keeps a record of them.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

To Increase the Sale of The Standard.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 12.—The newsboy at the junction of Ninth and Main streets to-day commenced selling THE STANDARD. I passed there at dinner time and asked him for a copy. He went to the corner and fished one out of a sack concealed behind an iron post. "Is this what you mean?" he asked. I replied that it was, and asked him why he did not sing it out, assuring him that there would be plenty of purchasers. Upon returning to my work I had the gratification of hearing him yell at the top of his lungs, "Times Journal, St. Louis Post-Dispatch and New York STANDARD."

Why could this not be done everywhere?

CHARLES E. REID.

To Organize a Club in East Saginaw.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 12.—I have left a slip of paper at the post office news stand and would like to have single tax men of Saginaw and vicinity wishing to organize a single tax club to sign their names, with their address. Or if they please they may communicate with me.

J. R. GIBBONS,
F. P. M. depot.

Good!

Salt Lake Herald. It is darkly hinted that the upshot of Waggoner's controversy with Norvin Green will be a postal telegraph.

GETTING VERY, VERY TIRED.

Business Men of Boston Protest About the Tariff—They Want Congress to Leave Them Alone—Some of the Protectionists, Too, are Beginning to Think They are Having Too Much of a Good Thing.

Boston.—We have had a visit here of one senate committee, and another is to be here shortly. The business men have had an opportunity to express their views to the committee, and the daily papers have given very good reports of what has been said before that committee. From every person who has anything to say on the matter which the committee has been here to investigate (in reference to the Canadian railroads), in no case will be heard any other words than that "Congress ought to let us alone." Even the rankest protection papers in the country, the Traveller and Advertiser and Record affirm, editorially, that if Congress interferes with the carrying trade of New England our industries will be ruined. To us single tax men this is good news. That is, it brings before the people for discussion, and that is what we want, the fact of government interfering with business. Now, what is it that this committee is here investigating? Simply that the Boston merchant, in dealing with our own western merchants, shall send their goods over American railroads. That is all the Home market club said last election that protection wanted, and all it meant. But lo! here are the three strong protection papers, editorially, and all the members of the Home market club, not to mention all the democratic papers, strongly opposing any interference on the part of Congress, and holding that we should have the right to use the Canadian roads in our transcontinental traffic. The Boston Herald (independent) has given the matter more space, editorially and otherwise, than all the rest of our papers, and it tells the truth when it says: "We have not heard the last of this yet. Our great iron industries have left us, and other great industries will soon follow, in consequence of the tariffs unnecessarily imposed, and in the next session of Congress it is not unlikely that our congressmen and senators will ask for the duty on coal and other raw materials to be withdrawn."

The question clubs in and around Boston are doing a very good work. The Boston Herald recently published a lot of knotty tariff questions propounded by a long list of the most prominent business men of that city, and addressed to United States Senators Henry L. Daves and George F. Hoar, and Representatives John F. Andrew, Joseph H. O'Neil, Nathaniel P. Banks, Henry Cabot Lodge and John W. Chandler. From this it will be seen that the business men are waking up.

Governor Ames also has signed a petition to Congress, asking for free coal, free iron ore, etc. This same governor is the man who ran last fall on the banner inscribed "Protection!" Verily, one might ask, "Am I awake or am I dreaming?"

It will be readily seen that the only question to-day before the people is that of tariff. But of all the arguments that have ever been put forth in favor of protection, the following takes the cake, especially, be it remembered, when this same paper said last fall that the Cobden club of England had sent vast sums of money to this country to help free trade along, and the only time that England had any use for an Irishman was when he came to this country and voted for free trade. The Boston Traveller is the paper, and this is what it said on August 8:

A SIGNIFICANT MOVEMENT OF CAPITAL.

One of the marked features of the present industrial and business situation is the increasing volume of English capital which is being invested in American enterprises. A large number of the most prosperous breweries have been absorbed by these Englishmen, and offers for steel, iron, cotton and other mills have been numerous and flattering. English money is simply seeking profitable investment. A significant feature of this phenomena is this: There were no signs of this movement of English capital previous to the presidential election of last November. The issue then before the country, and which it was recognized was to be settled by that election, was free trade vs. protection. Mr. Cleveland had sent his free trade message to Congress, the democratic party had approved that message in its national platform and had made Mr. Cleveland a candidate for re-election on that issue. The republican party had declared emphatically for the continuance of a protective policy and was making its light on protective lines. There was during the progress of that campaign no movement of English capital to America. English capitalists understood very well that in the event of democratic success and the adoption of a free trade policy in the United States, English capital would be needed at home in addition to the capacity of English manufacturing plants and in starting up those that were idle. The republican party won and it was made evident that for at least four years the policy of protection would not be broken down. With this knowledge began the flow of capital to the United States. Capital, whatever its nationality, is proverbially timid, none more so than in the hands of Englishmen. But English capital is not afraid of protection.

All this kind of reading must be good news to the workingman. This same paper a short time ago told us of the English capital that came here to form the gas trust, and now the Roxbury gas company and D. Rochester gas company have shut down and thrown

hundreds of men on the labor market. And yet our trades union won't "see the cat." Yes, protection is a good thing for capital, at first; but where does the workingman come in.

We single tax men will do some good work this fall and winter. Our club at Neponset will be closed until September, when we intend to reopen and keep open every evening, with a public meeting once a week. I am positive we will start a good working club at Harrison square this fall, and as there are clubs in Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown and Boston, surely we ought to push the work along vigorously.

JOHN LAVIS,
President S. T. club.

TO HONOR JUDGE MAGUIRE.

The Chicago Club will Give Him a Reception at the Madison Street Theatre—Other Matters of Interest.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—To-night's meeting was glorious. The house was crowded and the speaker of the evening gave us a treat that will abide with us in pleasant memory for many a day to come. Mr. Thomas Hanford was the man and John Bright was his subject. He is a powerful speaker, and the fire of deep and earnest conviction burned in every sentence of his tribute to the anti corn law agitator. He spoke for more than an hour, fairly enchainning his audience.

The Rev. Charles F. Goss, pastor of the famous Moody church, rose to move a vote of thanks to the orator, and in doing so read Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Reformer." Dr. Clinton Forbush seconded Mr. Goss's motion with a few apt remarks.

Then Mr. Frank Pearson sang with fine effect a song of which Mr. Hanford was the author.

On maturer consideration the proposed banquet has been abandoned, and a public meeting in honor of Judge Maguire, as he passes through this city on his way east, will be given instead, probably at the Madison street theatre. The exact date of his visit is not yet known, but it will be somewhere between August 30 and September 6. We hope to give him a rousing reception, and it is desired that every single tax man in the city shall lend his assistance to the committee which has the matter in charge.

The speaker for Thursday evening is Josiah Edson, a board of trade man. Among the speakers which we expect to have in the near future are Rev. Mr. Goss, Edwin O. Brown and Dr. Henry Litchford.

WARREN WORTH BAILEY.

At the Jersey City Grove Meeting.

Everett Glackin and John W. Jakeway were to have been the speakers before the Standard single tax club at the grove, Jersey City, on Sunday, but for some unexplained reason they failed to appear. The meeting was opened by William Saul, who gave a short address upon the single tax. He was followed by Dr. David Wark of the West Side club, New York, who gave an excellent address, in which he referred to the present social status, which he said compared with the declining days of Rome, whose fall he clearly pointed out was due to land monopoly and consequent enslavement and degeneration of the people, and he warned his hearers of a similar fate awaiting us unless land monopoly was abolished. His address received much applause. Mr. A. P. Brown made a short but impressive speech appealing to that sense of duty in men which is the bulwark and stay of everything good and progressive. Mr. Johnson followed. So well did he handle the historic part of the subject that he called for round after round of applause.

Mr. Thomas G. Shearman is announced to speak there next Sunday. WILLIAM SAUL.

Mr. Bailey Should Be Well Supported in This Work.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—Single tax men throughout the Union and Canada are urgently requested to send me all the important news relating to the progress of the reform in their respective localities, as I have been offered space for such matter in a progressive democratic journal which covers a wide field. I am inclined to regard this opportunity as a most fortunate one, and it is my purpose to improve it to the utmost consistent with the conditions that will naturally govern in the matter. Such facts as those brought out in Assessor Mead's recent letter in THE STANDARD will be of particular service, and the accession of prominent men to the ranks will merit notice.

WARREN WORTH BAILEY.

491 Cleveland avenue.

Business With Mr. Secretary Noble and Mr. Superintendent Porter.

St. Louis.—The league here is strong and growing; it now has a fine large room at Eighth and Olive, for which it pays \$18 per month, and is open every night, and holds regular weekly public meetings. We have gotten Mr. Secretary Noble and Mr. Superintendent Porter on the hip in a question as to the census, and will follow up the advantage by sending circulars to all leagues and kindred organizations asking them to insist upon having the debt statistics accurately recorded in the census. B. C. Keeler, H. Martin Williams and Hamlin Russell have been appointed a committee to look after the matter.

A QUIET WORKING.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The royal commissioners for inquiring into the housing of the working classes quote in their report from Lord Shaftesbury: "The effect of the one-room system is physically and morally beyond all description. In the first place, the one-room system always leads, as far as I have seen, to the one-bed system. If you go into these single rooms you may sometimes find two beds, but you will generally find one bed occupied by the whole family, in many of these cases consisting of father, mother and son; or of father and daughter; or brothers and sisters. It is impossible to say how fatal the result of that is. It is totally destructive to all benefit from education. It is a benefit to the children to be absent during the day at school, but when they return to their homes, in one hour they unlearn everything they have acquired during the day."

Further, the commissioners state: "Rents in the congested districts of London are getting gradually higher, and wages are not rising, and there is a prospect, therefore, of the disproportion between the rent and wages growing still greater."

They suggest a remedy for this overcrowding as follows: "At present, land available for building in the neighborhood of our populous centers, though its capital value is very great, it is probably producing a small yearly return until it is let for building. The owners of this vacant land are rated, not in relation to the real value, but to the actual annual income. They can thus afford to keep their land out of the market and to part with only small quantities, so as to raise the price beyond the natural price which the land would command by its advantages of position. Meantime, the general expenditure of the town on improvements is increasing the value of their property. If this land were rated at, say, four per cent on its selling value, the owners would have a more direct incentive to part with it to those who are desirous of building, and a two-fold advantage result to the community. First, all the valuable property would contribute to the rates, and thus the burden on the occupier would be diminished by the increase in the rateable property. Secondly, the owners of the building land would be forced to offer the land for sale, and thus their competition with one another would bring down the price of building land and so diminish the tax in the shape of ground rent, or price paid for land, which is now levied on urban enterprise by the adjacent land owners, a tax, be it remembered, which is no recompense for any industry or expenditure on their part, but it is the natural result of the industry and activity of the townspeople themselves."

The following letter from the executive committee of the English land restoration league was read by Rev. Stewart D. Headlam at the farewell meeting in London in honor of Henry George on July 18:

To Henry George, esq., Dear Sir:

In wishing you "farewell" after your most successful campaign, the executive of the English land restoration league desire to offer you their special thanks for the immense impetus which your presence with us, and your incessant and self-sacrificing labors among us during the past four months, have given to the cause in England. The league, which owes its formation to one of your earlier campaigns in this country, has seen greater progress made during the past five years than some of its members once thought possible during a whole generation. True, we still remain the only organized society in England which consistently advocates the total abolition of landlordism by the method of the single tax. Nevertheless, we everywhere see the thin edge of the single tax wedge entering into English practical politics. "The taxation of land values" was one of the principal test questions in the recent election of the first county council for London, and some of the most important work of the council since its election has been done with a view to carrying out the mandate which it then received from the London democracy on this question. Every parliamentary bye-election now brings the question to the front; local government bodies are everywhere discussing it; the liberal and radical associations are placing it in their political programmes; the London liberal members bring bills into parliament to make the now untaxed properties of the ground landlords contribute to the municipal expenses. Even within the last few days the London school board has memorialized parliament in favor of the rating of vacant land according to its value.

We feel more deeply than we can express how much we owe, and how much the whole English speaking people owe, to the splendid enthusiasm, clear thought, and untiring energy which you have brought to our aid. We feel that the best way in which we can show our gratitude is to labor on in our common cause with renewed enthusiasm and increased energy, and we hope and believe that many of those who during this campaign have been brought to see the true cause of the increase of poverty in the midst of increasing wealth, will throw in their lot with us, and help to make our work more effective in the future than in the past.

Heartily wishing you God speed in your noble work for humanity, we are, dear sir, your faithful comrades in the cause,

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE E. L. R. L.

To those who need it here is evidence taken from the People's Journal of Dundee of the direction of the wind:

We wish that our politicians could read the correspondence in the Journal on Mr. Henry George and his land restoration policy. It would show them how very strongly in earnest a large number of thoughtful workmen are on the subject of land reform, and how much a burning and blazing question the land question will become if practical reforms are long delayed. The correspondence is a remarkable revelation of the strength of Mr. George's following. It has been largely a one-sided correspondence. Mr. George's followers may be more active

of mind and more ready and eager to express their ideas than the followers of the other side; but, whatever the cause may be, it is certain that as letter writers they outnumber their opponents, and excel them in the vigor with which they defend their cause.

The London Democrat says: The return presented to the London school board by its school management committee is simply heartbreaking. Day by day nearly 44,000 little children attend our board schools "in want of food." Voluntary agencies provide about 800 cheap breakfasts and 13,000 cheap dinners daily, and by the same means 7,913 free breakfasts and 26,585 free dinners are supplied. Nevertheless, 24,739 children, in a city where every house is within the sound of church bells, "do not obtain enough food."

The Liverpool Financial Reformer says: Mr. George expresses his opinion that we are on the eve of a movement on the land question which will equal in intensity that of the anti-corn law agitation, and we agree with him. It is on the lines of our programme that the battle will be fought, and we feel confident that our subscribers, who have for so long borne the burden and heat of the day, will see the fruit of their labors and their sacrifices, and find the whole nation ready to acknowledge that the principles the members of this association have been constantly pressing forward, are founded on justice and equity and conducive in the highest degree to the national well-being.

During this time of the year, hundreds of people sleep in the open air in London, and many of them make beds of the seats on the Thames embankment. The murder in Whitechapel on Monday night last has moved the police to make more stringent regulations. Now poor people who would sleep in the streets are told to "Move on." Yes, but where shall they move to?—[London Echo.]

Here is a candidate's catechism, prepared by English radicals:

Ask your candidate:

1. Will you vote for the reassessment of the land tax of four shillings in the pound on the true yearly value of the land, so that it shall be paid on the current value of the land, instead of (as at present) on the value which the land had in 1692?
2. Will you, if elected, press for the abolition of the "breakfast table duties" (taxes on tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, currants, raisins, figs, plums and prunes) and for the substitution of direct taxes on land values?
3. Are you in favor of the rating of ground rents and values for all local purposes?
4. Will you use your best endeavors to give legislative effect to the recommendation of the royal commission of the housing of the working classes, that vacant land should be assessed to local rates at four per cent on its selling value?
5. Will you support the nationalization of mining rents and mineral royalties?
6. Will you press for an inquiry into the alienation of common lands, whether under inclosure acts or otherwise, and the restoration of such lands to the people?
7. Will you oppose any scheme, by whatsoever government it may be brought forward, for buying out Irish or other landlords, at the expense or under the guarantee of the taxpayers, or for creating a new class of landlords under the name of "peasant proprietors?"
8. Will you advocate in parliament the abolition of all the taxation which now presses upon labor, and the products of labor, and the earnings of labor; and the substitution of a single tax upon the value of all land, whether used, or let, or held idle by the holder?

From time immemorial the people of Assynt, Scotland, had been wont to cut peats on the Oldney Island, so that everyone in the district thought it the most natural thing in the world to go there for fuel. The peat was plentiful and good, and costing nothing, was much esteemed. But one day the lord of Oldney Island, the Duke of Sutherland, issued an interdict, given him by a cunning lawyer, against the continuance of the practice of cutting fuel. One old man, William Graham, to whom the interdict was an unintelligible piece of paper, continued the practice. The Duke ordered his arrest. When brought before the sheriff he pleaded guilty to the charge, but explained that not being able to read or write, he did not understand the nature of the paper given to him. "I wish to say that I shall not do it again. I am a very poor man, and met with an accident some time ago. I have seven of a family, though some of them are beginning to do a little for themselves now." When the officer called for Graham he had to borrow some respectable clothes, and he left his house without any meal in it for his children's support. In a spirit of bitter irony, the sheriff remarked that the law did not recognize rich or poor, and sentenced Graham to pay a fine of £3, or suffer imprisonment for ten days. The poor peat-gatherer went to prison.

Few men talk more of what is called "rot" than persons of the Primrose league in church. The Rev. Mr. Hoskyns, rector of Stepney, addressing a meeting at Reading, had the extraordinary audacity to state that if the people of the east end of London had to deal with the royal grants, instead of £36,000, they would give £100,000. Now, is this an invention, or is it crass and bottomless ignorance? In either case, it is reprehensible to the last degree. One does not see the name of this Reverend Hoskyns in movements connected with the welfare of the poor, and probably the good man has never once paused to consider that advice of Jesus to the rich young man, which he must have read a thousand times—"Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor." He, on the contrary, would reverse the advice, and would say to the poor of the east end of London, "Sell all thou hast, and give it to royalty."

The following case is a curious commentary

upon the bold assertion made by the Reverend Hoskyns as related in the preceding paragraph: "Had you 5s. a week to live on?" asked a coroner of an old man in the east end of London, upon whose dead wife an inquest was being held a day or two ago. "Lord bless you, no, sir!" replied the man; "not when the rent was paid!" The old man and his wife sold watercress and shrimps, and for many years had managed to struggle on at this rate of living without having recourse to the parish. The medical evidence was to the effect that the deceased woman had required a more nourishing diet, and that her death was hastened by her extreme debility. "There was always a crust of bread, and we didn't want much," was her husband's remark to the coroner. The moral of this case is that it is only typical of many thousands of similar cases in London, and, indeed, in all our large towns. Yet, with this skeleton constantly at the feast, we are voting away thousands a year for members of an idle and useless royal family; and we have parsons of the state church impudently and ignorantly stating that the people of the east end of London—most of whom are little better off than this poor shrimp seller—would gladly have voted an addition of £100,000 a year, instead of £36,000, as an endowment for the two eldest children of the prince of Wales.—[Reynolds's Weekly.]

When the "Newspaper publishing company," which owns the London Star, was formed, Mr. T. P. O'Connor showed his confidence in the success of the venture by taking the common shares and letting those who were more doubtful take the preferred shares. The difference between the two was that the preferred shares were to take any profits that might accrue up to six per cent per annum before any dividends were declared on the common stock. But the common stock was to receive all the profits over and above the six per cent paid the preferred stock. As a result of the great success of this radical paper the common stock receives a much larger dividend than the preferred, and those who had confidence in the future of the paper are well rewarded.

A condensed summary of the recent trip of Henry George in Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent shows that meetings were held as follows:

In London.—At Bermondsey, Camberwell, Holborn, Lambeth, Plumstead, St. Pancras, Stepney, Shoreditch, Wandsworth, Westminster, Woolwich.

Home Counties.—Wansted, Woodford and Stratford in Essex; Dartford and Maidstone in Kent.

Eastern Counties.—Lynn, Lincoln.

Midlands.—Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Dudley, Wednesbury, Birmingham.

South.—Reading.

Northern Counties.—Bradford, Pudsey, Bury, Manchester, Bolton, Ashton, Liverpool, Sunderland, Consett, Altwick, Ashington, Blyth, Newcastle, Workington.

Wales (South).—Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, Risca.

Scotland.—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Greenock, Paisley, Perth, Selkirk, Dumfries, Campbeltown, Irvine, Brechin.

Ireland.—Belfast, Dublin.

Abroad.—Paris, Amsterdam.

Reynolds's Weekly announces that the Cobden club are offering a prize of £50 for the best essay on the comparative advantages to production of tenancy in any of its various forms and of cultivating ownership. "This offer ought to call forth a host of responses," says Reynolds's, "for the people day by day are becoming more convinced that with our land system is bound up most of the burning social and political questions that are now agitating the community. The Cobden club, which has just held its annual meeting, justified its continued existence by the persistent attempts made by the Tories to reintroduce protection to this country, the latest instance of which is the sugar bill. So long as the land is monopolized by the few, so long as we have fraudulent trusts and trade rings, so long as professional agitators accept bribes to get up a spurious feeling in favor of protection, so long will it be necessary for the Cobden club to hold aloft the uncompromising banner of free trade."

To Whom This Land Belongs.

Carlyle.

"Properly speaking, the land belongs to these two: to the Almighty God, and to all His children of men that ever have worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell land on any other principle; it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it."

"What shall we say of the idle aristocracy, the owners of the soil of England; whose recognized function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the partridges of England, and as agreeable amusement (if the purchase money and other conveniences serve), dilettanteing in parliament and quarter sessions for England? . . . That such a class is transitory, exceptional, and unless nature's laws fall dead, cannot continue."

It Has Been Found, and Will Soon be Popularly Used.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Speaking of elixirs it is a pity that some elixir cannot be found to brace up the wages of workers in protected industries.

Making a Branch.

Clinton, Ind., Argus.

The republicans of Franklin county, Ohio, have nominated Adam Kitchner, a thorough single tax man for state representative.

TARIFF NOTES.

If the sincere friends of the protective policy are wise they will no longer resist the admission of all raw materials, not chiefly the product of labor at home, which would enlarge our industries, cheapen necessities to consumers, increase the demand for and wages of labor, supply our home markets with home materials and open new markets abroad for our products.—[Philadelphia Times.]

"The tariff," says the Cleveland Leader, "may or may not be a tax, according to circumstances." A year ago the Leader and other protection organs were very emphatic in the declaration that tariff was not tax.—[Kansas City Star.]

It would have been honest if the republican spellbinders had said last fall to the workmen: "You may possibly get more pay under Mr. Harrison, but you will have to strike for it." It was not to be expected that they would predict any of the reductions that have taken place.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Among the many shams and humbugs that exist to-day, the greatest is the taxes placed upon industry in every form.—[Baltimore Critic.]

We should like to ask a question on the line of protection logic. If a tariff to keep out cheap foreign goods is protective because it enables American manufacturers to pay high wages, whence this recent antipathy to trusts? A trust is only a means of extorting high prices from consumers, and if high prices make higher wages, why can a protectionist object to a trust?—[Rockville, Ind., Tribune.]

The monopoly taxers realize that the tariff question is still an open one, and that it will be the overshadowing issue in the next national campaign, whether politicians and party managers will let it so or not. They are preparing for a desperate struggle, and it is for tariff reformers to govern themselves accordingly.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

A valuable bed of silica has been discovered at the bottom of a Maine lake. Now for a high tariff on the pauper silica of Europe, and presto! a full fledged, tariff protected monopoly.—[Boston Globe.]

The demand for tariff revision is becoming so strong now even in the republican party, that congress will find it impossible to shirk its duty in relation to this matter when it again assembles.—[Kansas City Star.]

The price of iron has advanced a little, which is a good thing for the Pennsylvania trust, but we shall have to wait a little to see the effect of it on wages.—[Brooklyn Citizen.]

Harrison was elected to bring good times to the laboring man, but during July there were seventy-seven strikes, involving 19,986 men, representing a population of 100,000. "Protection" is a great scheme.—[Salt Lake Herald.]

The Single Tax and Socialism.

London Christian Commonwealth.

Every question is linked with some correlative question. The two correlatives of the new economies are Georgeism and socialism. It is interesting to listen to a man like Mr. Henry George, even if his propositions are not all at first clearly understood. It seems that many people who do not yet fully comprehend the drift of "Georgeism" imagine that it is identical with socialism. The reason is that they think everything is socialism which is opposed to the customary order. Now, this is a most confusing error, as the late great debate between Mr. George and Mr. Hyndman so clearly showed. The single tax is as much opposed to socialism as both are to the old order of things. The truth is that there are many proposed systems of social reconstruction which are utterly antagonistic to the present sociology, but the difficulty is that this mutual opposition is the only agreement among them. They are all bitterly opposed to each other. It is just this which is hopelessly confounding the public mind. One writer neatly claims that "the single tax doctrine is the gospel of freedom, while socialism preaches restriction." What we wish at the moment to point out is not what are the respective merits or demerits of the two systems, but simply that they are implacably at variance. Now, as socialism is in the air, it is only wise that every man should pause to ask socialists what is their definite aim. We have several times shown that there is a socialism, viz., that of the New Testament, which would constitute a true regeneration of society, but that this is not what is usually understood by socialism in the present popular sense of the term. In fact, socialists are all at sea, drifting about after definitions and explanations of what socialism is.

An Opinion from an Opponent.

St. Paul Globe.

It is not so certain that the George doctrine is so unpopular in New York as some of the metropolitan press would have us to believe. The single tax idea has taken well in all commercial centers, both in this country and in Great Britain. One would be surprised to mix with the commercial classes here in the northwest and find how many persons there are who quietly give assent to the George doctrine. It is growing in popularity among the working classes, and altogether Mr. George has a more respectable following in this country than is usually imagined.

That May be What We Want, But We Didn't Vote That Way Last Election.

Hon. John G. Carlisle to the Mexican Congress.

We (the United States) do not want your territory, but we do want your trade and your friendship. We want to see the closest commercial relations established and maintained between these two great North American republics, so that by an easy interchange of products they may increase the comforts of their people and contribute to the prosperity of each other.

Harrison, Tex.—J. McCollum.
Hartington, Neb.—John H. Feiber.
Haverhill, Mass.—Arthur F. Brock.
Helena, Mont.—Judge J. M. Clements, secretary Montana single tax association.
Hempstead, N. Y.—George H. Van Winkle.
Hoton, Kan.—J. J. Avery.
Hot Springs, Ark.—W. Albert Chapman.
Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—F. S. Hammond.
Houston, Tex.—H. F. Rupp, corporation attorney.
Humboldt, Kas.—O. C. Morgan, M. D.
Illion, N. Y.—George Smith, P. O. box 502.
Indianapolis, Ind.—I. P. Custer, president Single tax league Fortia lot Co. 115 Meridian st.; Chas. H. Krause, bookkeeper, Vreugden's hardware store, E Wash st., Dubois, N. C. 112 College; Augustus, 75 East State street, Janvier, N. J.—S. B. Walsh.
Jersey City, N. J.—Joseph Dana Mills, secretary Standard Single tax club, 86 Sage avenue.
Kansas City, Mo.—Chas. E. Gold, 2124 Highland avenue.
Kentonia, W. Va.—W. L. Johnson.
Kittsburgh, Ill.—M. McDonald.
Kingston, N. Y.—Theodore M. Romeyn.
Lansingburgh, N. Y.—James McMann, 21 Edgewood st.
Lonsdale, Ill.—Dr. L. F. Garvin.
Leoston, Mo.—E. D. Clegg, cottage street.
Lexington, Ky.—James Edwin.
Little Rock, Ark.—Sol T. Clark.
London, England—William Saunders, 177 Palace Chambers, Westminster.
Louisiana, La.—H. Dodge, 30 North Alameda street;
W. A. Cole, 149 South Hill; or a Vinette, P. O. St. Don.
Lowell, Mass.—Henry Robertson, 5 Metcalf block, Kildere street.
Lytle, Minn.—C. F. Wenham.
Lynchburg, Va.—Thos Williamsor, cor Fifth and Church streets.
Lynn, Mass.—Theodore P. Perkins, 14 South Common street.
Madison, Dak.—The Lake S. T. Club, E. H. Evenson.
Madison, Wis.—P. S. Hecker, president Free trade club; Robert Richardson, secretary.
Malden Mass.—George W. Cox, G. Enwood street.
Manistee, Mich.—Albert Wainey or W. R. Hall.
Manchester, O.—W. J. Higgins, manager Western union telegraph office.
Mariboro, Mass.—Geo. A. E. Reynolds.
Marlborough, N. Y.—C. H. Baildon.
Mart. Tex.—J. L. Caldwell, chairman Ninth congressional district organizer.
Maryland, Md.—F. Ralston, Sr., president Montana single tax association.
Massillon, O.—Victor Burnett, 78 East South street.
Maunatus, Indian Ocean—Robert A. Rohan, 8 Pump street, Port Louis.
Memphis, Tenn.—R. Brown, secretary Tariff reform club; Madison street; Bolton Smith, 235 Alabama street.
Middletown, Conn.—John G. Hopkins, P. O. box 580.
Middleton, N. Y.—Chas. H. Fuller, 145 P. O. box 115.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Peter McHugh, 145 Fourth street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—J. H. Dunn, president Single tax league, 402 W. Franklin avenue; E. L. Ryder, secretary.
Mobile, Ala.—E. Q. Norton, 23 South Royal street.
Mt Pleasant, Iowa—A. O. Pieher, M. D.
Mt Vernon, N. Y.—J. J. Latberg.
Murrayville, Ill.—William Caum, president Democratic club.
Nashville, Tenn.—Mrs Wm Man, 212 N High street.
Neponset, Mass.—Q. A. Lathrop, member Henry George club; 13 Walnut street.
Newark, N. J.—Roy Hugh O. Pentecost, 56 Oriental street.
New Brighton, Pa.—John Seltz, 1 North Broadway.
Newbury, N. Y.—D. McKay, secretary Single tax club, 108 Second street.
Newburyport, Mass.—Wm R. Whitmore, secretary Mercantile assembly, Herald office.
New Haven, Conn.—Willard D. Warren, room 11, 102 Orange street; Alfred Smith, 106 Day street.
New Orleans, La.—John S. Walters, Maritime association.
Newport, Ky.—Joseph L. Behraar, secretary Single tax league, 247 Southgate street; Will C James, 89 Taylor street.
New Westminster, Brit. Col.—Alex Hamilton, member Tax reform association.
Norfolk, Va.—Edward K. Robertson, secretary Alpha club, P. O. drawer 5.
North Adams, Mass.—Willard M. Browne, 13 Marshall street; E. S. Myers, P. O. box 357.
North Springfield, Mo.—K. P. Alexander, 1826 North Booneville street.
Norwalk, Conn.—James H. Habcock, lock box 52.
Oberlin, O.—Edw B Haskell.
Ocean, N. Y.—George 1891, pres. Single tax association Society Harbor, sec. 55 Railroad street.
Omaha, Neb.—John E. Embles, 422 Virginia avenue; Percy Popoon, pres single tax club, 1512 S 5th street; C. F. Beckert, sec., 1 W 6th 27th and blondo streets.
Orlando, Fla.—J. H. Garland, member Tax reform association.
Oswego, N. Y.—Alex Stillen, 160 West First street.
Owego, N. Y.—M. J. Murray, 18 Main st.
Passaic, N. J.—J. J. Barnard, 1st Washington place.
Paterson, N. J.—E. W. Wells, Chairman Passaic county single tax Cleveland campaign committee, 59 North Main street.
Parkersburg, W. Va.—W. J. Boreman, member of Single tax league.
Pawtucket, R. I.—Edward Barker, 23 Gooding street.
Peabody, Ore.—J. H. Jackson.
Peoria, Ill.—J. W. Avery.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wm J. Atkinson, 926 Chestnut street or A. H. Stephenson, 214 Chestnut street, secretary Henry George club.
Philmont, N. Y.—Charles R Hood, P. O. box 13.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Mark F. Roberts, 177 Carey alley.
Portland, Ore.—S. H. Higgen, 48 Stark street; H. Thompson.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—William C Albro.
Providence, R. I.—L. Thorne Grove, 32 Sutton st, ext; or Wm Barker, pres. Rhode Island single tax association.
Pulaski, N. Y.—G. V Harbottle.
Ravenswood, Ill.—H. Van Ornum.
Reading, Pa.—J. H. Jones, 1013 Penn street; Charles Schull, 15 N 6th street.
Reynolds's Bridge, Ont.—John Carreer, box 20.
Richmond, Ind.—M. Richter, 915 South A street; J. E. Huff, 136 South Third street.
Ridgeway, N. Y.—O. C. Sullivan.
River Falls, Wis.—George H Bates.
Rochester, N. Y.—Charles Avril, 7 Morrill street.
Roselle, N. J.—Fred Gordon.
Rutland, Vt.—T. H. Brown, 11 Cherry street.
San Diego, Cal.—A. Harvey, 139 10th street.
San Francisco, Cal.—Juare Jimenez, A. Aguero, Superio club.
San Luis Obispo, Cal.—Mrs Frances M Milne.
Seattle, Wash Ter.—Alexander Wall.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Wm H Adkinson, P. O. box 56.
Shelby, Conn.—J. H. Johnson, librarian Single tax club.
Shenandoah, Pa.—Morris Martin, president Single tax club; Thos Potts secretary.
Southboro, Mass.—S. H. Howes.
South Gaston, N. C.—W. L. M. Perkins.
Sparks, Nev.—Bush, or James R. Austin.
President Progressive association; John Steehan, secretary.
Spirit Lake, Iowa—J. W Schimpf, secretary Tariff reform club.
Springfield, Ill.—James H McGree, secretary Sangamon single tax club, 132 Clark avenue.
Springfield, Mo.—H. A. W. Janneman, 665 Nichols street.
St. Louis, Mo.—H. H. Hoffman, 119 N 6th street, president Single tax league; J. W Steele, 2213 Eugenia street, secretary.
Stockton, Cal.—J. Learned.
Stoneham, Mass.—Dr. W Symington Brown.
Streator, Ill.—George G Gunther.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Charles S Hopkins, 9 Seymour street; H. R. Perry, 149 South Clinton street; or F. A Paul, 4 North 1st street; or James R McGuire, secretary Single tax club, 59 Greene street.
Seabeck, W. Va. Ter.—J. Morrow.
Tubino, O.—J. P Travers, secretary Single tax club, No 1, 113 Summit street.
Tacoma, Wash.—T. D. Clarke, 1904 R st.
Toronto, Ont.—J. W Wood, 58 Lower Vennally st.
Trenton, N. J.—H. H. Matthews, 9 Howell street.
Troy, N. Y.—B B Martin.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Albert O Young.
Unionville, Conn.—John McAniff.
Uncasville, Ct.—Thos Swaneycey, 136 Elizabeth street, or Daniel M Buckley, grocer, southwest corner First and Catharine.
Victoria, B. C.—W. L. Sutton, E. and N. R. R Co.
Vincennes, Ind.—Hon Samuel W Williams, rooms 2 and 3rd block.
Waco, Tex.—Frank Grady, lawyer, 163 south 4th street.
Wakefield, R. I.—David Barrower.
Washington, D. C.—Dr. William Geddes, 1719 G street, N. W. secretary single tax league.
Weatherford, Okla.—J. H. Smith.
West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.—A B Stoddard.
Wheeling, W. Va.—John L. Frank, 2307 Eoff street.
Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y.—George Hurwell.
Whitman, Mass.—C. P. Bolin, cigar store; Thos Douglas, president Single tax club.
Woodstock, Ill.—A. W Cumins.
Worcester, Mass.—E. K Page, Lake View.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Joseph Butlerland.
Youngstown, O.—Blly Radcliffe, Radcliffe house.
Zanesville, Ohio—J. H. Johnson, 27 Van Thuren street; or A. A Potwin, pres. single tax club.

THE STANDARD.

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Scores of men in England have been summarily tried, convicted without appeal, and speedily hanged, without exciting other comment on this side of the water than a comparison of the effectiveness of British procedure in capital cases with our slow and uncertain processes. But now a beautiful American woman, a favorite in Liverpool society, has been brought to the bar, accused of murdering her husband; though defended by the leading barrister of England, the summing up of the presiding judge to the jury, in which he took pains to point out suspicious circumstances from which he inferred the prisoner's guilt, was too much for either the ingenuity of her counsel or such merit as her defense may have had, and she was convicted and sentenced to death. Her case is now the talk of all England, and most desperate efforts are making to save her life. That it was the summing up of the judge that convicted this woman seems to be generally conceded, and he is roundly abused. This he does not deserve, because in making his position that of advocate instead of judge he was merely following a common and long established practice in England, which some judges have occasionally tried to introduce in this country. The position of advocate and that of judge are so entirely antagonistic that it is strange anyone should ever have justified the practice of the English judges. It was a recognition of this, and of the disposition of judges to take a partisan hand in legal contests before them that led to the law in Illinois which allows counsel on each side to offer propositions of law to be submitted to the jury, and requires the judge to confine his charge to answering these propositions. This is a law which might be profitably considered by the legislatures of other states, and more profitably still by the British parliament.

Another feature of Mrs. Maybrick's case that will seem peculiarly harsh to Americans is the fact that she can not have the benefit of an appeal without the consent of the judge before whom she was tried. This is practically a denial of appeal, which is recognized in property cases as an absolute right. But it is not so many years since in this state of New York, an appeal in a capital case was an empty formality unless some judge of the supreme court, solely as a matter of favor, granted a stay of proceedings pending the determination of the appeal. At that time, in any property litigation involving over \$500, a stay of proceedings was a matter of right on giving security. To the credit of Judge Pratt of Brooklyn it is to be said, that until a stay of proceedings was made a matter of right by the legislature, he invariably granted a stay in all capital cases in which an application was made to him. His argument was that the law gave the appeal, and as an appeal without a stay of execution, where execution involved the death of the appellant, was only a barren formality, it was his duty as a supreme court judge to make the appeal operative by interposing his power between the

sheriff and the rope. Judge Pratt was greatly abused for this by people and newspapers whose ideas of the administration of criminal justice are taken from the procedure of Judge Lynch, and judges of the supreme court whose chief anxiety it is to keep in the middle of the current of public opinion, whether it ebbs or flows, virtuously refused to strengthen Judge Pratt's hands. But the time came when his policy was made a statutory rule. In England, however, the prisoner has not even the right of appeal. The summing up of the presiding judge and the consequent verdict of the jury are all the opportunity he has for his life, unless the crown interferes as an act of mercy; and for prisoners who may hereafter be brought to the English criminal bar it is a good thing that Mrs. Maybrick has been made to suffer the effects of this system in all its severity, from the bitterly partisan summing up of the judge on the bench to the capital sentence without appeal.

The World reports a co-operative coal mine in Illinois for which the workmen who manage it pay to the owner of the land a royalty of ten cents a ton for every ton they take out. This shows that the value of a coal mining opportunity in Illinois is ten cents a ton; and on this royalty the selling value of mines, whether worked or not, is calculated. Now, if the state of Illinois were to abolish taxes on mining operations, mining machinery, and the output of mines, and tax only the selling value of the opportunities to mine, how long would it be before the miners of Illinois, instead of striking, would be getting better wages than miners any where receive?

The advantage which the owner of mining opportunities has over the mining operator was neatly illustrated by the World in a report of the condition of mining interests in Pennsylvania. Eckley B. Cox is noted as one of the greatest coal monopolists of Pennsylvania, and yet when testifying before an investigating committee he said that last year he cleared in his mining operations only \$7,000. As Mr. Cox has a good reputation for veracity such a statement naturally created a good deal of curious comment. But the World explained it all by showing that Eckley B. Cox the coal miner had paid Eckley B. Cox the coal mine owner a royalty of fifteen cents a ton on every ton mined. The profits of Cox the operator were subject to the fluctuations of trade and to this royalty, but the royalties of Cox the mine owner were subject to nothing but a sight draft on Cox the operator.

The royalties of mines and the values of town and city lots are persistently ignored by the advocates of things as they are, when they consider the social question. The Tribune has been sadly troubled about Mr. Shearman's Portland speech, and in an effort to contradict him goes to the census report for figures, and as usual refers only to the figures about farm lands, apparently oblivious to the fact that the value of land is measured by dollars and not by acres when questions like that raised by Mr. Shearman are in dispute.

Even if the figures relative to farm lands were controlling in a question that involves the value of mining and urban lands, the Tribune has gone to a poor quarter for information. The estimates of farm areas in the census have been completely discredited, and are quite valueless for any other purpose than to show the incompetency of the census superintendent.

What the Tribune is trying to prove is that land is well distributed in this country. To do this it goes to the untrustworthy census estimates; then it excludes all land except farm land; then it considers farm land by area instead of value; and then it ignores the item of mortgages. By this process it shows that over 400,000,000 acres of land in the United States are owned by farmers, and that less than 100,000,000 are rented, from which it infers that "no distortion of the

figures is possible which will make it appear that any small number of individuals, 100,000 or less, can own as much or get the lion's share of the income from as much as one-eighth of the acreage in farms." This may be, but the inference might be more easily put to the test if the Tribune had collected the statistics which show how many acres of the land alleged to be owned by farmers is under mortgage, and for what amount.

The Toledo Blade, a protection paper, notices that grain production has increased more rapidly than grain consumption, with a consequent lowering of prices, from small demand abroad, and asks whether free trade would increase that demand, and if so, how; for, it adds, to make the people of Europe eat more bread is the only way in which foreign demand can be increased. Of course the Blade does not suppose the people of Europe eat less bread than is or may be produced because they already have enough. Every one knows that a great deal more bread would be eaten in Europe if the people there had an opportunity to make things to exchange for bread and an opportunity to exchange them when made. Now, free trade alone would not increase the demand for bread to the same extent that it would if it were complemented with free production; but it would do a good deal in that direction. When the people of Europe can send over here the things they make, and trade them for our bread, the European demand will be much greater than it is now. Free trade will help our farmers in many more and more important ways than by increasing European demands for bread, but the Blade intimates that if it does that, nothing more can be asked of it.

In one of his regular articles in the Journal of United Labor General Master Workman Powderly takes ground in favor of the Australian ballot system, and in concluding his article says: "A law which will keep every other person away from sight or sound of the voter while making up his ballot and voting it, must be passed in every state, and until that is done we cannot hope for the passage of laws which will properly voice the sentiment of the people."

A complaint comes up from the grape growing interest of California of the depressed condition of the trade. Analyzed, this complaint shows that the depression is really due to two things which true free traders are trying to abolish. It is said that the condition is attributable among other things to phylloxera, a pest which has devastated many vineyards, but as it is also said that there are 20,000,000 gallons of wine for which a market is wanted, it is difficult to see how the pest is responsible in any degree for the condition complained of. If there had been more wine there would have been relatively less market. The real causes are, first, the high prices of grape land on which growers are trying to make a profit; and, second, the high rates of transportation which separate the wine maker from the wine consumer. If protectionists are right, high rates of transportation ought to be beneficial, for what are they but a protective tariff? And if the landlord idea is right, the high price of land ought also to be beneficial, for are not land booms constantly pointed to with pride? If the single tax were in full operation, land would have only a normal value; that is, grape land in one locality would be worth more or less than grape land in another locality only as it was more or less productive of profit in the business of grape growing. Then the cost of producing wine, and only that, would determine its value, and charges for transportation being limited to cost by the abolition of railway and tariff taxes, there would be no limit to demand for the grape grower's product short of the actual wants of the people, provided all other labor products were in like manner freed from the burdens of land and trade restrictions. As the producers of the

country begin to study the conditions under which they are now compelled to do business, and to reflect upon such depressions as that of the grape growing industry, which, by the way, are not peculiar to that industry, they will see more clearly what an obstacle both to individual and general prosperity are the ownership of land and obstructions to commerce.

The American Economist accounts for English investments in American enterprises by saying that "it is because our industrial enterprises, thanks to protection, have more value than similar enterprises in England." Is the Economist quite sure that it is right? We have not heard of the abandonment of business enterprises in England for the purpose of buying out ours. We had supposed that the money for these investments was derived from profits seeking further investment. Nor have we heard of any such extensive business failures and labor strikes in England as are occurring here. And when the Economist speaks of Englishmen "deserting the old ship and embarking on the American craft," it suggests to us the more probable supposition that the Yankee is selling out his old craft to the too confiding Englishman.

An example of the way protection operates to prevent enterprise and destroy opportunities to labor is afforded by a statement of the Eagle Pass (Texas) Guide relative to the lead ore order of Secretary Windom, an order that practically prohibits the importation of lead ore from Mexico, and seems to have had no other motive than to foster the American lead monopoly. The Guide says that arrangements had been made at Eagle Pass to build two smelters and to feed them with ore from four of the richest mining districts in Mexico. To accomplish this two railroads were to have been built. The money was up and the contracts were signed. Yet with a dash of his pen the secretary of the treasury nullified the contracts, destroyed the value of what had been done, prohibited the erection of the railroads and the building of the smelters, deprived American labor of these opportunities for employment, and shut off the exportation of such American products as would have gone to Mexico to pay for the ores imported into Texas. And all for what? That the owners of American lead mines might get a higher royalty for their ores. Will American labor get the fraction of a penny more wages on this account? Will there be even a tendency that way? There is no laborer so ignorant, none so stupid, as not to know that the tendency will be directly the other way. Yet, just what Secretary Windom has done in this instance the protectionists are aiming to do altogether. Protection to American labor, indeed! It is protection to American monopoly. Protection to American landlords. Destruction to American labor and enterprise. The Eagle Pass Guide wants to know what the citizens of Eagle Pass are going to do about it. It is better to ask what the citizens of the United States are going to do about it. There is only one effectual thing to do, abolish the whole protection system; and that it may never again have an opportunity to sprout, abolish tariffs even for revenue and resort to direct taxation.

Anxious to Push Free Trade Principles in Massachusetts.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass., Aug. 13.—The Free Trade club is not easily wilted by the warm weather, or discouraged by the apathy which prevails in religious and political circles. It is holding meetings on Boston common every Saturday evening, and on Wednesday evenings in whatever suburban town a permit can be had. All free traders in eastern Massachusetts are requested to correspond with the secretary, with a view to arranging for meetings in their respective localities.

LEVI H. TURNER, Sec. F. T. Club.

Henry George in Dutchess County.

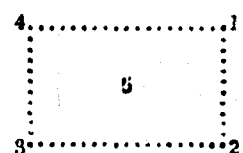
Henry George will speak before the Dutchess county branch of the Universal peace association at Wiley's grove, Poughkeepsie, on Sunday, August 25. Among the other speakers announced are Rev. Amanda Deyo, Rev. C. C. Leigh of Brooklyn and Professor L. F. Gardner of Poughkeepsie.

A CYCLING PARTY IN THE ALPS.

What They Did One Sunday Afternoon When a Storm Compelled Them to Seek Shelter.

COLOGNE, Germany, July 31.—I had the honor of being present at as lofty a discussion of the single tax as has yet taken place. It was held at Murren, near Interlaken, Switzerland. The town is the highest in the Alps, being 5,348 feet above sea level. The American cycling party and a number of English tourists had made the laborious ascent the afternoon before to spend the Sabbath of July 14 in seeing the glaciers of the Jungfrau, the rival of Mont Blanc. However a tremendous rain came down all day and everybody kept indoors. In the afternoon the monotony grew awful in the reading room where the disappointed tourists had assembled. When somebody asked about the duty at New York on the Alpine curiosities, a free trade discussion arose. To break the monotony everybody took a hand. It was an easy matter for a single tax man to shift the debate onto the land and soon things got warm. The only single tax man in the room kept up his end so successfully that soon the report of the debate spread through the hotel and the room gradually filled up. It wasn't long before there were fifty interested listeners. Looking out of the windows the eye rested upon the silent peak of the Jungfrau and her snow covered family, rising to the height of over 13,000 feet. There was something thrilling in speaking about the possibilities of unrestricted human nature in the presence of such sublimity. To what heights could not man climb with the free play of his powers.

Those who had thoughtlessly jumped on the single tax man soon found themselves in deep water. In the midst of the talk the manager of the cycling party, Mr. Frank A. Elwell, announced that he had seen the cat. The argument that brought him was the "man in the middle" of a square like this:



The square represents a field of land of absolutely equal fertility, but No. 5, because of his central location, finds that his land has a great superiority before a stroke of work has been put upon the soil. As the square would fill up with people, the value of his piece would augment fabulously.

Mr. Elwell said he was a land owner himself, and had considerable good land up in Maine, which he was holding till the "square filled up." He was frank enough to admit that he was like No. 5, who was doing nothing, who was merely a speculator, while the others, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were working hard to raise the value of the idle land. Mr. Elwell is the business manager of the Portland Transcript, one of the most influential papers of Maine. Though he did not go so far as to admit that Henry George is right in the way of getting land back to the people, he was sure that a great injustice lies in the shutting up of land. He applauded vigorously the sentiment expressed by the single tax representative that "to deny common access to land, the mother of all, is like closing the maternal breast to a hungry babe."

Elwell's conversion shows clearly the value of a word. At Paris one evening, he said: "Sit down here and explain the George idea for five minutes." Joseph Pennell, one of America's greatest pen and ink artists, whose genius has enriched the pages of the Century Magazine for years, took part in the conversation. "I tried to read 'Progress and Poverty' some years ago," he said, "but I couldn't. Now, however, so much is being said about the single tax and Henry George that I feel that I must post up on it."

His wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, has contributed many articles recently to the leading American magazines. Her last year's review of a trip to the Scotch crofters' district was a striking picture of the desolation wrought by private land ownership. Mrs. Pennell had not yet seen the remedy, but who can tell? The five minutes' talk resulted in the conversion of Mr. Elwell, and probably Mr. Pennell is now doing some domestic missionary work.

Rev. Charles E. Fessenden, of the Episcopal church at Summit Hill, Pa., a member of the cycling party, asked several close, well-put questions, and seemed

quite satisfied with the answers. Later he expressed his belief that there is a "great deal in what Henry George says." He lives in a mining region, and he said he had often seen THE STANDARD there, and had heard of Henry George, but had never before thought of the single tax. He would go home with a different view of the problem of life.

Mr. Dan Krumm, of the firm of M. and D. Krumm, of Columbus, Ohio, gave the group some good single tax talk. He was one of the original greenbackers of Ohio, and was led to study "Social Problems" during the agitation that that question caused. He had had the pleasure of hearing Henry George in the hall of the Ohio legislature last winter, and told of the impression made upon the lawmakers by the author of "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Krumm was the philosopher of the cycling party, and his words had weight.

There were several gray haired, serious looking Englishmen in the room. They fought shy of going into the debate, but two younger men, one of whom had the looks of an English curate with an easy living, came up with the idea of settling the whole debate by talking about "dividing everything equally." In half an hour they were both unhorsed, admitting that the right of all to the land was perfectly clear. Even the gentlemen of the clerical turn of mind was fain to believe that probably Jesus Christ had that in mind when he spoke of the "kingdom of heaven on earth, etc."

That was not the last the twenty-seven members of the cycling party heard of the single tax. They got it all the rest of the way to Cologne, and on parting to go their several ways, all promised to read "Progress and Poverty" as soon as they returned. So a pleasure party has resulted in what ought to be an earnest search for the truth on the part of many.

W. E. HICKS.

An Infant Industry.

[UNCLE SAM AND COLUMBIA CONVERSE.]

Uncle Sam:

"What's that you're nussin', Columby dear?"

Columbia:

"An infant industry, Uncle Sam."

(With considerable acerbity.)

"It strikes me your question is rather queer; He's your own grand nephew, pretty lamb."

Uncle Sam (apologetically):

"That's so; but the family's large, you know, An' the child, like an ill weed, grows apace. I was at his christnin' long ago; It seems like years sence I saw his face. Wall! I'm gittin' old an' mem'ry fails— What's his age?"

Columbia (hesitatingly):

"About seventy-five,

But very delicate; something ails His digestive organs—"

Uncle Sam (interrupting):

"Sakes alive!

An' not weaned yet? Why, he'll pull you down. Great Scott! Columby, you must be mad; You'll be the laughin'-stock of the town—I guess he's a toller'ble well grown lad. Let's see him."

Columbia (uncovering the infant):

"There! Ain't he a beauty?"

Uncle Sam:

"Gosh, what a buster! Fat as a seal; But what in the nation! Why look at his hair! It's ez white ez foam from a steamboat's wheel;

An' he's got a beard—but 'taint free wool— I'd set him down; if I was you, I'd set him down; he's bigger 'n John Bull, And he must be mighty truthless, too, Ef, at his age, he can't stand alone. I tell you, Columby, it never pays To over-coddle a healthy brat;

For it spoils the critter in many ways: He loses his grit an' goes all to fat; It makes him a hog an' a dern mean cuss; 'Sides, 'taint right to the rest of your sons; An' some day they'll raise an awful muss— Pears like I kin hear the roar of guns. Why that boy of yours behind the plow Is head over ears in debt, they say; An' your sailor lad, where is he now? He was boss of the sea but yesterday. It don't seem quite justice to all concerned To give all the pie to this bloated chap; The others look hungry, an' I'm golt darned If they don't need so ne protection pap!"

Columbia (peevishly):

"I have tried to wean him, the pretty dear, But solid food seems to make him worse— Why after eating a hemisphere The poor child asked for the universe."

W. E. P. FRENCH.

Fort Saelling, Minn., January 1889.

Alive to the Importance of Electoral Reform.

At the semi-monthly meeting of the Boston Central labor union, on August 11, a resolution was passed by a unanimous vote calling "upon every wage earning citizen to use his every effort to insure the successful carrying out of the full intent and purpose of the Australian ballot act."

PERSONAL.

A daughter was born to Richard F. Gerge, son of Henry George, on Monday, August 10.

E. L. Hynoman, one of the best known single tax men of Columbus, Ohio, on August 11, delivered an address before the Columbus trade and labor assembly, on "Trusts." During his lecture he touched upon the inequalities of taxation.

Frank Grady of Waco, Texas, a short time since delivered in that city an address on the single tax, which was reviewed by the Waco Plaindealer. The editor of that paper says that Mr. Grady is a lucid thinker and a clear reasoner.

George B. Fleece writes to the Memphis Sunday Times endorsing the position taken by R. G. Brown on the single tax in a speech before the Tennessee state bar association. Mr. Fleece says that, "under the leadership of Henry George with a large following of such learned and respectable men as constitute the Single tax association of Memphis, the single tax men may yet accomplish their purpose."

The articles appearing over the signature "Van Dorn Erickson," in the Nashville Herald, which have been copied in THE STANDARD, were written by Judge Frank T. Reid. The judge is now in the Puget sound country, Washington territory.

John Marsden is a leading Vermont farmer. Evidently he does not fear free trade and the single tax as much as his brethren of New York state. For a short time ago he published a letter in which he advised all farmers to "Go in for the single land value tax; not the land tax, but the land value tax."

Extracts from Tom L. Johnson's speech at the dinner to Henry George at Brighton Beach hotel, regarding the impossibility of helping people by charity, have been extensively copied and commented on approvingly by the press of the country.

Two of the leading single tax men of Syracuse, N. Y., are J. K. McGuire and A. P. Potter. Mr. Potter is a communicant of and a hard worker in one of the city churches. Believing that the single tax contains the essence of Christ's teaching, he does not hesitate, when in prayer meeting, to petition the Almighty to so work upon the minds of the Christians that they may see the benefits to be derived from the single tax and work for its adoption. Mr. McGuire is a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years, a good debater and forcible writer. He is at present spending his spare time in connection with J. E. Westcott, a banker of Syracuse, in writing a pamphlet to be entitled "The effects of the protective tariff upon the industries of Syracuse."

Francis Murray, a recluse who lived for years alone in a dark basement room in the rear tenement behind the newspaper offices at No. 301 Mulberry street, died last week in St. Joseph's hospital from old age and general weakness. He was singularly well informed on most subjects of current interest. He was a single tax man, a free trader and a battler for the freedom of oppressed Ireland.

Judge Deady of Oregon, who is becoming famous through his decision that pugilists are not eligible to citizenship, has been the United States judge for the Oregon district for about thirty years. His full name is Matthew P. Deady. He was, twenty years ago, a tall, muscularly built man, of about forty-five, with brown curly hair and a seamed face. In his early life he was a blacksmith. In the early fifties he worked his passage to Portland, Oregon, on a bull team, and on his arrival set up a forge. Between odd jobs at blacksmithing he read law, until he graduated and became a lawyer and ex blacksmith; then he was appointed a federal judge. Judge Deady used to be known as the "Learned Blacksmith," a title conferred on him sarcastically, because of his "rank" decisions in his early days as a judge. Though once a blacksmith and bull driver, he is now an aristocrat of aristocrats, and an ordinary American person has no business on the same side of the street with him.

Professor Hamlin Garland of Boston will bring out a volume of stories during the coming season. He is working on a drama and also working for the single tax whenever he finds opportunity.

Thirteen years ago Percy R. Meggy, secretary of Sydney branch of the Australian single tax league, founded the Chicago Daily News, which now and again is not afraid to say something favorable to the single tax movement. Since then he has knocked about the world a good deal, and about a year ago "saw the light" and enlisted body and soul in the cause.

J. J. McGrath of Corpus Christi, Texas, has a two column letter in the San Antonio Tribune on "The Moral Status of the Single Tax."

The Hon. Samuel S. Cox is said to be the only living man in public life who voted for the admission of Oregon as a state, February 14, 1859.

Mr. Kelly Wishes to Express Gratitude to His Many Friends.

FREDONIA, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The announcement made me by THE STANDARD that five persons sent money to pay for a year's subscription for me is good news. God knows I

am thankful, and feel toward them a feeling impossible to explain. Three of the persons I know not, or I would write them a note of thanks.

Besides this I have received letters from many friends of the single tax. Such friends of course I am able to thank by return letter, but I have received reading matter from many others who I am unable to thank except through THE STANDARD. I do not pretend to be able to do much just now. But what I can I will do, God helping me.

With best wishes to all my friends, and success to the cause, I rest in hope,
JOHN JOSEPH KELLY.

A STRAW WHICH SHOWS THE WIND.

Christian Union.

Henry George proposes to levy all taxes on land, on the ground that the land belongs to the people, and that therefore the value of the land ought to inure to the benefit of the people. To make this proposition simple, we state it here in a concrete form, and with certain legislation which it would or might involve, and invite our readers to consider it without prejudice.

In the earth in Pennsylvania there are vast stores of mineral oil, which is of great value to the world for illuminating purposes. A great corporation has been organized, known as the Standard oil company, which has gotten possession of this oil, and has made, and is making, for its stockholders fabulous fortunes, by refining and selling it. There is no question that this corporation ought to be paid, even liberally and generously paid, for the energy and enterprise manifested in boring the wells, laying the pipes, carrying the oil to the refineries, refining it, making it fit for use, and carrying it in convenient form to the people who need it. But the oil itself, as it exists in the great reservoirs in Pennsylvania—does that properly belong to the Standard oil company or to the people of the state of Pennsylvania? Mr. George replies, to the people of the state of Pennsylvania, and his argument is very simple. The Standard oil company did not make this oil, nor store it in these subterranean reservoirs; therefore it does not belong to the Standard oil company. God stored it there—it is to be presumed for the benefit of his children, not for the benefit of the stockholders of the Standard oil company; and a system which gives the value of it exclusively to the few, and compels the many to pay for what by divine right belongs to the many, is an unjust system and ought to be abolished. The public ought to pay the Standard oil company for all the company has done and is doing to make this oil available, but this is all for which the public ought to pay. This, as we understand it, is the claim of Henry George applied to a specific case.

Now suppose the people of the state of Pennsylvania were to adopt this view of the case, what could they do to give it practical effect? The legislature could appoint a commission to ascertain what is the fair value of the works which the Standard oil company has established; what are the expenses to which it is put in carrying on its works; what would be a fair compensation to make for the energy and enterprise it has shown, and the benefit of which is so largely reaped by the community; and what are its gross receipts. Deducting from its gross receipts a fair interest on the capital involved, and a fair allowance for expenses of operation and services rendered; all the rest, as representing the actual value of the crude oil annually drawn from the earth, could then be levied as a tax and collected by the state from the Standard oil company. In this way, though the people of the world would not get the value of the crude oil which belongs to the people and not to the few, the people of the state of Pennsylvania would get that value. If the Standard oil company should attempt to add to the price of the oil in order to compensate themselves for the tax, the state could add to the tax whatever the company had added to the price. If the Standard oil company should attempt to shut down on the supply the price would rise, and the state would meet this increase in value consequent upon a diminished supply by an equivalent increase in taxation. The principle to be applied would be this: Not an adjustment of taxation on the basis of protection afforded and benefit given by the state to the Standard oil company, but on the basis that the oil in the ground belongs to the state, not to the corporation; and that, therefore, after the corporation is fairly paid for the money, and the labor, and the skill, and the risk involved in getting that oil out of the ground and making it ready for market, the rest of the value—that is, the worth to the world of the crude oil in the ground—belongs to the state, and may be collected of the corporation in the form of taxes.

Is this just? Is this practicable? Does the ground belong to the Standard oil company or to the people of the state of Pennsylvania? We submit these questions to the consideration of our readers, and should be glad to receive replies from them.

OBJECT LESSONS.

The editor of the Jersey City Evening Journal, in a column and three-quarter reply to an open letter I sent him a short time ago, re-affirmed his declaration that "to tax everything and anything was the bed-rock of sound doctrine on questions of taxation," which declaration was the reason of my open letter to him. And now, in a recent number of his paper, after stating that one George R. McKenzie is going to erect a \$45,000 flat on the site of some old buildings in Montgomery street, he plaintively ejaculates:

Would that Jersey City had a few more George McKenzies. If so, she would have fewer old rookeries and more substantial and creditable buildings.

Jersey City is going to pile the taxes on to Mr. McKenzie for daring to improve a certain locality within its town limits, and Mr. McKenzie is going to pile on the rent on his prospective tenants to get back the taxes and a fair return for his investment, and the tenants are going to bear the whole burden or—perhaps they won't be able to—Mr. McKenzie will discover that he has made an unprofitable speculation.

Now, if Jersey City would not punish (by way of increased taxes) Mr. McKenzie for being public spirited and for spending his money to give work to Jersey City's idle masons, brick layers, carpenters, hod carriers, etc., that would permit Mr. McKenzie to charge less rent and yet get the same percentage of profit on his investment of capital, that would enable the tenants to pay their rent more easily and promptly, and would induce a few more George McKenzies to improve Jersey City, which would then have "fewer old rookeries and more substantial and creditable buildings." It would, however, drill a deep hole in Editor Pangborn's "bed rock," and perhaps, on reflection, the editor may think that after all it is more important to preserve the old rookeries in Jersey City than to explode his "bed rock."

The Brooklyn, eastern district, single tax club issues a ticket of admission to any lunatic asylum in the state to any one who says that he does not know how the single tax would raise his wages. And, in truth, a man has but to look around to see how the single tax would raise wages. Its object is to open up natural opportunities, but sometimes it happens that an opportunity here and there opens up of itself, so to speak. Thus the people of Albany, Wis., have made the discovery that the clam shells in the contiguous river contain pearls, and forthwith the entire population is turning out to dig clams in the hope of finding pearls. Business has been practically suspended, the reports say, and during the last week it has been impossible to get men to work on the streets.

Of course not. Who would be fool enough to clean the thoroughfares and gutters for a dollar or a dollar and a half a day, when he can make more by digging for pearls. If the natural opportunity holds out the town of Albany, Wis., will have to offer double and treble wages to get its streets cleaned. Now, if those pearls had been found on the dry land instead of the moist bottom of the river, somebody would have got rich, but then Albany, Wis., would have continued to get its streets cleaned for a dollar a day per man.

Look which way we will, there are object lessons enough. They are presented in every newspaper and visible in every street. The trouble is with those who, having eyes, refuse to see.

Take for instance the report of the recent annual meeting of the London East End juvenile mission, presided over by Lord Polwarth, who was surrounded by such shining lights as Lord Kinnaird, Lord Sidmouth, seven reverends, an assorted collection of D. Ds., LL. Ds., M. Ps., not to speak of generals, colonels and high civic authorities, spectators of the object lesson exhibited by Director Barnardo.

"It is an ascertained fact," said the director, "that in this great city alone there are 103,000 families living only in single rooms—rooms in which persons of both sexes, the aged and young alike, are living together."

"England is overcrowded," affirmed the director, "thronged as it is, the labor market requires an outlet." And he went on to show how an outlet is found by shipping the children, after a course of training at the "Homes," to Manitoba. For that purpose £100,000 was raised by the mission last year.

Then came the object lesson. Infants in the arms of their nurses were brought on the stage, lads from the Youths' labor house followed; then came a number of boys and girls attired in the very rags in which they had been picked up in the street, the raw material, the Rev. Mr. Barnardo designated them. These were followed by a band of boys in emigration costume, who are to be among the next lot exiled, and the sad procession closed with the blind, the maimed and the crippled inmates of the homes.

Oh, my lords and ladies, if you had only thought of the underlying cause why those infants were not nursing at their mothers' breasts; those children at school instead of in the labor house; those youths employed in English industries on England's soil instead of being expatriated; those blind, maimed and crippled cared for by their natural guardians instead of by an organized

charity—if this object lesson had taught you its real significance, you would not have slyly your consciences with a paltry gift, but have rendered up to these disinherited ones what rightfully belongs them and of which you are daily despoiling them.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce, in his address, must needs find a cause for this picture of abject misery, a cause which should shift the blame from the shoulders of that august assemblage and silence the twinges of conscience which some there might have felt. That is why he was invited to be present; that is why he is a mighty prelate in a mighty church; that is why he was so cordially received by our own leaders of society on the occasion of his visit to these shores a few years ago. So he said:

I should not be true to my convictions if I did not say this—that when you have discounted every other cause, when you have given sufficient weight to the fact of the increase of population, to the agricultural distress, to the difficulty of finding work in the town, to the want of schools, to the want of technical education; when you come, I say, to give due weight to all that, every single heart here in this hall ought to be alive to the fact that we have a duty to fight against England's terrible cancer—her licensed liquor traffic; and this is the cause which is pouring out on society this multitude of homeless waifs of the street.

Not one word of the wrong which disinherits the children born in England of the abundant provision which their Creator has made for them not in Manitoba, but in England; not one word of the unnatural poverty that drives men and women to drink.

"Having eyes they see not; and hearing ears neither will they hear."

J. R. ARABANELL.

"Handling the Forces."

In the course of some comments on the resolution of the recent Pennsylvania republican committee, claiming "special recognition" for Pennsylvania, because in "the hour of its extremity they furnished the republican organization in the person of Hon. Matthew S. Quay, a chairman who 'so controlled the forces at hand as to compel victory,'" the Saturday Globe says:

Mr. Quay says in his Pennsylvania resolution that he, in co-operation with sundry subordinates of other states, "so controlled the forces at hand as to compel victory." That was all, and there is no mystery about it. He carried that election just as he has carried many a one on a smaller scale in Pennsylvania. He carried it just as Kumble and his associates attempted to carry the Pennsylvania legislature on the Riot bill. He "handled the forces at hand." . . . Mr. Quay sat in the seclusion of his Fifth avenue headquarters and deftly "handled the forces." He issued no stirring proclamations; he made no great speeches; he never wrote a line or spoke a word touching the principles involved in that momentous contest.

But he "handled the forces." There came to him great numbers of the old rounders and heelers from Pennsylvania to secure a "fair election" in New York; there came the man with the mailing lists of the Voice; there came Dudley from Indiana, with his business-like plan of dealing with the voters of that sovereign state in "blocks of five;" there came to him the financial representatives of the tariff beneficiaries assessed by Foster, bringing the "fat;" there came to him John Wanamaker, bringing four hundred thousand dollars at one time; there came to him Thomas Dolan to ascertain precisely what the excellent Wanamaker was to receive for his noble services; there came to him doubtless such secret agents of monopolistic tyranny as Furlong, who is now about to be appointed chief of the secret service; there crawled to him in secrecy and darkness the human vermin, engendered by plutocracy—by the system which robs the many to enrich the few, and which not only regards the vote of an American freeman as an article of merchandise, but makes it such! All these came to him and were properly directed. He "handled the forces." His work was "masterful." Indiana went for Harrison in "blocks of five." A controlling contingent of the democratic party went down and disappeared in an abyss which suddenly opened in Brooklyn. The democracy carried New York for governor, but the same votes would not hold out on the presidency. Mr. Quay "handled the forces so as to compel victory." He has not stated his claim a whit too broadly in his Harrisburg convention.

If Mr. Blaine or Mr. Harrison, or any other gentleman who is laboring under the mistaken impression that he had anything to do with the wanamaking of the last presidential election, will just step up and dispute Mr. Quay's claim, he can no doubt give them some information as to how it was done which they would not at all care to hear. On the whole, they will probably consider it the part of prudence to let Mr. Quay strut away with all the honors unopposed.

How England Must Laugh at the American Fools!

Sir Lyon Playfair, M. P., in New York Herald.

Free trade will be a great thing for America, but it will be a bad thing for England, for then England will meet her match in the markets of the world. Therefore, as a patriotic Englishman I am not anxious to see America become a free trade country.

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

"Professor Mahaffy," says the Christian Advocate, "is famous as a Greek scholar, who is as familiar with modern Greece as he is with his own country" (England). But he does not appear to be very familiar with the history of the United States. He delivered the lecture at the annual assembly at Chautauqua, August 13, and made two flagrant blunders: "In the preamble to your great Declaration of rights appears, I believe, the statement that all men are equal in the sight of God." Commenting on this, he said: "That statement was borrowed not from the scriptures but from the speculations of the French revolutionists."

A saloon keeper on Twenty-seventh street, near Broadway, a short time since put a notice in his show window informing the public that "this saloon would be closed on Sundays during August." Evidently he didn't know that keeping his saloon open on any Sunday was a violation of law. The saloon keeper must have received a hint from somebody, for last week the notice was taken from the window.

William Muldoon, who trained Sullivan for his late encounter in the prize ring, says that the use of tobacco is more injurious to the human system than the use of liquor.

One of the great theatrical successes of the last few years has been the "Old Homestead." It was played the whole of last season at the Academy of Music, and netted its managers in the neighborhood of \$250,000. It is to occupy the same stage the coming theatrical season, when entirely new settings will be seen. Everything on the stage except the stage itself has been torn away to make room for a new feature of the coming production. Set hills and knolls are to be built, over which a team of oxen and a load of hay are to wend their way from the rise of the curtain in the first act until they appear on the stage itself. The cost of altering the stage to make this effect will be in the neighborhood of \$25,000—a rather expensive matter, one would say, merely to show off a pair of oxen and a load of hay. But, in theatrical parlance, "it will hit the audience," and that is what theatrical managers are always striving to do.

On the official letter paper used by Chicago single tax club No. 1, the following declaration of principles appear: "We hold that to tax land values to their full amount will render it impossible for any man to exact from others a price for the privilege of using those bounties of nature in which all living men have an equal right of use. That it will compel every individual controlling natural opportunities, either to utilize them by the employment of labor, or abandon them to others. That it will thus provide opportunities of work for all men and secure to each the full reward of his labor; and that as a result involuntary poverty will be abolished, and the greed, intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the dread of poverty will be swept away."

"We hold that to tax labor or its products is to discourage industry. We therefore advocate the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taking by taxation upon land values, irrespective of improvements, of the annual rental value of those various forms of natural opportunities embraced under the general term land."

Foreign potentates who visit Europe and are dined and wined by toadies and kings have queer ways of amusing themselves. The shah, having paid an official call in Paris, saw the Senegalese king Dinah, who was dressed in a most eccentric fashion. The shah requested the black potentate to call upon him. King Dinah did so. His sable majesty was arrayed in vestments originally intended for a South American bishop. The king had purchased them in the course of one of his daily shopping tours. The dress consisted of pantaloons adorned with gold bands, and a tall cap embroidered with gorgeous braid. This grotesque attire was set off by the humble dress of his suite, who wore panama hats and smoking caps. The shah and King Dinah having conversed for some time, the Persian ruler presented his photograph to the dusky Dinah.

A story is told in Murray's Magazine of an American plutocrat visiting Oxford. On his tour of the colleges nothing struck him so much as the velvety turf in one of the quadrangles. He asked for the gardener, and made minute inquiries as to the method of laying down and maintaining the grass. "That's all, is it?" he exclaimed, when the whole process had been carefully described. "Yes, sir," replied the gardener, with a twinkle in his eye, "that's all; but we generally leave it three or four centuries to settle down in."

There are 1,528 communes in France now receiving revenue to the extent of about £12,000,000 from octrois dues, which are tariff duties levied on all goods coming into the cities. This amount is fifty-six per cent of their total receipts, which include gas and water rates, tolls from fairs, markets, etc. One would have thought that the trouble and annoyance caused by this method of collecting revenue were sufficient without adding to them, but with the usual skill of local author-

ities in these matters, they have discovered a way of saving themselves a little trouble, though very much at the expense of the unfortunate inhabitants, by farming the receipts from the octrois. This is done in 417 cases. The farmer buys for a sum agreed upon with the municipal authorities, the total receipts from the octroi. He is supposed to keep exact accounts of all he receives, and his books have to be shown to the authorities when asked for; but as might be expected, the books do not show the total receipts, and the system opens the door for jobbery in various obvious ways. Several instances are given in which the farmer declares his receipts at so much, while the sum paid to the commune, plus the cost of collection, amounts to considerably more. But, oddly enough, he does not throw up his employment.

There is a good story about the late duke of Buckingham, which goes to prove that dukes are built very much like other men. He had gone one day, while chairman of the L. and N. W. railway, to the office of the company and requested one of the attendants to show him to the room of a certain official, the head of a department. The man eyed the duke critically, and observed, "You won't do; you're too light weight." The official had advertised for a porter, and the attendant mistook the duke for an applicant for the situation.

A few weeks ago there was a real estate transaction in Wales that must have stirred up some of the patriotic Welshmen. Snowdon, the famous mountain, was knocked down to the highest bidder at the Marl, Tokenhouse yard. A gentleman from Lombard street was the purchaser, it is said, on behalf of Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., and the price was £5,750. The auctioneer's bill described the lot as lying "in the parish of Beddgelert, in the county of Carnarvon, consisting of mountainous land, including the summit of the world renowned Snowdon, with its hotel and beacon," with, in addition, the "fertile valley meadows on the banks of Lake Dinas and the river Glaslyn, with important fishing rights stretching along the high road from Beddgelert to Capel Curig, adorned by hanging woods."

The following are the names of some of the principle land owners in western Australia. The extent of their property will show the extent of land grabbing in the colony. Mr. W. H. Barber has 620,000 acres, Mr. J. Bateman upwards of 1,200,000, Mr. A. J. Cunningham has upwards of 3,600,000, or an area equal to about a tenth of that of England, Mr. W. Mackinnon has upwards of 4,000,000, and the Union bank of Australia has upwards of seven millions eight hundred thousand! The first named person pays £155 a year for his vast estates! So that the antipodean English are laying up for themselves a nice little social question in the happy times to come.

The old idea that the extravagant and wanton expenditures of the rich are a blessing to the poor is still floating around. The Pall Mall Gazette calls attention to an editorial in the London Standard which reads: "The votaries of pleasure and fashion do not forget that there is much sorrow, much suffering, and much sore need in London, and they strive to lessen this. Indirectly, they largely help their fellow creatures by their expenditure." And to a remark of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who was reported as saying in a speech: "They might have some talkers who would say that all the money that the queen had spent in maintaining the dignity of the crown was extravagantly spent. He would tell them how it was spent. It was spent in maintaining the court in entertainments and things of that kind, all of which meant work for the working men. It meant employment for laborers, and a great stimulus to the prosperity of the trade and commerce of this country."

The duke of Richmond obtained from Charles II., whose natural son he was, not only grants of extensive lands and fishings, but also a royalty of one shilling per chaldron on all coals exported from the Tyne for consumption in England, which was commuted for a perpetual pension of \$35,000 a year in 1790, by public money invested in land. The Tories proposed to buy off such pensions on a basis of twenty-nine years' purchase; that is to say, by paying them twenty-nine times the amount of the annual pension in a lump sum.

The Grand Rapids Workman has passed into the hands of Messrs. E. P. Mills and Henry C. Willahan. Regarding its future course they announce that "the Workman on the economic questions will follow the same course in the future that it has in the past. If it has any hobby at all it will be that of the single land tax and the relieving of the products of labor of the burdens of taxation." The Workman in the past has been one of the most ably edited labor papers in the country, and THE STANDARD has more than once been indebted to it for valuable suggestions.

Hardly a paper has come to hand during the past three weeks that has not contained extracts from or comments on Shearman's "Menace of Plutocracy."

The New York central labor union has decided to go independently into politics this fall.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Glimpse of the Reception to Gladstone and His Wife on Their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

The golden wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at the National liberal club—the "Liberal Palace" as it is called—on July 26, was a memorial occasion. The London Star describes the scene:

The marble halls of the National liberal club last night was turned into a palace of delight in which to receive the good old commander of the faithful of the liberal host. As a rule the N. L. C. is a trifle cold in its magnificence—its yellow gleam of marble and furniture. It is like the imaginary Maud of Tennyson's hero—"icily faultless, splendidly null." But last night all was changed. Deliciously warm red plush curtains veiled the sacred mysteries of grill and smoking-room. The base of pillars were embowered in flowers and greenery. The terrace—that despair of wives, that haunt of the dined and therefore defiant, national liberal—looked like a bit out of fairyland. Rich Oriental stuffs shut in the balcony; electric lights twinkle in the palms, and big Chinese lanterns gave a richer and stranger glow to the flowers and the decorative scheme generally. The crowd swells and swells. There is Professor Stuart and Mr. Theodore Fry, with a bevy of ladies. There is Mr. Woodall with Dr. Kate Mitchell on his arm. There are the beauties of the party. There is pretty Mrs. Postlethwaite in black, and lovely Mrs. Costelloe in yellow, and charming Mrs. Hancock in gray. Lady Lundhurst is the center of a great party, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor is a doorkeeper in the house of the liberals. Gradually the brilliant moving crowd gathers itself to the reading-room, where the presentation takes place. And just a word or two as to the album. It is the result of three weeks working against time. Three decorative artists contributed to it—Mr. Lewis Day, Mr. Walter Craig, and Mr. Henry Holliday.

Perhaps the chief of all attaches to Mr. Lewis Day's symbolic representation of Mr. Gladstone's career, figured in the foliage of a climbing plant whose curves assume the shape of the letter "G." Free trade, Alabama claims, home rule—what not—all figure in delicate lettering, or charming and appropriate symbol. The two companion decorative sketches are Mr. Holliday's representations in golds and roses and blues of the two great literary inspirations of Mr. Gladstone's life—Dante and Homer—the Florentine and the Greek. From the lilies of Florence spring one "master sight" of Mr. Gladstone's "seeing" from the acanthus rises the other. Mr. Walter Crane worked at immense pressure, but the result is, for boldness and brilliancy, comparable with any of his rare decorative designs. The figure of Gladstone with his ax cutting away into fold after fold of a serpent as long as some of the great man's speeches, and snowing in its many convolutions "Evictions," "Back Rent," "Coercion Government," "Tyraunty," and the rest—is very striking; but the most charming and also the most suggestive design of all is the baby Liberty, in its Phrygian cap, stretching its tiny hands with the olive branch in them to the figures of Britannia and Erin on either side. Mr. Gladstone was delighted with the album, and no wonder.

And now the glittering, chattering crowd waiting in the reading room begins to crane heads, and the ladies to climb up by the seats on the bays of the windows. And first come a brilliant throng. Lady Granville—most graceful of women—in black; Lady Spencer, gorgeous in diamonds and yellow, on Lord Granville's arm (he with his broad blue ribbon of the Bath); Lord Spencer, walking deserted and alone; then Mr. Wickham, then Lord Aberdeen, with Lady Harcourt on his arm, and finally Sir William Harcourt, cheerily perspiring, handing the loveliest and stateliest figure of all, the beautiful Lady Aberdeen. Then came the family party—the Rev. Stephen Gladstone and his pretty wife. Mr. Henry Gladstone, bronzed, from India, Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Wickham, with big bouquets, and finally the long expected happy pair—the old man very pale, with a white buttonhole, but looking very noble and very fine; Mrs. Gladstone, as usual, her face wreathed all over with smiles. The old man leans on a stick, and when he speaks his voice seems a little tired; his wife looks much younger than he. The address is read by Lord Oxenbridge, an eloquent and touching tribute by Mr. Wemyss Reid. To the very critical ear, perhaps a trifle spoiled by elaboration, but still admirably suited to time and place. The old chief, with his thames grouped round him, covers his head with his hand, and looks very moved. Mr. Gladstone, one thinks, looks a little like crying. When he speaks, however, he is very sedate, the voice very steady and clear, though a little weak. It is a noble speech—full of that kind of mellow old man's wisdom which is so delightful to listen to, cheerful and yet solemn in tone, weighty, deliberate in diction. One thinks of Mr. Gladstone as of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra,"

"Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be."

—and of those noble words the speech is indeed a paraphrase. "What a noble calling I deem it to be to serve a people such as this! What opportunities of good to fellow creatures it has opened! What cheering and pleasing anticipations of the future! What

bright recollections of the past! How all its difficulties, and the pain attending upon its contentions seem to vanish in the distance, and to become light as dust when compared with our conviction of the substantial nature of the objects that we have in view as associated with the highest—or with very high—interests of mankind! I wish that you, ladies and gentlemen—few, if any, of whom have attained the period of life that has been allotted to me to reach—I wish that you may each of you in your sphere be enabled to employ the gifts which God withholds from none in the discharge of those noble duties which are open at all times to the patriotism of the English citizen." And then the brief ceremony is over.

The Best That They Can.

Francis M. Milne in San Francisco Star.

Do you know my chiefest admiration goes out to the poor fellows who are never heard of, and know they will never be heard of—and yet keep on doing the best they can?—[From a Friend's Letter.]

They toil at the forges,
They weave at the loom,
Their pick-axe is ringing
Deep down in the gloom.
Earth yields up her treasures—
For life's little span,
To the fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Upon the broad prairie
The furrow they turn;
In the wilderness forest
The clearing they burn;
Of industry's army
Still leading the van—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Where o'er the white surges
The reeling masts swing,
And thro' the reat rigging
The storm furies sing,
With courage undaunted
The yard-arm they man—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

The dream of the poet,
The thought of the sage,
The strife and achievement
That heroes engage;
Tis they who preserve us
The record we scan—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

When the just are forgotten—
The innocent bleed,
And Fatherland's honor
Is tarnished by greed;
Not that the faint hearted
Who quail before man—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Oh, their's are the bosoms
That thrill in reply,
When Liberty's ensign
Is floated on high!
They march at her bidding,
Unbeeding of ban—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

A pledge to our comrades!
Tho' silent their name
When history summons
The roll call of Fame,
In our hearts we enshrine them
With brotherhood's clan—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Where Recruits are Most Easily Made.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 10, 1889.—The Sun says that everyone who voted for the Mills bill voted for free trade. We will not go that far, but say that everyone of those voters believed in "a tariff for revenue only." Every man who believes in a tariff for revenue only is a single tax man. That is, he would be if he understood it. The man that believes in a tariff only for the revenue it brings, logically does not believe in a tariff *per se*, and just as logically must give his adherence to any other system that can be shown superior for that purpose. The single tax with him stands alongside the income tax, customs duties, etc., and is viewed solely from the point of raising revenue. The single tax man (using the term in its narrower sense) and the tariff for revenue only man are both traveling towards a common goal, both have the same object in view—revenue. It is for the former to convince the latter that his road is in every respect to be preferred.

On the other hand the protectionist is traveling towards a different goal—protection, and it is immaterial to him whether or not he touches at the point of revenue. Convince him that the single tax is the easiest and simplest method of raising revenue and you will still have the old heresies to fight, of foreign pauper labor, ruined American industries, and loss of home market. Protectionists I think will be converted mainly on the line of justice. A man's attention can be sooner centered on a question of dollars than a question of morals; and I think that while presenting the justice and morality of a tax on land values, to omit its financial benefits would be very poor generalship indeed. I have often thought that the people who fill our mission churches could better appreciate the beauties of the Christian religion if they went to church with a full stomach. We may reasonably expect that with the great stride towards comforts that people would take even with a limited tax, or as "a mere fiscal reform," they would be more open to the conviction that land, like air, water and sunshine, was the heritage of all. EDWIN GLADMON.

NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.

Money in the Porpoise.

Recent reports have come from around about Quebec of a new business enterprise for the catching of the porpoise. In a section of the gulf where they are very plentiful colossal nets are to be spread for their capture. The porpoise has been often caught before. Capitalists have corralled him in quantities. But he has ever proved much of a white elephant. Commercially, he has been unsuccessful, and it is pleasing to note that he is so far appreciated to-day that a band of moneyed men are again to push him forward.

"The catch of the porpoise," said a fish oil man of this city, "is something that has never paid. When dead he is useful in certain ways, but never sufficiently so. Under his skin is a layer of fat—the blubber—which is made into an ordinary fish oil, such as menhaden, selling at twenty-five cents a gallon. The only really valuable oil about him is within the jaw bone. That oil is very fine. It sells at from \$3 to \$4 a gallon, and, when carefully refined, very much higher. But, of course, per porpoise there is a very small quantity of that. Of the ordinary oil about ten porpoises are needed for a barrelful. It is used for the same purposes that other fish oils are—lubricating, the curing of leather and the lighting of mines. But the amount of porpoise oil actually used is so small that we oil men never take it into consideration at all."

The porpoise's hide is regularly tanned for boot and shoe use. It is too wet and oily a leather to become a material for bags, pocket books and the like. Cut into strips for shoestrings it has met with some favor. But otherwise it is not wanted.—[Mail and Express.]

An Electric Reading Lamp for a Penny.

Passengers by the main line of the South Eastern railway of England will henceforth have the benefit of the latest pattern of the "put a penny in the slot" automatic machines, in the shape of an electric reading lamp with which the company's carriages are being equipped. The apparatus is contained in a small box, five inches by three, which is placed immediately under the rack, and over the passenger's heads. By the introduction of a penny at the top of the box, and the subsequent pressure of a knob, an electric light of five-candle power is obtained, which will burn for half an hour and then extinguish itself automatically. The light may be continued for an indefinite period by the renewed insertion of a penny every half hour by the pressing of a second knob. A special feature of the invention is that if the apparatus should happen to be out of order, the penny will drop right through and deposit itself in such a way at the bottom of the box that it may be recovered, the same result being obtained if a halfpenny, or other coin not of the size of a penny, be inserted. One accumulator to every carriage supplies the electricity to the whole number of lamps in each compartment. The comforts of night journeyings will be materially increased by this latest application of the coin freed automatic principle. The difference between enduring the dim and feeble flicker of the old oil lamp, which has to suffice for the entire compartment, and having a brilliant electric ray which bears directly on the passenger's paper or book, is too obvious to be more than mentioned for its due appreciation. At present the intention is that the electric lamp should only supplement, and not supersede, the light for the oil lamp in the roof of the carriage. It may be, however, that the latter will ultimately be entirely dispensed with, in which case not only will disagreeable odor that occasionally arises from a faulty wick be absent, but the temperature of the atmosphere will be considerably decreased.

Drop a Copper and Find Your Name.

The latest development of the slot machine is a brass frame enclosing the city directory, which permits the volume to be opened only when a cent has been inserted in the slot. It is hailed as a blessing by druggists and others whose directories are in constant demand by the public.

Cheap Crematories.

In a paper on "Destructors and Refuse Furnaces," read before a Yorkshire sanitary science conference, Mr. W. Warner said that a chimney 160 feet high was suitable for the cremation, and could be built with a six-celled destructor, for about \$15,000. If a town could utilize all the clinkers, fine ashes and fine dust, it would pay the cost of burning and the return of capital expended on the plant, and produce a revenue to aid the necessary cost of erection.

Products of the Birch Tree.

The twigs and bark of the common birch (*Betula alba*) have really an intrinsic value not second to many of the most valuable plants. Even the leaves and young shoots secrete a resinous substance, having an acid reaction, which, under the long legged names of the pharmacist, is sold as a medicinal preparation for as high as \$16 per fluid ounce. The inner bark secretes a bitterish alkaloid not unlike cinchona in its nature, and is used largely as an adulterant for quinine in many parts of Europe. The so-called "cinchona mixture" has been found by analysts to consist, in many instances, of the alkaloid found in the inner bark of the humble birch tree. The outer bark, subjected to dry distillation, yields a peculiar empyreumatic oil, having the peculiar odor of Russia leather, and the secret of preparing skins, and that, too, of the very poorest quality of skins, being taken from cattle that have perished on those barren, desolate plains, is the only obstacle, thus far, to prevent American artisans competing with with Russia and Austria in fine leather goods. It is not necessary, however, to go into chemical technicalities and details in order to arrive at a profitable solution of the uses of birch twigs and birch bark, when the larger timber

is being cut away and hauled to the saw mill or the turning lathe. It is stated that the oil of wintergreen so useful, fragrant, and expensive, is nearly always adulterated with birch oil; much of it even is birch oil pure and simple, but is sold as wintergreen oil, and is wintergreen oil to all intents and purposes, having, when properly prepared and refined, the same properties, viz.: specific gravity, 1.173; boiling point 412 degrees, and mixes readily with alcohol, chloroform, etc. The appliances necessary for the preparation of this oil are neither intricate nor costly, being simply a large tub supplied with a coil and steam connection.—[Lumber Trade Journal.]

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Ex-president Rutherford B. Hayes has pronounced in favor of New York's claims to the world's fair. The New York Sun makes no mention of this fact.

To the question, "Who invented spectacles?" an answer has been given by the Italians in favor of one of themselves. In Florence, in a little street, a memorial tablet has been inserted in the facade of one of the houses, and bears the following inscription: "To honor the memory of Salvino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles in the thirteenth century, the Guild of Artisans, on the spot once occupied by the houses of the Armati, placed this tablet on the 5th day of July, 1885."

When Jay Gould unbosoms himself of the information that this is going to be a prosperous year for the leading railroads, Wall street hustles around and unloads all the stocks in sight.

An Englishman of letters is said to wear around his neck a portion of Shelley's skull. It is a sad case of relic worship.

An eastern society woman settled in Kansas. She issued invitations to a "breakfast," and nearly all of her guests appeared before she was up.

"Shoot any one that bothers you," said a Georgia man to his wife on presenting her with a shotgun. She followed his advice, and now he has a bad wound in the neck.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in reviewing his life he finds that he has taken more interest in surgery than in poetry, but he realizes that his fame will rest upon the efforts of his pen, not of his knife.

Some London zealots tried hard to convert the shah to Christianity. They bombarded him vigorously with tracts, but at last accounts he had as many wives as ever.

The emperor of China, who is a young and progressive man, is very anxious to make a trip to this country. He is in constant communication with the Chinese minister at Washington on the subject, and shows a good deal of impatience at the latter's advice. The minister has written the emperor that there is to be an exposition in 1892, and that he had better defer his trip until that time. It would be a strange coincidence if the celebration commemorating the advent of Columbus should be made memorable by the presence of the emperor of China.

There is one kind of ardor that nothing can dampen or depress. It is the ardor in the pursuit of office.

A careful compilation from all known statistics places the number of the human family living to day at about 1,450,000,000. In Asia there are 800,000,000, or an average of 120 to the square mile; in Europe, 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, and in Africa, 210,000,000. In the new world, both North and South America, there are but 110,000,000, relatively scattered. In the islands, large and small, 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three, and the remaining 700,000,000 are intermediate brown and tawny.

Andrew Young, the author of "There Is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away," is living at the age of eighty years.

D. G. Parnelee, of Boston, has made a large fortune in a peculiar way. He has the only plant in the Hub which manufactures baked beans for daily delivery. He does an immense business, and clears large profits.

An Atchison man recently married a widow because she took such good care of her first husband's grave.

An Object Lesson.

Memphis Appeal.

There are 15,500 miners in northern Illinois who are out of work. This number represents a mining population of about 36,000; and of these people, including women and children, 18,000 are starving. And yet there is plenty of coal in the earth for these miners to dig. Why, then, should they not dig it? The operators on May 1 decided that the miners must work for about sixty cents a day and deal at the company's stores, where exorbitant prices were charged. Upon this the miners struck, because it meant starvation either to work or remain idle. It has been developed that the cut was made by the operators as a factor in a conspiracy against other mining operators, and not because the state of the trade demanded the cut. Public sentiment has forced the operators to arbitrate. This dreadful state of affairs is the fruit of the high tariff. If the gates were open at the seaboard wages would be really regulated by the laws of supply and demand, instead of the caprices of the "protected" capitalist. The workingmen of the country will one day come to their senses and refuse longer to be fooled by republican campaign orators. It will be strange, indeed, if at the next election in Illinois the democrats do not gain 10,500 votes.

THE PROFESSOR'S PROBLEM

Mary Kernahan Harris in Beigravia.

"I am quite unable to understand it," said the professor, sighing.

If the professor found himself at fault, most of his friends would have concluded that the subject must have been one remarkably difficult of comprehension, for he had spent some of the best years of his life over problems so exceedingly knotty that they were wont to speak of him as "a wonderfully clever man; all the learned 'ologies, you know, my dear; don't ask me to explain," with that absence of definition which adds so much to fame.

And yet, after all, it was nothing so very remarkable or extraordinary over which he was puzzling himself. The freak of man and the caprice of woman would have summed it all up; but the only 'ology it had to do with happened to be the one the professor knew nothing about.

"A strange thing—an unaccountable thing!" he repeated emphatically. "That, because poor Phillimore fancied me, he should leave me the care of a child! Dear, dear me, if he had only devoted a little more time to the Greek particles! It was a sad mistake! Eight years! Has the child really lived eight years? I suppose it must be so; and, as Rachel says, she is a woman now, and she has found for some time, I fear, the house too dull for her. I have not found it dull," mused the professor, a tinge of sadness in his tone. "The years have been happy—the happiest and pleasantest I have known—since little Hetty came. I am sure I never knew how much a young girl has it in her power to brighten the place she lives in. How cheerful it has been to hear her steps about the place! How we should miss her—Rachel and I—if she were to leave! But I have been neglecting her. I have forgotten that she needs something brighter than the monotonous tenor of her life here. No, she is not happy; now that I come to think of it, I have not heard her singing for some time."

He fell into thought. "I am to blame," he said at last aloud; "the house is dull for her, and I am dull, and Rachel is dull. I ought to have thought of it before. I am not fitted, heaven knows, to have the charge of a young creature like that. I am afraid Phillimore made a sad mistake, so far as her happiness was concerned, when he left her to us. I wonder what are a young girl's usual anticipations—what surroundings she requires? It must be dull—I can see that now—to be so constantly with Rachel. I have even found Rachel a little monotonous myself. Yet, after all, I understand so little of woman-kind!" ejaculated the professor sadly.

"The philosophers," he uttered musingly at last, "they had something to say about women, I believe."

He stretched out his hand, and partly tilted the back of a book, then let it re-assume its position, and scanned his crowded shelves further. "Great thinkers have not disdained the subject. I am sorry little Hetty has given up her singing. 'Well, well,' he added, as he took down a ponderous tome, 'we will hope for better things. I am anxious to do my duty by the child.'"

An hour had slipped away, and the professor, deep in thought, had laid down his book for a time, and was gazing, a certain vague sadness perceptible in his countenance, at the far spring sky seen through the fast-shut window. He was so absorbed that he did not hear a light step pass the door, nor did he even notice when the step hesitated. The door was gently opened, and the subject of his thoughts glanced in.

If he had observed it, he would not have imagined for a moment that the action denoted any particular interest in himself. It was her way—a pretty, engaging way little Hetty had had from a child—that saucy, depreciatory glance at the philosophers on their shelves. The philosopher in his chair had grown wont to look for it when she passed.

"Little Hetty" was a woman, a young woman, certainly, and a very pretty and bright-eyed one; but the fact that she had quite grown up would long ago have been apparent to any eyes but Mr. Rochester's. She had a charming, rounded figure; the prettiest little lovelocks, chestnut and curling, framed the piquancy of her face; her eyes alone were childish. Innocent, soft-fringed, brown eyes they were, as clear as a moorland pool, yet willful enough at times when Hetty chose, and,

as a child, she had chosen tolerably often. And there was quite a womanly air of decision about her. She considered she had arrived at years of discretion, and knew her own mind. For the matter of that, she had known her own mind for a long time, and she felt it to be a thousand pities the professor did not know his.

Hetty closed the door with a sigh, and went slowly upstairs to her own room, sitting down, when she had reached it, not far from the glass. She had been accustomed to admire, being young and pretty, her own pleasing reflection; but it had in some way lost its charm for her lately. She had begun to object to her hair, which was curly and would not keep smooth, also to the youthful curve of her cheeks, with other small details.

"It will always be the same," asserted Hetty at last aloud, for there was no one by to hear her, and she shook her head scornfully, contemptingly, at her pretty image in the mirror. "I know what he thinks. Because he is sixteen or seventeen years older than I am, and because he has thought and thought until he is getting bald, and his nice chestnut hair is growing a little grey, and because he loves those miserable philosophers—musty, detestable, sony-hearted things!—that no living young, or bright, or cheerful can ever have anything to do with him. Why can't he see that he is only thirty-eight after all? He's not bent in two yet, in spite of his books. The looking-glass might tell him a little; and he has the nicest dark eyes I ever saw, and he is a muff! He is miserable if I go away for a day—Miss Rachel always says so—and he follows me about the room with his eyes; and he loves me—I know he loves me—it is as blind as a bat!

"And I am a woman grown," murmured little Hetty softly, "and I have seen other people now; and I know, what I have known for ever so long, that there is nobody—nobody like him. And he will never, never find it out. I shall actually have—to propose—to him—myself!"

It was striking twelve down stairs; the professor pushed his book away and gave a long and heavy sigh. "It appears evident," he said musingly, a tinge of sadness in his tone, "that woman from time immemorial has always found her proper sphere and her greatest happiness in the capacities of wife and mother. I must find a home for little Hetty. It is right that I should do my duty by the child."

II.

"Frederick Wilberforce," said the professor musingly; "would he do for Hetty? He is a little old—a good six years her senior, I dare say; but it is just possible that she might not object to that disparity. He is a pleasant young fellow, and is, on the whole, I think, the most desirable of the young men of our acquaintance. I hope he will make the child happy," added her guardian, with lips a little compressed. "I should like to make some inquiries about him if I knew how to set to work."

"Charles Warrington; really, now I come to think of it, we know a good many young men. The child need not be without choice. In fact, it is rather a wonder, though I know so little of the ways of women, that it has never occurred to her to think of these things for herself. He takes some interest in science. Hetty may not like him so well on that account. Poor young thing!" said her guardian rather sadly. "I am afraid she has had more than enough of that kind of thing here. No, young Warrington is steady and intelligent, but he is not so likely to be the subject of a girl's fancy as the other. He is a little too quiet, I take it, and would serve to remind her of us, and I have already been careless enough of the poor child's happiness."

He rose from the table and closed a book lying open before him, and for a moment Mr. Rochester looked ten years older, lined, and careworn, and pale. And then, with an irrepressible sigh, he went slowly out of the room.

It was an April morning, sweet and fresh. The sunshine gave even his dull dining-room some brightness. It made quite a radiance around Hetty, who was sitting in the window seat gazing absently out, some work untouched in her lap, and as the professor entered he was struck by a certain wistfulness in the girl's face. It was all true. Rachel, with a woman's better knowledge of woman, had reached the truth of the case. Little Hetty was a child no longer. She had turned into a woman, and he, wrapped up in dusty books, had been idly content to let her brighten his life and his sister's. He had not done his duty by the child. What

would poor Phillimore say if he could come back again? But he would repair his fault.

"Looking out at the sunshine, Hetty?" he said, taking a chair near her. The light dazzled him a little; his eyes were not as young as her's, and he had tried them considerably of late years. But Hetty—it would have taken a strong light, he thought as he looked at her, to dazzle those bright, childish eyes, clear and undimmed.

"Yes," said Hetty simply. A tinge of melancholy in her voice reached the professor's ear, suddenly grown keen. He moved his chair a little, so that the light did not shine so strongly in his face, and looked at her wistfully.

What a pretty creature she was! how fresh and engaging!—like a rose dropped by some careless hand in a dusty and dim library. He wondered vaguely if all young girls had such childlike ways about them, such adorably pretty upward glances. Yes, he should miss her terribly; the house would be another place without her.

"I have been thinking, Hetty," the professor began, and paused, embarrassed, at a loss for words.

"Yes; that is what you generally are occupied in doing," said Miss Hetty, demurely. There was the least little sparkle of mischief in her eyes.

"Well, perhaps so; too much, I am afraid," returned the professor, a trifle surprised. "I have forgotten a good many things, wrapped up in my books—my duty among others, and my duty to you, Hetty, in particular. Rachel tells me you are two-and-twenty."

"Twenty-two last month."

"Twenty-two! And you were a child only yesterday! Surely it was but the other day that you were running about the house in short frocks! It seems impossible!" ejaculated the poor professor sadly.

"What seems impossible? That I should ever grow up?"

"It has seemed impossible to me, I am afraid, while you have been growing up all the time. It was only that my eyes were dull, my dear; you are not really a child now."

"No," Hetty rejoined, gravely and quietly; it smote her guardian with a pang. How much, indeed, must he have neglected her when a young girl could speak so seriously—almost sadly. Well, he would not be neglectful any more.

"You are outgrowing us, my dear," he said gently, taking her hand in his in a fatherly, if somewhat wistful, manner. "You need something brighter and younger in your life. There is only one thing I have no cause to reproach myself with; I have never refused invitations for you, and you have had a good many opportunities of seeing young people of your own age. What you need is to live among them, to have companionship. I want to see you happy, Hetty."

"Thank you," she rejoined. The professor, listening anxiously, felt a curious contraction of the heart. It was all true, then; she accepted his statements as fact; she had long ago recognized it in her own mind as such.

"I have been thinking a great deal of you, my dear, since Rachel pointed this out to me; and, as I feel myself to be very ignorant, I have been reading as well as thinking. Shall I tell you the result of my studies?"

Hetty's pretty lips were curved.

"Oh, certainly," she returned, with a very slight pretense at interest.

"It appears to be universally agreed that, in all ages of the world, Hetty, woman finds her proper sphere, the round of duty most congenial to her, the happiest, fullest life," said the professor simply, dropping for the moment the more bookish phrases, "in the home—in married life, my dear."

He had uttered it now; he had suggested the parting with her that would leave the house empty. Yes, quite empty; never to be young and bright and sunshiny any more. He had begun to be well aware, by this time, that all the sunshine would go with her. But he had done his duty; and it might be that she did not care so much for the life he had alluded to as others of her sex.

"What do you think about it, my child?" he asked, for Hetty had not yet responded; and a slight giddiness had come over the professor as, he told himself, he was not used to changes.

"I think," said Hetty, with a sudden lovely, overwhelming flush of color, and—after one sunny, willful glance at him—

with downcast eyes, "that your philosophers for once are right."

There was a short silence. "I am sorry, my dear," said the professor patiently, breaking it at last, "that this kind of thing never occurred to me before; I did not know you were not happy here."

"I am happy! I have always been happy here!" cried Hetty indignantly; and tears, half of remorse, half of vexation, stood in her brown eyes. "It was only that you said—that you thought—that home life was a pleasant thing in the abstract."

"I hope you may find it a pleasant and a happy thing, but not in the abstract," returned her guardian, with a smile that was rather wistful. "You have made the house very happy, and I shall miss you woefully. Rachel will miss you."

"It is all very much in the abstract at present, I think," Hetty rejoined, her red lips taking a scornful curve again. "Still, I am glad you would miss me."

"It is all very much in the abstract at present, I think," Hetty rejoined, her red lips taking a scornful curve again. "Still, I am glad you would miss me."

"My child," said Mr. Rochester simply—he put out his hand as he spoke, and took hers in a close, protecting clasp—it would not be kind to you to tell you how much I shall miss you."

"Then I will never leave," said Hetty quietly. The archness had left her face, a little sigh escaped her.

"On the contrary, I hope and trust you may; life holds something brighter far for you than this," returned the professor; and he released the little hand he held.

"It was very kind of you to leave your books for the express purpose of making depressing remarks, Mr. Rochester," said Hetty, with sudden, inexplicable coldness. What a very engaging child she was, and how well her willful ways became her! A child! no, a woman! He must not forget that fact again.

"I had no thought of depressing you, Heaven knows! I came to talk over a few persons with you. Rachel tells me that she believes that almost all the young men of our acquaintance entertain more or less admiration for you. I was not aware of it, I am sure"—his ward winced at this statement, in its simplicity—"though, at the same time, I find nothing to wonder at in it. Can you not choose one of them? I should rejoice to see you happy."

"You have come to recommend some one? It is very kind," said Hetty scornfully.

"Some thought of the kind was in my mind; I have been reviewing our friends. I am anxious, my dear, that your choice should fall on some one in every way worthy of you, that I may feel I have done my duty both by your father and yourself. I think," continued the professor, with effort now, "that Frederick Wilberforce is perhaps worthy of thought."

"And why Fred Wilberforce?" Hetty asked disdainfully, with almost school-girl pertness.

"His taste and habits seem quiet, his family is good. I don't know that you would have much wealth, but I should like you to consider character, my child, before money. He is a few years older than you—I have considered that you may not like that—but, if you should overlook the disparity for the sake of other things, I should like to see you in a home of your own."

"Thank you, you are very kind. It is quite beside the subject to mention. I suppose, that I detest Fred Wilberforce," said Hetty curtly.

"Detest him! Really, I was not aware. My dear child, say no more about it. I am sorry, in that case, I ever mentioned the young man's name. He is a good deal older than you, certainly. Let us consider Charles Warrington instead; in fact, I should have put him first if it had not been for his scientific tastes; I thought that you had really had so much of that thing here that it must prejudice you against him. He is a very good son, I believe; a little quiet, but your own age, and I have never heard anything but good of him, Hetty. Do you think you could like Charles Warrington? You would not be living far from us then; I am selfish, you see. It would be a delightful thing to us both to have you run in and out when you could."

"If there is anyone I could dislike more than Fred Wilberforce, it is Charles Warrington," returned Hetty. "I am glad you like him. What you see in him I fail to understand."

The professor's countenance became

perplexed. "I seem very unfortunate in my choice of suggestion," he said mildly. "Perhaps William Hooper, or Thomas Hastings; you might like one of those better?"

"Thank you, I'm going into the garden. Don't trouble yourself about any more suggestions this morning, Mr. Rochester," returned Hetty coldly, rising as she spoke. A wave of ripe rose-red color swept suddenly into her cheeks; her eyes met the professor's for one moment, childish, willful, womanly. "I detest young men," she said. "If I ever marry anyone, he shall be rather old."

"Rather old," said the professor, left alone, gazing absently at his own reflection in the ugly square mirror above the dining room mantelpiece. "What a singular fancy! Then Frederick Wilberforce would not have been so objectionable after all, if she had but liked him in other respects. 'Rather old!' Ah, me, I am rather old, and the child would not repose full confidence in me, on that account, no doubt. I have been 'rather old' for many a long day!"

III.

"Three weeks, and I have never alluded to the subject since! I have been lacking in moral courage," said the professor muttering, as he waited for admittance on his doorstep.

"There has been no change in the child; she still has that quiet, subdued air about her. It has occurred to me that it is quite possible that she may be hesitating to leave us for our sake—even deem it ungrateful. If Rachel should leave us alone to-night, I shall try to revive the subject. It is the right thing to do."

The dining room was only tenanted by one; Hetty was alone. A cheerful fire was burning on the hearth, and she sat dreaming before it, her hands clasped idly in her lap; and, in some way or other, every careless attitude of Hetty's was graceful. The firelight picture—for the lamp had not been brought in—stirred the professor's pulses with a sharp, bitter-sweet sense of longing and loneliness.

Hetty lifted her head suddenly at the quiet opening of the door, and he could almost have fancied he saw tears shining on her curling lashes. A fancy, do doubt, but that Hetty had been very quiet and grave lately remained a certainty to his new keenness of vision. He advanced into the range of firelight, and, as was his wont, after exchanging greetings, looked in the usual corner for his slippers—Miss Rachel's rules were too well known in the household to be infringed.

"Your slippers?" said Hetty, with unusual meekness of tone. "They're here, Mr. Rochester, in the fender."

"Oh, indeed! How could they have fallen in there?" returned the professor in mild surprise, and he stooped to pick them up.

"They didn't fall. I put them there. I—I thought you might like to have them warmed," Hetty returned, in unusually confused and apologetic tones.

"Oh, indeed! Your intention was very kind, my dear," said the professor absent-mindedly; "but you need not have taken so much trouble; the evening was not a cold one."

There were no tears glistening on Hetty's eyelashes now; a curve of righteous feminine scorn was visible instead, on her red lips. Yes, he might wait many and many a day; never should he, by any chance, after that utterly obtuse remark, find his slippers comfortably ensconced in the fender again. She knew he was a miserable man; he dreaded the thought of parting with her; well, he deserved to be miserable.

He was certainly a trifle lacking in moral courage; for, perceiving that Hetty showed no disposition to have the lamp brought in, and the glimmering firelight hid her face and his own alternately, and also observing that, by sitting in the arm chair to the right of the hearth, he could escape observation altogether, he concluded that no time could be more admirable for introducing the subject he felt such difficulty in entering upon—for urging the child to leave the home nest empty. The professor sighed.

Hetty's hardening little heart relented at the sound. "Is anything the matter?" she asked, a little coldly, it might be, but it served for an introduction.

"I sighed, Hetty, to remember that the time has come for you to leave us. You can forgive me for that, my dear," returned her guardian gently.

"Do you mean—what you said about Fred Wilberforce—and Charles Warring-

ton?" asked Hetty, as the firelight sank a little.

"Yes," returned the professor gravely; "you detested them, you said. It was somewhat of a shock to me, as I had not been aware of it. I am afraid I did not go the right way to work with my suggestions, but indeed I was thinking only of your welfare. I cannot let the subject drop, my dear," interposed her guardian firmly, the firelight suddenly blazing up and showing an expression of protest on the girl's countenance. "I will not mention anyone by name; but I want to urge upon you that you must not sacrifice your young life to us. It is right that you should have your freedom, feel at perfect liberty to make your choice and leave us; we both acquiesce in it—Rachel and I. And it has occurred to me as just possible that you might have some fancy of your own in the matter. I am almost ashamed to ask you such a question—but you are growing a woman now; have you ever formed any idea of the sort of person—you could be happy with?"

"Yes," said Hetty. She was looking down at a little sapphire ring that adorned one of her fingers, and she did not raise her eyes. "I have thought about it."

"Oh, indeed! really," ejaculated the professor, somewhat staggered. He passed his hands across his brow. "And what is he like, Hetty?" he asked, in tones that had an unmistakable tinge of melancholy in them.

"I should like him to be rather old; I think I told you so before," said Hetty, with a little tremor in her voice. It was really very considerate of the fire; it glimmered redly, but it kept its flashes to itself. "And I should not even mind if he liked things that I hated; he might even have stupid obtuse ways at times—men so often are stupid and obtuse. But I should like him to have very nice dark eyes; and to be able to respect him."

"Very nice dark eyes! I know so few answering to that description," said the professor, who, hopelessly perplexed by Hetty's first sentences, seemed to see some dawning clearness in her last words, and reviled to review them conscientiously. "Must his eyes be so particularly fine, my child? Could you not place character above looks?"

"Oh, certainly. I am not at all particular as to looks," rejoined Hetty, crimsoning. "I should like him to have a nice, kind, quiet way with him; the very reverse of Fred Wilberforce's."

"I am afraid," said the professor very gently, and sighing as he spoke—he had been carefully considering and reconsidering Hetty's remarks for the space of fully five minutes—that I know no one at all who answers to your description."

"Perhaps I could tell you a little more of my fancies," said the girl, suddenly raising her eyes. Mr. Rochester did not see how tightly her hands were clasped together; he only saw that charming, willful glance again. "I should not care a bit if he was wrapped up in musty, tiresome, disagreeable things; he must be very—oh, very fond of Greek."

What a heartless thing the firelight had turned into! How it flickered and brightened, and obdurately persisted in revealing the hot color Hetty longed to hide with both her hands! And Mr. Rochester's eyes were fixed on her. What were his thoughts?

"Greek!" he said, after the space of about a minute. "You have occasioned me more surprise than I can tell you, my dear."

"Well, it had been unconventional, unmaidenly—indeed, perhaps; but he never would have known his own heart without it—and if the firelight would only hide her cheeks!"

"I have often wished," continued the professor, "that I could have devoted more time to that language. But I little dreamed, my child, you shared my feeling regarding it. I should hardly have looked for it in one so young; but it occupied many years of your father's attention, I remember, and I can understand it a little in that way. I must find your Greek scholar for you, Hetty—it seems a strange thing, too! I never credited you, my dear, with tastes like these."

"He is a promising young fellow," said the professor, almost to himself, and not, as you say, too young; he must be quite thirty or thereabouts. I am thinking of Martin Archer, Hetty; you don't know him at present, my dear—I meet him often at college—but he answers, in a great many respects, to your description. I often wish, when talking with him, that I had my youth back again.

And so you will be leaving us; it is only a question of time: I shall see that low chair of yours empty. And perhaps it may be Martin Archer."

"No, never!" said Hetty. The firelight, flickering up, revealed her face, and to the professor's amazement he saw it crimsoned and scornful. "I hate Mr. Archer! I detest him! I know perfectly well he is a conceited prig; I am sure, quite sure of it! And the only thing I ask, Mr. Rochester," she continued, rising suddenly and bursting into tears, "is that you will never, never, as long as I live, let me hear his detestable name again!"

"I am utterly at fault," said the professor at last; "the child places no confidence in me whatever. She grows more lovable than ever—more engaging. How we all ever endure the house without her I dare not think! But I am utterly at fault. I am afraid the truth must be in what has certainly been affirmed by thinkers of all ages—Woman is an Enigma."

IV.

The autumn was waning; the coral berries were ripening in the hedges; and soon, the professor said to himself, looking with vague melancholy toward his study window, the gray mornings, the long evenings, the chill of winter would be creeping on, and the fire would be alight again on the hearth. Would Hetty sit beside it, or would it be left to Rachel and himself alone? He saw the two figures, his bent and stooping, as he always pictured it, with a head prematurely gray, and his sister sitting opposite, clicking her needles, and sometimes interpolating a conjecture about "the child," the child who had come into his life, and brightened eight years of it, and had vanished, with the roses and the summer, to some brighter, happier home of her own.

He rose from his chair, pushing a little way from him, as he did so, the manuscript that had been lying before him. With a slow contraction of the heart, he heard Hetty's voice. She was replying to something said by his sister; Miss Rachel seemed to be going out. He waited till the steps had descended the stairs and the front door had closed; then, he could hardly have told with what intention, walked to the sitting room door.

Hetty was knitting; Miss Rachel had been teaching her, and the quiet work appeared to accord with the new gravity that seemed to be changing her from the child he had known into a woman. There was even a cold quietness about her this evening as she raised her eyes and met her guardian's.

"Hetty, my child," said the professor, obeying a sudden impulse, going over to her and laying one hand gently on her shoulder, "forgive me if I am insistent; I want you to tell me if you have forgotten a question I asked you some months ago; am I never to see you happy in a brighter, fuller life than this? For I have not forgotten it."

"I have not forgotten," said Hetty calmly; but I have nothing more to tell you, Mr. Rochester."

"Rachel told me yesterday—I cannot say, of course, if she is right or not—that she believes you have been refusing a very desirable offer. Is it true that Gerald Eccleston has gone away from home entirely on your account?"

"I have no objection to tell you; it is quite true, Hetty answered a little curtly. Her lips tightened.

"It would have been an excellent match for you, from a worldly point of view, of course. And did you refuse him because he was not fond of Greek? Or is it that you do not think it right to leave us? I hope you have not been thinking of us at all in the matter," said the professor gravely.

"He is very nice," said Hetty slowly, "and very good looking, and everybody tells me that he is extremely rich, and his own family all speak well of him."

"And notwithstanding all these things," asked her guardian with an oppressed sense of bewilderment, "you could not fancy him?"

"No, I could not fancy him," she answered a little coldly.

"I am afraid that singular ideal lover of yours stands in the way. I fear you may wait a great many years, and never find him after all. Is there anything else you could tell me about this fancy of yours my child? I might find some one, even now, likely to distinguish himself in Greek study; I will not forget that you dislike Mr. Archer."

"I have nothing more to add; I have told you all I can tell you, Mr. Rochester,"

said Hetty quietly. What use to say anything further to one so obtuse, so ignorant of his own heart? She took up the knitting lying in her lap.

"Nothing?" urged the professor anxiously. "You cannot think of anything more? I should so like to see you happy."

"Nothing," repeated Hetty coldly, and even a little bitterly; and so, having ended the matter, she raised her eyes for a moment, and saw her guardian's face.

What was written there? A swift wave of pity, as well as of love, swept over her; the tears came into her eyes as she met that gaze of inexpressible tenderness and melancholy and longing. She clasped her hands tightly together in her lap, and had no power any longer to be cold.

"I think," she said, not daring to look up, the color flooding her cheeks, her hands trembling, "that I should like him bald-headed."

There was no response. Hetty clasped her hands over her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Rochester," she murmured, the old childlike Hetty that he remembered, "have I said anything dreadful?"

"No, my dear, not anything 'dreadful,'" said the professor mildly; "only something very singular."

V.

"As I have said to you over and over again, I am unable to account for it, Rachel; but those were her words. It has occurred to me, at last, that a woman might understand a woman. You will respect the child's confidence, I know, even as I respect it," said the professor anxiously; "you will never let her know—unless she herself should mention the subject to you—that we have had this conversation."

"I am not much of a talker," said Miss Rachel dryly. She had been knitting socks, but her busy hands were idle for once; the knitting had dropped into her lap. Her face wore an expression of mingled amazement and dawning satisfaction; even a trifle of humor—a thing there was but small stock of in Miss Rachel's composition—might have been detected by anyone of particularly observant eyes. The professor's were not of that quality.

"Do you really mean to tell me, John, that she said she should prefer him 'rather old'?" she asked, after a long and reflective study of the fire.

"She did," returned her brother emphatically. "I am utterly unable to understand it; I do not profess to account for it in any way."

"Never mind if you can account for it or not; I want to know once more what she said. And you tell me that she declared, really declared," reiterated Miss Rachel, looking sharply up into the professor's melancholy and perplexed countenance, "she should like him particularly fond of Greek?"

"She told me so with the utmost decision—a strange, an inexplicable, an unaccountable thing."

"Unaccountable, no. Strange, perhaps a little," rejoined Miss Rachel dryly. "And there was something more; I want to hear it all over once again."

The professor's eyes met hers, reflective, sad, utterly devoid of all consciousness of the meaning of her increasingly inquisitorial gaze. "She said," he answered mildly, "the most singular thing of all; she would like him bald-headed."

Miss Rachel smiled—a smile, by this time, of broad and perfect satisfaction. She paused a moment or two and let her gaze rest on her brother's thinning hair; on his tall figure, a trifle stooped; his grave, depressed countenance; and then she observed, quietly and calmly, so calmly that it enhanced the effect of the thunderbolt when it came, "Why don't you ask her yourself, John?"

The room went round. At least, in the professor's opinion it did so. The chairs, the table, Miss Rachel's angular form seated opposite to him, all mingled in one inextricable confusion, and the most singular part of it was that, when at last he regained his senses, his sister appeared to wear an expression of calm satisfaction.

"You said, Rachel—? I think I must have mistaken your words," submitted the professor.

"I said," repeated Miss Rachel distinctly, "why don't you ask her yourself? You are 'rather old,' or rather, she thinks you so, at her age; and if you are not exactly bald-headed now, you soon will be if you spend so much time over those books. The child means you."

"Absurd! absurd! You are utterly mistaken, Rachel; it is preposterous, outrageous!" ejaculated the professor almost

wildly, "and she also said, 'distinguished in Greek.'"

"Well, what else would she say? She meant everything of your sort, of course. I'm sure I thought you were distinguished in Greek, and in Latin and Hebrew and Sanskrit, and everything else."

"No, Rachel," said her brother, "I am not distinguished in it; I would I were. And the whole thing is utterly ridiculous; so ridiculous, it makes me shrink to think what she would say if she could overhear us. How could she even dream of such a lover as I should be—a young creature like that!"

"John," said the little old maid, rising and placing her hand on his arm—an unwonted act with her—and the unwonted tears were in her eyes now, "I am ten years older than you, and I know a little of women, and I know that Hetty Phillimore would never be willfully unkindly. The child has found out that you love her, and that you will never discover it for yourself, as you never would. Why," said Miss Rachel, with a little touch of feminine scorn, "you hardly know it now! Do you love her, John?"

"Yes," said the professor suddenly, and with an inexpressible melancholy. "You have shown me my heart, Rachel!"

"Then," said his sister pleadingly, "for your own sake, John, for my sake, will you give her the opportunity of saying 'Yes' or 'No' to you?"

"It would be preposterous! I should blush to even mention such a thing to her. To couple her name with mine!" said the professor bitterly. "It would be an insult to the child!"

"Then for Hetty's sake?" urged Miss Rachel, with such warmth as her brother had never known in her. "Suppose, just think for a minute, John, if there were the slightest foundation of reality in my supposition! Just to make perfectly sure it is not so, to give the child her opportunity to say 'No' even!"

His lips became compressed. He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. "Well—if you are going to make yourself unhappy about fancy, Rachel," he rejoined, as one who finds a subject too painful to discuss. "But it is utterly preposterous—the wildest, strangest notion that ever entered a woman's head."

The twilight was deepening. Hetty was alone. Miss Rachel had gone out on some errand, and the door had just closed after her. It was growing dark so rapidly in the professor's study that the philosophers on the shelves were gradually becoming wrapt in obscurity. And it was just as well, someone with his hand on the door thought bitterly, as he looked their way; they had no cure for heartache.

The closing in of the autumn evening seemed to have brought an added melancholy with it; even the fire, burning brightly in the dining room, where Hetty sat, gazing into the red heart of the flame, had lost its accustomed cheeriness, and, as Mr. Rochester paused at the threshold a moment, it wavered, and seemed to say warningly: "Better not presume." The professor had been heavy hearted enough before, and full enough of forebodings, but he had made up his mind, and, having done so, had a masculine tenacity of purpose; and he had given his word to Miss Rachel. The philosophers themselves, in massed phalanx, would not have deterred him now.

"The child" was alone: the sooner it was over the better. The sooner he met her incredulous gaze, and heard her astonished words, and the sad heart breaking little comedy was played out to the last scene—the bent, middle-aged man talking of love to this little "queen rose" in the "rose bud garden of girls"—so much the better. When a man has a surgical operation to undergo, he does not often ask the doctor to stay his hand.

The professor gave a long drawn tremulous sigh. Hetty heard it and looked up. She must surely have recognized some subtle change in his face and manner, for the color began to forsake her cheeks, and they had been tinted with the prettiest wild-rose flush only a moment before.

"I have something to say to you, Hetty," said the professor almost pathetically. It was better to begin at once, to spare himself nothing; the sooner it was over the better. "I wonder if you can ever forgive me, and indeed, my dear, I would not have done it if I could have helped it. I took your confidence to Rachel!"

Hetty's face was ruddy enough now, the rose-color was leaping into it. Her temples, her neck, the very tips of her ears were scarlet, but she said nothing.

"I told her the various innocent con-

fessions you had made to me, my child, and she said—she said"—Mr. Rochester had become suddenly incoherent of speech—"that—really, my dear, I am ashamed to tell you. I blush to repeat it! It was the most amazing, the most preposterous thing; you will—you will actually laugh, Hetty!"

"Shall I?" rejoined Hetty, demurely. She had recovered her self-possession in a moment—it was an astonishing thing. Indeed, the Hetty of old childlike days had never looked quite so willful, so arch, so provoking, so adorably bewildering as Hetty now.

"It was absurd!" said the poor professor, looking apologetically at the clock. "It was the wildest notion, the one least likely to have any foundation in reality, that I have ever heard. My only hope is that you will banish it from your mind, my child, when once I have told you about it and kept my word to Rachel. Don't think of it again. Regard it as of absolutely no consequence."

"I will try, to Mr. Rochester, if you'll tell me what it was," rejoined Hetty, looking very hard at the fire. A score of little dimples were peeping out in cheek and chin, but the professor never looked her way to see them.

"You will not be surprised at my want of courage when I tell you what it is. You will wonder if my books have turned my head. I shall not blame you, my dear, it will be the most natural thought with you. I have been mad and foolish enough to love you, Hetty, but never mad enough to dream, for a moment, that you could even think of me. I told Rachel your confidence," said the professor, with sudden desperation, "that you fancied a lover rather old, who was distinguished in Greek study, who was bald-headed. And she returned," he added (Miss Rachel's utterance must have been a singularly incoherent one, if it in anywise resembled her brother's now), "Why don't you ask her yourself, John?"

There was a dead silence. It was broken at last by the falling of a coal out of the grate, and the professor started at the sound of it, as if he were a criminal dreading arrest. He stooped and hastily picked up the poker, apparently under the impression that it was a pen.

"Pray banish it from your mind," he agitatedly. "Don't think of it, it's not of the very slightest consequence. It is, as you say, the most absurd thing you ever heard in your life. I merely mentioned it."

Hetty had raised her head. She suddenly turned and the firelight shone upon her face, upon a smile and upon a tear.

"Why didn't you 'merely mention' it before, John?" she said softly, stretching out her hands.

"And so," said the professor, in the tone of an astronomer or geologist who has just discovered an amazing scientific fact, "you loved me all the time!"

"And anyone but yourself would have found it out long ago!" Hetty supplemented, giving a button on Mr. Rochester's coat a disdainful but tender twist.

"It is astounding!" ejaculated the professor gravely.

"It is astounding. I don't profess to understand it, I leave the explanation to you," returned Hetty demurely.

"Inexplicable indeed!" repeated the professor once more, and as, with inexpressible tenderness he drew closer to him the little figure already nestling so near, his countenance became still more reflective.

"There is only one explanation," he said musingly. "Heaven knows, my child, what you could have seen in me. But you are a woman, Hetty, and there appears to be a universal consensus of opinion of thinkers on the subject, in all ages—Woman is an Enigma!"

"And man," said Hetty, in a supplementary tone, "is—sometimes—occasionally, you know—a Donkey!"

A Chinese Wall Around the World's Fair.
Abram S. Hewitt in New York Herald.

"What do you think of the scheme for the international exhibition of 1892?" he repeated. "I think it's absurd to expect other nations to come here with their goods to sell. Why? What motive have they to come here? We have just had an election on the very issue of raising the tariff to keep out foreign products. I think it would be a farce to attempt an international exhibition in view of the tariff policy which the republican party is bound to execute. We ought to give up one or the other. If we invite foreign nations to join in the exhibition we ought not to legislate to exclude their goods. If we do they won't come."

WHAT MAKES THE GULF STREAM?

Theories of an Observer Who Says the Moon Controls Its Current.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I was anchored for three months over the true source of the Gulf stream, and what I learned of the nature of that mysterious and erratic current during that time knocks all the accepted theories as to its origin in the head."

Thus spoke W. S. Howard, late of the United States coast survey steamer Blake, yesterday, as he reclined upon one of the chairs in the Girard house lobby.

"I was attached to the Blake for three years," continued Mr. Howard, "and during that time we definitely fixed the source of the Gulf stream. We spent two years in tracing up the Gulf stream and studying its peculiarities, and while we are still in the dark as to the primary cause of this great ocean river, we have definitely fixed upon the spot where it originates. Formerly it was believed that the Gulf stream was simply the continuation of the Mississippi river, the immense volume of water flowing out of which cleaved its way through old ocean and preserving its own distinctive characteristics as to temperature and color, finally was lost and assimilated by the waters of the frozen northern seas. Others held to the opinion that the Gulf stream was formed and controlled by the trade winds."

"Our observations and investigations furnished us with conclusive proof that neither of these elements had anything to do with it. One curious fact was established, however. We found that the moon affected the Gulf stream and that the current was controlled absolutely and arbitrarily by that body."

"The true source or beginning of the Gulf stream, established by careful scientific observation extending over a period of two years, is at a point between Fowey rocks, Florida, and the Gun bay, on the coast of the Bahamas. At this place, in 498 fathoms of water, we anchored, and for months devoted ourselves to a careful study of the great ocean river."

"Let me tell you something about the peculiarities that we noticed. To begin with, the current of the Gulf stream at the point where we were anchored and which we unanimously agreed upon as its true source, varies daily in velocity. The difference in the flow was at times as much as two and a half knots per hour. The greatest velocity noted was generally about nine hours before the upper transit of the moon. The variations were most excessive on the eastern side of the straits, and least on the western side. The average daily currents vary during the month, the strongest current coming a day or two after the greatest declination of the moon."

"The axis or true point of beginning of the Gulf stream (determined by fixing the position of the strongest surface flow) is eleven and a half miles east of the Fowey rocks light house. The strongest surface current found here was five and a quarter knots per hour, the least one and three-quarter knots, and the average three and six-tenths knots. We used two meters in our observations, one for the surface current and one for the sub-surface stream. The wind has no effect upon the velocity of the stream, and does not change the axis of the current. The surface current, it was noticed, has a much higher velocity than the sub-surface. During our observations we occupied twenty-six different stations, being anchored at each for several days at a time. We took 1,557 current observations with the meter, and 1,807 current observations with the pole during this time."

"And what deductions did you make?"

"These only: that neither the Mississippi river nor the trade winds were in any way responsible for the Gulf stream; that it was affected by the changes of the moon; and that this particular point, 11½ miles east of Fowey rocks light house, was its true axis or source."

"What theories have you in reference to the probable first cause of the stream?"

"Hundreds. It is a great field for speculation. Just imagine, if you can, what would have been the result if we could have donned submarine armor and dived to the bottom in 498 fathoms of water. We made soundings, but they revealed to us nothing. The bottom was a sandy coral foundation; fish and other submarine creatures lived and disported themselves in the depths, and all the time that surging, resistless current boiled about us, defying inquiry as to its true origin."

"It might be, for aught any one could say to the contrary, the mouth of a great river, with its source deep down in the bowels of the earth, among those everlasting fires that scientists tell us are continually burning there. The superheated water gushing to the surface of the ocean at that depth with a power that cannot be estimated would be apt to displace the chilled and heavier water of the ocean, and, with an initial velocity of nearly six miles an hour, would certainly clear for itself a pathway through the ocean until chilled and rendered inert by the frozen waters of the Arctic seas."

"Again, it may be that we were anchored over an immense and ever-active volcano which in no way crippled by the constant influx of the cold ocean water into its yawning crater continually, with a power that human thought cannot measure, hurls back the heated waves, and this repulsion, going on day after day and year after year for a period of time that has not yet been fixed by observation or deduction, has increased the volume of the at first pany geyser until now it has become a fixed and well-founded current differing in color and temperature from the water that surrounds it, and with a sweep and stretch that extend over thousands of miles. You can theorize all day over the matter, and perhaps be as far from the truth as ever. The observations made by the Blake settled several disputed points:

"First—That the winds and the Mississippi river have nothing to do with the formation of the Gulf stream."

"Secondly—That a point eleven and a half miles east of Fowey rocks light house, Fla., in the Caribbean sea, is its true axis or source."

"Thirdly—That the velocity of the current is controlled by the declination of the moon."

The Ultra Protectionist of Ohio Sees Breakers Ahead.

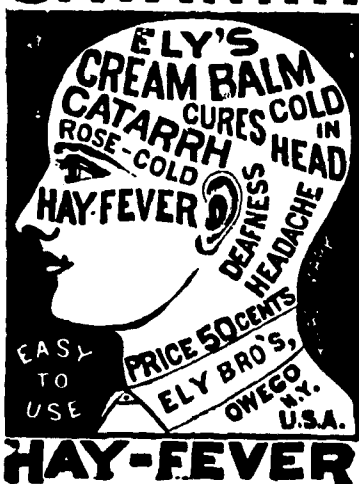
Paterson Guardian.

There seems to be a weakening all along the republican line on the tariff question. Even Congressman McKinley, of Ohio, who shaped the ultra protection plank in the Chicago platform, is thus represented by the friendly Philadelphia Press:

"He believes that the first duty of the republican party is to revise the tariff, and he would have been glad to see an extra session of congress called last April for that purpose. His idea is that the party was then united and that since then the ancient question of patronage has made personal divisions and disagreements. He believes that the next tariff bill must maintain as its first principle the protection of home industry, but he also seems to think that in order to obtain a majority in the next house, with its narrow republican margin, the tariff bill must be what he calls 'liberal' and that it must be framed with a view to mutual concessions."

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THE WEEDS OF WHITECHAPEL.

By One Who Knows Them in London Telegraph.

Scientific men illustrate theories by tracing the life history of one organism. How would it be to go through the life of one typical woman picked from among those who supply the race of weeds? This class has excited much sympathy during the past six months. Let us see how they live. The Whitechapel girl begins her apprenticeship to the pavement very early. She is a dodger as soon as she can toddle, and she acquires more and more animal cunning until she reaches the age when she can comb her hair back and grease it and tie it in a net. Then she is ready at once for the great end of life—"going out to meet the chaps." She does not care for domestic service. If she took a situation she would soon hate her mistress, and her mistress would rid the house of her. The girl will slave at any indoor employment so long as she can be free at some time in the evening, and then the street is her academy. When good men are teaching the gutter children to pray I wish they would teach them to play as well. Our young girl graduate of the by-ways knows no games, and she and the "chaps" merely stroll up and down a little, make ugly rushes, run at each other with yells, and talk the most vile obscenities. The idea of a rational game or a rational pursuit does not occur to this girl and her chap. I never could rightly make out what class of men compose the songs which these young rowdies of both sexes sing—the girls are always the worst. When the knowledge of reading and writing first became spread among the gutter-folk the girls gave infinite trouble by their habit of scrawling on walls; and the school keepers had to watch like cats.

After a time our girl gets a nickname, and she usually carries that as long as she remains in the neighborhood, for the one word, harmless or indecent, is constantly used to describe her. "Carrots," "Podgy," "Tripe," "Snowball"—that is the better style of name. Let us choose "Snowball," and leave the others. After Snowball has gone out with the chaps for a while she selects one, and before she reaches sixteen you may see her hanging about with a wizened baby on her arm. She pets the child, but she uses the foulest gutter epithets among her endearments. I do not in the least hate Snowball. I would not harm her; I want solely to help and save her; but we must have the truth regarding her, and she is not a nice individual. You cannot call her immoral; she is merely unmoral, and you might as well speak about the immorality of a lower animal as of hers. Snowball can lie splendidly and cunningly; she is uncleanly; her hair is unpleasant; she has no useful accomplishment, and she could not cook a potato. If you befriend her, you must not expect gratitude; she may talk in carneying tones, but she probably laughs at you behind your back. If ladies entice her to classes or meetings, or evening school, she goes for what she can get, and she is impudent and very greedy. After the wizened infant is born the mother may possibly become a draggletail, especially if she has been permanently bound to her chap; but if the male partner chooses to dissolve partnership then Snowball looks out for herself, and "eccubrances" are somehow got rid of by one device or another. Snowball has her time of joyance—joyance of a sort; you may see her at holidaytime, with arms akimbo, dancing up to her partner in a riotous jig; on Saturday night she is in the bar, and, until the time for incoherence arrives, she holds the usual mysterious conferences, broken by shrill and explosive shrieks of laughter. If you are friends with her she will coax from you anything you care to bestow; if she has a comrade who beats her at times she is his slave, and will give him anything. She works, sometimes regularly, and sometimes by fits and starts, but task work is shockingly ill-paid, and Snowball does not care for it over much. Her best time arrives when she can go off with her mate and take a spell in the hop grounds; into the sweet country she carries her vile songs, her vile oaths, her vile habits; and she joins in those frantic carousings which make night hideous—and morning, too, for that matter. Poor Snowball is no conscious lover of scenery, but she gains good from her trip. The days pass by and you find that Snowball has left her miserable room, and then she is seen in common lodging houses; her vitality is low, and she scarcely uses bad language at all till the drink is in her. She often sits in an attitude expressive of vast despondency, but she does not think; she cannot. She is often hungry, and the men have grown very shy of giving her food or drink. She tries to work, but her strength is small, and any effort galls her. Sometimes when the lodgers gather in the kitchen a cadger may give Snowball some broken meat, but she mostly has to live on over-boiled tea and scraps of bread. If she does by any chance get a drink from some man it affects her dreadfully, and next morning her life is more than ever a burden. She can hardly bear to breathe, for her mouth is so drawn, and she will beg for a glass of "all sorts" from a publican's pail. Her ordinary companions are elderly men, who give her little food or money; some of them are sulkily kind; some strike her. If luck is fairly good Snowball can get drunk at times, and then she and her friend alternately fight and snivel. All the while her looks are changing; purple blotches appear on her skin, her mouth falls in, she grows flabby, and her hands are coarse and clumsy. She is still comparatively young, but she looks old—so old! Then comes the fatal night when she cannot enter the lodging house, and she must limp away into the streets. On hot summer nights she can go into a court and find company, for the men, women and children are generally driven out by the vermin, and they sprawl naked or nearly naked, on the stones, so that Snowball may lean her back against the wall amid them, and get some sleep. But in winter it goes very hard with the poor wretch; the very area cats regard her as nothing; she is an outcast, and she crawls into any hole available. On bad nights the galloping squalls come hurling along the wider roads, and chance eddies of wind whistle

into the side entrances, bearing the lashing sleet or snow; the place is all grim; the ugly mouths of the courts leer at her, and they seem to moan as the gusts fly through. Snowball has no clothing save her scrimped gown, ragged boots and stockings, and frail shawl. With the tawdry shawl huddled in her numb, wet hands, she cringes into any shelter, but the wind searces her out and shoots to her bones in dull throbs of agony. It is very cold. There is not a drover, or stoker, or laborer of the lowest class that will offer Snowball a shelter, for she is now a "Jack."

That is all. Snowball would gloat over a spark of fire, but there is none for her; and she has no hope for the morning; she cannot reflect any more than the dumb beasts, but despair, as sharp as the east wind's knife, can cut to her poor heart. How does it end? Maybe in the hospital. Or, perchance, Snowball is racked by bodily ailments till she can bear her pain no more. She has a gnawing anguish from the lack of food. The low sky sheds rain on her, and she mechanically resolves to end it all. There is the water at the dock looking quiet and gray under the light popping of the rain. It is an easy drop. The cold water stops her poor pulses, and she goes down to the ooze until the gate lifts and the undertow draws her out. Then the women say, "Nobody seen nothin' of—old Snowball?" Nobody. Adieu, Snowball! God pardon you and all of us!

They May Be Building Better Than They Know.

Some of the real estate speculators of San Diego, Cal., have recently formed an organization under the title of the "Taxpayers' association of San Diego county, state of California." Its objects are shown in the following extracts from the constitution and by-laws:

The object of the association shall be to secure more equitable assessments, valuation, and tax levies on property in San Diego city and county, and to see that the public moneys of the city and county are economically and judiciously expended.

All persons residing in this county who own taxable real estate therein shall be eligible to membership in this association, or any duly authorized agent for any non-resident taxpayer is eligible to membership in this association.

The duties of the executive committee shall be, first, to confer with the city and county assessors for the purpose of securing just assessment valuations on property.

To meet with the board of supervisors at the time the tax levy is being made for the county, also to meet with the city council at the time of making the tax levy for the city of San Diego, for the purpose of securing as low a levy as possible, and as is consistent with the times for the city and county, also to see that public moneys are economically and properly expended and disbursed.

To prepare a bill amending the assessment and tax laws of this state, in accordance with the most approved and satisfactory tax laws in any of the states of the Union, and have such bill presented to the next session of the legislature of this state by the representatives thereof from this county.

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