

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 Crescent club of Baltimore has changed its name to the Crescent democratic society of Baltimore. The Crescent club has been an influential organization of democrats of the better sort. It has taken a decided stand in favor of electoral reform, and mainly through its efforts the Baltimore elections have been much purified, while during the last campaign it was active in tariff reform work. The change in its name, which brings it into line with the democratic society of Pennsylvania, of which Chauncey F. Black is president, means a step in advance, and is a definite declaration that its influence is to be thrown with the radical section of the democratic party, and in favor of a thorough free trade campaign.

The resolutions changing the name, declared for the Jeffersonian principles avowed by the democratic society of Pennsylvania, including opposition to "unnecessary commercial restrictions for the benefit of the few at the cost of the many, and embodied the reasons given by President Black for the adoption of the Jeffersonian name of democratic society, and provided for the appointment of a committee to aid in the formation of democratic societies throughout Maryland, with the view of assisting in reorganizing the democratic party of the country. President J. Frank Morrison announced that within the next three months lectures would be delivered before the society by Chauncey F. Black of Pennsylvania, Henry George of New York, Henry Watterson of Louisville, Ky., and W. L. Scott of Pennsylvania.

This is one of the many indications, apparent all over the country, that the Jeffersonian democracy is coming to the front, and that it will be in future impossible for the Danas, Randalls, Barnums and Gormans to prevent an open struggle for free trade. If they are strong enough in the organization to prevent this, then the democratic organization will inevitably split, and a third party will enter the next campaign, or rather, a new party with "free trade" openly inscribed upon its banners will relegate the office-seeking, protectionist rump of the democracy to the position of a third party, such a split will complete the work of bringing political parties to a true alignment on living issues. For it will call to it, especially in the west, a great body of republicans who, though really opposed to protection, voted in the last election for the protectionist candidate.

It is much to be wished that at least one of the new states soon to be admitted to

the Union would have originality enough to depart so far from custom as to provide for a single legislative body. In our dual legislatures we have followed the English pattern without stopping to inquire whether it was the best or not. In the fear of the smaller states that they might otherwise be overborne there was some reason for the division of the national legislature into two bodies, but there is no such reason for a similar division of state legislatures. The effect of this division of legislative power is simply to lessen the dignity of both houses, to divide and diminish responsibility, and to distract the attention of the people and prevent them from following the discussions and the acts of their representatives. This last reason alone should be sufficient to condemn dual legislatures. It is much more than twice as difficult for the public to follow the deliberations and acts of two bodies than it would be to follow those of one, and the responsibility of a vote where another body must concur is diminished by more than one-half. As a matter of fact, in the United States to-day, the great mass of the people, save as to exceptional matters, know nothing whatever of what their representatives are doing.

An idea has prevailed that two legislative bodies place a check upon over-legislation, but experience does not bear this out, and it is more than probable that the division of responsibility between two houses is far more favorable to hasty and ill considered legislation than would be the possibility of quick action by one. But it is in the path of true reform, which consists mainly in the repeal of enactments bad in themselves or which have become bad by reason of changed conditions, that the obstructive power of a second house becomes most injurious.

All over the United States the senates have become the bulwarks of corporations, the strongholds of the lobby. As for the senate of the United States, not only does it already present the monstrous inequality of the representatives of forty thousand people in one state clothed with as much legislative power as the representatives of over six millions in another, but it has become virtually a house of millionaires—a house where sit, not the representatives of sovereign states, so much as the representatives of great corporations and giant trusts. This question of the constitution of legislative bodies has been but little discussed in this country as yet, for we resemble our cousins across the Pacific in other things than our protective tariff, but the appearance of something like a radical democracy will ere long bring it up, and it is well that the men of the democratic societies and the single tax clubs should begin to think about it.

In the house of representatives on the 24th, Mr. Butterworth of Ohio said a good many spirited things against the tyranny of labor organizations and the wickedness of keeping boys from learning trades and preventing men from going to work where and how they want to. The matter in debate, brought up by a clause in the appropriation bill, was as to whether steam presses should be employed by the treasury department in printing the backs of circulating notes, or whether the work should be done by hand. As to whether steam press work is equal to hand press work there is a conflict of testimony, but there is none as to the fact that the

steam printing in question required only 197 men while hand printing required 280 men. Mr. Butterworth charged that this was the real reason of the opposition to the steam presses, and it is probable that he was not far wrong. He spoke in scathing terms not only of the absurdity and profligacy of the making of more work by discarding the steam presses, but of the gross injustice to the body of the people who must pay the cost. He denounced the Knights of Labor, who, he said, had hissed and hooted the steam pressmen when they were going to work, and declared that the secretary of the treasury who permitted such outrages ought to be impeached. He was especially bitter on the so-called labor leaders and representatives of the Knights of Labor who came to congressmen with threats that if they did not vote thus and so in the interests of labor, the power of the labor organizations would be used against them at the polls, and defied them to do their worst, sneeringly telling them that they had better establish a whipping post in front of the capitol, and whip twenty-five members of the house on the last Saturday of each month.

We would hardly become more utterly abject after that ordeal than we have been at other times since I have been a member of this body," Mr. Butterworth continued. "I have in some measure surrendered my manhood once or twice, but I hope the next time I do it I will be paralyzed as a fit punishment for such self abasement."

As to preventing boys from learning trades, Mr. Butterworth told of a Washington carpenter who applied to a colleague to get something for his three boys to do, saying that he could not teach them his trade or even get them to help him; that one of them could not even hold a board while he nailed it, because they were not apprentices, and the list was full, and that if he got one of them to do it he would be dismissed from the union, would become a scab and no one could employ him under penalty of being boycotted. He also alluded to the case of the poor widow woman in New York, who, because she had hired a baker without permission of the association, they had tried to starve to death—placing sentries before her door "to starve her into surrendering the highest right an American free woman ever enjoyed, the right in an honest way to earn bread for herself and her children." He protested that "no association in the world has a right to punish me and starve me to death because I hire this man or that," and concluded with this noble sentiment:

That prosperity is not worth having which does not reach to every home in the land where intelligence, virtue and industry abide. And there is only one way to bring about that general prosperity; that is by means of the largest liberty to each individual to fight the battle of life as best he can, untrammelled by a system which prevents him from enjoying all the rights and privileges which ought to belong to free men.

If Mr. Butterworth were honest in his expression of these sentiments they should win him the admiration and support of every true American. But Mr. Butterworth is not honest. He does not mean what he says. He is not in favor of the largest liberty to each individual to fight the battle of life as best he can, untrammelled by a system which prevents him from enjoying all the rights and privileges which ought to belong to free men,

Mr. Butterworth is a protectionist, and as a protectionist he is a supporter by voice and vote of a system which denies to men the right and privilege of freely buying and selling the products of their labor; which forces them out of employments in which they wish to continue, with the avowed purpose of forcing them into employments in which they would not of themselves engage; which not only prevents boys from learning trades, but which absolutely destroys trades, and which robs the whole body of American citizens for the purpose of adding to the unearned profits of a few favored individuals and combinations.

If the Knights of Labor or any other labor associations have done all that Mr. Butterworth charges them with, what have they done more than apply for themselves, or ask to have applied in their behalf, the very system which he has been lauding and supporting in behalf of capitalists and monopolists? Mr. Butterworth demands that men shall have freedom to buy and sell labor. Yet he denies their freedom to buy and sell the products of labor. He denounces the opposition of workmen to the employment of labor saving machines. Yet he supports the opposition of rich monopolists to the greatest of labor savers, trade. He waxes indignant when Knights of Labor or trades unions put in petitions or send delegates to ask legislation that they deem in the special interest of certain classes of workingmen; and his manhood is insulted when they threaten to back their demands by their votes. But he has no such indignation for the delegates and lobbyists of the pig iron men, the wool growers' association, the steel trust, the coal barons, the sugar combination, or any of the thousand and one special interests that rush to Washington whenever a revenue bill is up, to beg, bribe and threaten representatives in the effort to procure or retain taxes on the whole people for their own selfish benefit.

As for the pay envelopes, the open or covert threats of discharge, the immense corruption funds of the last election, he has nothing whatever to say. In the only thing the poor man has to sell, Mr. Butterworth is for perfect freedom of competition; but as to what rich men have to sell, there he is for repressing the freedom of competition by the strong arm of the law. All that the workman has to buy is enhanced in price by the restrictions of the tariff, of which Mr. Butterworth is one of the staunchest supporters; but when the workman attempts by similar restrictions to enhance the price of his labor, then Mr. Butterworth becomes virtuously indignant at the violation of the law of equal freedom.

In this very debate Mr. Butterworth showed what an arrant demagogue he is. In reply to his question of how the three boys of the carpenter he spoke of were to find work, Mr. Farquhar asked:

And what is to become of your adult laborer who is walking the streets now without employment? I can show you in New Jersey and in other places establishments in which more than two thirds of the labor is made up of apprentices and two-thirds, while the heads of families walk the streets without means of getting bread for themselves or those depending upon them.

Mr. Butterworth.—Undoubtedly, and if this house would do its duty the children of the men who have kept the republic would not be crowded out of their employment by ship loads of the lazzaroni of Europe that land daily upon our shores. . . . We are having

thrown upon our shores every hour, and this house is afraid to interfere—I repeat it, afraid to interfere—beings who represent nothing on God's earth but an appetite, a stomach and an alimentary canal.

All this miserable business of trades union restrictions is but a sequel and part of our system of trade restrictions, and that in turn gets its popular support from that fundamental violation of the law of equal freedom which denies the equal right of men to the use of the elements without which labor cannot be exerted or even life maintained. To hoot or otherwise intimidate men who wish to do honest work, to boycott or otherwise interfere between the man who wants to go to work and the man who wants to employ him, to prohibit or restrain apprentices, is to impair personal rights and to violate the law of liberty. But it is still more a violation of the law of liberty, a still more important denial of those equal, unalienable and self evident rights which, as our Declaration of Independence truly says, belong to every human being by direct grant of his Creator, to make that element on which and from which all must live, the property of but a part of the people and to deny to others any right to use the natural opportunities essential to life and labor. This is the root of the labor question and of all those paradoxes of which current political and social discussion is full.

Workingmen are not to be blamed above other men, if, feeling the pressure, they push for room against those who are nearest to them. But there can be no real and permanent relief in this. Neither is anything to be hoped from special legislation in their favor. The rich and the privileged will always beat them at this. Congress can and does put millions in the pockets of men like Andrew Carnegie by taxing the whole people for their benefit. But what can Congress do for labor? What difference does it make to the millions of laborers throughout the country whether a hundred workmen more or less are employed in the treasury building? What difference does it make to them whether government employes work six hours or ten hours? What use to them has been the establishment of the labor department? Special legislation may enable a few to live at the expense of the many, but it is impossible for the many to live at the expense of the few. Therefore, as a matter of policy as well as of principle, those who desire the emancipation of labor should make their demands, not for legislation in behalf of labor, but for legislation in behalf of the whole people. And the only legislation that can benefit the whole people is the sweeping away of laws which give to some men rights denied to others, which place fines and restrictions upon production and exchange and protect monopolists in absorbing the earnings of others.

Although he did vote for the Mills bill, it is no matter of regret that Congressman Ford of Michigan was defeated for re-election. As chairman of the committee on immigration he had a great opportunity to inquire and report on the true cause of the social pressure which makes it seem as if there were already too many people in this not half settled country. He has used it to pander to mean and ignorant prejudices and to divert attention from the true cause.

The bill reported by the Ford committee imposes a specific duty of \$5 per head upon immigrants, besides such restrictions on vessels bringing them here as would send half of the steamers now arriving in New York to Canada instead, and it, moreover, prohibits the admission

into the United States of polygamists, anarchists or socialists. What is a polygamist? Is it one who believes in polygamy, or one who practices it? How is it to be discovered whether a man is a polygamist or not? And what is an anarchist or a socialist? and how are they to be told? Let Congressman Ford define his terms.

The Ford bill is too preposterous, too much in the teeth of American feelings and traditions to have much chance of passage, but it serves to indicate the growing pressure of the labor problem, and it will help to bring men face to face with the fundamental question—why there is not room and work for sixty million people in a land wide enough and rich enough to support a thousand millions.

The rapidity with which this question has come up—the rapid transition from the time when we boasted of our boundless resources to a time when a clamor goes up to shut out immigrants because we are already too crowded, is startling even to those of us who foresaw its coming in the swiftness with which our new lands were being fenced in.

Why should anyone need work in this broad land? Why should anyone feel himself in danger of starvation if he loses the wages of an employer, and be compelled to band with his fellows to carry on a passive or active warfare with that employer to keep his wages above a mere existence rate? Why should anyone fear that the foreigner who comes here, to use the language of Mr. Butterworth, with an appetite, a stomach and an alimentary canal, can make it harder for him to get a living, or why should any one feel that there is danger of that foreigner becoming a public charge, when with the appetite, the stomach and the alimentary canal comes also a pair of willing hands. Is the Almighty such a bungler that it is not in the power of a pair of willing hands, even with all the increased efficiency which our civilization gives to labor, to feed the mouths that depend on them? Has He made this world too small for its people, or this land too narrow for all the inhabitants yet here or who offer to come? To ask these questions is to answer them. Yet men do want work, and in the expectation that they will be compelled to pay roundly for getting it, fortunes are being made every day by the rise in value of city lots and lands yet untitled.

I spoke last Wednesday night in the Presbyterian church at Bordentown, N. J. In introducing me, Rev. Mr. Kerr avowed his personal adherence to the single tax theory. I met at Bordentown the superintendents of the two largest factories there. One, with the other's concurrence, said: "The strongest evidence to me of the unnatural social conditions of to-day is that influential men come to ask if I cannot find places for people. Work—even hard work at low pay—has become a boon, and influence is sought to get it."

At this writing the strike on the Richardson horse railways in Brooklyn is in its fifth day, and the strike on the New York surface roads in its first day. In such strikes as these, what is really incipient civil war is rapidly tending to pass from the passive to the active stage. Over and above the general lesson they have for those who have eyes to see, there is a special lesson. Is it wise longer to leave functions necessary to the convenience, if not to the existence, of whole communities, in the hands of private corporations, to be suspended whenever they and their employes may quarrel? The organization of a railway trust, embracing the great trunk lines, presses the same lesson upon atten-

tion. If, in the present condition of government, we fear to make the maintenance and management of these public highways a public function, can we safely delay the simplification of government?

General Master Workman Powderly has recently given several gratifying indications of a desire to encourage the discussion of the land question. In a recent speech in Baltimore he said:

We must have a proper solution of the land question. Down beneath the coal and the grain, and the railways and machinery is the land question. Discuss it in your assemblies any way, single tax, double tax or any tax, only discuss it and learn the proper solution of it. Is it not strange that a man may increase the price of grain or coal and yet pay no increase of his tax on the land? Make it impossible forever that man may so control the earth. Abolish the privilege a man holds so that when he grasps in his hand the land we must come begging to him for its use. I say study this question earnestly and no man can fool you.

In an interview with a reporter of the Baltimore Sun he was even more explicit, declaring that the land question is the great one and is occupying public attention everywhere, and adding:

I have no hostility to the single tax idea, and I think assemblies should study that and all other proffered solutions of the land question. I must state frankly I do not understand the single tax idea well enough to advocate it myself. I have had no time to study it as I should. I am so continuously engrossed in routine work I can get no time to read, and I have almost forgotten what I knew years ago of the finance question.

I need no argument to convince me, however, that the land of this country belongs to the whole people and may be controlled as they may lawfully direct. When Henry George placed two letters of mine on the land question in parallel columns of THE STANDARD, they did not, by the letter bearing the last date, signify I had receded from the more advanced stand taken in the first letter. The last letter, in which I opposed the idea of working land in common, was not aimed at George, but at some men in the Knights of Labor who wanted to deny almost every kind of property right.

I am glad to know this. But I am sincerely anxious that Mr. Powderly should take time, even at the sacrifice of routine work, to study the single tax idea. In his position he must exert great influence for good or evil, and there is nothing so important as that he should understand the full bearings of the labor question, and how alone labor can be emancipated. If he will but come to definite conclusions on that, and then lead forward, the greatest and most useful of careers is open to him.

Mail advices of the London county council's election, which are just coming to hand show even a more sweeping victory for the English democracy in the Tory stronghold than the cable has reported. The Star fairly jubilates, as it has, indeed, reason to. It says:

So far as we can judge, an overwhelming majority of London's new councillors will be pledged to secure the control of the police, to the taxation of ground values, to the abolition of the coal and wine dues, to the absorption of the city funds and institutions, the equalization of rates, the prohibition of sweating contracts, the provision of public baths, washhouses and laundries, the starting of municipal lodging houses, the better housing of the poor, and the control of the great monopolies of food, gas, water and conveyance. The socialist candidates are nowhere; but the best and most practical items in their programmes have been taken over by both parties. The progress is immense.

In Watworth, where William Saunders was triumphantly elected, the Tories, since the socialists put a candidate in the field against him in the person of Mr. H. Quelch, the editor of Justice, were so confident of his defeat that they had laid in a stock of fireworks to celebrate the event.

One very remarkable man among the radicals elected is Walter Wren. Wrecked and shattered in body by an accident in childhood, his mental activity has made him one of the most successful teachers in the world. His specialty is that of preparing candidates for the competitive civil service examinations. He has a faculty of finding out just what a candidate needs to

know, and getting that into him, a faculty which may be extremely useful in the London council.

The Chicago tariff reform convention on the 19th of February promises to be a very large and influential gathering. It will embrace all shades of opinion, and single tax free traders who attend will be certain to find many of their brethren there.

HENRY GEORGE.

AN ENGLISH PRIEST ON THE SINGLE TAX.

Weekly Register (Catholic), London.

Sir: Having long felt interested in Henry George's theories about our social state, I went the other day to hear one of his speeches; I also found an opportunity of having a conversation with him. Perhaps you will let me state the impression that both the man and his teaching have made on me. The ideas often entertained of the one and of the other I found to be based upon misconception. Mr. George is often denounced, or laughed at, or sneered at, as the case may be. But of the many men whom I have met disagreeing with Mr. George, there is only one who professes to have made some study of his books. It seems to me a real pity that educated Catholics do not all make a serious examination of at least one of the works of this remarkable man. "Progress and Poverty," "Social Problems" and "Protection or Free Trade?" are books which are destined, I think, more and more to occupy the minds of all thinking men.

There is nothing whatever of the anarchist, or socialist, or communist in Mr. George. He is all for law and order, and all for the Ten Commandments, and for the rights of private property. Only he strongly insists that some human laws are out of harmony with the divine laws. And he maintains that men are bound to bring their laws into harmony with the divine laws, which are higher. Those of us whose influence and responsibility are greater would find, he thinks, that even from a selfish point of view (if our selfishness were enlightened) it would be much better for us if the laws for which we are responsible allowed to all the multitude whatever advantages were intended for them by God Almighty. But he does not wish changes to be attempted otherwise than carefully and cautiously. He is entirely opposed to state meddling. Laissez faire would be his motto wherever there is no appropriation by one man or class of something which nature intended to be common.

With regard, now, to landed property in particular, we have often entirely misapprehended Mr. George's teaching. He stoutly contends for private property in all things which are due to man's labor. We must have private property in crops, and trees, and hedges, and dykes, and barns, and houses. But Mr. George maintains that the rude earth, "the prairie value," is not private property, but should belong to the common stock. Nevertheless, he does not advocate that anyone should be deprived by law of the land which he now peaceably possesses. It is sufficient, he says, that a man should pay to the community (say to the county council) a tax in proportion to the value of the land which he uses, or over which, at least, he claims to be master. Such a tax is fairly due to the community. By the payment of it, said Mr. George, in one of his speeches, the landowners will only be going back to the good old English custom. Theoretically they are even to-day only tenants of the crown, that is to say, of the whole nation. Formerly they rendered services to the public on account of their landed property. At the present day the whole country has a right to call upon all those who are secured in their possession of a particular portion of the national territory to contribute to the public funds in proportion to the value of that portion. It is not said the extent of it, but the value of it. Mere agricultural land, far from towns, has (independently of labor) little or no value. Now this "single tax," as Mr. George calls it, is the only tax which ought to be levied, or which there is any need to levy. The "goods," or good things, which a man produces or carries ought not to be taxed. A man ought not to be fined for making, or for bringing hither, a good thing. Besides, look at the inequalities of the present system of taxation. We put a tax upon tea, for instance, of which the poorest work girl drinks as much as the richest lady.

Such is, I believe, a fair summary of what I have heard from Mr. George's own lips. And I wish your readers could only know how much Mr. George insists, in public and private, that the great question which he debates is above all things a religious question. He will never agree to treat it as a mere question of the best mode of raising revenue. Let justice be done, let the divine laws be observed, and all other things will be added unto us. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

A TOWN PRIEST.

The French government have placed an additional impost upon passengers using their channel ports. The tax just put into operation is 7d., making, together with the previous charge, 1s. 6d., or about 35 cents per head. This falls upon persons entering or leaving the French harbors, the object ostensibly being to meet the outlay for making and maintaining the large harbors which are being constructed on the French coast, particularly at Calais. The revenue during the ensuing year, owing to the increased traffic which will be occasioned by the Paris exhibition, will be very considerable. Last year the number of passengers between Dover and Calais reached upwards of 300,000 persons.

THE PLAN TO INVADE NEW JERSEY.

Pressure for space compels us to condense communications relative to concentrating on New Jersey that have been received during the week:

E. F. Meyer, St. Louis, Mo.—I am not in favor of concentration on one state because the other states would meanwhile relax their efforts. Besides, we could not be sure of the result of our agitation in that one state after all.

W. B. Steers, Chicago, Ill.—I do not believe in invading New Jersey or any other state just at present. It would be much wiser to wait a year or two until our ideas are better understood by the masses. Our money and efforts will at present be put to much greater use by sending out tracts, having lectures, and arousing thought in other ways than by any independent political action. We are making great headway—greater far than I ever expected to see during my life time.

Dr. Wm. N. Hill, Baltimore, Md.—I approve of the views of single tax men who object to concentrating in any one state. Let us keep up the fight along the whole line on an educational basis, no matter how many summers it may take to win.

Frank P. Rand, Brooklyn.—I am opposed to the resolutions passed at the single tax club last night (January 23). Just how New Jersey is to be captured without a political party is not clear. We had much better work the petition to congress for all it is worth, and keep up the work of education.

Henry Walker, of Springfield, Ill.—If we must concentrate, it should be in the District of Columbia; or, if that is not feasible, in the territory of Dakota.

Charles Alexander Crouch, Bartow-on-Sound, N. Y.—I know no reason why I should change my first opinion, that Judge Maguire's plan is the most feasible one yet presented, and I hope to see it carried out at an early day.

Indorses the Plan to Concentrate.

The Brooklyn single tax club adopted the following resolution at its last weekly meeting:

Resolved, That the Brooklyn single tax club approves of the idea advanced by Judge Maguire and others of concentrating efforts for the propagation of single tax principles on one state.

That every single tax organization throughout the country be requested to express its views in THE STANDARD concerning the proposed effort, and regarding the advisability of calling a conference of representative single tax men to formulate plans, etc.

Local Option in Taxation.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Local option in raising money for local expenses" is a scheme that is well worth looking into. There may be in some of our state constitutions a clause which would prohibit it; even if an amendment to the constitution of this state would be necessary before the power could be granted by the legislature to cities or counties, a great deal of public support would be given to the measure. The New York Times would advocate it heartily; the limited and unlimited single tax men would agitate for it. Let THE STANDARD favor the investigation of the provisions of state constitutions; let us find out the smallest circle in which it is possible to make even the partial application of the single tax plan involved in the raising of funds for local expenses or improvements from local land values alone. Give some cities or counties local option in the matter, and we shall have before us some practical chances for such concentration as is talked of for New Jersey. The work of education will go on, but it would receive new impulse and make great progress where there can be put before the people a practical measure of local interest. If the single tax men of each state would appoint one man as a commissioner to inquire into the laws governing the collection of these state and local funds, and if the commissioners so appointed would compare notes, I believe an exceedingly valuable report could be made. I nominate Louis F. Post for New York, and if he will accept and give an idea of what such an inquiry by him would cost, I will put up my share of the expense and try to induce others to do the same. One of our men claims that any city in New York state has now the power to raise all money needed for public improvements by assessment on real estate alone. Such possibilities as this should be put on record. The fiscal side of the proposition should be pushed wherever it can be: it recommends itself strongly to all who have large interests in personal property and improvements than in land, and once interested, men soon see the moral aspect of the idea. It seems to me that such preliminary inquiry as I have suggested is advisable before calling a conference looking to concentration of effort.

GEORGE WHITE.

STIRRING IN BALTIMORE.

A Branch Organization Formed and Two More Contemplated—The Knights of Labor Getting Interested.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Quite a large and enthusiastic meeting was held the other night in East Baltimore for the purpose of organizing single tax league No. 3 of Baltimore city. After addresses by Levin T. Jones and myself

pertinent to the subject of the single tax a plan of organization was adopted and the following officers elected: Chairman, W. H. Tarr; treasurer, B. T. Pillow; secretary, Geo. Ritter. A committee was appointed to secure permanent headquarters and draw up plans for effective work in East Baltimore.

I am glad to report that the single tax is beginning to be vigorously discussed among the Knights of Labor. Can makers assembly appointed a special evening to arrange for an open session for the purpose of getting more light on the subject, and requested the single tax league to furnish speakers. There was quite a large representation of that organization at the meeting. I had the pleasure of delivering the opening address and briefly explained the principles underlying the single tax. I was followed by District Master Workman J. Shonfarber, J. H. Wrightson, James Kelly and Levin T. Jones, all of whom made very effective speeches. The latter gentlemen answered questions to the complete satisfaction of all present. Taken altogether the meeting was a great success, and the can makers have become so much interested that they have appointed another evening, Thursday, February 7, for further inquiry into the single tax.

The can makers' assembly is the largest in the state.

Another branch of the single tax league will be started in West Baltimore as well as in Northeast Baltimore, both by request of friends in the respective places.

Any STANDARD readers wishing to join the league or one of its branches should communicate with the secretary.

JOHN W. JONES, Secretary,
125 North Bond street.

Another Single Tax Paper.

The Minneapolis single tax league has started a little paper called The Single Tax. In the place where a motto might be, the paper has simply a picture of a very bright looking little cat and below it the regulation query, "Do you see the cat?" Here is a little piece of "nineteenth century advice" from this paper:

My son, if you go out into the country, don't you ever undertake to farm. Farming don't pay any more. More'n half the farms is mortgaged. But if you see a chance to buy up a piece of good land cheap, you buy it. Don't undertake to plow it, because if you do they'll raise your taxes the next year. And don't fence it. The assessor has a great prejudice agin artificial scenery. You jest let other folks do the fencing and plowing. Every one of 'em that runs a furrer or builds a house will raise the value of your land. They'll do the work, and you'll probably git more benefit from it than they will.

In fact, don't you ever work for a livin' unless you're forced to it. People never git rich by workin'. There's a sort of a milk sop theory about that every man ought to do something useful—something that is a benefit to the community; but that's an exploded idee—an exploded idee. The fact is that the laws was made for the protection and encouragement of idleness. And the proper thing for you to do is to take advantage of 'em.

The Good Work in Cleveland.

The Central single tax club of Cleveland, Ohio, holds meetings open to the public every Monday evening at 56 Public square, room 6, at which lessons in "Progress and Poverty" are given, followed by discussion, in which opportunity is given for the asking of questions and the expression of opposing views of visitors. They have extensively distributed a circular setting forth the principles of the single tax, which concludes as follows:

The labor problem is, How shall all men who are willing to work always find opportunity to work? The single tax, by opening natural opportunities, and at the same time relieving industry from burdens, solves the labor problem.

The only practicable method of arriving at the single tax is through the successive removal of all other taxes, and necessarily includes the abolition of import duties. Therefore, the single tax involves absolute free trade.

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.

Be Not Afraid.

Rev. C. M. Morse of Newcastle says in a private letter to a friend:

I am still making converts, some in high places. The heaven is working in the lump. I have preached and lectured and talked and wrote on the question until I am known as a single tax man, and yet have never in my life been so well taken care of. It is all folly to think that a man must conceal his honest convictions in order to succeed in the ministry. Of course I do not hammer; a surbeum has as much potency as the blow of a sledge.

For an Organization in Richmond County.

John S. Cogan invites all single tax men on the east and north shores of Staten island to meet at his residence, 1 Carroll place, New Brighton, on Wednesday evening, February 7, to form a county organization.

LANDLORDISM AND PROGRESS.

Illustrations of the Way the Former Stands in the Way of the Latter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Efforts to maintain or increase land values often wield a dominant influence in business affairs. That these efforts are seldom open makes their influence all the more potent. Public improvements are delayed, business is thwarted, enterprises are encouraged in places where under normal conditions they would not pay, and all because such results may effect an increase in the value of certain lands.

A notable instance of this influence causing an exasperating delay in a necessary public improvement is furnished in this city. For many years, twelve or fifteen, there has been a demand by the merchants of the city for better railroad terminal facilities. Committees and commissions have nearly every year during that time been appointed by the city government, conferences with the railroads have been held, plans have been proposed, but so far nothing definite has been accomplished, while the need for a practical solution of the problem is greater than ever. Endless have been the newspaper discussions, the city council have wrangled and fought over the matter for years, and it has been the subject of such inveterate and persistent debate that it has been called a question of "interminable infelicities" instead of one of terminal facilities.

The main point involved in endless discussion has been where the new stations would be located, and incidentally whether the "cove," a natural water basin, should be surrendered to the railroad and filled up. These irreconcilable differences of opinion have been caused by the fact that while a certain change of location was vastly better for all purposes of business and would be in accordance with the lay of the land, that change would result in great shifting of land values, which the present owners, who chance, of course, to be persons of some weight and authority in the city and state, were very much opposed to. This reason has never been a publicly avowed one, of course, but it is none the less the true one. So far the obstructionists, as they have been called, have been able to prevent the adoption of the plan favoring improvements upon present location, but the fight has always been a bitter one, and other plans, have not even had an opportunity to pass through preliminary stages. Meanwhile the business of the city has been greatly retarded, some industries have moved away because of the disadvantages thereby occasioned, and others have been prevented from locating in the city. If there was no question of gain or loss to individuals in the change in land values there is very little question as to how the matter would be settled, and the result would be vastly increased business and population for the city.

Another instance is that of a cotton manufacturing corporation in the city of New Bedford, Mass. The location of their factory was in debate among themselves. At last the stockholders owning land in a particular section of the city were able to control affairs, so that the mill is now in process of erection in their locality and they are reaping the benefit in increased rentals and selling price of land. As a consequence some of the stockholders whose land is situated elsewhere in the city have withdrawn.

"The fools who build houses for other men to live in," that Edward Atkinson refers to as proof that his own incomprehensible ideas are right, are the poor workmen, prudent mechanics and such like, as buy the land these factory projectors have for sale. Other people live in their houses. Yes, but the land speculator is usually the landlord or he has made all the money that was made out of them.

The following from the Providence Sunday Telegram illustrates the same general class of facts:

Some of Gorham's employees visited Elmwood for the purpose of buying building lots near the works now in course of erection. They have returned with their money in their pockets it is said, not having enough to satisfy the fabulous demands of the present owners to purchase at the increased valuation.

Gorham's is the large silver manufactory in this city and the workmen make big wages. The land owners mean to reap where they have not sown, as usual. R. G. LINWOOD.

Bismarck's Single Tax Club.

Bismarck (Dak.) Tribune.

Bismarck does not miss much that is worthy of corraling or that attracts the attention of the effete and languid east. For a time it looked as though the east would have a monopoly of the single tax fiends. Henry George lives in New York and, while you find single tax men strewn all over Dakota, it was little dreamed that the single tax theory would break out into a wild contagion. Yet such is the case. Bismarck has a single tax club. She not only has a single tax club, but its members threaten to "carry the war into Africa"—or into the most remote corners of Dakota and organize a territorial single tax association, which will have its effect on the constitution about to be adopted by the state of Dakota. While to one man much of the enthusiasm is due, the number who now advocate the single tax plan has grown to very respectable proportions. The man who deserves the credit for being the original single tax advocate of Bismarck is Mr. John Huber, the accomplished deputy treasurer, but now John A. Rea and a hundred others are warm and ardent supporters of the theory.

REPROVING THE ARCHDEACON.

Rev. Heber Newton on the Teachings of Dr. Mackay-Smith—It is a Dreadful Thing to Caricature Christ—"Could I Believe Such a Gospel I Would Be an Atheist!"

On Sunday last the Rev. Heber Newton preached at All Souls' Church, in this city, a discourse in reply to the monstrous sermon of Archdeacon Mackay-Smith delivered from the same pulpit two Sundays before, a portion of which was printed in THE STANDARD of January 19, under the title of "Christianity a la Mode."

"Our religious sciolists tell us," said Mr. Newton, "that poverty is inevitable; that it always has been and always is to be the order of society. They quote the words of Christ: 'The poor ye have always with you.' What a monstrous perversion of the words! He, with His tender heart, had divined the feeling of the women who had poured the ointment on His feet, but some of His disciples—Gradgrinds then as Gradgrinds there always are—had grumbled: 'Why this waste? would it not have been better to have sold this ointment and given the money to the poor?' And the Master answered: 'The poor ye have always with you. They are with you now, they will be with you to-morrow; as long as you live they will be with you. You may help them when you will; but Me ye have not always with you.'"

"To shelter the selfishness of political economy and of the average human nature, which is only too glad to excuse its indulgence by some such high and sacred authority, under these words of the tender hearted, loving Christ, seems to me as very dreadful. His whole tone toward wealth might have saved him from such a caricature."

Mr. Newton then exposed, in scathing terms, the inconsistency of those who, while asserting the literal inspiration of such portions of the scriptures as happen to coincide with their views, attempt to treat as figurative or obsolete other passages which they find less convenient for quotation. He made special allusion to the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, which he termed "perhaps the most remarkable piece of legislation in history. It provided that land should be held as the fief of Jehovah himself. Men simply held it under lease from Him. No man might hold more than he could well use. No man would be allowed to be left landless. Every fifty years there was to be a periodic redistribution of land among the people of Jehovah. And the end of this remarkable provision was distinctly stated—that there may be no poor among you."

"If I believed," Mr. Newton went on, "as hosts of my clerical friends do, in the literal inspiration of every part of the scriptures and the binding obligation of every direction, I should be constrained to preach the immediate nationalization of land. I am waiting from Sunday to Sunday to hear some of my distinguished friends who think thus of the bible preach this gospel. Thus far they manage with that singular aptitude of orthodoxy to dodge this chapter, but sooner or later they will have to face it."

Mr. Newton avowed his full acceptance of the ethical principle underlying the Levitical law—the principle that land is a true common property, to be dealt with as the community may think best—and that it is for the community to say whether it shall be treated as private property, as communal property, or otherwise. Reverting to the vulgar acceptance of the Savior's utterance about the poor, he said:

There is no blasphemy in my mind comparable with the affirmation that the Heavenly Father has so ordered things that poverty is to be the lot of the mass of his children, while a few favored ones may enjoy themselves, may win culture and a lofty manhood. Could I believe such a gospel as this I would be an atheist. I should call that God 'the devil.' There is no dynamite, to my mind, equal to the dynamite of such a gospel. Herr Most cannot make half as many anarchists as such a gospel in our churches.

Poverty as it exists to-day is plainly due very largely to certain palpable faults of men themselves and certain palpable imperfections of our economic system. Were these removed poverty might not be abolished, but it would be immensely reduced—it would be well nigh minimized. How much of poverty is due to the physical feebleness of hosts of men? to their intellectual incapacity? to their moral faultiness—their laziness, their wastefulness, their vices? How much of our poverty also is due to our grossly imperfect economic system? our crude methods of taxation? our needless burdens upon industry and trade? our inadequate production of wealth? our allowance of nature's bounties to be monopolized by the few? and a host of other causes which will suggest themselves to every thoughtful mind.

In conclusion, the preacher reminded his hearers that man could find no loftier outlet for his moral energies than in the effort to solve the social problem. "He works with God," he said, "who works for man. Back of every human effort to discover truth, to mitigate the evils of life, to reform the wrongs of society, to help individual men to a truer manhood, the world to a truer social order—back of every such human effort is the infinite and eternal energy, God himself."

Evidently a Glimpse of the Tail of the Cat. Baltimore American.

A subscriber wants to know what a ground rent is. It is simply capital that uses valuable ground for a burial place and serves to kill all enterprise that comes anywhere near it.

Then in every town in England there are a large number of workmen who have purchased their own houses by means of building societies, and these are warned that the single tax means that they will have to pay a tax upon the land which they have bought with their hard earned money; and such as have become possessed of house property are warned that they will not only have to pay the tax, but that the imposition of the tax upon land not already built upon will have

It is incidents such as this, accompanying

Akron O—Jas R Angier, 109 Allen street.
 Albany, N Y—Robert Baker, 178 Madison avenue; J C
 Koshart, 22 Third avenue, or James J Mahoney, sec-
 retary Single Tax Cleveland and Thurman club, 25
 Myrtle avenue.
 Alhambra, Mon Ter—W E Brokaw.
 Altoona, Pa—Joseph Sharp, jr., secretary Single tax
 club, 411 Tenth street; Albert C Ronzow, 324 First
 avenue.
 Amsterdam, N Y—Harvey Book.
 Anacostia, D C—Carroll W Smith, office Anacostia tea
 company, Harrison and Monroe streets.
 Anaheim, Cal—James H Hasset.
 Anton Chico, N M—Lewis J Granstam.
 Ashtabula, Ohio—A D Strong.
 Atlanta, Ga—John C Reid, lawyer, 25 1-2 Marietta
 street.
 Auburn, Me—F W Beals, secretary Single tax club.
 Augusta, Ga—Jas C DeLoach, 32 Lincoln street.
 Ayon, N Y—Homer Sauls.
 Badolton Spa, N Y—Richard Feeney, 63 Milton avenue.
 Baltimore, Md—John W Jones, sec Single tax league of
 Maryland, 123 N Bond street; John Salmon, Pres Henry
 George club, 415 N Eutaw street; Dr Wm N Hill, 1438
 E Baltimore street.
 Bayshore, Long Island, N Y—Antonio M Molina.
 Braceville, Ill—William Matthews, secretary Tariff re-
 form club.
 Bradford, Pa—J C De Forest, secretary Land and labor
 club, 24 S Well place.
 Bridge, N Y—E W Dundon, 33 Malden lane.
 Boston, Mass—Edwin M White, 38 Mount Street, Charles-
 ton; J R Roche, 29 Converse avenue, Malden; Hamlin
 Garland, chairman single tax league, Jamaica Plain,
 Brooklyn, N Y; George E West, M D, 49 Clermont ave,
 secretary Single tax club.
 Burlington, Iowa—James Love, bookseller, or Richard
 Spencer.
 Cambridgeport, Mass—Wm A Ford, 166 Norfolk street,
 secretary Single tax organization.
 Canisteo, N Y—H W Johnson, P O box 263.
 Canton City, Cal—Frank P Blake, M D.
 Canton, O—S J Harmon, M D, president, single tax
 club.
 Cape May City—Wm Porter, box 57.
 Chamberlain, Dak—James Brown.
 Charles City, Iowa—Irving W Smith, M D, office oppo-
 site Union hotel.
 Chicago, Ill—John Pearson, secretary Land and labor
 club No 1, 45 La Salle street.
 Cincinnati, O—H David De Beck, 139 West Ninth
 street; Jo eds news and stationery store, 272 Vine
 street; headquarters Single tax club, 295 Vine street.
 Cleveland, Ala—M D Maston or Alex C Burke.
 Cleveland, O—Franklin H Smith, 133 Chestnut street.
 Clinton, Ind—A O Bishop, editor *Argue*.
 Cochen, N Y—J S Kraus.

Columbus, O—Edward Hyneman, 348 1-2 South High street.
Cornwall, Cal—Jeff A. Bailey.
Cramer Hill, Camden county, N. J.—Chas. P. Johnston.
Danbury, Conn.—Sam A. Main, 31 Smith street.
Dayton, O—W. W. Kile, 31 E. Fifth street; J. G. Galloway, 333 Samuel street.
Democratic National Tax reform association, new Trench block.
Des Moines, Iowa—L. J. Kisson, president Single tax club; John W. King, secretary.
Detroit, Mich.—J. K. Fincham, 45 Waterloo street; J. F. Dumeau, 273 Third street, secretary Tax reform as- sociation.
Diamond Springs, Eldorado county, Cal.—J. V. Lanston.
Dunkirk, N. Y.—Francis Lake.
East Cambridge, Mass.—J. F. Harrington, St. John's Li- brary Institute.
East Northport, Long Island, N. Y.—J. K. Rudyard.
East Ridge, N. H.—Edward Smith.
Elizabeth, N. J.—Robert P. Urmoy.
Elmira, N. Y.—William Bergman, 712 East Market street.
Eaglewood, Ill.—W. B. Steers.
Evansville, Ind.—Charles G. Bennett, 427 Upper Third street.
Fitchburg, Mass.—C. O. Terry.
Farmington, Iowa—E. W. Rockwell.
Gardner, Ill.—T. S. Young.
Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.—Herbert Loromer.
Glens Falls, N. Y.—John H. Quinlan.
Gloversville, N. Y.—Wm C Wood, M. D.
Grand View-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.—Henry L. Hinton.
Harrison, Tex.—J. McCollum.
Hartington, Neb.—J. H. Feiler.
Haverhill, Mass.—Arthur P. Brock.
Helena, Mont.—Judge J. M. Clements.
Hornesville, N. Y.—George H. Van Winkle.
Hot Springs, Ark.—W. Albert Chapman.
Hosack Falls, N. Y.—F. S. Hammond.
Houston, Tex.—H. F. King, cooperation attorney.
Hutchinson, Kansas—J. Malcolm, M. D.
Ilion, N. Y.—George Arthur P. O. box 362.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Herman Kuehn, 14 Talbot block; or L. P. Custer, member of single tax club.
Ithaca, N. Y.—C. C. Platt, druggist, 75 East State street.
Janvier, N. J.—B. B. Walsh.
Jersey City, N. J.—Joseph Dana Miller, secretary Hud- son county single tax league, 26 Ego avenue.
Kearney, Neb.—Samuel P. O. box 2, 233 Woodland avenue.
Kentsburg, Ill.—M. McDonald.
Kingston, N. Y.—Theodore M. Romeyn.
Lansingburgh, N. Y.—James McMann, 21 Eighteenth st.
Lonsdale, R. I.—Dr. L. F. Garvin.
Lowiston, Me.—P. D. Lyford, 3 Cottage street.
Lexington, Ky.—James Brown.
Levon, England—William Saunders, 177 Palace Cham- bers, Westminster.
Los Angeles, Cal.—W. H. Dodge, 36 North Alameda street; W. A. Cole, 149 South Hill; or A. Vinetto, P. O. St. Union F.
Lowell, Mass.—Henry Robertson, 5 Metcalf block, Kid- der street.
Lynchburg, Va.—Thos. Williamson, cor Fifth and Church streets.
Lynn, Mass.—Theodore P. Perkins, 14 South Common street.
Madison, Dak.—E. H. Evenson.
Mahanoy City, Pa.—J. N. Becker, president Free trade club; Robert Richardson, secretary.
Manistee, Mich.—Albert Walkley, or W. R. Hall.
Mansfield, Conn.—J. Higgins, manager Western union telegraph office.
Marlboro, Mass.—Geo. A. E. Reynolds.
Marlborough, N. Y.—J. H. Baildon.
Mart, Tex.—L. Caldwell, chairman Ninth congressional district organizer.
Marysville, Mont.—S. F. Ralston, Sr.
Massillon, O.—Victor Burdett, 78 East South street.
Matamoras, Texas—Ocean—Robert A. Rohan, 8 Pump street, Port Louis.
Memphis, Tenn.—R. G. Brown, secretary Tariff reform club, 39 Madison street.
Middletown, Conn.—John G. Hopkins, P. O. box 590.
Middletown, N. Y.—Chas. H. Fuller, P. O. box 115.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Peter McGill, 147 Fourth street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Charles C. Root, president Single tax league, 402 W. Franklin avenue; E. L. Ryder, secre- tary.
Mobile, Ala.—E. Q. Norton, 23 South Royal street.
Mt Pleasant, Iowa—A. O. Pitcher, M. D.
Mt Vernon, N. Y.—Richard Welton.
Murrayville, Ill.—William Camm, president Democratic club.
Nashville, Tenn.—P. H. Carroll, 235 N. High street, secre- tary American land league.
Neponset, Mass.—Q. A. Lathrop, member Henry George club, 43 Walnut street.
Newark, N. J.—Rev Hugh O. Pentecost, 56 Oriental street.
Newbury, N. Y.—D. J. McKay, secretary Single tax club, 14 Broadway.
Newburyport, Mass.—Wm R. Whitmore, secretary Mer- chant assembly, *Herald* office.
Newport, Ky.—Joseph L. Schrauer, secretary Single tax league, 247 Southgate street; Will C. James, 89 Taylor street.
New Westminster, Brit. Col.—Alex Hamilton, member British empire association.
Norfolk, Va.—Edward K. Robertson, secretary Alpha club, Marine bank.
North Springfield, Mo.—K. A. Alexander, 1826 North Booneville street.
Oberlin, O.—Edw. B. Haskell, pres. Single tax association.
Olean, N. Y.—George Ball, pres. Railroad street.
Olathe, Mo.—H. C. Smith, 101 Railroad street.
Omaha, Neb.—John F. Embien, 832 Virginia avenue.
Ordway, Dak.—R. H. Garland, member Tax reform as- sociation.
Passaic, N. J.—J. J. Burnard, P. O. box 181.
Paterson, N. J.—E. W. Nellis, chairman Passaic county Single tax Cleveland campaign committee, 89 North Main street.
Petersburg, W. Va.—W. I. Boreman, member of Single tax league.
Pawtucket, R. I.—Edward Barker, 23 Gooding street.
Peoria, Ill.—J. W. Avery.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wm J. Atkinson, 926 Chestnut street or A. H. Stephenson, 214 Chestnut street, secretary Henry George club.
Piermont, N. Y.—Charles R. Hood, P. O. box 13.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Mark F. Roberts, 1727 Carey alley.
Portland, Ore.—S. B. Rigen, 48 Stark street; James P. Kohler, 124 Grand street, or R. H. Thompson.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—William C. Albro.
Providence, R. I.—Robert Girard, 32 Sutton street; or Tim Barker, pres. Rhode Island single tax as- sociation.
Pulaski, N. Y.—C. V. Harbottle.
Ravenswood, Ill.—W. H. Van Ornum.
Reading, Pa.—Chas S. Prizer, 1013 Penn street; Charles Corkhill, 251 Penn street.
Richmond, Ind.—D. Quigley, 105 South Third street.
Ridgewood, N. Y.—C. E. Sullivan.
River Falls, Wis.—George H. Bates.
Rochester, N. Y.—Charles Avill, 7 Morrill street.
Roselle, N. J.—Road Gordon.
Rutland, Vt.—T. H. Brown, 11 Cherry street.
San Francisco, Cal.—Judge James G. Maguire, Superior court.
San Luis Obispo, Cal.—Mrs Frances M. Milne.
Seattle, Wash. Ter.—F. P. Morrow.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Wm H. Adkinson, P. O. box 56.
Sharon, Conn.—A. J. Bestwick, librarian Single tax club.
Shenandoah, Pa.—Morris Marsh, president Single tax club; Thos. Potts, secretary.
Southboro, Mass.—S. H. Howe.
South Carolina.—J. C. West, L. M. Perkins.
Sparrow Bush, Orange county, N. Y.—C. I. Dedrick, president Progressive association; John Sheehan, sec- retary.
Spirit Lake, Iowa—J. W. Schumpf, secretary Tariff re- form club.
Springfield, Mo.—H. A. W. Juennan, 665 Nichols street.
St. Louis, Mo.—Geo. S. Bonnell, president Single tax league, 1527 Leffingwell ave; Sidney A. Renall, sec- retary, 1108 Olive street.
Stockton, Cal.—D. A. Learned.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Charles S. Hopkins, 9 Seminary street; H. R. Perry, 149 South Clinton street; or F. A. Paul, 4 Walsh street; or James K. McInure, secretary Single tax club, 5 Greene street.
Toledo, O.—Wm. Adelsperger, secretary Single tax club, No. 1, 112 Summit street.
Toronto, Can.—W. A. Doucless, president anti-poverty society, 218 Wellesly street.
Trenton, N. J.—H. H. Mathews, 9 Howell street.
Trenton, N. J.—B. B. Mathews.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Albert O. Young.
Unconville, Conn.—John McAniff.
Utica, N. Y.—Thos. McSweeney, 136 Elizabeth street, or Daniel M. Buckley, grocer, southwest corner First and Catharine.
Vincennes, Ind.—Hon Samuel W. Williams, rooms 2 and 4 Opera block.
Waco, Tex.—Frank Grady, lawyer, 161 south 4th street.
Wakefield, R. I.—David H. Fowler.
Washington, D. C.—Dr. William Geddes, 173 Q street, N. W.; or George W. Single tax league.
Weatherford, Tex.—Wm. J. Carl.
West New Brighton, Long Island, N. Y.—A. B. Stoddard.
Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y.—George Harwood.
Whitman, Mass.—P. G. Galt, cigar store; Thos. Douglas, president Single tax league.
Wilmington, Del.—Geo W. Kree, 717 West Ninth street.
Woodstock, Ill.—A. W. Curran.
Worcester, Mass.—E. G. W. Lake View.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Joseph Sutcliffe.
Youngstown, O.—Billy Radcliffe, Radcliffe house.
Zanesville, Ohio—W. H. Loughead, 27 Van Buren street.

THE PETITION TO CONGRESS.

The Committee Still Has More Work Than It Can Handle—Letters That Show the Widespread Interest the Petition Has Excited.

The signing of the petition goes on and names are flowing in from every direction. The work of enrollment has not yet been completed simply because the list outgrew the facilities at the disposal of the committee. An extra force since employed has not yet been able to catch up. They are more than half through, however, and the committee hopes within a week to put the work of directing documents into the hands of a mailing agency. After that it anticipates a new and rapid increase in the number of signatures. The correspondence of the committee continues to afford gratifying evidence that single tax men throughout the country are becoming more and more aroused to the necessity for action, and that they see the opportunities now presented by the tariff agitation for interesting people in economic discussion, and leading them to a consideration of the single tax principles without exciting their fears or prejudices.

The correspondence of the committee indicates that on second sober thought the majority of our friends have seen that it would be premature to attempt the capture of any one state, and as this conclusion has been adopted there is a growing tendency to look to the committee's work as the one thing on which the efforts of single tax men should be concentrated. It is well that this should be the case because the enrollment affords the committee such an opportunity as could not otherwise have been had for sending single tax literature to men not familiar with our principles but no longer prejudiced against them. It is absolutely essential, if the committee is to do anything like the work now open to it, that the friends of the cause shall contribute liberally to the support of its work. The delay in the enrollment, which is absolutely unavoidable, is annoying. But no time would be wasted on this account if funds were sent in with sufficient rapidity to enable the committee to carry out its plans. The first issue of documents will involve an expenditure of more than \$400, and it is the purpose of the committee shortly after that to send out one copy of *THE STANDARD* to each person who has signed the petition. Following this other documents will go out and copies of the set of documents first sent out will after that be mailed to each person whose name is received, and this is to be followed by the others mentioned, so that the committee has not merely to provide for the twenty or twenty-five thousand copies required for its first issue, but for the ever increasing number of people added from day to day to its roll. This work must be done, and in order that it may be well done popular subscriptions must be much larger than they have been thus far.

The committee's work, however, can be pushed much further. Its relations with other agencies carrying on a tariff reform propaganda are such that it can extend its work and introduce the petition and its documents to a wide circle of people who have thus far taken no interest in any other than the merely fiscal side of the tariff reform movement. Seeing the opportunities thus opening before it, the enrollment committee feels that it cannot by any possibility overstate the supreme importance of pressing forward, with ever increasing momentum, the work in which it is engaged, and of taking the utmost advantage of the almost phenomenal change of public sentiment that has paved the way for such a general presentation of our principles.

Extracts from letters received by the committee are given below:

W. H. Kesterson, Belpre, Ohio.—"The day I procured these names I had business at a store, and while there I sprung the single tax question, and of course a hot discussion ensued, for it was a rainy day and quite a number had collected for talk. There are three stores along the road, including the one I visited, the last one about a mile from the first, and I heard the next day that in the evening there was a discussion in all three upon the single tax question."

Frank O'Neill, Olean, N. Y.—"It has been my experience that more has been gained by a single lecture on taxation than five times the amount of argument distributed in tracts or pamphlet form, and consequently I am in favor of a lecture bureau. The cities can take care of themselves, but the rural districts and small towns need a course of lectures. Workmen have little time to study or read up."

J. S. Miller, Erie, Pa.—"I meet with a great many of Mr. Post's unconscious single tax men and endeavor to secure their signatures in preference to those who are already soldiers in the cause."

O. D. Wood, Passaic, N. J.—"The feeling toward the single tax is rapidly changing for the better."

Isaac McClosky, Santa Monica, Cal.—"It is easier to get petitioners than I thought."

R. Delaney, Memphis, Tenn.—"A close observer can now see a great smoke arising from the single tax fire here; it is only a matter of short time until it blazes out."

J. M. Place, Jeffersonville, Ind.—"You are working in the right direction, and hundreds have been set thinking by a request to sign the petition. I have made more converts in

the last month than ever before. We are stirring things up here, and in Louisville, Ky., and setting hundreds to thinking who had never before heard of the single tax."

Dr. Edward Fridenberg, New York city.—"The petition offers a most valuable opportunity to approach those who have through carelessness and prejudice given tax reform no thought. They can rarely find a valid reason for opposing a simple congressional inquiry and yet by signing are practically forced to inform themselves on the subject."

Edward Jewett, East Rindge, N. H.—"I consider the circulation of this petition to be a masterly move on the part of single tax men. It is invaluable as a means of introducing and promoting the discussion of the single tax doctrine in all its fullness."

James Cox, Milwaukee, Wis.—"I think a permanent organization should be formed here of single tax men, and I believe some of our friends are agitating the question. So you may expect in the near future to hear some encouraging news from Milwaukee."

C. L. Wegener, East Saginaw, Mich.—"There are a good many more here that are very anxious to do something against monopoly, but who don't know what to do. When I explain to them the object of this petition they are ready to sign."

J. A. Endman, West Roxbury, Mass.—"Some men come to me now to find out more about it instead of my having to go to them."

H. A. Hibbard, Hermann, Mo.—"What a boom free trade (which is really protection) will have in 1892."

Patrick H. Rooney, Hyde Park, Mass.—"Some of the signers are protectionists, but their ideas are a little confused since the enlightenment they received during the last campaign. I believe they can already see the forepaws of the cat, and it is only a question of time when they will be with us."

L. J. Law, Cadillac, Mich. (member of Democratic state committee).—"I trust that the petition will be large enough to command the attention of the house of representatives, and that every section of the country may be well represented by signers. I am heartily in favor of the single tax; it is right, it is just, it is best; I believe it is bound to win; it is rapidly gaining friends in Michigan, but New Jersey is, I hope, to be the first state battleground."

Michael Murray, Cleveland, Ohio.—"I think this is a move in the right direction."

Wm. Jackson, Middleport, N. Y.—"The idea of this petition was a happy thought. Not that I hope much from congress, but it offers an opportunity to explain the principle of the single tax that nothing else could do."

Edwin P. Clark, Walden, Mass.—"The cause is surely spreading fast."

J. A. Hamm, Wymore, Neb.—"I tell you we are opening the people's eyes around here. The cause is spreading in good shape. I appreciate very much the work that the single tax men of New York are doing and wish them success."

John J. Meighan, Freeland, Pa.—"You will no doubt find in the near future that the people of the Lehigh region will not be the last in this movement toward industrial emancipation. They are noted as wage slaves, and also for their great tenacity as strikers, but when they begin to learn of other means to remedy their condition they will without doubt rally to the standard of the single tax."

W. G. Spencer, Thomaston, Conn.—"I have not only seen the cat but the dog in the manger."

Isaac H. Duran, Evansville, Ind.—"There are plenty of George men to be found if we only had parties to stump the country. We could get six million of signers."

Charles H. Kohlman, St. Paul, Minn.—"From the rapid progress now making I feel I am justified in believing that I will live to see the equal right of all mankind to the soil recognized. Many of us little expected to see chattel slavery abolished, and this cause is making greater strides than abolitionism ever did."

Henry W. Fair, Breckenridge, Cal.—"I regard this mode of arousing discussion the best yet devised."

Charles F. Smith (Proprietor of Commercial Hotel), Colton, Cal.—"I always keep *THE STANDARD* and a supply of Henry George's works in the reading room of my hotel."

A. Skliba, Boone, Iowa.—"One of the signers, Mr. —, is a tariff reform farmer, who became a single tax man during the fall campaign."

Chas. G. Bennett, Evansville, Ind.—"I believe a thorough canvass of this city would enable us to get a majority of the voters to sign. Our doctrines have made more progress in the past few months than ever before."

Hamlin Russell, St. Louis, Mo.—"I was in favor of the New Jersey idea but after consideration I change my vote. It would cost a lot of money and we have not the money. It would weaken the force available elsewhere throughout the country, and I do not wish to see it tried. I will send my mite toward sending out those tracts, and I suggest that after the first volley is fired, you make special effort to raise money enough to send out one copy of *THE STANDARD* to every signer. Let it be a special prepared copy—a sort of primer number with easy lessons for begin-

ners—tell 'em all about 'the poor widow and her little cottage,' 'honest workman and his little home beside the rich man's mansion,' 'what will you do with the surplus?' 'has the land rent been added to the house rent?' These and other chestnuts will have to be answered thousands of times yet."

Geo. W. Cooper, Akron, Ohio.—"I do not favor concentrating work in any particular state, for by so doing I fear the educational work which is progressing everywhere will be neglected."

Mr. Garratt Mahan, Savannah, Ga.—"If we go to monkeying with any one state at present it will throw us back. I believe the petition to congress will have more effect than any single state attempt."

J. M. Place, Jeffersonville, Ind.—"One of the signers owns 2,500 acres of land in Texas. We are doing good work here, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with the congressional petition."

C. G. Zeilman, Albany, N. Y.—"I vote for no concentration of effort in any one direction until the circulation of this petition and subscription to the club house are further advanced. This petition offers the best chance that we have ever had to expound our single tax principles."

James D. Van Arnum, Troy, N. Y.—"The central labor union of Troy agrees to apportion work among its members so as to secure a thousand signatures. Please send in that number of blanks."

Patrick J. May, Chicago, Ill.—"I do not think the concentration on a single state advisable. As yet single tax men will have their hands full in supplying demands for literature on the subject."

Michael J. Murray, Owego, N. Y.—"I find that circulating the petition provokes discussion altogether it is a pleasant task. I also find people in general, and particularly working people, much more liberal toward the single tax than they were when Henry George ran for secretary of state."

James Beggs, leader of the single tax band, in ordering petitions, sends programme of the annual ball of "Court Astley" in Brooklyn, and marks the musical selection for the promenade, which reads "Single tax."

A. A. Jackson, Butte, Mont. T.—"We are gaining ground here in a quiet way."

H. A. Fontaine, Auburn, N. Y.—"In our once prosperous city we see signs painted up in office windows 'no help wanted.' Some of the disappointed are beginning to see the cat."

John Carreer, Reynolds's Bridge, Conn.—"The name single tax strikes home at once. It could not be improved. It is both short and sweet."

Bion H. Butler, editor of the Weekly Record, Brockwayville, Pa.—"Our paper has been doing considerable work to spread the single tax idea, but on circulating the petition I was surprised to find that it had spread so effectively. I think I can get many more signatures. The seed has taken root here, I think, to live forever."

H. V. Daniel, Sacramento, Cal.—"Quite a number of people here are beginning to see the justice of the single tax."

W. H. T. Wakefield, Council Grove, Kan.—"I wish my name appended to your circular. I am happy to say that the rental value tax idea is making wonderful progress in Kansas. I think a majority of the leaders of the union labor party of Kansas, Missouri, Texas and Nebraska are favorable to its adoption, at least to the extent of raising all necessary revenue by a tax on land values only."

B. Harrower, Wakefield, R. I.—"I rejoice over your great success with the petition."

Wm. H. Dean, La Salle, Ill.—"Nearly every one I talk to sees the necessity of a different system of taxation, and many take readily to the single tax idea."

R. F. Young, Kansas City, Mo.—"It will be strange if the people here do not receive the reform favorably. The injustice of our land system is nowhere more apparent than here, where laborers and others must pay a large percentage of their earnings for car fare and ride several miles, passing block after block of unused land, to obtain reasonable rent."

R. W. Miller, Cherokee, Kas.—"I like this way of working. It gives us an opportunity to talk single tax to men whom we could not otherwise approach."

Ed. Stewart, Little Rock, Ark.—"Undoubtedly this move is of great value in exciting thought on the single tax."

Albert E. Kagel, Milwaukee, Wis.—"The petition seems to me the best plan ever devised to make this question a live topic. In endeavoring to get a man's signature one unconsciously sows the good seed, and the signers will undoubtedly be more approachable hereafter."

V. Leonard, Silvertree, Marion Co., Ore.—"There is a growing interest in the George idea of taxation in this neighborhood."

J. A. Bailey, Black Diamond, Cal.—"I am gratified to witness the progress we are making. By and by we will make a jump."

Isaac H. Duran, Evansville, Ind.—"The single tax is becoming better understood in Evansville, and if I had time I could get thousands of names."

Henry James Martin, San Francisco, Cal.—"Our single tax society here is in a thriving condition. The attendance at our meetings is

five times as large as it was three months ago."

Edwin T. Clark, Malden, Mass.—"Once I was almost alone, and had to do all the talking myself, but now I find others will do it for me. The seed is springing up."

M. A. Williams, Kansas City, Mo.—"Although I am old and crippled, I think I can get one hundred more signatures in a short time."

Herman Hermelink, Kansas City, Mo.—"I have great hopes now for Kansas City, since we have started the ball rolling. I have no doubt you will hear occasionally from our single tax club."

John Eckert, Ellenville, N. Y.—"I keep for future use a roll of all the signatures that I send in. We have worked up a strong sentiment among laboring men here in favor of the single tax. Judge Maguire's proposal seems to meet with general favor, but it seems to me that the first step should be to ascertain which state has the largest number of single tax men in proportion to its population."

Frank Stephens, Cleveland, Ohio.—"I propose to get 100 signatures. If every one of the 11,000 single tax men that were first enrolled will do as much you will be able to send in a petition containing 1,100,000. That ought to command a little attention from the representatives of trusts, syndicates, rings and monopolies."

Dr. William A. Wood, Gloversville, N. Y.—"I find many democrats anxious to sign in the hopes of keeping up tariff agitation. Some signers do so thinking that investigation of the subject of taxation may result in improvement upon present methods, although they do not approve of the single tax idea. Other signers are doing so in recognition of my help in working for the democracy last fall. Still others hope to embarrass a republican congress. In fact almost every signer has a different reason. But none are any more afraid of or contemptuous as regards the 'Henry George theory.' We have become at least respectable; soon we will be popular. There are of course quite a few who have 'seen the cat.'"

Rome Adams, Oak Hill, N. Y.—"People are beginning to realize that our present system of taxation is far from just, and are, therefore, willing that congress should investigate the single tax and report. I, for one, begin to see the dawn."

W. S. Browne, Southard, McKean Co., Pa.—"J. L. Thomas, of this place, and myself constitute the single tax strength of this community. We have been for some time in consultation as to how we could bring about interest and discussion of the single tax question, and have finally hit upon a plan that we think will have the desired result. We have organized what we call the Industrial reform association, with the stated object of 'advancement in knowledge pertaining to history, science, political economy, civil government, religion, etc.' There is a good sized audience every week, and between the two of us we manage to ventilate our pet theory to the astonished listeners as much as we think is judicious."

A. R. Goedecke, Peoria, Ill.—"It seems to me that some effort at organization should be attempted here in Peoria. What do you say? J. W. Avery, Burton, etc., etc., let us call a meeting and see what we can do. Walking down Adams street a stranger said to me, 'Here is a place to show up the iniquities of present conditions and illustrate the beauties of the 'George system.' Of course I shook hands with him and told him my sentiments. He hails from Baltimore, Md., and so it goes. I keep two copies of 'Progress and Poverty,' constantly in circulation, one German and one English, and have only once failed to make a convert, and can truthfully say that I am amazed at the wonderful progress we have made since I first accidentally ran across one of Mr. George's books."

Mrs. Francis M. Milne, San Luis Obispo, Cal.—"Many of those enrolled on the Cleveland and Thurman list would do nothing with the petition. . . . When I remonstrated and urged a little action they replied with utter disgust at Cleveland's defeat and hopelessness of the future. . . . However, a little talk and some report of progress elsewhere aroused a feeling and most of the old will, I hope, at least give in their signatures. . . . I am sure the mere signing of the petition has done a good work among them, by rousing thought and discussion; and if you could send any single tax literature for distribution some seed might fall on good ground. 'The single in a nutshell' is very effective, as it gives the whole subject in such short compass."

John Thomas, Seattle, Wash. Ter.—"An effort should be made by single tax men of this city to form a single tax club, in doing so a great work can be done."

E. G. Erickson, Minneapolis, Minn.—"Our cause is booming here just now. We manage to keep the papers talking about us all the time. We don't care much what they say so they talk. Yesterday, the *Journal* gave three columns of solid nonpartisan articles from local single tax men, with a good editorial comment; and the *Star*, as you know, is solid for the cause. Tuesday (January 15), Henry George talks to us, and the legislature has invited him to talk to them Wednesday."

J. W. Bailey, Monmouth, Ill.—"Find hero with my petition; also \$5 to aid the work."

There must be no lagging in this matter. I think this the most efficient agency yet tried. We ought to have a half million signatures."

Peter Burhite, Spearfish, Dak.—"Under the present system I am a land owner, but I have enlisted in the new order to stay to the end."

Thomas S. Burgess, Newark, N. J.—"The petitions lead to discussion that is spreading the light, and many willing hands are ready to join us. I think by focusing our power upon a single state, or upon two states, as may be deemed best, we would rather increase than diminish the interest in an investigation of our cause throughout the country."

W. A. Cole, Los Angeles, Cal.—"I have had but one man refuse to sign. He is a mechanic, has never read 'Progress and Poverty,' knows nothing of the single tax and does not want congress to investigate it. After the above statement it is needless to add that he is a protectionist."

Menzo Williams, Bessemer, Ala.—"I cannot express how pleased I am to note from week to week what progress the cause is making."

Herman Hermelink, Kansas City, Mo.—"We had a most successful single tax meeting last Sunday. About thirty enthusiastic single tax men were present and committees were appointed to effect an organization."

Robert Baker, Albany.—"Albany's quota of the million is 1666; you must have that many from here ere this."

Victor Burnett, Massillon, Ohio.—"Thought is being awakened, ridicule and indifference are fast giving way to a spirit of fairness and investigation."

R. R. Garner, Drexel, Fla.—"We can secure the signatures of nine-tenths of the voters of this district. The people see to their sorrow the effect of land monopoly in this state. The tariff and other unjust taxes have protected labor till there are two laborers to one job."

A. G. Groh, Emma, Col.—"In my work I found two 'strays,' emphatic single tax men who have, however, never read 'Progress and Poverty.'"

G. Strom, Stillwater, Minn.—"I think this movement a good one. People are rapidly coming over to the single tax movement."

Wm. Murphy, Des Moines, Ia.—"I have secured the name of every man connected with the building in which our shops. And I have done no coaxing either. If the blanks served no other purpose than to furnish one with an excuse to open the subject for comment they would be valuable."

Alex. Sullivan, San Francisco, Cal.—"I am connected with a large organization of workmen, many of whom are believers in the single tax doctrine."

W. I. Hopkins, Enterprise, Kan.—"The 'cat' was and is being discussed by men of all parties everywhere. Much interest is now manifested in every discussion of any economic question."

John F. Hart, Albany, N. Y.—"The day of delivery from all forms of monopoly seems near. Yours for the good cause."

John F. McQuaide, East Cambridge, Mass.—"I have no difficulty in getting men to sign petition. Labor expended in this way appears to me to be a sort of safe investment in life insurance for the benefit of those who will need it most when we are gone. Our local newsdealer, Mr. D. B. Shaughnessy, reports that he is constantly increasing his sale of STANDARDS."

How a Hustler Hustles.

SLOCUMVILLE, N. M.—Although this is a city of over 80,000 inhabitants you will search the maps in vain for it under the above name. But as it has been suggested to me, that having met with phenomenal success with the congressional petition I might state how I obtained them, I have for obvious reasons adopted the above name. I attribute my success primarily to three causes, enthusiasm, persistency and working along the line of the least resistance.

Soon after having seen the cat, being connected with a manufacturing establishment employing twenty men, I set about converting them with tracts and personal appeal. The result was that when the petition was started I had some twenty-five single tax men (having also converted some of my own friends) to assist me in obtaining signatures. Although but one or two of them were really earnest workers for the cause, still I managed to inoculate them all with some of the enthusiasm that I myself threw into the work before me. By continually inciting them to explain the beauties of the single tax to their friends and thus obtain signatures, and by constantly appealing to them to renew their exertions I found that, including those obtained personally, the petitions were coming in at the rate of about (30) thirty a day.

My wife having also been induced to take an interest in the movement, presented the petition to all with whom she traded or had even the slightest acquaintance, in this way obtaining about fifty names, some of them becoming sufficiently interested to get the blanks which were subsequently sent them, filled and returning to Mr. Crowsdale.

For myself, I present the petition to nearly all I come in contact with. Every man who attempts to collect an account, every man who desires to sell us goods, must first run the battery of the petition. By adopting an aggressive position innumerable opportunities are presented to spread the gospel among

men that otherwise could not be reached. In this manner investigation and discussion is forced even upon those who refuse to sign (which is a rare occurrence).

The most surprising part of the business is that among those whom you mentally set down for hard cases—that is, those upon whom you expect to make no impression—very frequently take the greatest interest, immediately indorsing our principles, and often expressing a desire for blanks that they may get their friends to sign.

Again, in going to and from my meals I seldom fail to meet some chance acquaintance to whom I present a petition with the request that he look over it and sign it, making a brief explanation of the principle and its purpose. Almost all sign. Upon the return of the signed petition I present them with such single tax literature as I happen to have with me and request them to investigate further. To such of my friends as I cannot otherwise reach I send one or two blanks (more would probably be wasted) accompanying them with a few explanatory remarks. Of course, of the thousand persons whose names I have obtained a large majority do not pretend to indorse our principles, but I find the prevailing sentiment to be a desire to have the subject fully investigated, and if found feasible they are quite willing that the single tax shall be given a fair trial. Of those to whom I have given or sent literature during the past year there is not one who has not signed the petition willingly.

Yours truly,
THE HUSTLER.

"Freedom's Ahead."

"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

—[ROBERT BUCHANAN.]

Tho' our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
For her couriers have foretold her,
Thro' the night and thro' the day.
East and west they flash the warning,
North and south the message flies:

Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Courage! see the future looming,
With its issues grand and vast;
Let the dead, the dead entombing,
Idly wail the vanished past.

Not for us lament or scorning,
Triumph fleet of base empire:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Freedom! let our touch but linger
On thy spotless garment's hem;
Let thy pure anointing finger
Blindness, self-imposed, condemn;

Not in vain, the east adorning,
Shall the sun of healing rise:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Yet for us, from heaven descending,
Doth the glorious vision gleam—
Pearl and gold and sapphire blending—
Shall we hold it but a dream?

Nay, immortal the forewarning,
And the seer never dies:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies.

Tho' our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
Long the ages have foretold her—
Haste! prepare her place to-day!

Heed no longer taunt or scorning;
Higher charge upon thee lies:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies.

If to day, or if to-morrow—
What the hour, who can tell?
Vain is earthly wrong and sorrow,
Loyal hearts to daunt or quell.

Death, himself, in vain were warning;
Faith and hope his claim denies:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies.

FRANCES M. MILNE.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Cal., Jan. 1.

The "Unholy Alliance"—Whig and Tory.

Commenting on the defections of those "liberals" who oppose home rule and the new radical planks in the liberal party platform, the London Star says:

So we lose the handful of liberal unionists—the superior persons, the whigs, the landlords, the Adulantes of 1886, the rank, undisguised Tories of 1888. Aye, but what do we gain? For, make no mistake about it, gentlemen, the loss of the whigs means in the long run the loss of the "classes." Well, in the long run, too, it means the gain of the masses. The liberal leader of the future may call spirits from the vasty deep of democracy, and they will come. He may wave his hand, and the clausmen may spring to his summons as readily as the followers of Roderick Dhu. But the "masses" won't come for nothing. They may come for Birmingham programmes, and more of them, but not for a well-rounded little piece of political patchwork, such as seemed good to our leaders only one short year ago. We commend one or two things to our front bench. We recommend them to keep their eyes on such symptoms as the success of Mr. Henry George among the working men. We commend to them the growth of socialist opinion—or, perhaps, we should say feeling—among the radical artisans.

A QUIET MAN IN A DOORWAY.

The returns which announced the result of the presidential election in 1884 were coming in, and a noisy crowd greeted each bulletin as it was displayed in front of a newspaper office.

In a doorway, back from the crowd, stood a man with a quiet air who watched the people in the street and read the bulletins with interest.

In the street stood another man with an arm full of tin horns which he was distributing to the men who hurraied loudest for "Blaine." The quiet man in the doorway watched the enthusiast in the street; the enthusiast caught the eye of the quiet man and said to himself, "I'd like to know that fellow—looks as though he knew a lot of things."

Late in the night the noisy man saw by the bulletins that his candidate had in all probability been defeated. He felt drawn toward the quiet man and said to him: "Are you a newspaper reporter?"

"No sir, I am not."
"Excuse me—thought I recognized you," and the horn blower drew off to find consolation among more demonstrative companions.

Next morning the noisy man was climbing the stairs to his work in an office employing three hundred men, when he brushed against his chance acquaintance of the preceding night, and said:

"Hello! do you work here?"
"Yes; I'm in Smith's room."
"And I'm Brown's; hope to know you better; go to lunch with me, will you?"

They went to lunch together and the quiet man said: "All this excitement over the election of a president is wasted enthusiasm. What does it matter to you and me which candidate is elected? The only real question worth considering by this generation is the question of justice in distributing wealth, and that question is not an issue in this campaign. We have no interest in this election, except perhaps as its result may hasten or delay the entry into practical politics of a real issue."

The effect of this speech, which was addressed to a "rabid Blaine," may be imagined but not described, and the conversation thus opened led on to other things until, before the week was out, the quiet man said to the horn blower: "Have you read 'Progress and Poverty'?"

The rest will be easy to tell by the horn blower of 1884, who sets down this story in 1889: I read 'Progress and Poverty,' and within six months was a believer in the doctrine and a worker in the cause. In the meantime this quiet friend of mine had aroused the thought of another quiet man, who carried the book to a college professor and said: "This sounds all right, but of course it's all wrong. Show me the sophistry of George's reasoning, please."

And the college professor, nothing loth, tried to do it; was converted himself and has since that day horrified the board of regents by his radical utterances delivered in the form of public lectures.

I cannot stop to tell of the converts secured by the college professor, or of the converts they made, but will come back to my own case, only stopping long enough to say that the second quiet man came into the fold with the college professor and has been busily engaged ever since, widening the circle of which he is the center.

Well, then, I was converted and I have done what I could, but only mean to tell of one word spoken in good season and its result. To-day I received a long letter from a man who is studying social problems in England and on the continent. A year ago he gave up his business and said to me, "I am going to get close to this question of social reform, and I am going to study it where the conditions of the people are at their worst."

"How will you live?"
"Oh! I'll get on, I'll be a bohemian and you will hear from me."

He has been gone a year, and now he writes me inclosing two French newspapers and one English paper, containing articles from his pen, in which he tells the truth to foreigners about workingmen in America and mentioning "Progress and Poverty," calls attention to French translations of the book and strives to incite thought along single tax lines. He writes enthusiastically of his conversations with "the people," of his consultation with this or that radical leader of the old world, and pledges himself anew to the cause in which he has enlisted.

See how it grows! One quiet man converts another quiet man, and he secures a college professor, who lectures to multitudes. That's as far as we can go in watching results, for, of the college professor's converts we cannot be sure who first planted the seed in their minds.

Start again. The quiet man converts a noisy man with a horn, who is afterward unpleasantly known to "the classes" as "an agitator." He lets fall a word in the ear of a professional man, which sets his heart on fire, so that he deserts a promising career already well started along conventional lines, and goes to be a missionary in Europe. A missionary! Just as truly a missionary as the last one sent out by the A. B. C. F. M., except, that in his case, salvation for the "heathen" is not "synonymous with salary." My missionary pays his own way, and writes to thank me for having sent him.

But stop! Did I send him? Or was it the

quiet man who stood in the doorway and watched the bulletins and the crowd?

See how it grows! Why we cannot see how it grows, for, unless that quiet man sees this article, and recognizes the circumstances, he may never know that he was sending a missionary to Europe when he asked the question, "Have you read 'Progress and Poverty'?"

Now look forward a little. Perhaps some day in France a prophet and a leader will appear who will preach the doctrines of Quesnay and Turgot and the elder Mirabeau, and perhaps some of "the people" who hear him will recognize in his words that they have heard something very much like that before from an American, who said that one George of New York held to such views, and thus they may the more easily be led to examine and see what their own prophets have said in this matter, and then—well, I will not try to imagine "what then." It's hard enough to follow the results of present work without trying to anticipate what will come from future work. How it does grow, to be sure!

NILMAHL.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BUILD A HOUSE.

Taxes Which are Heaped on the Improver and Which the Speculator Escapes.

The block of vacant land, bounded on the west by Riverside drive, the Grand Boulevard on the east, 107th and 108th streets on the south and north, was sold last week at auction in various sized parcels. It was considered an important sale, as indicating the true value of land in that neighborhood better than any private transfers could have done. This whole block is assessed in this year's lists at \$94,500; it sold for \$230,500. It is one of the most desirable residence spots in New York. It doesn't need to be "restricted" by law to dwellings, as it cannot be used for business, at least not until wagons and people can go up the side of a hill as easily as they can go on a level. In such regions the value of the building invariably exceeds the value of the land; sometimes it is worth two or three times as much. The present tax on this block, at the 2½ per cent rate, is \$2,126.25. How much will it be next year if the buyers build houses on it in the meantime, as some of them probably will?

The answer is easy if we look at some other assessments. What does Jacob Ruppert, the brewer, have to pay for having the temerity to build a costly dwelling on Fifth avenue and 92d street? His house is the last fine dwelling on Fifth avenue, below 124th street—you can stand in front of it and look down the long sweep of the hill and see nothing but a few shanties and one brick tenement till you come to Mount Morris park. Ruppert then may be considered as having tried to build up a part of the city. As a reward the assessors have valued his place at \$75,000. It occupies two lots, that is, a plot 50 by 100. At 2½ per cent Mr. Ruppert pays \$1,875.50 a year. On the opposite (north) corner of 92d street are two other lots, equally desirable, but vacant. The owner of these lots pays taxes on an assessment of \$23,000, that is, at 2½ per cent he pays \$575 a year. The improver then, in this case, pays 2½ as much as the speculator.

Again, in 123d street between Lenox (Sixth) and Seventh avenues, there is a full 25 by 100 foot lot on the north side, street number 131. It is vacant, all the rest of the street on both sides being built up with a fine class of dwellings. This vacant lot is assessed at \$1,500, or to put it another way, at \$180 a foot front. Next door to the east is a house on an 18 foot 9 inch lot. It is assessed at \$11,000, or \$586 a foot front, or at just about 3¼ times the rate of the empty lot.

Another case showing at what rate improvements are assessed is that of five flat houses on 96th street, 30 by 100 each, between Third and Lexington avenues. These houses brought at auction \$114,300 last week. They are assessed at \$72,300 or 63½ per cent of their total true value. This is about the average rate of assessment on improved property.

These examples show the general plan of assessing well enough for us to base an estimate for the Riverside drive and Grand Boulevard block, in case, during the coming year, the owners cover it with buildings such as would sell easily. Ruppert pays 2½ times what his speculator neighbor pays. The 123d street house builder pays 3¼ times what his speculator neighbor pays. Average for these improvers say 3 times what empty lot owners pay. Next year then the owners of the Riverside block, if they have houses built, will pay 3 times what they pay now—say \$6,375, instead of \$2,126. Or, to get at it in another way, if they build, the houses will cost fully 1¼ times as much as the lots. The lots cost \$230,500; adding 1¼ times this amount we get \$515,625 as the value of the block of houses. Assessing it at 63½ per cent of its value, like the flats above, we have \$329,000 which would yield at the 2½ per cent rate \$7,402. So that we may safely say the assessment will be between \$6,400 and \$7,400, instead of \$2,126—if the vacant land is improved.

It's a Hopeful Sign When the Funny Men Write Paragraphs Like This.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Man (in dime museum to alleged freak)—You seem to look just like anybody else. What is there curious about you?

Freak (highest-priced attraction in the whole curio gallery)—I'm the newly elected governor who didn't say anything about "reforming elections" in my message.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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

The single tax men of New Jersey have done excellent work for ballot reform in that state. Their bill, drawn by Herbert Boggs, a prominent member of the Newark bar, is No. 30 in the lower house, where it has been favorably reported by the appropriate committee. Under the direction of Read Gordon, president of the ballot reform association, E. W. Nellis, its secretary, and Mr. Boggs, its counsel, an immense petition has been secured, and there is no longer serious doubt that the measure will become a law, although an effort is on foot to make a caucus condemnation.

As a reform of social maladjustments the profit sharing scheme, which some business houses have adopted, will not commend itself to anybody who has really considered social questions; but it affords an object lesson in the truth that well paid labor is cheap labor. Rogers, Peet & Co. have just paid \$9,000 to their employees on the profit sharing plan, and this is the fourth year in which they have made a similar payment. Nine thousand dollars may not be a very large sum in such a business, but it is so large that the house could not, or at least would not, long pay it and compete with houses which were under no such expense. The fact that it is paid is pretty strong proof that the plan under which it is paid is profitable to the house; and if corroboration were needed, we have it. A member of the firm referring to the reduction of hours among clothing cutters from ten to nine and a half, which took place the year the profit sharing plan went into operation, says: "The records of the house show that its cutters do the same work in nine and one-half hours that they did in ten." This he attributes to profit sharing, which he also credits with greater industry and more economy, and consequently enhanced production, on the part of every employe down to the office boy. The employees of the house, therefore, when they get a dividend, are really receiving a part of their own increased production. The higher wages is profitable to the house.

The same member of this firm says the employees are not expected to make any sacrifices by accepting lower wages or working longer hours. It is obvious, however, from his own statement, that they do accept lower wages. The rate of wages is no doubt the same under the profit sharing plan as before, but the value of the service is greater—enough greater to pay the dividend to the employees and leave something extra for the house. The profits in which the employees share are then nothing but wages for extra earnings.

Even then, however, houses like Rogers, Peet & Co., are entitled to credit for doing business on a feasible and perfectly honorable plan; for every employe, though he works but a week, shares in the extra profit. But what about houses like that of Wanamaker's, where the same system

was some time ago established, but with the reservation that no employe could share in the results of his extra service until he had been employed for several years. Instead of an exhibition of philanthropy, it looks as if Mr. Wanamaker's scheme might have been a good investment for the head of the house.

The Philadelphia Record, in a letter from Carlisle, Pa., announces the remarkable discovery that while in the counties of richer farming land thereabout the farmers are unable to make ends meet, farmers in counties of poor land are doing comparatively well. The explanation is perfectly simple, and appears in the letter the Record publishes, although all unknown to the writer of the letter. The richer farming land of the region was bought at such high prices, that the buying farmers were compelled to give mortgages. Since then farming land has fallen in value; but the interest on purchase money mortgages is as much as ever. These farmers, therefore, are mere tenants to their mortgagees on a rental (miscalled interest) fixed in times of high speculation. The owners of the poorer land are free from the burden that oppresses their at one time more prosperous neighbors.

In his message the mayor of Minneapolis recommends an effort to induce the legislature to free from taxation all machinery in use in his city. His object is to encourage manufacturing, and he points to the example of Philadelphia which, he says, has become under this policy the largest manufacturing city in the country. The Minneapolis Evening Star congratulates the mayor and heartily approves his proposed exemption of machinery from taxation, but suggests that as this might be justly objected to as favoritism, the best way to get at the object desired would be the adoption of the single tax. "This," it says, "would stimulate an influx of capital into Minnesota to be invested in buildings and manufacturing unprecedented in the history of any western community." The Star is right. And the same thing would have such an effect wherever it was adopted. Not alone would it stimulate an influx of capital from without, it would also stimulate the production of capital within. In a word it would encourage every industry but that of cornering land, an industry which flourishes or declines as other industries decline or flourish.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat promises to pay special attention to under assessments of land for taxation. Its attention appears to have been called to the subject by a correspondent, who tells how seven years ago he bought an out-of-the-way plantation in Louisiana, surrounded by unimproved land owned by "a capitalist" at the north. After several years of hard work this correspondent wanted to increase the size of his plantation; but the owner of the adjoining unimproved land, which had been held for \$3 an acre, now wanted \$15, because the settler's improvements had made it more valuable, and the settler had to pay the price. Other settlers came until, writes the first settler, "land that before my arrival had not sold at \$3, is now bringing \$35 and \$40 an acre." And here is the burden of his complaint with which he has aroused the Times-Democrat: "All the while I was improving my place and adding to the value of the parish my taxes were increasing, so that virtually I was being fined for improving, whereas the capitalist, not doing a thing for the good of the place, valued his land at \$1 an acre for the taxes, paid next to nothing, and was making more and more money out of the land each year." The injustice to settlers and the injury to Louisiana involved in this the Times-Democrat sees. It also sees a way—"a very proper way," it calls it—of remedying the wrong. "Why," it asks, "should an industrious farmer, who is improving his land, who is getting something out of it, who is of some value to the state, be taxed fifteen times as much as his immediate neighbor, owning the same quality of land, and

holding it at the same price, and doing nothing with it?" This question it answers with a directness worthy the most intelligent advocate of the single tax. "Assessments thus made," it says, "are a tax on industry, enterprise and development; they are worse—a downright robbery of the poor in the interest of the rich!"

Whether or not the Times-Democrat understands that this is true of all taxes which are imposed upon industry to the relief of mere land owners is not clear. It may be, and that our contemporary has begun mildly to declare itself by directing attention to the glaring iniquity of under assessments; or possibly it as yet sees no further. But it is immaterial which, for sooner or later, and rather sooner than later, the people of Louisiana will understand that by relieving industry, enterprise and development of taxation and imposing taxes exclusively upon land, whether improved or unimproved, in proportion to its value, business will be encouraged, the industrious will thrive, capital will accumulate and be equitably distributed, and the whole state be perennially prosperous. We hope to find the Times-Democrat leading the van of this reform in the state it so ably represents.

It would be difficult to get simple logic into a worst twist than the Chicago Tribune succeeds in doing when it avers that the single tax would fall heaviest on farmers, because agriculture is the predominant industry. As the single tax relieves all industry of taxation, it takes a very gymnast in sophistry to conclude that such a tax would fall heaviest on the predominant industry. Any mere man would suppose that the predominant industry would benefit most by the abolition of taxes on industry.

As the Tribune helps out its bad logic with the assertion that the effect of the single tax "would be that the farmer would pay vastly more than he now does," we challenge it to give the particulars of a single case of a working farmer whose taxes would not be less under the single tax than they are now, even if the single tax were high enough to take the entire rental value of his land. The Tribune cannot do it, and dares not make the attempt.

The Independent thinks that the professors of the university at Lawrence, Kansas, ought to be forbidden by law to teach any more free trade nonsense. It was all very well before the 6th of last November; but since the American people has given its voice against free trade—as the Independent somehow thinks it has done—such teaching has become positively wicked, and the Kansas university might with equal propriety teach "Mormonism, anarchy, disloyalty to our government or its laws, atheism, deism, or open rebellion." The Independent is also distressed about Professor Sumner of Yale, and thinks he ought to be made to stop. "We do not believe in free trade," says the Independent, dogmatically, "nor does the country. That question was settled in November." The authorities at Yale know very well "that free trade in this country is prohibited by law," and they ought to be ashamed of themselves. The Independent has not yet denounced the wicked efforts of Christian missionaries to introduce into foreign countries a religion prohibited by law; but we confidently expect to see it do so soon.

Heber Newton's discourse on "The Necessity of Poverty," of which we print a synopsis in another column, is a scathing rejoinder to the blasphemies of the Venerable Archdeacon Mackay-Smith, uttered from Mr. Newton's own pulpit under the guise of a sermon on the work and needs of the City Mission of New York. It is a curious comment on the ostentatious efforts now making to "evangelize" the poor, that the most thoroughgoing defense of poverty as a necessity of civilization should come from a man whose business in life it is to preach what he calls "Christ's gospel" among the poor. Archdeacon Mackay-Smith insists that poverty can never be abolished, first,

because Christ once told some men who felt vexed that something had been given him that might have been given to the poor, that the poor could wait—they were not likely to vanish out of sight; and secondly, because if there were no poor people, there would be nobody to do the scavenging and other dirty work. It is just possible that the archdeacon may be unconsciously influenced in his opinion by a third reason, more powerful than either of the other two, to wit: that if poverty should be abolished, the Episcopal city mission, of which Archdeacon Mackay-Smith is the honored and efficient head, would necessarily be abolished with it.

GERMANY AND SAMOA.

The story of the Samoan difficulty is an apt illustration of the dangers to which a great nation may be exposed through the officiousness of its representatives abroad. The American people have absolutely no interests in Samoa. The islands are in another hemisphere, thousands of miles from our nearest shores. We have no commerce with them, nor are we likely to have any. Their people do not visit us, nor do ours, except in rare instances, visit them. If the whole Samoan group were to be submerged by an earthquake, it is doubtful if more than a score of people in the United States would suffer either bereavement or pecuniary loss. A few speculative Americans are contending with a larger number of speculative Germans for the privilege of robbing the unhappy natives of their lands; and because the German government sees fit to aid its subjects in their work of spoliation, the United States are urged to do as much for their citizens, and the two countries are brought within thinking distance of a war which would shock civilization out of perhaps half a century's growth.

It may well be that Germany's interference in Samoan affairs has been arbitrary, selfish and altogether unjustifiable. It may be quite true that she has for her own purposes violated the liberties of a free people and set up a puppet ruler to bear sway under her instruction and in her interest. But the United States has no mission of knight errantry among the nations. We have sufficient evils of our own to redress, without ranging the South seas to find a cause of quarrel with a country with which every interest of humanity demands that we should remain at peace.

It is worth considering, too, how much the possession of a costly armament of offense has to do with fostering disputes like that about Samoa. In wasting a score of millions of dollars upon the creation of an iron clad navy, we are really not insuring peace, but inviting war. We are increasing and strengthening the class whose interests would be advanced by war. We are placing before those in authority a constant temptation to achieve political influence and prestige by bullying assertions of supposititious American "rights" and gratuitous interference in matters with which our country has no legitimate concern.

How to Use the Syllabus.

HONEOYE, Ontario County, N. Y.—The syllabus of "Progress and Poverty" is something that I have thought should be prepared, and I wish to offer a suggestion: That you have the syllabus put in a small pamphlet form suitable to be carried in the pocket without inconvenience, as a digest or helper to single tax men. There is so much for the average man to carry in his mind from reading "Progress and Poverty" that when he gets into discussion with his neighbors he cannot always marshal the line of argument on the particular phase of the subject that he desires to, or is forced to discuss by questions asked by his opponents; whereas if he could turn to this little book he would in a moment get a starter that would refresh his memory.

The Weekly Republican of Springfield, Mass., reviews the remarkable speech made by Jonathan A. Lane, at the Boston merchants' association banquet, in which he characterized the taxation of personal property as practiced in Massachusetts as not only disproportionate and unreasonable, but as "absolute injustice" and "legalized robbery." The Republican says: "This is an extreme statement, but it must be said that the facts largely substantiate it."

MEN AND THINGS.

The bankers and the railroad presidents have laid their heads together and determined that a new leaf shall be turned over in railway management. Hereafter there are to be no wars of rates, and everything is to be done in the interests of the stockholders. The country is to be divided up among the different systems; rates are to be fixed at such figures as the traffic will bear; and no system is to come poaching upon any other system's territory. What will happen to it if it does, would be pretty hard to say; it is assumed that the dread of provoking chaos will be sufficiently strong to induce the various presidents to stick to their agreement.

Unquestionably, it is a good thing for the commerce of the country that rate wars should cease entirely. When rates between New York and San Francisco are, one month, less than between New York and Syracuse, and the next month as high as ever, the effect on trade cannot but be evil. But it is, to say the least, very questionable if the true remedy is to be found in the practical consolidation of all the railways into one gigantic trust and the doing away with competition altogether. Anarchy is a dreadful thing, no doubt; but the absolutism that takes the place of anarchy is, if anything, the more to be dreaded of the two. Our railways are something more than instruments of production. They are engines of taxation as well. In organizing a national trust they are simply systematizing and strengthening their taxing power. Men who remember the old days when the stock of the Harlem railroad could be bought for five and six per cent, and who consider how little, as compared with other and less important lines, the service of that road has been improved since its consolidation with the Hudson river road, though its stock now sells at 250, will be apt to conclude that the managers of the new trust will pay more attention to the levying of taxes than to the development of commerce. To him who has sufficient power it is far easier to take than to make. If the railway combination is successful, the railways will devote their chief energies to taking, and let the country at large do the making as best it can.

The action of the bankers and presidents is really the strongest of arguments for the nationalization of our railway system. The roads confessedly cannot be profitably or equitably operated by separate corporations. Public safety demands that they should not be allowed to combine their forces for the oppression of the public.

There were a good many reasons assigned for the failure of the West Shore railroad at the time it went into bankruptcy; but it has been reserved for Mr. Elliott F. Shepard to discover the true and only cause of the collapse. He says: "The Lord blew upon it, and it failed!" It is curious that the Lord should have blown the road so directly toward the Vanderbilt family. The fact must have done much to confirm Mr. Shepard's faith.

Secretary Fairchild gives as a reason for the recent wholesale removals in the appraiser's department of the New York custom house, that there has been a systematic under valuation of certain classes of goods imported into New York, by which the government has been defrauded of a considerable amount of duties. Raw sugars have paid much less than they ought to, Sumatra tobacco has been appraised at seventy-five per cent of its real value, and wool nolls, which at other ports would have been valued at ten cents a pound, have been appraised here at only five cents.

The little city of Plainfield, in New Jersey, has been a "high license" town for years past, and is now considering the advisability of increasing its license fee from \$500 to \$1,000. There is very little drunkenness in the place, and no Sunday side door liquor traffic. It has, I think, twenty-three hotel bars and saloons to a population of about 15,000, and no liquor dealer in the place seems to be making more than a fair living. These facts have been cited in support of the high license system; and it must be confessed that they apparently offer strong testimony in its favor.

A recent issue of a Plainfield paper, the Central New Jersey Times, however, points out that this apparent testimony is in reality no testimony at all. Plainfield has few saloons and little drunken-

ness, not because of high license, but because of the strong temperance sentiment of the community. The people as a rule don't want to buy liquor, and therefore there are few saloons and saloon keeping is unprofitable. Right alongside the city lies the borough of North Plainfield, with a population of 4,000. The two places are practically one continuous city, though under separate governments, and the business center of Plainfield is but a short distance from the boundary of the borough. Yet North Plainfield, with its 4,000 people and a comparatively very low license fee, has but two barrooms, and both of those are in hotels. The low license borough actually has fewer saloons in proportion to its population than the high license city.

Facts like these are worth considering by students of the temperance problem.

A single tax man describes an incident of the recent Denslow-Shearman debate at Cooper union which is worth recording. Mr. Denslow was showing the absurdity of the proposition that the tariff is a tax, and vehemently declared that the foreign producer who sends goods here to be sold is the man who really pays the duty. Up jumped one of the audience. "Professor," said he, "do we understand you to say that the American farmer, who sends his grain to England to be sold, is the man who really pays queen Victoria's salary?"

The Cunard steamship Etruria failed to maintain her reputation as an ocean greyhound on her last passage to this port. She had fair weather and a smooth sea all the way across, and should have beaten the record. Why didn't she do it? Because when she left Liverpool coal passers and firemen were demanding higher wages than the Cunard company felt inclined to pay. So the company coolly engaged a lot of greenhorns who had never been to sea or stoked a steamer before in their lives, and started the Etruria across the Atlantic with a crew of imitation fire room hands, who were seasick all the way over notwithstanding the fine weather, and would have been incompetent for their business, even if they had not been seasick.

It is not a great while since a considerable portion of the crew of another Cunard steamer, sailing from Boston, left their ship in a body and appeared before the British consul declaring that the ship was improperly loaded. The English law defines the consul's duty in such a case very clearly. He is to take immediate steps to have the ship detained and a survey held on her. But the consul at Boston treated the men's appeal with absolute contempt. The steamer shipped a fresh crew, and proceeded on her voyage, and the men were left ashore to lose their wages.

I paid a visit the other day to the wood yard of the Charity organization society, at the foot of East Twenty-third street, in this city.

It is a hard place to find. It does its good by stealth, so to speak. I knew, in a general way, where to look for it; but when I got there I found not the slightest token of its whereabouts. On both sides the street were enormous signs setting forth that Henry B. Turner dealt in "kindling wood sawed and split by machinery;" but of the charity woodyard, never a trace. Whatever transient trade in kindlings affects the foot of East Twenty-third street is evidently absorbed by Mr. Turner. Had my object been simply to buy wood, I should unquestionably have given him my patronage. However, as my object was not to buy any wood, but simply to find a particular woodyard, I went into Mr. Turner's office and inquired. Then I found that the charity woodyard was conducted on Mr. Turner's own premises. "Down the alley and turn to the right," were the instructions of the gentlemanly clerk. And going down the alley and turning to the right, I came upon an open space, in which four or five men were butchering wood in the old fashioned way, cutting the sticks into proper lengths with bucksaws, and finishing the job with hatchets. Round three sides of the open space were sheds, stacked with kindling wood to overflowing. Evidently an era of over-production had arrived.

A conversation with the foreman confirmed this impression. The unusual mildness of the winter, he told me, had diminished the demand for kindlings to such an extent that the charity establish-

ment was really selling nothing at all, and if a cold snap didn't come soon they would have to suspend operations until the surplus stock could be worked off. The yard labors under peculiar difficulties as an industrial enterprise. It doesn't want to interfere with Mr. Henry B. Turner and other sure enough producers of kindling wood, and so in place of selling its wood to the grocery stores and other retailers, it supplies only select private families, thinking that in this way it can insinuate its product into consumption without affecting the general demand. It reminds me of my own method when, as a boy, I used to rob the family jam closet. I was always careful to attack the rear row of pots—the ones that in the nature of things were least likely to be drawn upon for legitimate consumption. To be sure, the rear row was certain to be reached at last—the theft was bound to be discovered sooner or later—but by that time my remorse had subsided, and I could declare "it wasn't me" with a look of conscious rectitude. It is much easier to deny a remote transgression than a nearby one.

Altogether, the charity wood yard is a queer institution. It makes a business of selling the privilege of doing work which is only imitation work and paying wages which are only imitation wages. For a dollar it sells you ten little tickets, each of which entitles the holder to a "day's work" in the yard. Then when Lazarus accosts you by the roadside with the old story of destitution and want of work, you just give him a wood yard ticket and pass on. You don't have to waste any time investigating—you make Lazarus investigate himself. If he is found worthy, he toddles off to the wood yard and is given a stint of so many sticks to saw and split, for which, if he is married, he gets fifty cents, or if single, three meals and a lodging for the night. Next day he meets you on the street again and you give him ticket No. 2, and so on through the week. In this way you secure for yourself the virtuous satisfaction of providing for a fellow being to the extent of \$3 a week at a net cost of only sixty cents; Lazarus gets his wages or his board and lodging with a sense of having earned it; and the wood yard gets a lot of kindling wood which it has no use for and cannot sell. But when Monday morning comes round again and Lazarus presents ticket No. 7, behold there is no work for him—the charitable machine has run down, and if you want to provide for Lazarus that day, you must give him fifty cents out and out.

I think if I were in charge of the charity wood yard I would introduce certain improvements in the methods. I would give Lazarus fewer sticks of wood to saw—a single stick a day would be enough—and make him spend more time over it. Instead of sawing it into three pieces, he should saw it into ten; instead of using a hatchet to split with, he should use a rip saw; and both saws should be as rusty as I could make them. Then Lazarus should be made to pile his kindlings in a neat mosaic, arranging the darker colored pieces to form apposite scripture texts. He should pick up his sawdust with his fingers, and carefully brighten his saws after he had finished using them—a little acidulated water would rust them again quite enough for the next day. In one way or another I think I could keep Lazarus pretty busily at work, and still have good security that he shouldn't produce anything that I should have to sell.

Now, the constitution of the United States, in giving congress power to levy import duties, expressly provides that they must be uniform throughout the United States. In strict justice, therefore, the importers of Boston, Philadelphia and other ports, who have been paying full duties on their sugars and tobacco and wool, while the New York importers have been paying only a fraction of the duties, ought to be entitled to a drawback of the difference. If not, why not?

And now the cry is that New York must have a botanic garden if she would maintain her place among the great cities of the world. Well, New York had a botanic garden once and gave it away to Columbia college. That institution has had the use of it for eighty years or so. Wouldn't it be the proper thing for the college to give that garden back again, now that the city needs it so badly?

T. L. McCREADY.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. William D. Sloane's supper dance on Monday opened a week which must have tried the strength of the dancers, and almost exhausted the endurance of their chaperones. They have at least a fortnight more of this work before them, and then by no means a rest, but only an occasional interruption for refreshments in the round of entertainments until Shrove Tuesday, which will not be here until the 5th of March. The gaiety has been continuous and prolonged, and the nursery of rosebuds has been paupered as no rosebuds ever were before.

A wood polisher named Groomes was arrested last week for what may prove to be wife murder. He is a wood polisher and for a month back had been unable to get work. At one place where he had hoped to get employment they told him he had better go to Newark; so he went to Newark, but failed there too. Coming home tired and discouraged he found his three children crying with hunger and his wife eagerly awaiting his return. When she heard his report the poor woman lost control of herself and reproached her husband for not trying to get work, and the unfortunate Groomes, driven wild by what she said, knocked her down and kicked her. She became unconscious and a doctor who was called in pronounced her condition serious. The detective who arrested Groomes said there was not a crust of bread in the house and the children were almost famished with hunger.

The second assembly passed off very successfully. Mrs. Astor wore a gown of dark green brocade and her famous riviere of diamonds, the coronet like comb of pearls and diamonds, the gorgeous stomacher of the latter gems, and two ornaments of great value bought at the sale of the French crown jewels. One of these was an immense brooch or sun of rubies and diamonds, once worn by Diane de Poitiers, and the other a shoulder knot made for Cardinal Richelieu and afterward the property of Louis XIV. Both of these ornaments are of marvelous workmanship.

On January 11 a stranger shot himself in the woods at 190th street, near Tenth avenue, New York city. The body was buried in the potter's field. Last week two men came from Paterson and identified the dead man by his photograph and clothes at the morgue as John Van Vingan, a Dutch laborer, a year and a half in the country. He was out of work and discouraged.

The costume reception which is to be sandwiched in between the second Patriarchs' ball on the 4th and Mrs. C. E. Potter's and Mrs. Astor's dinners and dances on the 6th and 7th is exciting more interest and attention than all the others together. Mr. Hamilton Bell is at work day and night designing costumes. Greek, Venetian and Empire quadrilles are to be gotten up by Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Burke-Roche and Mrs. James P. Kernochan, and all these ladies will give dinners on the night of the ball, as will also Mrs. Charles A. Post, Mrs. De Forest and many others. Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt has chosen the period of Sir Joshua Reynolds for her quadrille, and Mrs. J. M. Waterbury, Mrs. Ladenburg and Miss Tissue Hall will assist her to reproduce the beauties of George III's court, who were immortalized by the pencil of Reynolds. Mrs. William Astor, it is said, has a court dress in preparation which for gorgeousness and costliness far exceeds anything that was ever worn by an eastern potentate. The shah of Persia himself could hardly outshine her.

The St. Louis police on Sunday morning discovered that Mrs. Anna Roos, a widow with three small children, had been sleeping for four nights on the ground in the rear of a tumble-down tenement, which she formerly occupied. The rent was only \$5 a month, and, failing to pay this, she was evicted last Tuesday. Her possessions consisted of a stove and some bed clothing and kitchen utensils. These were tossed out into the back yard. She placed her children under the clothes and went about the streets applying for work. Repeated refusals rendered her almost insane, and all she could do was to beg a morsel of food for the children. They slept in the open air from Tuesday until Sunday. Saturday night the temperature fell to 10 degrees above zero, and at 3 o'clock in the morning a policeman stumbled on the family huddled up in the bed clothes, with snow beating down upon them.

The Lombard street cat hospital of Philadelphia, which takes care of sick, injured and homeless animals, applied a short time ago, through Elizabeth Morris, Harriet Hare McClellan, Charlotte W. Ritchie, Craig D. Ritchie and John F. Lewis, for a charter under the name of the Morris refuge association for homeless and suffering animals.

The following item appeared in the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution on January 18: A little boy twelve years old was tried in the criminal court for larceny, convicted and sentenced for twelve months. He had been in jail since last October, and had been sick much of the time. He was pale, thin and altogether a most pitiable specimen of a poor little gamin. He was alone; nobody could tell of his father and mother, whether they are living or dead.

Senator Stanford gave a dinner to sixteen friends the other night, at which strawberries were served that cost \$30 a dozen.

From the Paper That Published "Prisoners of Poverty."

New York Tribune.

It is not true, as Henry George asserts in "Progress and Poverty," that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. But it is true that the city of New York is growing richer from year to year. Witness the increase in the assessed valuation of real estate for this year over the year 1888. It is a little trifle of \$31,966,989. The figures in which the total is told off are almost appalling—\$1,334,785,860.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

Robert Elsmere.

Some months ago I read in an English magazine Mr. Gladstone's review of "Robert Elsmere."

The book had at that time attracted little or no attention on this side the Atlantic, and its very name was new to me. After reading Mr. Gladstone's article I made up my mind that "Robert Elsmere" was a story that I should scarcely care to read. I pictured it to myself as an attack upon the historical evidence of Christianity, tortured into the form of a very dreary novel—a work what might have a sort of shuddering interest for a theologian, but which it would be a mere waste of time and gray matter for me to pore over. This preconception clung to me after "Robert Elsmere" had sprung into sudden popularity here. I assumed that people were reading it because Mr. Gladstone and others in authority had noticed it, and the more notices I saw in the newspapers and magazines the more contemptuously I declined to look at it.

But I got caught at last, and I am almost ashamed to tell how. I saw a pile of "Robert Elsmere's" lying on the book counter of one of the big bazar stores, marked at eleven cents. And before I knew what I was doing I had bought a copy. I suppose my unconscious thought was that eleven cents wasn't much, that buying a book involved no obligation to read it, and that perhaps, after all, it might be just as well to skim through it—there might be something in it to laugh at, even if there were nothing to interest. Anyway, I went home that afternoon with "Robert Elsmere" in my pocket and flung it on my bedside table with a feeling that I had committed eleven cents' worth of foolishness. It was a week before I looked at the book again. But one night, wanting to read myself into drowsiness with something strictly commonplace and unexciting, I picked it up and commenced to look it over.

And then "Robert Elsmere" got square with me. I read it half through that night and finished it the next. And then, with a longing to see if my first impressions would be justified, I read it again more carefully, and with still greater pleasure. For "Robert Elsmere" is something more and greater than a charmingly told fiction. It is a history of a great current of modern thought—the effort to restore harmony to the universe, to solve the great problem of the Why. And it is, of necessity, a true history, because it clearly represents the mental struggles of its author—one of the atoms that make up the mass of inquiring humanity. The teaching of the book may be false, but its story is a true one; like the truthful record of an exploring expedition that has failed.

"Robert Elsmere" is the story of a man who, beginning life as an orthodox Christian, is led to examine the historical evidences of Christianity and finds them wanting. For lack of historical evidence he rejects the miracles of Christ and the story of the resurrection. But in the contemplation of Christ the man he finds compensation for the loss of Christ the savior; and, devoting himself to work among the poor of a great city, he seeks to render things as they are more tolerable by founding a new religion, the "new brotherhood of Christ," whose cardinal doctrine is a queer sort of unselfishness—"to make the rich devote themselves to the poor, and the poor bear with the rich." Why there should, of necessity, be a class of poor to demand the devotion of the rich, and a class of rich to supplicate the tolerance of the poor, Robert Elsmere never asks himself. These questions have never suggested themselves to the mind of the author who created him. And in this she is but too true a type of an enormous body of thinkers who have found the Christian clue come to an end in their hands, and are groping in the labyrinth of the universe, hoping vainly to find a gate of exit where no gate exists.

The keynote of the book is scholasticism. All things are to be learned by the study of books—not by the study of things. Comparison of records of experiences, weighing of other men's testimony—these are the tests by which truth or falsehood is to be determined. When Elsmere, in his early manhood, goes to Oxford this is the thought that Mrs. Ward sees in his mind: "Here, on this soil steeped in memories, his problems, his struggles were to be fought out in their turn. 'Take up thy manhood,' said

the inner voice, 'and show what is in thee. The hour and the opportunity have come.'"

"The hour and the opportunity have come!" Fancy such a thought entering the mind of a youth who was about to seclude himself from hours and opportunities for years. To me it sounds very much as though a Flat Head Indian baby, when first its head is bound to the compressing board, should be told it was about to solve the problem of cerebral development. His problems! Poor fellow, he was chiefly to be told that there are no problems left—that everything has been fought out and thought out for years, generations, centuries, ago. The fighting and the thinking have been done in various directions, to be sure—whether $a + b$ equals x , or y , or z , or ampersand, is still an open question. But the young student is to be invited not to really study the problems, but to make choice among the conclusions. What is he but a mass of melted wax, to be poured haphazard into one mold or another, or left to cool into unmeaning shapelessness without, any mold at all?

Elsmere's Oxford tutor, Edward Langham, is a man who has struggled with the mystery—seeking to solve it by the studying of books—and given it up. The contradictions have paralyzed him. To him the universe is a system of blind alleys, leading nowhere. Once the horizon of his consciousness was studded with lofty ideals—faith, honor, loving kindness, beneficence, and their fellows. But when he sought to reach any of them, behold, the way was barred. Right was only right to a certain extent. Wrong was not so very wrong, after all. Faith must move, like a railway train, in a predetermined direction and along a certain path. Beneficence, carried to extremes, would defeat its own object. Charity and justice were irreconcilable. Love and cruelty went hand in hand. And so, turned back from all directions, Langham has planted himself in the center of the universe, and refusing to move, declares all thinks false alike. He is neither pessimist nor optimist. A rat in a trap, stoically awaiting his doom and fiercely refusing to look beyond the bars. Read the quotation with which he answers Elsmere's eager beseeching that he would cease to hide his great gifts under a bushel. "My answer," he says, "is written here," and he points to this:

Oh, swiftly passing seasons of life! There was a time when men seemed to be sincere; when thought was nourished on friendship, kindness, love; when dawn still kept its brilliance, and the night its peace. I can, the soul said to itself, and I will; I will do all that is right—all that is natural. But soon resistance, difficulty, unforeseen, coming we know not whence, arrest us, deceive us, and the human yoke grows heavy on our necks. Thenceforward we become merely sharers in the common woe. Hemmed in on all sides, we feel our faculties only to realize their impotence: we have time and strength to do what we must, never what we will. Men go on repeating the words *work, genius, success*. Fools! Will all these resounding projects, though they enable us to cheat ourselves, enable us to cheat the icy fate which rules us and our globe, wandering forsaken through the vast silence of the heavens?"

The world is full of men of this kind, who solve the universe as a great system of despair. Some, like Langham, huddle themselves up, and endure without fear or hope; others sling aside restraint, blaspheme the God who for them has no existence, and revel in the wickedness which to them involves no moral wrong. Langham's nihilism is of the quiescent sort, because he has reached it less through experience of things, than by study of the bookish shadows of things. He is even mildly good natured, when good nature involves little trouble. He has no desire to win others to his own unhappy views. "I believe you," he says to Elsmere, referring to the latter's belief, "to be the possessor of all that is best worth having in life and mind."

Mr. Grey, the Oxford professor, is said by Mr. Gladstone to be a thinly veiled portrait of an actual existence. Like Langham, he has learned from book investigations to reject the scheme of Christianity. But his universe is not like Langham's. He sees no bars to the cage—no *culs de sac* of thought. To do his duty in this world has become his highest aim; and he is in the exceptionally happy position of being able to pursue this aim without shattering himself against any of the social paradoxes that so generally confront men of his sort. For his duty, as he sees it, is simply to urge other men to do their duty. He is

like a man shouting, "This way to the bridge." The bridge may be safe or unsafe, easy or difficult—he knows nothing of it, for he never tries to cross it.

Out of his Oxford course Elsmere comes with his belief in Christianity unshaken, a priest of the established church. He believes, because he has never investigated. The active influences around him—for neither Gray nor Langham have sought to sway him—are all such as make for belief. It is natural for him to be a Christian. He was brought up that way. And so the plastic wax of his character is shaped in the Oxford mold into the priestly form. "He imagines he has satisfied his intellect," says Langham, unconsciously delivering a verdict on his own bookish education, "and he has never so much as exerted it." Three years of life as an Oxford tutor follow, during which the young man, teaching others out of books, has his faith in books confirmed; and then Robert Elsmere marries and becomes the rector of a country parish.

Catherine Elsmere is the type of faith, as distinguished from belief. The universe has no problems for her. She knows. She has seen the vision of her risen Lord, with the cruel holes in his hands and feet, and the spear thrust in his side from which his life gushed out. To her the atoning Christ is the one central fact, by which all things must be tested. Disproof of the miracles or the resurrection is her *reductio ad absurdum*. It discredits all premises, makes all argument unsound. The man who rejects the Savior is, *ipso facto*, an evil man. The book that disputes Christianity must be of necessity a false and wicked book. She looks on unbelief as a scientist on the dream of perpetual motion. There is nothing that can justify it. There can be nothing in it worth examining. Such characters are the foundation stones of religions. They support Mormonism and Spiritualism no less firmly than Christianity. They upheld the Old Man of the Mountain. They underlie the mighty structure of Islam. They are the missionary's despair.

So Robert and Catherine—the man of belief and the woman of faith—are married, and settle down in Murewell. To preach the gospel and to do good among the poor, are henceforth to be the objects of their lives. Here, I take it, the real drama of Robert Elsmere's life begins.

Up to this time Elsmere has had about as much experience of life as a canary bird. His own existence has had no problems for him. Others have toiled that he might be clothed and fed and sheltered; and to him it is the most natural thing in the world that they should do so. He knows absolutely nothing of the struggle for life, of the sickening anxiety about tomorrow's bread, of the petty subterfuges, the lies, the dishonesties, the abasements to which the mere effort to exist compels humanity. But now, for the first time, he is brought face to face with the real problem of poverty. Not the speculative problem—to be solved in a comfortable room, by comparison of texts and compiling of statistics and study of the "dismal science"—but the real thing, the problem of poverty stricken men and women. He finds people living in hovels, with mud floors, half roofed, undrained. Diphtheria, fever, rheumatism rage among them. They suffer and die, or worse still, suffer and live in a manner altogether horrible.

And what does Robert Elsmere do about it? Why, he goes to squire Wendover, the man who owns all the land of the parish, and urges upon him the duty of remedying matters. And when the squire refuses, alleging, not without some force of logic, that he doesn't compel anybody to live on his land, Elsmere flames out in hot indignation, and wrings his hands over his own helplessness. *The poor people have nowhere else to go. They must stay where they are and suffer. Why can't the squire see this, he wonders, and do his duty by them?* Never once does it occur to Robert Elsmere that behind the squire who owns the land is a mightier One who made the land; and that if He really did give the land to the squire, then it is He, and not Roger Wendover, who is responsible. The incongruities of his theology never strike him. He goes on preaching his queer gospel of a God who will do everything for his children in the next world, but treats them like a fiend in this; and struggles with diphtheria and fever as best he may. And when the squire turns over a new leaf and puts the

broken down cottages in order, Elsmere strikes hands with him as with a man who has fulfilled the measure of his duty.

Amid all this work among the parish poor, and through the season of unavailing prayer to that local divinity, the squire, Robert Elsmere and his wife, the man of belief, and the woman of faith, stand hand in hand. The misery that confronts them shakes the soul of neither. It is subjective misery to them—the misery of other people. But a baby is born to Catherine, and the agony of her maternity is of the sharpest. And one evening, during her convalescence, she breaks out upon her husband with: "Robert, I cannot put it out of my head, I cannot forget it, *the pain of the world!*"

I know now, for the first time, what physical pain may mean—and I never knew before. I lie thinking, Robert, about all creatures in pain—workmen crushed by machinery, or soldiers—or poor things in hospitals—above all of women! . . ."

"You are weak," he said, caressing her, "and that destroys for a time the normal balance of things. It is true, darling, but we are not meant to see it always so clearly. God knows we could not bear it if we did."

"And to think," she said, shuddering a little, "that there are men and women who in the face of it can still refuse Christ and the Cross, can still say this life is all! How can they live—how dare they live?"

Observe how the woman of faith—faith in the gospel of the atonement, and faith in the gospel of things as they are—digests her experience of suffering. The world is not worth living in—therefore there must be another compensatory world, where pain will be repaid with pleasure. Otherwise God would be immeasurably cruel, which is absurd. Such is the argument for the "dispensation of pain."

Why is it they can never see—these men and women who preach the discipline of pain, the doctrine of the chastising rod and the loving father—why is it they can never grasp the true meaning of pain—that it is only nature's warning that something is going wrong which must, if possible, be set right? The broken limb must be set before the pain will cease; the hot iron must be dropped, because of the agony of burning. The pain of the world—the real pain of the world—the poverty, and crime, and moral degradation, the self-seeking, and falsehood, the idle ostentation and the grasping avarice that whoever will look may see around him—what is it all but God's warning that his laws have been obstructed and defied, and that the obstruction and defiance must cease or the whole body of society perish miserably? What a hideous blasphemy it is to say that the Creator first pens his creatures into the slums of a city or a village, and then smites them with diphtheria and typhoid fever, *because he loves them so!* What a frightful perversion of logic to make "the pain of the world" an argument for a blessed immortality. To people like Catherine Elsmere the revelation of the horror of the "blessedness of pain" doctrine comes but seldom. But when it does come, it tears the faith out of them as a cyclone uproots a tree, and leaves them veritable atheists—believers in no principle of good.

Robert Elsmere's edifice of belief, which has stood serenely through his experience of things among the poor of his parish, collapses like a house of cards when the weight of a few more books is laid upon it. The squire of the parish is a walking library—completely indexed for ready reference. And he has a wonderful collection of books. Elsmere talks with the squire and reads the books, and—poof!—the cards come tumbling down. The weight of book evidence is against the miracles; the weight of book evidence is against the resurrection; the book of Daniel was written less than two hundred years before Christ—when Elsmere makes this discovery about Daniel it just completely finishes him—and so his belief lies shapeless in the dust. It had been built upon books, and now books have destroyed it. And for my part I am free to say that I think it deserves no better fate.

It is amusing—at least I find it so—to see how furiously some of Mrs. Ward's critics, Mr. Gladstone among others, assail her for talking only about the books on the one side of the question, the books disproving the miracles and the resurrection. There are plenty of authorities on the other side, they cry; she should have cited them as well. They seem to fail entirely to see that the author

is telling the story of a man's experience—not writing a polemic. And more than this, they acknowledge by their very criticism that their religion is to be tested by the evidence of the books—to stand as an eternal truth, or sink as a wretched fable, according as the weight of book testimony is for it or against it. They do not see that the function of religion is to satisfy the soul rather than the mind. How long, I wonder, do they think Christianity would survive, if children, instead of being taught to say their prayers and trained to look up to God the Father, were to be left without religion until maturity, and then invited to examine evidences? These critics distress themselves without cause. Book evidence may shatter belief, as it shattered Elsmere's; but against Faith it strikes like a ripple against a rock. Only the evidence of things can break down Faith; and it is doing it with a rapidity and energy that would make these critics stand aghast if they would but take the trouble to look into the matter.

Poor Elsmere! He has lost his belief, and his soul is hungry. He wants a God and he goes groping for him in the recesses of his own consciousness. He doesn't see the open door to the temple of the one true God—the God of the Christian, and of the Jew, and of the worshiper of idols—the loving Father of all His children, who made men to be happy here on earth, and planted in their breasts the longing hope of happiness hereafter. In the vivifying sunlight of His love, whatever satisfies the soul hunger of one of His children becomes a living truth—be it miracle, or resurrection, or evolution, or what you will;—and whatever starves the soul is falsehood. For He loves his creatures, with the perfect love of a Creator. His laws are made for their happiness; and only as those laws are interfered with, or defeated of their full effect, are men unhappy. Think what a gate of heaven this world will be when God's primal law of equal justice shall be allowed its full effect; when every man's equal right to the use of this wondrously provided earth shall be acknowledged; when poverty shall have been sent back to hell, and smiling plenty sit by every hearthstone! Think of it! Think how every kindly impulse will find free expression—how men will be able to afford to love their fellows even as themselves;—how truth and honor will abound, and locks and bolts, and whips and prisons be among the things that were;—how the sword will bend into the plowshare;—how to meet a fellow being in want of food or shelter will be an experience of rare delight;—how every man will lie down at night, with untroubled mind, happy for the day that is past, happy for the morrow that is coming, happy for the hours of rest between, and full of thankfulness to God the Father for His immeasurable loving kindness. Ah! what a constant pean of thanksgiving, what a universal, never ending chorus of praise will go up, when that day comes, from church and synagogue and temple, from Christian and from Buddhist, from the grateful inmost heart of every one of God's loved and loving children.

Alas! the door is open, indeed, but Robert Elsmere never sees it. He has been trained to study books, not men and things. He might, if he would, learn of God by study of God's children; but he makes, instead, a God of his own. An imitation modern-Christian God, somewhat like the one the books have killed, with the very important difference that this God makes no specific promises of future happiness in compensation for the misery he afflicts men with on earth. And for the worship of this new divinity he establishes a church—"the New Brotherhood of Christ"—whose mission is to be the fraternization of humanity. The rich are to help along the poor, lovingly and wisely; the poor are to be contented and make things comfortable for the rich, and rich and poor are to love each other equally.

Then he dies. He is smitten with consumption, leaves his church work, and with his family and physician goes off to Algiers. There, in a delightful climate, with the flowers blooming all around him, with the balmy southern air making breath easy to his feeble lungs, with a devoted wife attending him, with friends to cheer him, with every comfort round him that money can procure, with books and ample leisure for their study; above all, with the knowledge that those he loves

are well provided for, and will never come to want, he spends the last weeks of his life, and dies with faith unshaken in the future of his Brotherhood. I do not say that he would have met death with less fortitude under any circumstances. But had he been forced to spend those weeks of waiting in a stuffy city room, without books, or friends, or comforts; had he seen his wife and child drooping for want of nourishment and air; had he watched the gradual pawning of everything belonging to him that could be pawned; had he lain there tortured with the never ceasing agony of the future of his loved ones, seeing, in anticipation, the wife he idolized driven to he dare not think what by the desperate goad of poverty, and picturing his little girl, the daughter of his soul, growing up squalid, untrained, degraded, a child of the streets—had all this been so, I think he would have lost faith in "The New Brotherhood of Christ," and felt inclined to rechristen it "The Hundredth Cousinhood." For he would have realized then, as every man has realized who has ever known poverty, as Christ, the poverty stricken, realized when he told the story of Dives and Lazarus, that between rich and poor there is a great gulf fixed, which neither can pass over. Between the heir and the disinherited there can be no true fraternal love. The only way to establish such a bond is to find the Father's will and have it put in force.

T. L. McCREADY.

To the Reformers of England.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the light
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than king craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crozier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well;
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the state scaffold rise again,—
Did Freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried!

The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you, full and strong;
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth and Love: your battle ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of power,
The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine, soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
Sweetening worn labor's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right!

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Sallie R. McLean, writing from Cincinnati, says: "Taxation is the one topic. The single tax is in the air."

W. J. Atkinson of the Keystone watch company and president of the single tax league of Philadelphia started west last week on a trip which will probably include California. Mr. Atkinson has been from the first a most efficient work for the good cause, and wherever he goes single tax men will be glad to greet him.

Jose Gros, of Morristown, N. J., has obtained over thirty signatures to the single tax petition and over two hundred to the ballot law petition, and Morristown is not a first rate place for such petitions, either.

EDWARD ATKINSON'S CHALLENGE TO "REFORMERS."

An Address by Charles Frederick Adams Before the Washington Branch of the American Economic Association.

Charles Frederick Adams, of the law department of the interior, recently addressed the Washington branch of the American economic association, of which Carroll D. Wright is president. The address was a reply to Edward Atkinson and in the course of it Mr. Adams said:

Here then, we have Mr. Atkinson's challenge to "reformers." Justify, if you can, your agitation for radical institutional changes when the figures I offer prove that, on the one hand even an absolutely equal division of product could not appreciably increase the per capita income of the masses, while, upon the other hand, any important improvement of income must necessarily be confined to a very small proportion of the whole number of persons.

This argument evidently rests upon two assumptions; the one, that the scope of radical reform is to bring about a different "division" of the "annual product of labor;" the other, that radical reform is not to include anything which would result in "increasing the product of labor." That the dilemma really rests upon the two assumptions appears from Mr. Mr. Atkinson's language where he asks "how can the general welfare be improved, except by increasing the product of labor and finding a market for it, or by doing away with every existing method of distribution which is not right or just?" It is simply not true that none of the radical reforms aim at anything more, or other than the impossible "division" referred to, and that all, accordingly, wholly omit to provide either for the increasing of the annual product, or for the better securing of justice in the economic sphere. At least one very conspicuous and daily growing school of radical reformers demand an institutional change which, for all that Mr. Atkinson has yet "proved," might most powerfully promote both of those things which Mr. Atkinson himself points out as the things through which "the general welfare can be improved"—to wit, the "increasing of the product of labor and the doing away with existing method of distribution which is not right or just." And so far from consisting exclusively of an arbitrary change in the "division" of the total "product of labor," this reform does not directly concern itself with that division at all, but provides solely for the fair participation of all in the naturally existing stock of opportunities to produce, leaving individuals to get respectively just "those shares of the product" which they themselves shall have "produced" by utilizing their just proportions of such natural opportunities.

We protest against that "institution" which allows a portion of the community to appropriate these natural and all-essential sites, forces and materials without paying to the community therefor the actual rental value of the same. We reject, as absurdly untrue, Professor Sumner's astounding apology for this gratuitous monopoly—that it "is only 'division of labor,'"—and charge, on the contrary, that its only relation to "labor" is that, on the one hand, it dissuades from laboring those whom it enables to live without it on these usurped but naturally common "rents," while upon the other it prevents a varying number of would be workers from laboring, by imposing what practically amounts to a prohibitory tax or fine upon potential productive enterprises, partly by demanding fancy or speculating rents or selling prices, and partly by converting to the private use of the monopolists' rents which naturally belong to the community, and thus making it necessary for the latter to levy taxes to meet public expenses which could else have been defrayed out of the rents of the common stock of natural sites, forces and materials. It is thus because this institution—the gratuitous monopoly of natural resources in the hands of the few—involves a "method of distribution which is not right or just"—i. e., the absorption of economic rent by a limited class which in no way earns the same; and because, furthermore, it positively and very powerfully operates to prevent "the increasing of the product of labor" (by restricting the scale of industry) both by fining enterprise and by causing the employment of the natural factors in production to be determined not by the needs of the whole community but by those of a comparatively small portion of the people—it is because, I say, of these two poisonous "fruits" of the institution in question, that we judge it to be in its actual working as bad as its ancestry of violence, ignorance, and fraud mark it as being in respect of its origin. And conversely, our agitation for reform in this particular is not at all—as Mr. Atkinson fondly imagines it to be—a demand that everybody shall, whether or no, have a comfortable income out of "the product of labor," such as that product now currently is—but is, on the contrary, a demand that the gratuitous monopoly of natural sites, forces, and materials be abolished in order.

First, that no one shall share in the product at all (except as a recipient of charity or voluntary bounty) who shall not have himself produced his share; and, second, that the product may be "increased," indefinitely, as it would naturally tend to increase when the

growth of the scale of industry should no longer be hindered or retarded.

The entire question is, of course, not to be argued here, but enough appears to show that is not proposed to "circumvent" arithmetic or the census by measures which should accomplish a result disrespectful to the axioms. Our quarrel is not with the mathematics, but with an unjust and most mischievous monopoly.

It would appear, from certain utterances of Mr. Atkinson's, that even after "admitting, for the sake of argument," that some proposed reforms, though "radical," do thus actually contemplate both the "increasing of the product of labor" and the doing away with an existing method of distribution which is not right or just," he would still consider them uncalled for, in view of his own cherished discovery that both of these means for "improving the general welfare" are already operating under existing arrangements. He claims to have "proved" that, in this country at least, workers of the sort constituting the majority "are steadily securing an increasing share of an increasing product;" and, speaking in his character of "prophet of the present," he has announced that now at last the "power that makes for righteousness" is beginning so efficiently to "overrule" for good the unenlightened self-interest of the mere money getter that certain "new forces"—such as electrical devices, "the silo" and "intensive methods of agriculture"—are now about to bring on "more favorable conditions of life while promoting an increase of product at a much less cost of labor than ever before, with correlative high wages and low prices." This, our critic appears to think, should be sufficient, and so entirely satisfactory as to prove unnecessary and improper all further agitation for the reform of institutions. He administers to the American people, this little dose of mingled fact and prophecy, in the evident expectation that operating like hashish it will so entrance his patients with visions of achieved prosperity, as to make them deaf to the voices of agitating "charmers." It may be that such in the end will be the effect; but down to the present the symptoms noted seem to show that in the first instance, at any rate, Dr. Atkinson's little bolus not only does not make the status quo appear transfigured, or even operate as a powerful sedative, but, on the contrary, works the very different effect of exciting and aggravating those who should be soothed into a keener realization than ever of the real, inherent injustice and folly of some features of the existing system, and of the transparent shallowness and inconclusiveness, which any defense of those features must, *ex necessitate rei*, be fore-doomed to exhibit. That this "first reaction" of the treatment may take even so extreme a shape as that of doubting Mr. Atkinson's infallibility even when speaking *ex cathedra* in his capacity of professional censor of "professional agitators" is shown by the recent remark of the Boston Globe, that "if Edward Atkinson is going to spend his time proving that Henry George is wrong, people will begin to think that the author of 'Progress and Poverty' may be right after all. Mr. Atkinson has an unfortunate habit of proving 'things that ain't so.'" Disclaiming for ourselves any intention to echo so audaciously irreverent a generalization, we still must confess that in our opinion Mr. Atkinson has not yet sufficiently "shown cause" why sentence should not be pronounced upon the gratuitous monopoly of the natural factors and conditions of labor and existence. Even after that "improvement," actual or anticipated, which so entirely satisfies Mr. Atkinson, the economic condition of the masses will hardly be so completely and so securely all that could be desired, as that they, the masses—as distinguished from their distinguished friend—should feel called upon to waive, in favor of "the classes," all those potentialities of still further (and indefinitely greater) "improvement."

Has Judge Brewer Seen the Cat?

The Rocky Mountain News, of January 15, reports the following interesting court opinion by Judge Brewer, in the circuit court of the United States for the district of Colorado:

We all know that which gives value to land in a city is not the efforts of any one man; that it is the aggregation of the efforts of many citizens. The government in the spring of 1881 sells this placer ground for \$2.50 an acre. In the same year an acre of that ground is worth \$3,000, made so, not by the efforts of this present owner, but by the efforts and toil of the public. He has obtained from the public, represented by the government, land for which he pays \$2.50. The efforts of a small portion of the public have made that land worth \$3,000, and the same public has taxed itself to put \$40,000 worth of improvements upon it. And then because the legal title is put into his hands he wants the public, which has thus made the land worth \$3,000 and then paid for \$40,000 worth of improvements upon it, to pay him that full sum, \$40,000. There is not one shadow of equity in it. Counsel says that this claimant is hurt by the conduct of the school district, so that he feels like insisting upon his "pound of flesh." Well, all I can say is that this court is the poorest place on the continent for "pound of flesh" transactions, and if there was not a precedent or authority for such a ruling I would make one in this case. I never would put myself on record as saying that a man under the circumstances could compel the public to pay \$40,000. If there is any law for such a claim somebody else has to affirm it before it can be allowed here.

TO WHOM THIS MAY COME.

Edward Bellamy in Harper's Magazine.

It is now about a year since I took passage at Calcutta in the ship *Adelaide* for New York. We had baffling weather till New Amsterdam island was sighted, where we took a new point of departure. Three days later a terrible gale struck us. Four days we flew before it, whither, no one knew, for neither sun, moon, nor stars were at any time visible, and we could take no observation. Toward midnight of the fourth day the glare of lightning revealed the *Adelaide* in a hopeless position, close in upon a low lying shore, and driving straight toward it. All around and astern far out to sea was such a maze of rocks and shoals that it was a miracle we had come so far. Presently the ship struck, and almost instantly went to pieces, so great was the violence of the sea. I gave myself up for lost, and was indeed already past the worst of drowning when I was recalled to consciousness by being thrown with a tremendous shock upon the beach. I had just strength enough to drag myself above the reach of the waves, and then I fell down and knew no more.

When I awoke the storm was over. The sun, already half way up the sky, had dried my clothing and renewed the vigor of my bruised and aching limbs. On sea or shore I saw no vestige of my ship or my companions, of whom I appeared the sole survivor. I was not, however, alone. A group of persons, apparently the inhabitants of the country, stood near, observing me with looks of friendliness which at once freed me from apprehension as to my treatment at their hands. They were a white and handsome people, evidently of a high order of civilization, though I recognized in them the traits of no race with which I was familiar.

Seeing that it was evidently their idea of etiquette to leave it to strangers to open conversation, I addressed them in English, but failed to elicit any response beyond deprecating smiles. I then accosted them successively in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese tongues, but with no better results. I began to be very much puzzled as to what could possibly be the nationality of a white and evidently civilized race to which no one of the tongues of the great seafaring nations was intelligible. The oddest thing of all was the unbroken silence with which they contemplated my efforts to open communication with them. It was as if they were agreed not to give me a clue to their language by even a whisper, for while they regarded one another with looks of smiling intelligence, they did not once open their lips. But if this behavior suggested that they were amusing themselves at my expense, that presumption was negated by the unmistakable friendliness and sympathy which their whole bearing expressed.

A most extraordinary conjecture occurred to me. Could it be that these strange people were dumb? Such a freak of nature as an entire race thus afflicted had never indeed been heard of, but who could say what wonders the unexplored vasts of the great Southern ocean might thus far have hid from human ken? Now among the scraps of useless information which lumbered my mind was an acquaintance with the deaf and dumb alphabet, and forthwith I began to spell out with my fingers some of the phrases I had already uttered to so little effect. My resort to the sign language overcame the last remnant of gravity in the already profusely smiling group. The small boys now rolled on the ground in convulsions of mirth, while the grave and reverend seniors, who had hitherto kept them in check, were fain momentarily to avert their faces, and I could see their bodies shaking with laughter. The greatest clown in the world never received a more flattering tribute to his powers to amuse than had been called forth by mine to make myself understood. Naturally, however, I was not flattered, but on the contrary entirely discomfited. Angry I could not well be, for the deprecating manner in which all, excepting of course the boys, yielded to their perception of the ridiculous and the distress they showed at their failure in self control, made me seem the aggressor. It was as if they were very sorry for me, and ready to put themselves wholly at my service if I would only refrain from reducing them to a state of disability by being so exquisitely absurd. Certainly this evidently amiable race had a very embarrassing way of receiving strangers.

Just at this moment, when my bewilderment was fast verging on exasperation, relief came. The circle opened, and a little elderly man, who had evidently come in haste, confronted me, and bowing very politely, addressed me in English. His voice was the most pitiable abortion of a voice I had ever heard. While having all the defects in articulation of a child's who is just beginning to talk, it was not even a child's in strength of tone, being in fact a mere alteration of squeaks and whispers inaudible a rod away. With some difficulty I was, however, able to follow him pretty nearly.

"As the official interpreter," he said, "I extend you a cordial welcome to these islands. I was sent for as soon as you were discovered, but being at some distance, I was unable to arrive until this moment. I regret this, as my presence would have saved you embarrassment. My countrymen desire me to intercede with you to pardon the wholly involuntary and uncontrollable mirth provoked by your attempts to communicate with them. You see, they understood you perfectly well, but could not answer you."

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, horrified to find my surmise correct; "can it be that they are all thus afflicted? Is it possible that you are the only man among them who has the power of speech?"

Again it appeared that, quite unintentionally, I had said something excruciatingly funny, for at my speech there arose a sound of gentle laughter from the group now augmented to quite an assemblage, which drowned the plashing of the waves on the beach at our feet. Even the interpreter smiled.

"Do they think it so amusing to be dumb?" I asked.

"They find it very amusing," replied the interpreter, "that their inability to speak should be regarded by any one as an affliction, for it is by the voluntary disuse of the organs of articulation that they have lost the power of speech and as a consequence the ability even to understand speech."

"But," said I, somewhat puzzled by this statement, "didn't you just tell me that they understood me, though they could not reply and are they not laughing now at what I just said?"

"It is you they understand, not your words," answered the interpreter. "Our speech now is gibberish to them, as unintelligible in itself as the growling animals; but they know what we are saying because they know our thoughts. You must know that these are the islands of the mind readers."

Such were the circumstances of my introduction to this extraordinary people. The official interpreter being charged by virtue of his office with the first entertainment of shipwrecked members of the talking nations, I became his guest, and passed a number of days under his roof before going out to any considerable extent among the people. My first impression had been the somewhat oppressive one that the power to read the thoughts of others could only be possessed by beings of a superior order to man. It was the first effort of the interpreter to disabuse me of this notion. It appeared from his account that the experience of the mind-readers was a case simply of a slight acceleration from special causes of the course of universal human evolution, which in time was destined to lead to the disuse of speech and the substitution of direct mental vision on the part of all races. This rapid evolution of these islanders was accounted for by their peculiar origin and circumstances.

Some three centuries before Christ one of the Parthian kings of Persia, of the dynasty of the Arsacids, undertook a persecution of the soothsayers and magicians in his realms. These people were credited with supernatural powers by popular prejudice, but in fact were merely persons of especial gifts in the way of hypnotizing, mind reading, thought transference, and such arts, which they exercised for their own gain.

Too much in awe of the soothsayers to do them outright violence, the king resolved to banish them, and to this end put them, with their families, on ships and sent them to Ceylon. When, however, the fleet was in the neighborhood of that island, a great storm scattered it, and one of the ships, after being driven for many days before the tempest, was wrecked upon one of an archipelago of uninhabited islands far to the south, where the survivors settled. Naturally the posterity of parents possessed of such peculiar gifts had developed extraordinary psychical powers.

Having set before them the end of evolu-

ing a new and advanced order of humanity, they had aided the development of these powers by a rigid system of stirpiculture. The result was that after a few centuries mind reading became so general that language fell into disuse as a means of communicating ideas. For many generations the power of speech still remained voluntary, but gradually the vocal organs had become atrophied, and for several hundred years the power of articulation had been wholly lost. Infants for a few months after birth did, indeed, still emit inarticulate cries, but at an age when in less advanced races these cries began to be articulate, the children of the mind readers developed the power of direct mental vision, and ceased to attempt to use the voice.

The fact that the existence of the mind readers had never been found out by the rest of the world was explained by two considerations. In the first place, the group of islands was small and occupied a corner of the Indian ocean quite out of the ordinary track of ships. In the second place, the approach to the islands was rendered so desperately perilous by terrible currents and the maze of outlying rocks and shoals that it was next to impossible for any ship to touch their shores save as a wreck. No ship at least had ever done so in the two thousand years since the mind readers' own arrival, and the *Adelaide* had made the one hundred and twenty-third such wreck.

Apart from motives of humanity, the mind-readers made strenuous efforts to rescue shipwrecked persons, for from them alone through the interpreters could they obtain information of the outside world. Little enough this proved when, as often happened, the sole survivor of a shipwreck was some ignorant sailor, who had no news to communicate beyond the latest varieties of forecastle blasphemy. My hosts gratefully assured me that as a person of some little education they considered me a veritable godsend. No less a task was mine than to relate to them the history of the world for the past two centuries, and often did I wish, for their sakes, that I had made a more exact study of it.

It is solely for the purpose of communicating with shipwrecked strangers of the talking nations that the office of the interpreters exists. When, as from time to time happens, a child is born with some powers of articulation, he is set apart and trained to talk in the interpreters' college. Of course the partial atrophy of the vocal organs, from which even the best interpreters suffer, renders many of the sounds of language impossible for them. None, for instance, can pronounce *v*, *f*, or *s*, and as to the sound represented by *th*, it is five generations since the last interpreter lived who could utter it. But for the occasional intermarriage of shipwrecked strangers with the islanders it is probable that the supply of interpreters would have long ere this quite failed.

I imagine that the very unpleasant sensations which followed the realization that I was among people who, while inscrutable to me, knew my every thought, were very much what any one would have experienced in the same case. They were very comparable to the panic which accidental nudity causes a person among races whose custom it is to conceal the figure with drapery. I wanted to run away and hide myself. If I analyzed my feeling, it did not seem to arise so much from the consciousness of any particularly heinous secrets, as from the knowledge of a swarm of fatuous, ill-natured and unseemly thoughts and half thoughts concerning those around me and concerning myself, which it was insufferable that any person should pursue in however benevolent a spirit. But while my chagrin and distress on this account were at first intense, they were also very short lived, for almost immediately I discovered that the very knowledge that my mind was overlooked by others operated to check thoughts that might be painful to them, and that, too, without more effort of the will than a kindly person exerts to check the utterance of disagreeable remarks. As a very few lessons in the elements of courtesy cures a decent person of inconsiderate speaking, so a brief experience among the mind readers went far to my case to check inconsiderate thinking. It must not be supposed, however, that courtesy among the mind readers prevents them from thinking pointedly and freely concerning one another upon serious occasions, any more than the finest courtesy among the talking races restrains them from speaking to one another with entire plainness

when it is desirable to do so. Indeed, among the mind readers, politeness never can extend to the point of insincerity, as among talking nations, seeing that it is always one another's real and inmost thought that they read. I may fitly mention here, though it was not till later that I fully understood why it must necessarily be so, that one need feel far less chagrin at the complete revelation of his weaknesses to a mind reader than at the slightest betrayal of them to one of another race. For the very reason that the mind reader reads all your thoughts, particular thoughts are judged with reference to the general tenor of thought. Your characteristic and habitual frame of mind is what he takes account of. No one need fear being misjudged by a mind reader on account of sentiments or emotions which are not representative of the real character or general attitude. Justice may indeed be said to be a necessary consequence of mind reading.

As regards the interpreter himself, the instinct of courtesy was not long needed to check wanton or offensive thoughts. In all my life before I had been very slow to form friendships, but before I had been three days in the company of this stranger of a strange race I had become enthusiastically devoted to him. It was impossible not to be. The peculiar joy of friendship is the sense of being understood by our friend as we are not by others, and yet of being loved in spite of the understanding. Now here was one whose every word testified to a knowledge of my secret thoughts and motives which the oldest and nearest of my former friends had never, and could never, have approximated. Had such a knowledge bred in him contempt of me, I should neither have blamed him nor been at all surprised. Judge, then, whether the cordial friendliness which he showed was likely to leave me indifferent.

Imagine my incredulity when he informed me that our friendship was not based upon more than ordinary mutual suitability of temperaments. The faculty of mind reading, he explained, brought minds so close together, and so heightened sympathy, that the lowest order of friendship between mind readers implied a mutual delight such as only rare friends enjoyed among other races. He assured me that later on, when I came to know others of his race, I should find, by the far greater intensity of sympathy and affection I should conceive for some of them, how true this saying was.

It may be inquired how, on beginning to mingle with the mind readers in general, I managed to communicate with them, seeing that while they could read my thoughts, they could not, like the interpreter, respond to them by speech. I must here explain that while these people have no use for a spoken language, a written language is needful for purposes of record. They consequently all know how to write. Do they, then, write Persian? Luckily for me, no. It appears that for a long period after mind reading was fully developed, not only was spoken language disused, but also written, no records whatever having been kept during this period. The delight of the people in the newly found power of direct mind-to-mind vision, whereby pictures of the total mental state were communicated, instead of the imperfect descriptions of single thoughts which words at best could give, induced an invincible distaste for the laborious impotence of language.

When, however, the first intellectual intoxication had, after several generations, somewhat sobered down, it was recognized that records of the past were desirable, and that the despised medium of words was needful to preserve it. Persian had meantime been wholly forgotten. In order to avoid the prodigious task of inventing a complete new language, the institution of the interpreters was now set up, with the idea of acquiring through them a knowledge of some of the languages of the outside world from the mariners wrecked on the islands.

Owing to the fact that most of the cast-away ships were English, a better knowledge of that tongue was acquired than of any other, and it was adopted as the written language of the people. As a rule my acquaintances wrote slowly and laboriously, and yet the fact that they knew exactly what was in my mind rendered their responses so apt that, in my conversations with the slowest speller of them all, the interchange of thought was as rapid and incomparably more accurate and satisfactory than the fastest of talkers attain to.

It was but a very short time after I

had begun to extend my acquaintance among the mind readers before I discovered how truly the interpreter had told me that I should find others to whom, on account of greater natural congeniality, I should become more strongly attached than I had been to him. This was in no wise, however, because I loved him less, but them more. I would fain write particularly of some of these beloved friends, comrades of my heart, from whom I first learned the undreamed of possibilities of human friendship, and how ravishing the satisfactions of sympathy may be. Who among those who read this has not known that sense of a gulf fixed between soul and soul which mocks love! Who has not felt that loneliness which oppresses the heart when strained to the heart that loves it best! Think no longer that this gulf is eternally fixed, or is any necessity of human nature. It has no existence for the race of our fellow men which I describe, and by that fact we may be assured that eventually it will be bridged also for us. Like the touch of shoulder to shoulder, like the clasping of hands, is the contact of their minds and their sensation of sympathy.

I say that I would fain speak more particularly of some of my friends, but wanting strength forbids, and moreover, now that I think of it, another consideration would render any comparison of their characters rather confusing than instructive to a reader. This is the fact that, in common with the rest of the mind readers, they had no names. Every one has, indeed, an arbitrary sign for his designation in records, but it has no sound value. A register of these names is kept, so that they can at any time be ascertained, but it is very common to meet persons who have forgotten titles which are used solely for biographical and official purposes. For social intercourse names are of course superfluous, for these people accost one another merely by a mental act of attention, and refer to third persons by transferring their mental pictures—something as dumb persons might by means of photographs. Something so, I say, for in the pictures of one another's personalities which the mind readers conceive, the physical aspect, as might be expected with people who directly contemplate each other's minds and hearts, is a subordinate element.

I have already told how my first qualms of morbid self-consciousness at knowing that my mind was an open book to all around me disappeared as I learned that the very completeness of the disclosure of my thoughts and motives was a guarantee that I would be judged with a fairness and a sympathy such as even self-judgment cannot pretend to, affected as that is by so many subtle reactions. The assurance of being so judged by every one might well seem an inestimable privilege to one accustomed to a world in which not even the tenderest love is any pledge of comprehension, and yet I soon discovered that open mindedness had a still greater profit than this. How shall I describe the delightful exhilaration of moral health and cleanness, the breezy oxygenated mental condition, which resulted from the consciousness that I had absolutely nothing concealed! Truly I may say that I enjoyed myself. I think surely that no one needs to have had my marvelous experience to sympathize with this portion of it. Are we not all ready to agree that this having a curtained chamber where we may go to grovel out of sight of our fellows, troubled only by a vague apprehension that God may look over the top, is the most demoralizing incident in the human condition? It is the existence within the soul of this secure refuge of lies which has always been the despair of the saints and the exultation of the knave. It is the foul cellar which taints the whole house above, be it never so fine.

What stronger testimony could there be to the instinctive consciousness that concealment is debauching, and openness our only cure, than the world-old conviction of the virtue of confession for the soul, and that the uttermost exposing of one's worst and foulest is the first step toward moral health? The wickedest man, if he could but somehow attain to writhe himself inside out as to his soul, so that its full sickness could be seen, would feel ready for a new life. Nevertheless, owing to the utter impotence of words to convey mental conditions in their totality or to give other than mere distortions of them, confession is, we must needs admit, but a mockery of that longing for self revelation to which it testifies. But think what health and sound-

ness there must be for souls among a people who see in every face a conscience which, unlike their own, they cannot sophisticate, who confess one another with a glance, and thrive with a smile! Ah, friends, let me now predict, though ages may elapse before the slow event shall justify me, that in no way will the mutual vision of minds, when at last it shall be perfected, so enhance the blessedness of mankind as by rending the veil of self, and leaving no spot of darkness in the mind for lies to hide in. Then shall the soul no longer be a coal smoking among ashes, but a star set in a crystal sphere.

From what I have said of the delights which friendship among the mind readers derives from the perfection of the mental rapport, it may be imagined how intoxicating must be the experience when one of the friends is a woman, and the subtle attractions and correspondences of sex touch with passion the intellectual sympathy. With my first venturing into society I had begun, to their extreme amusement, to fall in love with the women right and left. In the perfect frankness which is the condition of all intercourse among this people, these adorable women told me that what I felt was only friendship, which was a very good thing, but wholly different from love, as I should well know if I were beloved. It was difficult to believe that the melting emotions which I had experienced in their company were the result merely of the friendly and kindly attitude of their minds toward mine, but when I found that I was affected in the same way by every gracious woman I met, I had to make up my mind that they must be right about it, and that I should have to adapt myself to a world in which friendship being a passion, love must needs be nothing less than a rapture.

The homely proverb, "Every Jack has his Jill," may, I suppose, be taken to mean that for all men there are certain women expressly suited by mental and moral as by physical constitution. It is a thought painful, rather than cheering, that this may be truth, so altogether do the chances preponderate against the ability of these elect ones to recognize each other even if they meet, seeing that speech is so inadequate and so misleading a medium of self-revelation. But among the mind readers the search for one's ideal mate is a quest reasonably sure of being crowned with success, and no one dreams of wedding unless it be, for so to do, they consider, would be to throw away the choicest blessing of life, and not alone to wrong themselves and their unfound mates, but likewise those whom they themselves and those undiscovered mates might wed. Therefore, passionate pilgrims, they go from isle to isle till they find each other, and as the population of the islands is but small, the pilgrimage is not often long.

When I met her first we were in company, and I was struck by the sudden stir and the looks of touched and smiling interest with which all around turned and regarded us, the women with moistened eyes. They had read her thought when she saw me, but this I did not know, neither what the custom was in these matters, till afterward. But I knew from the moment she first fixed her eyes on me, and I felt her mind brooding upon mine, how truly I had been told by those other women that the feeling with which they had inspired me was not love.

With people who become acquainted at a glance, and old friends in an hour, wooing is naturally not a long process. Indeed it may be said that between lovers among the mind readers there is no wooing, but merely recognition. The day after we met she became mine.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate how subordinate the merely physical element is in the impression which mind readers form of their friends than by mentioning an incident that occurred some months after our union. This was my discovery, wholly by accident, that my love, in whose society I had almost constantly been, had not the least idea what was the color of my eyes, or whether my hair and complexion were light or dark. Of course, as soon as I asked her the question, she read the answer in my mind, but she admitted that she had previously had no distinct impression on those points. On the other hand, if in the blackest midnight I should come to her, she would not need to ask who the comer was. It is by the mind, not the eye, that these people know one another. It is really only in their relations to soulless and inanimate things that they need eyes at all.

It must not be supposed that their dis-

regard of one another's bodily aspect grows out of any esthetic sentiment. It is merely a necessary consequence of their power of directly apprehending mind, that whenever mind is closely associated with matter the latter is comparatively neglected on account of the greater interest of the former, suffering as lesser things always do when placed in immediate contrast with greater. Art is with them confined to the inanimate, the human form having, for the reason mentioned, ceased to inspire the artist. It will be naturally and quite correctly inferred that among such a race physical beauty is not the important factor in human fortune and felicity that it elsewhere is. The absolute openness of their minds and hearts to one another makes their happiness far more dependent on the moral and mental qualities of their companions than upon their physical. A genial temperament, a wide grasping, godlike intellect, a poet soul, are incomparably more fascinating to them than the most dazzling combination conceivable of mere bodily graces.

A woman of mind and heart has no more need of beauty to win love in these islands than a beauty elsewhere, of mind or heart. I should mention here perhaps that this race which makes so little account of physical beauty is itself a singularly handsome one. This is owing doubtless in part to the absolute compatibility of temperaments in all the marriages, and partly also to the reaction upon the body of a state of ideal mental and moral health and placidity.

Not being myself a mind reader, the fact that my love was rarely beautiful in form and face had doubtless no little part in attracting my devotion. This, of course, she knew, as she knew all my thoughts, and knowing my limitations, tolerated and forgave the element of sensuousness in my passion. But if it must have seemed to her so little worthy in comparison with the high spiritual communion which her race know as love, to me it became, by virtue of her almost superhuman relation to me an ecstasy more ravishing surely than any lover of my race tasted before. The ache at the heart of the intensest love is the impotence of words to make it perfectly understood to its object. But my passion was without this pang, for my heart was absolutely open to her I loved. Lovers may imagine, but I cannot describe, the ecstatic thrill of communion into which this consciousness transformed every tender emotion. As I considered what mutual love must be where both parties are mind readers, I realized the high communion which my sweet companion had sacrificed for me. She might indeed comprehend her lover and his love for her, but the yet higher satisfaction of knowing that she was comprehended by him and her love understood she had foregone. For that I should ever attain the power of mind reading was out of the question, the faculty never having been developed in a single lifetime.

Why my inability should move my dear companion to such depths of pity I was not able fully to understand until I learned that mind reading is chiefly held desirable, not for the knowledge of others which it gives its possessors, but for the self-knowledge which is its reflex effect. Of all they see in the minds of others, that which concerns them most is the reflection of themselves, the photographs of their own characters. The most obvious consequence of the self-knowledge thus forced upon them is to render them alike incapable of self-conceit or self-depreciation. Every one must needs always think of himself as he is, being no more able to do otherwise than is a man in a hall of mirrors to cherish delusions as to his personal appearance.

But self-knowledge means to the mind readers much more than this: nothing less, indeed, than a shifting of the sense of the identity. When a man sees himself in a mirror he is compelled to distinguish between the bodily self he sees and his real self, the mental and moral self, which is within and unseen. When in turn the mind reader comes to see the mental and moral self-reflected in other minds as in mirrors, the same thing happens. He is compelled to distinguish between this mental and moral self which has been made objective to him, and can be contemplated by him as impartially as if it were another's, from the inner ego which still remains subjective, unseen, and indelible. In this inner ego the mind readers recognize the essential identity and being, the nomenclature self, the core of the soul, and the true hiding of its

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eternal life, to which the mind as well as the body is but the garment of a day.

The effect of such a philosophy as this—which, indeed, with the mind readers is rather an instinctive consciousness than a philosophy—must obviously be to impart a sense of wonderful superiority to the vicissitudes of this earthly state, and a singular serenity in the midst of the haps and mishaps which threaten or befall the personality. They did indeed appear to me, as I never dreamed men could attain to be, lords of themselves.

It was because I might not hope to attain this enfranchisement from the false ego of the apparent self, without which life seemed to her race scarcely worth living, that my love so pitted me.

But I must hasten on, leaving a thousand things unsaid, to relate the lamentable catastrophe to which it is owing that instead of being still a resident of those blessed islands, in the full enjoyment of that intimate and ravishing companionship which by contrast would forever dim the pleasures of all other human society, I recall the bright picture as a memory under other skies.

Among a people who are compelled by the very constitution of their minds to put themselves in the places of others, sympathy which is the inevitable consequence of perfect comprehension, renders envy, hatred, and uncharitableness impossible. But of course there are people less genially constituted than others, and these are necessarily the objects of a certain distaste on the part of associates. Now, owing to the unhindered impact of minds upon one another, the anguish of persons so regarded, despite the tenderest consideration of those about them, is so great that they beg the grace of exile, that, being out of the way people may think less frequently upon them. There are numerous small islets, scarcely more than rocks, lying to the north of the archipelago, and on these the unfortunates are permitted to live. Only one lives on each islet, as they cannot endure each other even as well as the more happily constituted can endure them. From time to time supplies of food are taken to them, and of course, at any time they wish to take the risk, they are permitted to return to society.

Now, as I have said, the fact which, even more than their out of the way location, makes the islands of the mind readers unapproachable, is the violence with which the great antarctic current, owing probably to some peculiar configuration of the ocean bed, together with the innumerable rocks and shoals, flows through and about the archipelago.

Ships making the islands from the southward are caught by this current and drawn among the rocks, to their almost certain destruction, while, owing to the violence with which the current sets to the north, it is not possible to approach at all from that direction, or at least it has never been accomplished. Indeed, so powerful are the currents that even the boats which cross the narrow straits between the main islands and the islets of the unfortunate to carry the latter their supplies are ferried over by cables, not trusting to oar or sail.

The brother of my love had charge of one of the boats engaged in this transportation, and being desirous of visiting the islets, I accepted an invitation to accompany him on one of his trips. I know nothing of how the accident happened, but in the fiercest part of the current of one of the straits we parted from the cable, and were swept out to sea. There was no question of stemming the boiling current, our utmost endeavors barely sufficing to avoid being dashed to pieces on the rocks. From the first there was no hope of our winning back to the land, and so swiftly did we drift that by noon—the accident having befallen in the morning—the islands, which are lowlying, had sunk beneath the southeastern horizon.

Among these mind readers distance is not an insuperable obstacle to the transfer of thought. My companion was in communication with our friends, and from time to time conveyed to me messages of anguish from my dear love; for being well aware of the nature of the currents and the unapproachableness of the islands, those we had left behind as well as we ourselves knew well we should see each other's faces no more. For five days we continued to drift to the north-west, in no danger of starvation, owing to our lading of provisions, but constrained to unintermitting watch and ward by the roughness of the weather. On the fifth day my companion died from exposure and exhaustion. He died very quietly—

indeed, with great appearance of relief. The life of the mind readers while yet they are in the body is so largely spiritual that the idea of an existence wholly so, which seems vague and chill to us, suggests to them a state only slightly more refined than they already know on earth.

After that I suppose I must have fallen into an unconscious state, from which I roused to find myself on an American ship bound for New York, surrounded by people whose only means of communicating with one another is to keep up while together a constant clatter of hussing, guttural and explosive noises, eked out by all manner of facial contortions and bodily gestures. I frequently find myself staring open mouthed at those who address me, too much struck by their grotesque appearance to bethink myself of replying.

I find that I shall not live out the voyage, and I do not care to. From my experience of the people on the ship I can judge how I should fare on land amid the stunning babel of a nation of talkers. And my friends—God bless them!—how lonely I should feel in their very presence! Nay, what satisfaction or consolation, what but bitter mockery, could I ever more find in such human sympathy and companionship as suffice others and once sufficed me—I who have seen and known what I have seen and known! Ah, yes, doubtless it is far better I should die; but the knowledge of the things that I have seen I feel should not perish with me. For hope's sake men should not miss this glimpse of the higher, sun-bathed reaches of the upward path they plod. So thinking, I have written out some account of my wonderful experience, though briefer far, by reason of my weakness, than fits the greatness of the matter. The captain seems an honest, well meaning man, and to him I shall confide the narrative, charging him, on touching shore, to see it safely in the hands of some one who will bring it to the world's ear.

NOTE.—The extent of my own connection with the foregoing document is sufficiently indicated by the author himself in the final paragraph.—E. B.

NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.

Electric Lighting Cheaper Than Gas.

For probably the first time in the history of electric lighting, says the Electrical Review, it has come out ahead in an open competition with gas, oil, gasoline and all other forms of light, has beaten them all on their own ground. The city of Pittsburg advertised inviting proposals for lighting the streets from lighting companies of every description. The bids were opened, and it was found that twenty-five candle-power incandescents were offered at a less sum per year than sixteen candle-power gas, oil or gasoline lamps. The city has awarded the contract to the lowest bidder—the East end electric light company—who will use the Waterhouse arc system and the Westinghouse incandescent. Four hundred arc lamps will light the main thoroughfares, and 4,287 incandescent lamps the other streets. Last year a total of \$3,200 candle-power cost the city \$111,000. Under the new contract for electric light there will be a total of 907,175 candle-power for \$110,592, or over ten times as much light for less money than before.

To Examine Type Setting Machines.

Theodore L. DeVinne and number of other well known men in the printing trade, have formed a company for a thorough investigation of the various type setting machines now in use. "There are," said Mr. DeVinne to a Tribune reporter, "some five or six of them in the market, and we want to look them all up carefully to guard against trouble from infringements, etc. When we have decided upon one which, for this and other reasons, recommends itself to us, we shall probably endorse that particular machine for our use and that of the printing trade in general. It is not likely that any definite action will be taken in the immediate future."

Electric Signaling at Sea Without Lights.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone has made some marvelous discoveries recently, some of which he described in a recent lecture. The most important one is signaling from ship to ship with no wire between. He stated that with a few cells of battery he was able to signal from one boat to another a mile away, and if the same principle was used with the large dynamos kept for electrical lighting purposes signals could be made when the steamers were several miles apart, thus avoiding many of the collisions in fogs which are of frequent occurrence. He also explained a system of electrical communication from one side of a river to another with no wire connections.

The New Motive Power for Ships.

The Times had a long signed article the other day on the Secoy direct pneumatic system of propulsion for vessels. This system has already been described in this column. Briefly, it consists of a series of tubes—at least two—of any desired size. These tubes open into the water at the stern of the vessel and run forward horizontally about fifteen

feet. At the forward end there are arrangements for throwing a spray of oil or a small quantity of gas into the tube, and this oil or gas united with the air in the tube is exploded by an electric spark. The explosion drives all the air in the tube to the stern against the water outside and pushes the vessel ahead. The explosion can be made to take place very rapidly. Other tubes can be carried out to the front or sides, so that explosions in them will push the vessel backward instead of forward. The writer in the Times says: "It is well known that the useful work performed by a steam engine represents only a part of the energy contained in the fuel consumed in the boiler. In the marine steam engine this unavailable power is nineteen times greater than the applied propelling force. To illustrate this fact an analysis of the losses resulting from 100 tons of coal supplied to a boiler discloses the fact that forty tons are lost at the boiler in consequence of unused heat passing from the smokestack, from incomplete combustion, radiation, conduction, and minor causes; that forty-eight tons are lost in heat, at the cylinder, which has been conducted from the live steam and the unused, and from latent heat escaping with the exhaust steam. Furthermore, the analysis shows that the loss from friction of engine working under full power at sea amounts to 3½ tons, and that the average losses from power required to work air and feed pumps, and to overcome augmented resistance due to slip and friction of screw blades in still water, amounts to 3½ tons. Here, then, is a total loss of 95 tons, leaving available 5 tons. The work of propulsion, then, is the mechanical equivalent of the heat in 5 tons. In the pneumatic propelling system the aim has been to attain a high efficiency by reducing the waste of heat and power. In the development of the system the following requirements have been constantly striven for: 1. Perfect combustion, without draught or radiation. 2. The protracted cycle of the steam engine to be replaced by a nearly instantaneous process. 3. Avoidance of friction in the moving parts. 4. Application of the propelling force to the water in such a way as to produce the maximum resistance from the water. And after showing how these requirements are met by this invention of Secoy's, he says: "French and American scientists have declared it impossible to propel a vessel by direct pneumatic propulsion, yet the vessel has moved, and the chances of accelerated speed appear to increase with each trial. The principles have succeeded. It remains to be seen what speed and power will be developed."

A Machine to Nail Wooden Boxes.

Among the advantages of a newly invented box nailer, with an automatic nail feeder attachment, are the following: It will do the work of six men with perfect ease, and more if the attendants can handle the materials fast enough. It makes a better box than can be produced by hand; every movement of the machine is exact and accurate, and it never spoils its work by careless hits or misdirected blows. It will save in nails fully, if not exceeding, five per cent. It is automatic, and no special adjustment is necessary to finish the box. It is simple, and does not get out of repair; a boy of average smartness will learn to operate it perfectly in an hour. It produces from 1,200 to 1,500 perfectly nailed boxes per day. The Swift box nailer meets all the requirements of simplicity, practical utility, labor and time saving and accuracy.

The Daft Motor on the Elevated Roads.

The Daft electric company continue their experiments with the large motor and trains of cars on the Ninth avenue elevated railway in this city. Some weeks ago a train of eight cars was taken up a grade of nearly two per cent at a speed of seven miles and a half an hour. On several occasions a speed of thirty miles an hour, with three cars, has been reached. The regular train speed on the Ninth avenue road is thirteen miles an hour, but with the electric motor no difficulty is found in maintaining a speed of fifteen miles

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an hour. A party, a few evenings ago, were carried over the road from Fourteenth to Fiftieth street at a speed approaching twenty miles an hour. The motion was smooth and easy, and there was nothing but the entire absence of smoke, smell and cinders to indicate that the train was not drawn by an ordinary locomotive.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. Scully, New York.—Join the Manhattan single tax club, 8 St. Mark's place.

Henry S. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.—Mr. Shearman's address before the Ohio legislative committee will be put into tract form.

George Adams, Halidon, N. J.—You can obtain a copy of the Financial Reform Almanac by sending thirty-five cents to the Financial reform association, 18 Hackins Hey, Liverpool, England.

S. G. Mogan, Gary, Dak.—Thanks for the newspaper clippings. One of them will be useful.

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QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—A friend has given me this definition of what you term economic rent. Is it correct?

Suppose you were farming a plot of land, of which you were owner, and that its cultivation only just returned your labor and capital and profit. Your neighbor farms a plot of exactly the same size as yours, but very excellent land, yielding twenty per cent more produce for the same labor and capital than you yourself expend. Now, if he sold his produce so that his profit should be the same as yours for capital expended, then, as he has twenty per cent more produce, he could sell his corn per quarter at less than you could, and hence you could no longer afford to farm. And he could not sell it higher than you because then you would be under selling him. Thus the price you sell at, that is, the price at which the produce of the poorest land can be sold, becomes the standard at which he sells his produce; and the excess of his produce over yours is what is called economic rent.

Your friend has the right idea, though clumsily expressed. Economic rent is the value of the advantage which a particular piece of land will yield to use over the poorest land in use for similar purposes—that is to say, if the use be a productive one, over the ordinary return to a like expenditure of labor and capital.

H. G.

NEW YORK.—(1) At a meeting of the single tax club of Brooklyn, the discussion turned on a case which has lately happened in that city.

A druggist occupying a prominent corner has built up a good business there after years of industry; but along comes a large dry goods retailer who wants to buy out the druggist in order to extend his own business. He begins by purchasing the property from the landlord and then offers the druggist, say, \$14,000, for the remaining five years of his lease, which is refused.

Now, the question is, under the single tax system, would not the druggist have to succumb to "competition," "survival of the fittest," or what you will, as his place is in greater want by the community for another purpose, or what amounts to the same thing?

One member spoke of a "margin to land values," which would seem to mean that the site value of the lot in question, which is created by its surroundings, would be appropriated, while there would still be a margin over and above said value which would be peculiarly the druggist's—in other words, that particular spot had been known for years by the community as a drug store—and that this last value should not be appropriated.

Now the questions arise, in the practical operation of the single tax, how is this site value to be distinguished from the actual land value? And would not the elimination of the second value in many cases leave very little for a single tax?

(2) Another question arose as to the law of interest. If George claims that interest is but the return to capital arising from natural increase (and I think he does), is it right that such natural increase should be appropriated by anybody? Does it not invalidate the law of interest?

A. H. MACKINNON.

(1) The member who spoke of what you call "site value," was right. When one piece of land is worth more than another in all respects like it, the greater value of the former is due to the occupier, and as private property would be justly exempt from taxation. There would be no practical difficulty in eliminating this extra value. The site would not be assessed at its value, but at the value of similar sites in the neighborhood. As to inside lots, the taxable value of one would be the same as that of those around it. With corner lots, it might be that now and then the four corners would each have a "site value;" but that would not often occur, and when it did not, one corner would usually be worth the same as the others. Nor would the elimination of this second value leave very little for the single tax, as you fear. The good will of particular locations does not last long, and if it did is no more than the difference between that location and another which offers equal general advantages, a difference which is never very great.

I know nothing of the circumstances of the case you put, but I am inclined to think that the \$14,000 which the druggist declined was made up in large part of the value of the land over the rent reserved in the lease, and in another large part of the willingness of the drygoods man to submit to a squeeze rather than be delayed in erecting his store, and in very little part of any business good will which the druggist had. It seems to me that the druggist's good will would follow his name as far as he might be compelled to move, especially as his old stand was to be no longer used for that kind of business. And so I think it would be in most if not all cases.

But passing over any special instance, you must remember that ideal exactness is not to be expected of the single tax, more than of any other system. We know that if we could take for public use the entire value of land, not a cent more

nor a cent less, and leave to each individual precisely what he as an individual had produced, not a cent more nor a cent less, we should have a condition of ideal justice. But this is impossible. We know, however, that just as we approach this exactitude do we secure a greater and greater degree of justice. We know too, and that is the important thing, that even far short of ideal perfection in distribution, we shall get substantial justice, substantial equality, for when we make production free we give independence to workers who, in the enjoyment of independence, will care very little about ideal exactness in distribution. When John and Richard are free to hunt for eggs, what matters it to either if in the division one gets an egg with a double yolk and the other does not.

(2) He does claim that interest is the natural increase of capital. It is right that such natural increase should be appropriated by him who gives a direction to labor which results in reproductive products. To allow that natural increase of capital is not private property is to deny private property in anything. When the laborer produces a collar button he merely gives shape to pre-existing matter, and the shape he gives to it is dependent, not during the making alone, but continually thereafter on the operation of certain natural laws. So with planting seed; the product is largely due to the continual operation of natural laws. But in the one case as in the other, these natural laws operate in obedience to the command of the laborer; and that it is and that alone which entitles him to the increase, whether the increase be immediate or a subsequent growth. To say that any of the results of seed planting shall not belong to anybody, because it is a natural increase, is to say that collar buttons shall not belong to anybody, because they would evaporate but for natural law.

LOUIS F. POST.

Leavens's Friend, Smith.

ATLANTA, Ga.—Mr. Walter C. Leavens must have an exceedingly bad memory. He tells in THE STANDARD of January 19 about a friend of his named Smith who moved to the far west in 1929—just thirty years after the adoption of the single tax and the canonization of its originator—and went to orange farming. He had \$5,000, which he expended in planting and maturing and sustaining himself for seven years till the trees were ready to bear. Meanwhile population had flowed westward, settled around him and raised the value of his lands till, just as he was ready to crop some oranges, he could not make enough from them to pay the tax, and he had to give up his farm, trees and all. And he laments Smith's fate. I was one of the "population" that helped to settle the city of Utopia, and I remember Leavens well. He lived three squares from me. I also remember Smith's case, and I am surprised that Leavens should not remember it equally well, for Leavens's wife was alderman from the Eighth ward and offered the resolution that finally disposed of the case.

As the city grew, and people settled around Smith's orange farm, but outside of the city limits, they wanted the water, gas and street car service (all of which were operated by the city). They petitioned the county commissioners, the matter was submitted to a popular vote, and the whole township decided to join the city. Smith's taxes had become so high that he could no longer pay them, and he forfeited his property. He petitioned the city council for compensation for his improvements. A committee, appointed to investigate, reported in favor of paying him \$10,000. Alderman Grufenuf of the Second ward was the only one who opposed the acceptance of the report, but Mrs. Leavens replied in a speech that made him ashamed of himself. As nearly as I now remember she said: "As soon as this farm is subdivided there are men who stand ready to take the lots and pay \$20,000 a year for them. Under the old land tenure system Mr. Smith could have sold his land for half a million dollars; the men who bought it would have had to pay him that and to pay taxes on the land besides, and the city would have got only the taxes. Under the present system the new owners will pay us \$20,000 a year, which is at least three times as much as we should have got under the old system, and the least we can do is to take half of the first year's tax and set ourselves right with the original owner. Under the old system, when land was taken under the

right of eminent domain, the owner had to be compensated for land and improvements. Shall we not now compensate for the improvements alone, especially when we get the land for nothing and a large revenue besides? Does the alderman from the second ward propose that this city council shall drive hard bargains, or take what does not belong to it without paying therefor? Not with my consent! The city of Utopia will take the product of no man's labor without rendering a just equivalent for it, so long as my voice has any influence to prevent it. Mr. Smith invested \$5,000; the interest on this for seven years amounts to \$2,100 at current rates; he has, it is true, made a modest living out of the land by raising other things, but the labor expended on the orange grove is worth at least \$2,900 more; in round numbers \$10,000. Therefore, I ask that the clerk read this document, and that the eyes and noses be called:

Resolved, That the city comptroller be, and he is hereby authorized, to pay, from any moneys in the city treasury not otherwise appropriated, to John Smith the sum of \$10,000 for improvement on the S. 1/2 of the S. W. 1/4 of Section 16, T. 5, upon condition that the said Smith shall execute to the city a quit claim deed for said improvement.

When the roll was called Grufenuf hadn't the courage of his convictions. He voted aye!

Smith started a store with the \$10,000, and did a booming business.

It is strange that Mr. Leavens does not remember this. He was the city comptroller, and paid out the money!

B. C. KEELER.

John Smith's Way Out.

Walter C. Leavens invented a very ingenious story about one John Smith, which was published in THE STANDARD of January 19. John's troubles culminated in 1929, because the people flocked into his neighborhood and caused his single tax to increase faster than the value of the crops on his thrifty young orange trees.

THE STANDARD, instead of getting John Smith out of his trouble in a natural way, called him idiot, turned the ingenious story into a dream, let his wife loose upon him in the dead of night. Then wound up informing him that he was now in a world where poverty had lost its abiding place, and where strikes, small pox, measles and mumps had been declared non-existent. Finally, with a tweak of his nose, asked him if he didn't feel like the fool he was to be "battering" about a paltry \$5,000, even if it was all the wealth he had in the world?

In short, THE STANDARD behaved badly, availing itself of none of its usual ability and insight. The case is, indeed, one not likely to happen in any less progressive country than our own, and even here not twice in a generation. The point is: If it should happen, would there necessarily come with it other conditions that would relieve John Smith from the apparent difficulty he is in? Here is how it seems to me:

When John Smith said to his wife, "What are we to do? We have nothing to sell but improvements, and they are valueless," Mrs. Smith mused for a moment, and, with a bright, intelligent smile on her beautiful countenance, replied: "You get a surveyor, John, in the morning and lay our orange orchard out into the most available building lots." "Who will pay anything for building lots?" cried John in dismay. "Nobody," calmly continued Mrs. Smith. "You observe the people are building upon the unimproved land, and their houses are standing out in the sun without shade or shelter of any kind. Your orange trees are seven years old, just in their prime for shade as well as fruit. Our 160 acres of orange trees will divide into, at least, 1,000 building lots. Any one wishing to build will pay you \$20 or \$25 for the trees on one of these lots. They are worth that any day for shade in this hot climate, saying nothing at all about their value as fruit trees, which cannot be less than \$10 more. This will give you \$20,000 for your original \$5,000, the use of it and your labor for seven years. While those trees were growing you have made a living for us from other crops grown between the rows of little trees, and, better than all, you have recovered your health. I think, John, that the single tax has dealt kindly with us. We got the place without capital and we will get out of it without loss. Our great crop is not as we expected, oranges, but shade trees. It is grown and the market has come to it, so we won't have to pack and ship it; we can sell it on the ground." W. C. ALBRO, Poughkeepsie, Jan. 21.

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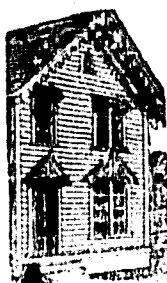
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