THE STANDARD

HENRY GEORGE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

"You are mistaken, sir," says the *Herald*, by way of heading to an editorial for which it takes this much from THE STANDARD of last week as a text:

> Republican government is breaking down in the United States, . . . because the conditions of our people are steadily becoming incompatible with republican government in anything more than name.

And the *Herald* goes on to say, in that graceful, good natured style which makes its leaders such easy reading—

> This is not the criticism of a careful observer, and we confess that when we read it we rubbed our eyes in wonderment. Henry George does himself great injustice by making it. Republican government breaking down! Why, we have not heard anything crack or give way yet. On the other hand, we have been congratulating everybody that our institutions are built on political hard pan; that the American eagle was never in better voice, and that the people never enjoyed better health or had a brighter outlook.

And so, as is perhaps natural in a paper that has just raised its price from two cents to three cents without the slightest reduction in its vast circulation, the *Herald* chatters pleasantly on. It tells us that when the anarchists were condemned they all said there would soon be a first-class smash in this country, but the *Herald* has not seen a danger signal yet! Are not our wage earners better housed, better fed, better clothed, better educated than they are elsewhere? Republican government with us may not be quite perfect, but it is far in advance of other forms of government. "Politics are corrupt!" continues the *Herald*. "Of course they are. Are they purer, though, in Germany, or France, or England?" "We can't get everything right in a minute, but the common sense of the people is making it right. . . . Republican government is sound in wind and limb, and American politics and enterprise and society and institutions indicate the highest water mark yet reached by the tide of human affairs."

And so, with all this, the *Herald* says, "Go to, Mr. George!"

In this graceful flippancy the *Herald* is representative. The chords of national vanity and complacency which it so airily strikes are made to vibrate from a thousand journals and a thousand pulpits, and the pleasant tune of "eat, drink and be merry" is the tune our people most delight in and will pay best to hear. Nevertheless, it is while all thought of danger is lulled by this pleasant tune that the decay of popular government goes on most certainly and most swiftly.

Save when overthrown by external forces, of which there is in this country absolutely no danger, popular government does not go down with a crash. It is slowly undermined, silently transformed—the spirit, the strength, the essence, is eaten out of it while its forms remain, and on the surface all things appear to go on as before, until at last the crash comes and the hollow shell is broken. It was centuries after Cæsar ere the masters of the Roman world pretended to rule by any other authority than that of senates that trembled before them. The Huns and Vandals who wrecked Roman palaces, and burned Roman libraries, the invading hordes of fierce horsemen that set the crescent above the cross in the East were not the destroyers of Roman civilization. They were but the carrion birds who descended upon the carcass from which the life had already gone.

Eternal vigilance, as Washington told us, is the price of liberty. It is not in sudden crash or violent eruption that danger comes to such a republic as ours. It is in the quiet stealing of power from the many to the few—in the gradual growth of conditions inconsistent with a republic.

How far this has already gone, and how fast it is even now going on, anyone who will open his eyes and look about may see. What has become of our faith and our pride in the American republic when a leading journal like the *Herald* can say, "Politics are corrupt? Of course they are. Are they any purer, though, in Germany, or France, or England?"

And worse is beneath if we make the comparison. Does the *Herald* know of any German city ruled by a saloon keeper as Boss Buckley rules San Francisco? Does it know of any French city where a governing gang of thieves and murderers and ballot box stuffers could receive such an "indorsement" as Baltimore city recently gave to her governing ring? Does it know of any great English city of which it can truthfully say what ex-Superintendent of Police Walling says of New York in his recently published book:

> The city of New York is actually ruled by some twenty thousand office holders, most of whom are taken from and controlled by the very worst element in the community.
>
> Our judiciary and prosecuting officers are elected and controlled in a great measure by the very elements they are called upon to punish and keep in check.
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> Although, of course, all things are possible, yet I would not count among probable contingencies, under the present system of government in New York, the hanging of any one of its millionaires, no matter how unprovoked or premeditated the murder he might have committed.

George Washington has been dead some time, but his farewell address is still occasionally read by school boys, and his birthday is yet celebrated after a fashion. It was celebrated this year by a banquet at Delmonico's, at which a number of that office-holding class of which ex-Superintendent Walling speaks sat down to a meal that cost $50 a head. "On the outside of the *menu*," to quote from the *World* (before election), "was a hand-painted representation of an open fireplace with a pot hanging over the fire. To give a vivid representation of fire a large ruby was affixed to the card under the pot, and for the flame of a lighted candle upon the mantel was set a real diamond." Let the *Herald* go over the names of these men, and consider the means by which they have risen to power.

Correlative in its significance to such feasting as this is the feasting of the poor which goes on in all our large cities on holiday occasions. "Feeding the Hungry Poor—Gnawing Appetites Stopped by Thousands of Pounds of Turkey!" In such wise ran the headlines in our morning papers the day after Thanksgiving, and so will they run on the day after Christmas and the day after New Year. If the *Herald* can see no evidence of bitter and growing discontent among wage workers in the daily news which its own columns furnishes; if it can see no danger signals in such things as the smashing in of the bows of a bark in San Diego by a dynamite bomb the other day, it will certainly see no evidence of political and social decay in the increasing demands for charity. Yet such there is. "Government of the people, for the people and by the people" cannot long exist where any number of the people are fed by charity. Paupers and semi-paupers are always a dangerous class—but they are most dangerous where their votes count. There is a half truth, at least, in the conservatism that would annex a property qualification to the suffrage. No more in the United States than in Rome of old can a republic in anything but form rest upon a substratum of proletarians.

"Thanksgiving," says the *World*, "takes in the pallid songstress of the shirt, plying her weary and ill-requited needle and thread, as well as the gamin of the street and the shambling wreck of the gutter and the stale beer dives. Old and young, thrifty and thriftless, deserving and unworthy, all are included in Dame Thanksgiving's invitation. For all who are not too proud to eat, the turkey is fat and ready; the pie of mince and the pudding of plum have been duly browned."

But it is only upon those too proud thus to eat that republican government can safely rest.

Voters feeding on free turkey, and political bosses dining at $50 a head, with diamond and ruby studded bills of fare. Is there no relation between them?

The enormous sums that are dispensed in public and semi-public alms giving, the probably far greater sums that are given in private and unrecorded alms, are evidence of a vague feeling of the injustice of existing social conditions. But however amiable may be the motives that prompt it, no form of alms giving can remedy social injustice. On the contrary, it can in the long run but increase the very evils it seeks to palliate. It is like the giving of a dram to the man who shivers for want of proper clothes. This is true even of those modified and cautious charities which, with a view to preserving self respect, require payment or require work. Here, for instance, is the New York house of industry. It spends a good deal of money every year in giving reputable sewing women a little work each week at good prices, selling the product at a loss. If it gave its beneficiaries full work it could only improve the condition of a few out of many thousands. So, to distribute its benefits as widely as possible, each woman on the rolls is given a dollar or so every week for work which she can do in a few hours, leaving her to make up enough to live on by working for the "slop-shops." These women are paid for the single piece as much as the slop-shops pay for ten or a dozen pieces. But the result is not to increase the demand for the work of sewing women, nor yet to take any of them out of the ranks of those who compete for it. It is simply by supplementing slop shop wages to permit competition to carry those wages to a still lower point.

In the inquiries into the condition of sewing women—as the *Sun* styles them, "the white slaves of New York"—which have been recently stimulated by the meetings that Miss Van Etten and her associates have been holding at Pythagoras hall, one of the facts brought into relief is the manner in which wages are cut down by the labor of women partially supported by charity.

So with the charity of Mrs. Lamadrid, who from her St. Andrew's coffee stands has furnished in this city during the last year some 700,000 one cent meals, and who, with the co-operation of Manager Palmer, Mrs. Frank Leslie and other kind hearted men and women, proposes to extend her operations. That many poor creatures have thus been fed who would otherwise have gone hungry or been forced to beg, is undeniable. But supposing this charity to be extended until every family in the poorer quarters of New York, who wished to, could thus get its food for a cent a head for each meal, what would be the ultimate result?

How could its effect be other than that of the "relief in aid of wages" which was such a favorite device of short-sighted philanthropists in the agricultural districts of England in the early part of this century—to permit competition to cut wages down to a still lower level and to increase pauperism? If in New York every one who wished to could get from the St. Andrew's stands a well cooked meal for a cent, rents would increase—for this advantage of being able to get a well-cooked meal for one cent would attach to locality, and poor people would flock to New York; wages would diminish, and a large section of our population would become accustomed to relying for a living upon this semi-charity and would sink to the level of the lazzaroni of Italy or the leperos of Mexico. And what would happen, when, tired of bailing the sea, the subscribers to such a gigantic charity as this should conclude to stop?

Such well meaning attempts to alleviate poverty by cheapening to the poor the necessaries of life may be somewhat better than indiscriminate alms giving, but they have in them the essential defect which attaches to Mr. Edward Atkinson's anti-poverty device of a cheap cooking box. Land being monopolized, an increasing population who have nothing but their power to labor (a power in itself utterly useless without access to land) must, in their competition with each other for employment, carry wages down as fast as the cost of living is reduced. Where land is fully monopolized, where the indispensable element of life and labor is the absolute property of one class of the people, what could it avail if some one were to discover a means to enable people to live by eating dirt? Since mere laborers could not get the dirt without the permission of the land owners, competition among them would inevitably carry wages down to the dirt-eating level.

The false assumption in all such devices is that the sufferings of the poor are caused by the scarcity of the things that satisfy want. This is manifestly not true. There is in our civilized society to-day an abundance of all the things that satisfy human wants, or at least an abundant power to produce such things. If, therefore, undeserved poverty exists, it can only come from injustice in distribution; and injustice in distribution cannot be cured either by increasing the quantity of such things or by teaching people to exist on less of them.

"How many poor and unfortunate creatures are to-day standing close to the verge of self-destruction because the world will not give them bread?" says the *World*, moralizing on one of those bitter tragedies which our daily papers so frequently record.

What world is it that will not give bread? Not the physical world. Nature is no niggard. This rolling sphere which we inhabit, this broad continent which our sixty millions have as yet hardly begun to scratch, teems with all the materials for food and clothing and shelter. Men, women and children, we are to this great natural reservoir and storehouse like scattered mites on the surface of an inexhaustible cheese. Nor is there lack of the power to convert these materials into the forms which satisfy human desire.

So great, in fact, is this power that labor saving machinery is believed by many to be a curse, and we constantly hear of "over production" as though it were a social disease. Yet in this bountiful world, amid this plethora of wealth, human beings are constantly dying because they cannot get food and clothing and shelter; and thousands and thousands live on the dole of charity, and thousands and thousands sell their votes for a few dollars on election day.

Clearly the fault is not in that physical world which God created for man. It is in that social and political world which God has left men free to create for themselves. And no matter how much discovery and invention may increase the power of producing wealth, no matter how free handed may be the charity that strives to alleviate poverty, so long as the cause continues its results must continue. Charity can do nothing to cure evils that flow from injustice. They can only be cured by justice.

This is the season for charity balls, charity fairs and charity annual statements. Among others the *Tribune* publishes the annual account of its Fresh air fund, a species of charity which it had the honor of beginning, but in which it has found many imitators, not only in this, but in all our principal cities. The *Tribune's* fund for the year has amounted to over $29,000, contributions coming from 1,202 different sources and in sums varying from ten cents to a thousand dollars. 7,748 children were sent by this *Tribune* fund from New York into the country during the summer time for a fortnight each at a cost of $2.94 for each child. Besides these contributions, which were used only to defray the cost of transportation, the *Tribune* says that too much credit cannot be given to the hospitable country folk who have received these children into their homes for a fortnight's visit. And to this we, who have had nothing to do with the fund, may add that credit should also be given to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and his friends who have paid other costs, and to the kind-hearted volunteers who have aided in the details of the work. These are things that testify to human kindliness. But they serve to bring into relief misery that mere kindliness cannot cure, nor yet even alleviate. For it seems that there is a class of children so poor, so neglected, that even this charity is obliged to pass them by. The chief obstacle the work has had to contend with in former years, says the *Tribune*, has been the physical condition of some of the children, who were unfit to enter respectable and clean houses. This difficulty has at last been practically overcome by the employment of twelve physicians, who have generously given their services to carefully examine each contingent. "With the aid of this conscientious and efficient staff," the *Tribune* says, "a more worthy class of children has been selected, and scarcely a complaint has come from the country concerning the filthy condition of the children sent there." What may be the condition of the children so poor, so needy, that even this charity deems them "unworthy," and must pass them by may be imagined from what the *Tribune's* report has to say of the carefully selected children to whom a fortnight's holiday was given:

> As a rule they were prematurely old and careworn. Child life is so hard in the average tenement house that age comes before youth. They are oftentimes forced into a struggle for a bare existence before they are fit to be out of their mothers' arms. Their sorrows and privations are many, and this fortnight of rest and fun in the country comes as a genuine boon to many through the agency of the *Tribune's* Fresh Air Fund.

What a comment upon social conditions is here!

This is, we say, a Christian city, and besides all that is here spent in charity, much money is sent abroad from it each year to preach the gospel to heathen in foreign lands.

"It is impossible but that offenses will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

And is not all attempt to remedy such conditions by charity but a bailing of the sea? Spite of fresh air funds and St. John's and other guilds, and free excursions, and city and state asylums, and Little Sisters of the Poor, and endless denominational orphanages, the *Tribune* a little while ago told us that thousands of babies die every year simply because their mothers cannot take care of them in their poor homes. As a remedy it suggested more charity—the establishment of babies' hospitals, where sick infants could be taken from their mothers, kept awhile, and then returned again! Is this the best it can propose for the cancer of our civilization?

We talk of paternal government as something un-American. Is it not time to stop and think into what paternalism we are steadily growing?

Coming from St. Louis week before last I found pleasant and instructive company—an old California acquaintance, now a millionaire congressman; a rich man from Colorado going to Europe for recreation and health; a pension clerk from Missouri on his way to Washington, who had a peculiarly dry way of putting things; and a Denver man who has 640 acres of mineral land patented, and is an ex-Indian fighter, firm in the belief that "the only good Indians are dead Indians;" besides some miscellaneous company. I learned much from my California friend about men and things in the golden state, much that was in its way instructive as well as interesting, and then the conversation became general, and I learned much of Mexico and New Mexico, of the Pueblo Indians and the cliff dwellings, of the buffalo and antelope that used to be, of wild steers and the best way of avoiding them when they come for you with their heads down. Then some one asked if tramps were bad in Denver, and the Denver man said they were, but that his wife kept them away from their house by retaining an old one-eyed tramp to whom she gave food every day and allowed to sleep in the coal shed, and who in return kept other tramps off. And then the California congressman told a story which seemed to me very instructive. He said he was a little while ago at the railway station near his coal oil property in southern California and saw seven tramps clambering down from the top of a freight car on which they had stolen a ride. The man who seemed to be their leader came up to him and said, "Boss, we're hungry and we want our breakfast."

"Yes," said the congressman, "but I know you fellows; I've seen lots of you. The reason that you are hungry is that you won't work."

"That's not it," said the leader, a bright eyed, well spoken, intelligent and seemingly well educated young American. "We have been looking for work but we can't find it. If you have got any work to do, just try us and see if we won't work; only give us our breakfast first."

"Well," said the congressman, "I'll try you. I'll get you your breakfasts if you will go off to my place a mile or two from here and go to work. You shall have two dollars and a half a day in coin, but it's hard work."

"Give us our breakfast," said the leader, "and we'll go."

"So I went in," said the congressman, "and told the man who kept the eating place at the station to give them all breakfast, and then I gave them a note to my foreman, and off they went.

"On the third day after that I was driving out to the place, and on the way I met the seven men coming back to the station. 'Well,' said I, 'have you fellows got tired?' 'Yes,' said the leader, 'we've got tired. The truth is that we don't like work, and we've made up our minds not to do any more of it. The world owes us a living and we might as well get it without work as with work. But though we won't work we are square. You acted like a square man in giving us our breakfast the other day. We got the money for the work we did and I have collected half a dollar apiece from the rest of the boys to pay you back. And here it is,' said he, producing seven silver half dollars.

"I thought I would try them," continued the congressman, "and so I said to him: 'You fellows don't owe me anything; you owe it to the man at the station. I merely told him to trust you and if you didn't pay I would. When you get to the station you can pay him.'

"Sure enough," said the congressman, "when I went back to the station the next day I asked the man who kept the eating place and found that the tramps had come in and paid him three dollars and a half for the breakfast they had had."

This in southern California, near the shore of that vast ocean on the other side of which is China, and not far from the boundary line which separates us from Mexico.

It is into tramps such as these, and into worse, that, not only in our large cities, but even in our sparsely settled districts, the difficulty of finding employment and the temptation to accept of charity is converting citizens of the republic. Work is hard; it is tension and strain. It is easier at any time to loaf than to work, and as most of us know, it takes all the strength of self-respect to hold a man up at times in the struggle that life brings to most of us. Men willing to work, and needing badly the pay that they get by it, are oftentimes with us unable to find work. Besides the vicissitudes that attend all our industries, the organization of many of them is such that large numbers of men who are employed during some parts of the year are not needed during other parts of the year. Men out of work, but still needing to work, go tramping in search of it. Necessity in many cases at last forces them to ask for charity. It is humiliating at first, but the edge of the humiliation is soon dulled, and they become loafers, vagrants, tramps, who would rather beg and steal than work even if they could get work. In the midst of the highest civilization the world has yet known we are, in part at least, reverting to barbarism.

And it is the natural effect of all the charity of which we hear so much and to which our rich people give so much, that it destroys the self-respect on which alone a true republic can be based.

The *Christian Union* takes a hopeful view. It declares that the parallel that certain people are fond of drawing between Rome in the first century and the United States in the nineteenth is not a true one; that in Rome the patricians resisted every attempt at peaceful progress, while—

> In America, on the contrary, the men of wealth and the men of thought are actively engaged in endeavoring to promote popular progress and prepare for a democracy of industry and of wealth. Not only in the Christian pulpit and in the Christian press has there been earnest advocacy of the rights and interests of the wage working class, but among employers there has been an equally serious endeavor to promote their development and their enrichment.

The instances which the *Christian Union* cites as illustrating the tendency it thinks so hopeful are the dedication of a building erected by the liberality of Mr. Vanderbilt at the Grand Central depot for the benefit of the railroad employes, "a dedication in which Mr. Chauncey M. Depew represented the aristocracy of wealth and Bishop Potter the church;" the dedication of a similar building, erected by Mr. Warner at Bridgeport, which was "graced by the attendance of Mrs. Cleveland, the spokesman of the occasion being the Rev. Robert Collyer;" and the erection in a manufacturing town in this state of "one of the most charming libraries, constructed by men of wealth wholly for men without means, one dollar a year giving all the privileges of it." These things, and certain experiments in profit sharing, not only give the *Christian Union* hope, but show what it means when it speaks of the earnest advocacy of the rights and interests of the wage working class in the Christian pulpit and the Christian press. "We think," says the *Christian Union*—

> We think reformers will find it difficult to discover anything parallel to this in the action of either the Bourbon aristocracy of France or the patricians of Rome.

But to say nothing of the fact that even among the Bourbon aristocracy of France there were many who sought in charitable and kindly ways to alleviate the condition of their dependants, the *Christian Union* need only look over the opening chapters of that great work in which Gibbon has painted in long panorama the decline and fall of the greatest empire the earth has yet seen, to realize that the ancient world afforded instances of civic beneficence on the part of the rich which dwarf anything we have yet to show. Generosity of this kind could not avail to stop the decay of ancient civilization, nor can it avail to stop the decay of ours. Nor yet can any amount of benevolence on the part of employers solve the labor question or still the fierce passions that are beginning to rise. My Lord and my Lady Bountiful are beautiful characters to those most charmed by amiability. But the feudal system has passed and hereditary distinctions have gone, and American children, even if too neglected and vermin-eaten to be taken on fresh air excursions, are taught, when they are compulsorily sent to school, that in this country we are all political equals.

All that the *Christian Union* relies on involves a condescension and assumption of superiority that is irritating to the spirit of the times. And back of all this, what is the theory of the *Christian Union* but an amiable version of the theory of men who believe that the social reformation is to be wrought by dynamite bombs? Both hold that it is within the power of a certain class of people, sometimes called capitalists and sometimes called employers to make life easier for the masses of men. The *Christian Union* would persuade them into doing this, the advocates of bomb throwing would frighten them into doing it. The difference is a wide one, but it is still only a difference of method.

As for the faith in profit sharing, it can only serve to amuse amiable people too lazy to think. There is no bottom to it until one comes to ultra socialism, in which the state shall direct all industry and divide all profits. For if *some* employers were to divide their profits with their men, so as to give them larger wages than the ordinary, could it avail more toward changing the general rate of wages than do the higher prices paid for needlework by the New York house of industry? Could it have any other effect than that of the custom of tipping waiters, the result of which is that in places where it obtains waiters often pay for the privilege of serving? If adopted generally, what would it be but another form of paying wages, which would still leave the laws that determine wages free to act? And if the employers who make a profit are to be more generous to their employes, what about the employers who make no profit, or only enough to pay the very lowest wages on which they can get men to work?

Kindliness, generosity, charity, are admirable virtues, but they cannot take the place of justice. And the attempt to put them in the place of justice, to rely on them to compensate for injustice, is not only to dull conscience, but to make things good in themselves, productive of evil.

If republican government is breaking down in the United States; if under the forms of popular rule the people are really ruled; if we are developing social conditions under which republican government in anything but form must become impossible, it is not because republican government is in itself a failure, but simply because we as a people have not come up to the moral standard which it requires. Our trouble is not that we are too democratic, but that we are not democratic enough. It is not that we give to all citizens the equal right to vote and the equal right to hold office, but it is that we deny to them equality of right in things more fundamental and more important. If dangers are thickening around the republic it is because in our laws and in our thought we have ignored those equal rights with which all men are endowed by their Creator—the equal right to exert labor upon the natural opportunities which are indispensable to labor; the equal right to use and enjoy the full fruits of that labor.

If there are among us men who work hard but are poor, it is because they are robbed; if there are among us little children who will perish with hunger and die with cold unless charity feeds and clothes them, it is because they have been disinherited. If there are among us men who prefer to beg or steal rather than work, it is because we have by our laws reversed the laws of nature and given to appropriation the wealth that nature accords to industry. The right of workingmen is not to have kind and generous employers, but to have free opportunities to employ themselves. "The rights and interests of the wage-working class" are simply the rights and interests of all citizens.

HENRY GEORGE.

Believes in Nailing the Colors to the Mast.

COLUMBUS, O.—In the name of land and labor club No. 3 of Ohio, I demand that you haul down the white flag if the intention is to surrender the national ticket for next year, as indicated in Mr. Croasdale's article in the last issue of THE STANDARD. Let us raise the glorious banner of the new crusade with leaders whose slogan shall be, To the polls! to the polls! the forts of a free people, and with a cause so just as ours we can soon raise a grand army of voters who would despise guerrilla warfare for an alderman or congressman. Let us make the fight large and grand. Man our posts with virtue, brains and energy. Put a ticket in every field where a "single tax" man can be found, and leave the result to Almighty God and the common people. We are recruiting for the spring campaign, and will fight with tax reform instead of united labor.

E. J. BRACKETT,
President L. and L. club, No. 3.

A STATEMENT FROM REV. HUGH O. PENTECOST.

In response to a request from THE STANDARD to formulate a statement in regard to the relations between the Belleville avenue Congregational church, of which I am pastor, and myself, I have this to say:

Some three or four years ago a friend presented me with a copy of "Progress and Poverty," which up to that time I had not read, although I supposed had an intelligent opinion of its teaching, formed from reviews and newspaper criticisms. It is needless to say that my opinion was not intelligent, though it was positive and satisfactory to one in my ignorance. It was the same as the equally positive and self-satisfactory opinions of many others who have not read the book.

Out of deference to my friend, and because I wished to say to him the next time I saw him, "I have read the volume you sent me," I went somewhat curiously through its pages; with no intention of opening my mind to it however, for I had already decided that it was a fallacious work.

Now, when my friend sent me the book he said, "Please read it and point out to me its fallacy, for I cannot discover it." This, then, was what I had to do. When I next saw him I was not only to say, "I have read the book you sent me," but I must also say, "Here and here is the fallacy." After reading the book in odd hours and putting it aside I began to prepare my argument against it for my friend. This was not easy and I was forced to go again to it and reread certain portions, which made my counter argument increasingly difficult of construction. The upshot was that I thus read the whole work again with care, and when I saw my friend I said, "If there is fallacy I am as you are; I cannot find it."

Thus the subject rested. Nothing came of it except that when I occasionally heard of Henry George I would say in rebuttal of some criticism upon his theories, "Have you read 'Progress and Poverty?' No? If you would do so you would see that you do not state Mr. George's theories correctly; and that also it will be very difficult for you to refute his arguments."

By and by came the sudden advent of Mr. George into New York politics, and then the "McGlynn case." I felt that McGlynn was outraged—the victim of ecclesiasticism, which thing I hate in the Catholic or Protestant church. I followed the controversy in the papers. I saw how it was going. The priest was right; but secular and Protestant religious papers had all suddenly fallen in love with the Catholic hierarchy. "McGlynn is contumacious; he should submit to constituted authority." This I read and heard everywhere, from Catholic and Protestant alike. It did not appear to me so. I followed the case more closely. Then I said, "Nobody seems to see that the priest is right and the authorities are wrong; but I see that clearly, and since I have a place to speak and a mind to speak and a conviction that I must speak, I will; and forthwith I prepared a Sunday evening sermon on the "McGlynn case," in which I said: "If I am the only man in America outside of the 'George movement' who says the church is wrong and the priest is right, I, nevertheless, maintain that."

Outside of the George movement I reflected that this priest was running great risks in his earthly prospects for the sake of the doctrine of "Progress and Poverty." But I, too, had read that book and found no fault in it. I took it from the book case and read it carefully again. There was the irrefragable argument the same as three or four years ago. But I would not be rash. I had seen articles adverse to "Georgeism" in the *Independent* and *Christian Union*. I went to the office of the *Independent*. "Where is the editor who writes against Georgeism? I wish him to show me the fallacy of it before I do something rash." But the editors of the *Independent* had not read "Progress and Poverty" and knew nothing of the matter. "Why then do you write it down?" "He who wrote the paragraph is not in. We do not know why he wrote it."

I went to the *Christian Union* office and saw one of the chief editors, but he knew nothing of Georgeism. "The editor who writes down Henry George is out of town."

In the *Christian Union* office I saw for the first and, I think, only time, Father Huntington, but was not introduced to him.

Then I hunted up the political economists. Each was satisfied that George was specious, had a good but impractical theory, was a brilliant writer, the world is greatly indebted to him for popularizing political economy "the dismal science," but he is fallacious. "Wherein?" I inquire. "This is what I am seeking to know to prevent me from doing something rash." But there was no serious attempt made by any one to break down the argument of "Progress and Poverty." "The reasoning of the first half of the book is very strong; but 'the remedy' is utterly utopian and impracticable; the dream of a sincere man given to sentiment, and—and—and—" but not pointing definitely to the fallacy, though I tried to get that done through long conversations.

The ground now became firm under my feet and I preached a sermon on the anti-poverty doctrines, as they have since been called, expressing my thorough conviction of their truth, and following that by seven more on successive Sunday evenings. These sermons brought me into acquaintance with Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn, neither of whom I had ever seen, and led to my addressing the Anti-poverty society in the Academy of Music.

Within my congregation there was, meantime, more or less nervous agitation and some discontent, resulting in one family withdrawing from the church by letter, several others absenting themselves from the Sunday services, some of whom gave up their pews, while others continued to pay for but did not occupy them. My relations during all this time with both official boards of the church and society, the board of deacons and the board of trustees, were entirely amicable. Upon the occasion of my last address in the Academy the board of deacons, in friendly conference with me, requested me, for the sake of harmony in the church, not to go to New York again on a Sunday evening, and I told them I would not.

Then came the campaign in New York and the Newark city election. In both I took an active part. This entrance into "politics," as this method of preaching the gospel was called, produced more friction in my congregation, though nothing came directly of it, and all my official relations with the church and society remained as friendly as ever.

Finally, I preached a sermon on the Sunday following the hanging of the Chicago revolutionists, in which I strongly objected to the manner of their taking off, solely on the ground of my very positive opinions against capital punishment. I expressed no sympathy with the men as revolutionists, because I am not a believer in the use of force to right existing wrongs; but in the course of the sermon I took occasion to say that unless some measures for a peaceful revolution, such as the new crusaders propose, were taken, the "reds" would certainly increase in numbers despite the "strong measures" of government, because existing injustice in the distribution of wealth is a cause more potent in provoking discontent than Winchester rifles and hangman's ropes can ever become in quelling it. This was represented as an "anarchist" sermon and grossly distorted in the press reports of it and by those who did not hear it.

Almost immediately one of the deacons, who did not hear the sermon and did not read the only approximately fair report of it which appeared in print, instituted a movement of the deacons for the purpose of calling a church and society meeting to vote upon the question whether my present relations to the church should continue. This meeting was held Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, I co-operating with the deacons to bring it about in a dignified and a peaceful manner. There were no specifications against me, and there was no discussion. The vote was proceeded with in decorous silence, and resulted in 139 of the church members being in favor of my remaining and 84 in opposition. When the question came before the society the vote was 215 in favor of my remaining and 81 in opposition. The church is composed of church members, strictly speaking. The society is composed of all these, and, in addition, those who have been regular contributors of money for the support of the organization for one year. It will thus be seen that all the society vote outside of the church membership was given to me, and three opposition votes disappeared.

Ordinarily a pastor who has an opposing minority amounting to one-third of the church members voting, would feel that he should resign, and in this case my duty would be clearly in that direction if it were not for the society vote. In the church the minority was thirty-seven per cent of the total vote cast; but in the society it was but twenty-six per cent. This raised the question whether I ought to desert such a comparatively large number of persons who wish me to stay to please those who wish me to go. Hence I am still pastor of the church, the question having as yet no final answer.

Considerable disposition has been shown to make it appear that the opposition to me is not based upon my association with the anti-poverty movement; but no one can reasonably doubt that if I had never advocated the doctrines of the new crusade as I have I would have had no trouble. Dr. McGlynn, too, forsooth, was not excommunicated for his economic views, but for contumacy! I notice that those who believe in things "as they are" deal kindly with ecclesiastical tyranny, socialism, philosophical anarchy, or anything else which arrays itself with *laissez faire* against the "land for the people" movement, because, however blind they may be, they are open eyed enough to perceive that this movement is the really "dangerous" one to the existing social order.

As to the future I know not, except that I cannot furl the banner of truth. It is a question whether that banner can be carried more effectually with the ball and chain of ecclesiastical hindrance hitched to me or not. The church is so conservative, so timid, so inextricably entangled with the present order, that I am afraid I but go on to more friction and against other stumbling blocks if I remain where I am. So that while there is a certain satisfaction in not having been cast out of the synagogue, it is a question whether more good might not be accomplished by going out rather than to remain with the certain knowledge that thirty-seven per cent of my church are simply awaiting another opportunity to marshal powers against the truth which I have to preach.

If I have seemed to speak openly and freely, it must be remembered that I have been invited to do so, and that in addressing the readers of THE STANDARD I cannot escape the feeling that I but indulge in such talk as goes on among friends in council or the family circle.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

The Anti-Poverty Society's Class in Political Economy.

The political economy class of the Anti-poverty society, before which Louis F. Post is to deliver nineteen weekly lectures this season, met for organization at Cooper union last Tuesday night. The lectures will begin next Tuesday night at the same place. Applications for membership may be made at any time at room 30, Cooper institute. By way of preparation for the lectures Mr. Post instructed the class to read, during the week, the first book of "Progress and Poverty." The opening lecture will have for its subject the question: "Why, in spite of increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?"

Standing by the Soggarth Aroon.

The meeting of St. Stephen's parishioners on Friday of last week brought out as enthusiastic a body of people as could have been found in any theater or hall in the city, the feeling of those present manifesting itself in the warm applause to the speakers and the ready response when the collection was taken up. The amount collected, including what came in during the week was $105.16, which makes a total for four weeks of over $1,000 contributed to the doctor's personal fund. John R. Feeney, genial and merry as usual, presided, and Messrs. Caffrey, Smith, Rorty and McDermott made short addresses.

The Harlem Anti-Poverty Society.

A small but very enthusiastic audience gathered at Arthur hall, on 126th street, last Sunday evening. Effective and interesting speeches were delivered by Rev. C. P. McCarthy, Col. McCormack and others.

The meeting of next Sunday evening will be addressed by Messrs. Courtlandt Palmer, W. T. Croasdale and C. P. McCarthy.

The Paterson Anti-Poverty Society.

The Paterson (N. J.) Anti-poverty society was largely attended last Sunday night to listen to the lecture of Louis F. Post. Wm. J. Gorsuch speaks next Sunday.

The McGlynn Fund.

The publisher of THE STANDARD acknowledges the receipt of $1 from E. Herrick of Tipton, Cal., for the fund for Dr. McGlynn.

ANTI-POVERTY OUT OF TOWN.

Following are letters received recently by the secretary of the New York Anti-poverty society:

EAGER FOR ANOTHER FIGHT.

NORWALK, O.—I received the tracts and they were distributed. There were three of us (traveling men), Mr. Stewart, Mr. Churchill of Burlington and myself, who did our best to awaken thought in the minds of the thoughtless in Iowa. If a criticism from a private is not out of place, tell Brother Croasdale he is making a great mistake in even hinting that there will be no presidential ticket in the field next year. What, allow all the work done to go for naught? No, no! it must not be. I and thousands, yes tens of thousands, outside of New York insist on commencing now the fight of '88. Too many men wish to vote for the great principle to be put off. There must be a ticket in every northern state and southern if possible. If the idea of no ticket for '88 is adopted it will discourage many a good worker and be just what our enemies want. They are saying now you can't hold together till '88. M. V. WATROS.

SETTLED DOWN TO HARD WORK.

CINCINNATI, O.—Our club here has reorganized on a sound basis, and I am hopeful of the winter's work. I was delighted at the business-like manner in which we adopted a constitution and elected officers on Tuesday last. We (the workers) have settled down to hard pan, have thrown off obstructive and destructive matter, and are laying the foundations of good work. We had a gratifying meeting of the executive committee, at which plans were discussed and determined to be recommended to the club. They comprise a committee on education, on organization and on politics, thus making a systematic attempt to carry on the full work intrusted to us. Our committees will hold meetings throughout the district, thus doing the work which all local clubs should do, the second doing the work laid upon us as organizers for the two states, while the third will keep their weather eye open on the ultimate effort—politics. I have tried for years to find that enthusiasm in religion which I know animated the founders of Christianity, but never succeeded until the anti-poverty cause awoke within me "that wonderful enthusiasm of humanity;" so I find a lasting satisfaction in tireless energy for the cause that embraces the fullness of truth.

R. W. HARRISON.

IS IT RIGHT?

RAHWAY, Nov. 30.—Inclosed find $1 for December's dues to anti-poverty society. If the party had cast the 200,000 votes hoped for in the state things would have gone on with a "hurrah" that would have drawn in all the riff-raff, the "dead beats" and the selfishly ambitious politicians who see no future for themselves in either of the two old parties. The land question is more than a political or an economic question; it is eminently a moral and religious (not sectarian) one, and when it conquers, as it will, it will be fought to success by men who fear God, love mankind and who hold truth to be more and greater than personal advantage. When John Wesley lay on his death bed those about him spoke of the wonderful progress made by the society he had founded. "Yes," said the dying man, "but the best of all is God is with us." So I say of this movement. God is with us. I have no more doubt of that than I have of His existence. But all God's mighty movements in society have been through awakening the conscience of men—first light, then labor, then defeat and seeming disaster, by which he has purged and solidified his workers, then the silent growth of principles in multitudes of breasts, then, when a sure foundation had been laid, the final victory. So you see I am so far from being discouraged that I see only in our "reverses" God's usual way of preparing truth's future, final and permanent triumph. I am enlisted "for the war."

Yours, etc.,

(Rev.) WM. ROLLINSON.

"THE TRUTH SPREADS AND WILL SPREAD."

Following are extracts from a second letter from Rev. Mr. Rollinson:

Friend Urner—Your note is received and read with pleasure because of its wise opinions. I send with this a copy of one of our Rahway papers of this week containing a sermon preached by me on Thanksgiving day. In the passages marked you will see that the ground I take is very similar to your views in regard to the "middle classes."

I am sorry you have found it necessary to resign the treasurership of the A. P. S., but glad that you retain your place. I see by THE STANDARD that a wide difference of opinion exists in regard to future political action. Whatever course may be decided on in regard to the nomination of candidates next year, one thing is certain to my mind, viz., that the anti-poverty movement must be cut loose from all even seeming connection with any class, creed or party if it is to win its way to speedy success.

It is as true now as when Jesus said it—"The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The "personal liberty" people know that they never can obtain anything approaching a majority of the popular vote, but they plan to so manage a compact minority as to control the result of an election. If the 70,000 votes cast for Henry George last month in New York could be so handled they would be an effective force, as now they are not. But my belief is that the surest way is to enlighten the minds and reach the consciences of the people—the great middle class of all occupations and beliefs. It was so Christianity won its way till Constantine saw in it the power on which to build his empire and emblazoned the cross on his standards. But in one way or another way this grand truth of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is destined to triumph. God wills it, and, as the hymn says—

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
But yet in His own way
The Lord will provide."

Of old it was written, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him," and our very mistakes can be transformed into stepping stones toward final victory. The men who get hold of this central truth become perforce missionaries of the new crusade, and so the truth spreads and will spread for "Magna est veritas, et prævalebit."

(Rev.) WILLIAM ROLLINSON.

GRIFFIN'S CORNERS, Nov. 21.—The tracts you sent me I have distributed in my locality and I think they have done some good. If you are willing to furnish us with the ammunition we will keep up the fight. Will you please send me one hundred of "The Case Plainly Stated" as I find they seem to make the most impression. I will try and send you some money next time. We will chip in to keep the ball rolling. One of us, William Green, a mason by trade, says he will try and get the movement started at Stanford.

J. D. PAWLING.

NOT THE LEAST DISHEARTENED.

PERRY, Falls Co., Texas, Nov. 20.—The tracts I have given out with the utmost care. I have talked with many about the New York election, and must say that not one seems the least disheartened, while all seem to understand the terrible pressure brought to bear on the poor in election matters. If any have left us it was because they were never really with us, and the sooner they are out the better. Men must forget self to be martyrs in any cause. IRA J. MCCOLLUM.

PITIABLE APATHY.

FONTANELLE, Iowa, Nov. 26.—During my summer vacation I met and conversed with many well read men belonging to the old parties and all of them readily admitted the existing evils, but it was pitiable to witness their utter unconcern about it, and they cling with a death grip to the old parties.

ALICE DAVIS.

IN DEAD EARNEST.

LYNN, Mass.—This city has now its first land and labor club, whose organization was perfected in the choice of W. W. Gray, president; J. H. O'Hara, secretary, and W. W. Croaker, treasurer. Its last meeting (the third in its history) numbered twenty members, and was addressed by J. P. Roche of Boston, president of the anti-poverty society of that city. The club is in dead earnest and numbers among its members some of our most active and influential citizens, and it is not an exaggeration to say that Lynn will prove one of the leading cities in the Union in the early adoption of the land doctrine when once the ball is got rolling. J. E. O'HARA.

A GOOD FIELD FOR TRACTS.

MEDINA, Nov. 24.—The tracts you sent will be properly distributed. As this is a great farming country I have a good field for them. I have been out with them to-day, and on Saturday night I can dispose of a great many. Our cause is alive in Medina and we intend to keep it going right along.

CHAS. E. VEDDER.

ANTI-POVERTY.

The sudden illness of the stenographer who reported the speeches at the anti-poverty meeting of Sunday evening last has rendered THE STANDARD unable to lay before its readers the usual full account of the proceedings.

The subject of Dr. McGlynn's lecture was "The Sermon on the Mount;" and the close attention with which the audience—one of the largest the Academy has ever held—listened to the lecture, as well as the repeated bursts of applause which emphasized the speaker's illustrations and arguments, testified that the priest of the new crusade has lost none of his power to move men's hearts and their thoughts.

After the conclusion of Dr. McGlynn's speech the chairman, Mr. Tom O'Reilly, gave some particulars of the progress of the land reform movement in Scotland, after which Henry George closed the meeting with a short and impressive speech.

Young Men of Brooklyn Debating.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"The Senate of the United States," a debating society of young men which was organized about two years ago by Professor Lewis Collins, of this city, at their regular session of November 30, made the theory of land value taxation a special order of business. Thomas B. Preston was invited by Mr. Collins to explain the theory, which he did in a speech lasting fifty minutes. He showed that the taxation of land values was the best form of taxation, when considered from the point of view of expediency; that it was most just, as it secured to every individual, and to every community that of which they were the producing cause; that it the most in accordance with the religious precept of doing unto others as one would have others do to him; and finally that, considered politically, it would purify politics and advance civilization.

Rev. Dr. William Kincaid spoke in opposition. He denied that the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer. Wages were higher, and money would purchase more things than formerly. Logic was a very good thing, but should be kept within bounds. He might argue, for instance, that if a man had a right to own a morsel of food, he could own a bushel; if a bushel, he could own a million bushels and so on until he could show that it would be right for one man to own all the food in the world. This was the way people argued in regard to land. The land never would be owned by one man. "We would choke him when it came to that point," said the reverend gentleman.

Mr. Preston, in rejoining, said that wages might possibly be higher and money have more purchasing power, but there were more people who could get no wages at all; products might be cheaper; but rent was continually getting dearer, so that it absorbed the surplus earnings both of labor and capital. He did not understand the meaning of keeping logic within bounds. If logic could not be pushed to its conclusions it could not be considered logic. One man might own all the food in the world and it would not be an injustice, for food is the product of human labor, and if the people owned the land they could produce more food. But if one man owned the land the people could not produce any more land. In conclusion, the speaker deprecated the clergyman's idea of using violence or "choking anybody" as a remedy for grievances.

Rev. Dr. E. P. Ingersoll was among the interested listeners. About thirty-five persons were present, all of whom received a supply of land and labor tracts. The young men of the "senate" will continue the debate among themselves at a future session.

How Anti-Poverty is Spreading in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—A meeting was held on the north side to-night under the auspices of L. A. 7448, for the purpose of discussing the land and labor question. An intelligent and closely attentive audience was present. Master Workman John English, a bright and active young man, presided over the preliminary meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Clarence Moeller, Lawyer Williams and John Z. White, president of the anti-poverty society. Each graphically and forcibly explained the objects of the new movement, their points eliciting hearty applause. The preliminary meeting over, the temporary organization of the North Side land and labor club (No. 5) was effected by the selection of Mr. John English as temporary chairman and Mr. Chas. Todd as temporary secretary. About twenty-five enrolled themselves as members and the deepest interest was manifested. Another club is forming at the stock yards and the west side is preparing to organize. The anti-poverty society has decided to hold Sunday meetings. The Rev. Mr Greene gave in his adherence to the new faith at the meeting last night and he will prove a powerful acquisition. Altogether the new crusade is taking hold in Chicago and it will be a great factor before the end of next year.

WARREN W. BAILEY.

Ulster County Men Attend.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 5.—Our land and labor club is holding meetings for "spreading the light." Through its efforts, after but three months' existence, in a farming district and without aid from such speakers as George, McGlynn, Maguire and Pentecost 109 votes were cast in favor of the single tax. We hope to add to this vote at the spring election. Organization should be perfected throughout this county and all men believing with us and willing to co-operate should communicate with us. JAMES T. PURCELL.

BEFORE A ROYAL COMMISSION.

The following able argument was recently delivered before the royal labor commission now sitting in Toronto, Canada, by W. A. Douglass, representing the anti-poverty society of Toronto. It is interesting not only for its able presentment of the great social problem of the day, but as showing the earnestness and vigor with which our friends in Canada are pushing their work.

In addressing you on the labor problem we shall take the liberty of calling your attention to some facts respecting our present methods of distributing the products of labor.

Let two men settle on different sections of land. Years pass by, the one section continues to be a farm while the other has become the center of a populous city. The farmer ends a lifetime of toil with a property valued from $3,000 to $5,000; the land owner has a property that may be worth a thousand times that sum. The service of toil rendered by the farmer has been vastly in excess of that of the land owner, but the reward of the latter has been enormously larger than that of the farmer. It would not be difficult to multiply examples to prove that reward is not merely not in proportion to production, but that it is inversely so. That part of society which produces the most must be contented with the smallest share of the product.

In dismissing the subject it is necessary to point out that there two kinds of values, marked by clear lines of distinction.

The laborer plants some seed, say that of the cotton plant. He tends the growing plant, picks the wool, spins, weaves and at last furnishes a finished garment. This is the production of one kind of value.

The characteristics of this form of value are:

First—Toil needed in its production.

Second—The production of a commodity that did not exist in that form before—an addition to the wealth of the world.

Third—The disappearance of the commodity when consumed or worn out.

Fourth—Toil again needed for its renewal.

And this must go on forever—toil producing, wealth produced, wealth consumed, toil again necessary to maintain the needed supply

The other kind of supply shows its characteristics most prominently in the case of land, and these characteristics manifest themselves very markedly in the growth of a city or town. When the population is small the value of land is low. As population increases values advance, and so long as population remains round that spot the values continue. Note the wide distinctions between this kind of values and the values of labor-produced commodities.

First—Does it require toil for its production? No.

Second—Does it indicate an increase of wealth? Does it appear with the production of some new commodity that had no existence in that form before? No.

Third—Does the value disappear with consumption? Does it wear out? No.

Fourth—Is toil necessary for the maintenance or restoration of this value? No.

Four characteristics can be affirmed of the value of food, clothing, machinery, et cetera, namely, toil, increased wealth, transient duration, and toil for restoration. None of these characteristics can be affirmed of that value which comes to land from the crowding of population.

When a number of toilers bring to market garments valued at a thousand dollars, they bring the clearest evidence that they have rendered the wealth of the world more abundant by the amount of that commodity.

When a man obtains an acre of land at a value of one dollar, or of fifty dollars, and through the crowding of population that acre becomes worth a thousand dollars, can that man show that he has made any addition to the wealth of the world? Not by any means, but the reverse. As population increases, land becomes more scarce, the people are poorer in land.

The toil produced values are a sign of increased wealth; the increased values of land caused by increase of population are a sign of diminution of wealth, an evidence that land has become more scarce.

Hitherto our laws have almost, if not altogether, ignored the difference between these two kinds of value. The effects of this oversight in our laws may be now pointed out.

When land is patented, not merely does the patentee obtain security for the possession of his own improvements; but he becomes almost absolute owner of all the value that may accrue to that land from any source. He is thus possessed of the power to appropriate, not merely the value produced by himself, but the value that accrues from the improvements of others, or from the increased demand caused by increase of population.

Mark, therefore, what has taken place at every spot where population has centered.

As land values increase without toil for their production, and as the so-called owner of the land is allowed to appropriate this value without limit, therefore these so-called owners may become wealthy without toil.

As the land value increases without the production of any new commodity, without any increase of area, so the land owner may become wealthy without producing any wealth; he may take and not make; he becomes rich, but does not enrich in return.

As land values increase with increased scarcity of land, with increased impoverishment in this commodity, the land owner becomes rich in consequence of the impoverishment of the rest of the community.

As land values continue for all time so long as population remains round that center, and as these values require no toil for their maintainance or renewal, the land owner who secures a town site obtains the power of living without toil, and he is empowered by our laws to pass this power on to his heirs and assigns forever.

The practical effect of our land laws is to place almost absolute power over the land with all its possibilities in the hands of one part of the community with the power of excluding the other portion, and we find the effect of this system on this continent precisely the same as in the old world—poorly paid toil at one end and superfluous wealth with no toil at the other.

Now, we can no more dispense with toil than we can walk on the air. By giving the absolute possession of land and allowing the owners to appropriate all the value, we thus permit one portion of the community to appropriate a value that they did not produce and a value which permits them to live without toil. Consequently all the toil needed for the maintenance of society, all the toil needed for the maintenance of government, must be performed by the rest of society.

As the increase of value of a lot of land caused by increase of population is not an increase of commodities and consequently not an increase of wealth, what is the meaning of the increased wealth of the landowner? He has no more land, he produces nothing more, perhaps less. Whence, then, comes his increased wealth? There is only one source, namely, the product of other people's toil. His increased income means the diminished income of the toiler. Some of the ground rentals in Toronto in the last fifty years have increased twenty-five fold. The land owner has done nothing to the increase of this value, but labor whether of the brain or the head, must surrender to him twenty-five times the amount it had to surrender formerly.

When the shoemaker offers to the tailor shoes in exchange for clothes there is an exchange whereby each is mutually enriched. When population increases and land becomes relatively more scarce the exchange between the landowners and the occupants is not one of mutual enrichment, but of enrichment of the one by the impoverishment of the other.

The immense effect this method of land tenure has on the rate of wages we may observe by noting the product of the poorest land occupied. In the back townships of this province there are certain occupied lands so barren that they yield no rent. The product is so scant that with very hard toil the occupant can obtain little if any more than sufficient to maintain a very meager subsistence. In the more favored districts, where the soil is more fertile, rent appears, varying on agricultural lands from $1 to $5 per acre. In the neighborhood of Toronto market gardens rent as high as $20 per acre. In the best part of the city rentals vary from $25,000 to $40,000 per acre. The variation of annual land value is from nothing on the poorest land to $40,000 per acre on the best.

Let the laborer on the poorest farm traverse from the poorest land to the best, will he be any better off? As a rule, no.

The production of his labor will vary enormously. On the poorest land it is small, on the best it may be enormous, but the laborer enjoys not the benefit of the increase.

By our present land tenure the landowner appropriates all the advantages of location, and the laborer can obtain no more than he could obtain by tilling the no-rent lands.

But the margin of cultivation is determined by population. Our population is comparatively sparse, but it is increasing rapidly. From about five millions on this continent at the beginning of this century, population has increased to seventy millions. Every twenty-five years population doubles. In another generation, with a population increased to one hundred and fifty millions, must it not be inevitable that cultivation will be crowded back to poorer lands? With such crowding back wages must inevitably fall, for they cannot be maintained any higher than the product of the poorest land cultivated any more than water can be kept above its level.

We feel no hesitation in urging upon your notice these facts as being incomparably the most important factors in determining the condition of the laborer.

When population was more sparse than at present and unoccupied lands still abundant, the power of the land owner to appropriate the product of the toiler was comparatively small—ground rentals were low. With every increase of population his power increases—toil must surrender more. With every increase of population, whether natural or by immigration, the obligation of the toiler grows. It is a growing debt, an increasing obligation, which no amount of thrift can possibly discharge; an everlasting mortgage which dooms one part of society to everlasting toil and everlasting poverty. Can any inventive genius devise mechanism skillful enough, organize labor wisely enough, exercise industry enough, co-cperate prudently enough to get rid of this crushing, everlasting obligation? There is but one remedy. All these facts point to but one conclusion, namely: The appropriation of the ground rentals for public purposes, a simple land tax and the abolition of all other taxes.

To produce a garment requires the combined labor of a host of producers—from the cotton planter to the salesman in the store. Justice and our laws insist that the value of this garment belongs to every one who has aided in its production, transportation or exchange. To give a value of half a million dollars to an acre of land in the center of Toronto requires the combined presence of one hundred thousand people, does not justice and should not our laws equally insist that this land value should belong to those who cause the value?

Let this value be appropriated as at present, and the permanent degradation of the toiler is inevitable. We simply ask that the values caused by the community shall be appropriated by the community for common purposes, and that the individual should be allowed to retain all that he produces except that portion that he would have to surrender for his advantage of location.

Every Church Stands Pledged to Forward the Work of the Anti-Poverty Society.

LEIGHTON, Mass.—Your reform movement is certainly the greatest this century has seen. God grant it success; I have not the slightest doubt that He will. The great awakening throughout the land is due to the divine presence, opening men's minds to the truth. For myself I am a very recent convert. Up to about three weeks ago, when a friend placed in my hand THE STANDARD, I felt averse to your cause, simply because it was my impression that the result of your success would be to still further burden the farmers, and I knew they were too heavily burdened already. That the farming class is the oppressed class in this land is quite evident from the fact that all the young men in New England are flying from land cultivation. If any country makes laws which oppress the farmers it does not take much intelligence to see that the policy is suicidal from a commercial standpoint. The farmers suffer and all suffer with them. If your system was once adopted, in New England especially, there are thousands upon thousands of acres that might be, by wise management, made to keep sheep, thus producing mutton and wool with a profit to the farmer. Under the present system nothing, or next to nothing, is done with all that land, because the enterprising man who began the business would immediately find that he was taxed by the assessor up to the full value of all his improvements and of the stock he puts on to that land, and this means a burden too heavy to be borne by the industry of sheep farming.

I cannot tell you how refreshing it is to know that your work means relief to the farmers of the land. With a friend I am now a subscriber for THE STANDARD, and as soon as my means permit I will buy as much of the current literature as will give me a thorough knowledge of your principles and proposals.

I am a Unitarian clergyman just settling in this parish, and as a clergyman I feel the trial of faith which your cause brings to every church; it is a call for moral daring. The churches may be recreant to their trust, as they were largely so in the "abolition" movement for the relief of the slaves; but none the less does every church stand pledged on its own principles of truth, justice and mercy—to help forward all such works as the Anti-poverty society has in hand; every member ought to be a ready made "crusader."

I have been without a parish for twelve months and am now poor, but I hope next month to send you a dollar for membership.

At present I feel I cannot do more than try to become master of the truth—it now touches and captivates my heart, and I am determined to bear some witness. I am not yet a middle aged man and may yet do some useful work.

When thoroughly settled here I shall work to bring the thoughts of the young men of the place to the entire subject, and I have little fear but that all will be well. A. ——.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Protective Fallacies.

CLEVELAND, O.—(1) You say the effect of a protective tariff is to compel the consumers to pay not only the prime cost and profits of goods made in this country but also the nominal added import duty and profit on it. Is this true to any great extent?

(2) Is it not true that home competition and production, stimulated by high tariff, often reduces prices below any possible price of importation, even with free trade?

(3) Is it true that the multiplication of factories caused by the tariff reduces wages as you assert? In other words, does the same cause which increases the demand reduce the price of labor?

(4) In "Protection or Free Trade?" p. 215, you *imagine a wall between two countries* impassable to laborers, but through which goods may freely pass, and argue that both will be equally prosperous with high wages on one side and low wages on the other. Do you suppose the high priced men could find any employment in the production of goods that could be so easily made by the cheap labor? Could any man be found to invest or employ others under such circumstances?

(5) On page 216 you reverse the order and allow the men to pass and not the goods, and agree that the high prices must come down to the level of the lower prices. Is this true practically? Would not and do not the employers on the cheap side, whenever there is proximity or easy communication, advance wages *in order to retain their men*?

(6) Is it not true in fact that the high price of labor here, owing largely to the tariff, has advanced labor in the old countries? Take, for instance, the window glass industry. The importation of a few skilled workmen under contract at full American prices (the highest in the world) was the cause of protests, legislation and agitation here and in Europe, which resulted in a material advance in Belgium in order to hold their best men there. These men were not imported to reduce wages, but to make a better quality of goods which could not then be made under union domination.

(7) The Standard oil company is frequently alluded to as a dangerous monopoly. There is no question about the fact that extreme wealth in the hands of a few means extreme poverty to many others. But I cannot see how protective tariffs can apply to them. When crude oil is freely sold at twenty-five to fifty cents a barrel (fifty gallons), and the refined products at ten cents a gallon, the poorest consumer can have no cause to complain. It is in fact the result of free trade. As to landed property, if it had any effect it was adversely, because they owned no land until they became wealthy.

Two brothers, educated in our common schools and afterward employed as clerks (simply wage earners), dependent entirely upon their own efforts, originated and have since engineered (mainly) this concern, which is one of the most remarkable instances of rapidly acquired wealth and power ever known—and yet it has been without protection and without land. Is there any way in your theory to protect the community against such results?

E. W. PALMER.

(1) What we say, and this is the important thing, is that a protective tariff compels the consumer to give more labor for the "protected" article (whether imported or domestic) than he would have to give for it if it were not "protected." The additional value in labor is measured by the import duty, plus interest on that duty; and this is approximately true to so great an extent as to justify a statement that the price of a protected article is the price of the foreign article, plus duty, plus interest on both. In all these economic questions you should constantly remember that labor and not money is the ultimate standard of values. It is not the price in money that one pays for anything that makes it cheap or dear, but the amount of labor he does for it.

(2) High tariff causes congestion, but it does not stimulate general production. It is true, however, that competition in a protected line of production *may* reduce prices below what imported goods could be sold for even if free of duty. When such cases occur they prove that we can produce such goods cheaper than they can be imported, and that in that line we would supply the world if the tariff on other goods did not interfere with free exchange.

(3) Any increase of factories caused by a protective tariff does not raise wages, because in so far as they cause an extra demand for labor that demand is supplied from occupations that are not protected, and by immigration on which there is no protective tariff; wages are decreased by our system of taxing labor products instead of natural advantages, and it is as a part of this system that protective tariffs decrease wages.

A cause that increases the demand for, cannot reduce the price of, labor. But a protective tariff does not increase the demand for labor generally; it only increases demand in some directions, and that temporarily, while reducing demand in other directions. Let A, B and C represent the different lines of production; now if you protect A it will be more profitable to produce A, and there will be a demand for labor at higher wages in that direction, which B and C will supply; the tendency resulting will be toward a decrease of wages at A and an increase at B and C, followed by a reaction and an equilibrium of *money* wages at a point somewhat higher than before. But this equilibrium will not be a real increase of wages; it will be a real reduction, for the laborer will have to do just as much labor as before for a given commodity that he buys, plus the advantage that manufacturers of A derive from the tariff. Open immigration under these circumstances intensifies the effect.

(4) If men on the high wages side of the wall did not produce something for export, they could not get any imports from the low wages side of the wall. The men on one side would make the goods that they could make easiest and exchange for goods that the other side could make easiest; and by goods I do not mean finished products alone, but also materials in all stages of advancement. To suppose that men on either side would not invest or employ others under such circumstances is to suppose that there would be no importing at all, since there can be no imports if there are no exports; and to suppose that is to suppose the most complete state of "home industry," since, where nothing is imported, everything must be made at home. Don't forget that for everything imported there must be something exported, and that the exchange must benefit both parties to it. If wage workers on either side do not share in this benefit, it is not the fault of the free exchange, but of some bad adjustment of distributing machinery at home.

(5) If the conditions that made labor cheap on one side continued; if for instance the place of every man who left the cheap side could be immediately filled, or if opportunities for work diminished on the cheap side as the men emigrated, the high wages of the other side would fall to the level of wages on the cheap side. If, however, opportunities for work were fixed on both sides, and the number of men on both sides were also fixed, there would be a rise of wages on one side and a fall on the other, resulting in a common rate between the two places on a lower plane than formerly prevailed in the higher place. And this is the essential thing which Mr. George intended to illustrate, namely, that free immigration reduces wages in a high country while free trade does not reduce wages but does reduce the price of commodities. By the way, do you wish me to attribute to carelessness or dishonesty your statement that Mr. George argues "that the higher prices must come down to *the level* of the lower prices?" Mr. George says nothing of the kind.

(6) The "high price" of labor here is owing to the tariff neither largely nor at all. To the extent that wages here are *higher than in older countries*, it is due to what you call "union domination," and to the fact that there is still left some land which is comparatively cheap. The rate of wages, however, is not, considering the higher productiveness of our labor and the higher cost of living, much if any higher than in Europe. If wages in Europe have advanced, it has been at the expense of wages here. As immigration has decreased our wages, the corresponding emigration may have increased European wages. Your illustration of the window glass industry proves nothing. It is a specimen of the exceptional instances by which protectionists try to prove their position. Of the glass which it was proposed to make here, Belgium manufacturers had the monopoly; if their skilled workmen came over here, that would be the beginning of the end of that monopoly; they were, therefore, willing to forego some of the profits of the monopoly to preserve it. But that instance has no more to do with the rate of wages than has February thunder with the summer solstice.

(7) The Standard oil monopoly is due to a combination of landlordism, public franchises and taxation of labor products. If pure free trade existed such a menacing power could not have arisen. Low as oil sells it would sell for less, in labor, if production and exchange were free and untaxed. If oil land could not be monopolized, oil production would be free; if public high ways were indeed public, oil transportation would be upon equal terms to all producers and refiners; and if taxes were not levied on labor products, oil exchange would be freed from a heavy burden which now makes it so difficult to compete with a large concern. When matches paid an internal revenue tax there were very few small producers, while now there are many; and if the manufacture of matches were freed from all taxes there would be still more small producers. As of matches so of oil.

The Old Poor Man.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—This question has been asked of me: How would the case of an old man be treated who had no other wealth but a $1,000 piece of ground, who wishes to stop working and live the remainder of his days *on the money invested in that land*? Under the new system would the selling value be destroyed and the old man be compelled to keep on working? WM. DIERKES.

The land would have no selling value. The old man might be supported, as he ought to be, out of the funds raised from land values generally. Do you say that would make him a burden on the community? Very well, he proposes to be a burden on the community now; for it is not upon the land that he intends to live, but upon the labor of others which the possession of that land enables him to exact. If we held back from the reform of a great social Crime because it would deprive a few poor people of the crumbs that now fall from the table of that Crime no hoary wrong could be righted. It is not poor old men who will be hurt by this general change, but rich idlers, whom it will compel to work. And perhaps work wouldn't hurt them.

Almost Persuaded.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Since writing you I realize that I was in error in supposing that the present owners of land would be obliged to suffer any loss of value by the instituting of the single tax system, and that consequently the state would be under no obligations to them, and I regret that my stupidity led me to write as I did in regard to this. But still *it seems to me it would be useless to impose any additional tax on land until* all taxes were entirely abolished on other property. The transfer of merely a portion of the tax on products and improvements would only enhance the rental value of land in an *equal measure*; and even with the advance rate on later property, there would be the same margin of profit to the owner.

E. F. HUDSON.

Any diminution of taxes on products is a relief to industry; and any increase of taxes on land values makes speculation in land less profitable, and consequently makes land more plentiful in the market. The landlord cannot shift his land value tax to the tenant. It is only an increase of land values that enables him to increase ground rents, and taxes on land values, so far from increasing, tend to diminish them.

That Stuyvesant Case.

ST. LOUIS.—In your issue of the 17th, in answer to "Anti-poverty Lady," who "owns a house on ground owned by the Stuyvesants, to whom she pays $800 a year ground rent, would pay no tax at all unless the land was worth more than $800 a year, in which case she would pay, in lieu of all other taxes, the difference between $800 and the annual value of the bare land." I must confess this answer confuses me. I thought she would pay the $800 to the government as a tax instead of paying it to the Stuyvesants as rent, i. e., provided the ground rent should be found to be still worth $800. GEO. M. JACKSON.

She would pay it to the Stuyvesants as long as they found it profitable to collect $800 from her and pay it over to the tax collector. When the monotony of that kind of business activity had wearied them they would abandon their alleged proprietorship, and the tax gatherer, finding that the Stuyvesants no longer "owned" that land, would go to the occupant for his taxes. There is no reason for your confusion. It would amount to the same thing either way.

Interest.

PRESTON, England.—In THE STANDARD of September 3, 1887, under Queries and Answers, is a long and closely reasoned article on interest. Paragraph 5 states: "There are certain products of labor upon which natural forces operate to increase their utility and consequently their value. Such are live stock, fruit trees, corn and so on. Labor may be devoted to these products from time to time as they grow, but they improve between times, just as the water boiled while Hodge slept. This increase is interest." On this I would ask:

(1) Is not the privilege of utilizing natural forces for purposes of private profit strictly speaking landowning?

(2) Is not this privilege precisely the privilege which Mr. George would tax as a means of asserting and securing the common rights of men to the bounty of nature?

HENRY ROSE.

(1) An *exclusive* privilege is, but a privilege that is common is not. A benefit due to the exclusive ownership of a coal mine springs from landowning; but a benefit due to those natural laws which operate in the combustion of coal, and which anyone may by his labor call into activity, is not. The one is a monopoly benefit; the other is a benefit which all may enjoy who have access to the natural materials.

(2) No.

Enforcing the Single Tax.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—(1) How would you enforce your tax?

(2) If by sale of land and improvements, as now, would anything be realized upon the sale except the value of the improvements? If yes, why?

(3) If there is to be an excess over the value of improvements, would such excess represent economic rent capitalized?

(4) If so, what is to become of the difference between the annual rent (which is what, as I understand, the tax would amount to) and *economic rent capitalized*? A. M. Y.

(1) By selling the property.

(2) If the tax took the whole rental value, only the value of improvements would be realized by the sale, because there would be no rent to capitalize into a selling price.

(3) If the tax were not full there would be a margin of rental value which would afford the basis of a selling value, and the sale would realize an excess over value of improvements. That excess would represent economic rent (less tax) capitalized.

(4) I do not understand the question.

A Colored Lawyer's Questions.

BALTIMORE, Md.—I have given some study to the theories of Mr. Henry George as laid down in "Social Problems" and "Progress and Poverty," and of late have been a regular reader of THE STANDARD.

I admit that I had considerable prejudice against the principles contained in these publications some time ago, because I did not understand them, but the more I learn of them the nearer do I come to the point of being a convert to the faith. But there is one thing that I can't understand, and that is:

(1) Where is the justice in taxing a small farmer whose little patch of land is his only wealth, while the great monopolist whose wealth consists in stocks, bonds and securities is allowed to escape from contributing his share to the public revenue?

(2) What is the objection to the income tax? Is it inconsistent with the taxation of land values or is it not possible that both remedies should be applied to meet the emergency in both cases?

It may not be out of place for me to say that I am a colored man, and having the best interests of the race at heart, I desire to introduce the matter more directly among the colored people and set them to thinking on a question which is destined to play a leading role on the stage of American politics. JOSEPH S. DAVIS.

(1) His little patch of ground is not the farmer's only wealth. His ground is worth little or nothing; his house and stock and his power to work are his all. Deprive him of his little patch of ground, but leave to him his house and stock and power to work, with opportunity to work, and he is a free man; but take away his stock and house, and power to work, and, though you leave him his little patch of ground, he is a dependent beggar. It would not be so with the owners of big patches of ground, who so dexterously hold up the small farmer between the people and the light.

The small farmer would pay little or no tax because his land has little or no value. He now pays a comparatively high tax, for he is taxed on his house and stock, and on everything that he eats, drinks or wears. Let us relieve him.

In referring to the great monopolist, you speak of his stocks and securities as being allowed to escape taxation. If his stock gave him an interest in land, mining stock for example, it would pay a heavy tax which it now escapes. The rich monopolist exists solely as a product of land monopoly. He cannot flourish in the pure air of free land. There would be no rich monopolists if land were free, as it would be under the single tax, except monopolists who are created by legislation, and the higher public intelligence that would result from individual freedom would soon put an end to that species of monopolist.

(2) The objections to the income tax are that honest men and men with fixed incomes pay it while others swear off. It encourages perjury and burdens honesty. It would not be inconsistent with the land value tax, but to apply it with the land value tax would be like blistering a broken leg while setting it—useless and painful.

Standard of Living and Margin of Cultivation.

FALL RIVER, Mass.—"Where natural opportunities are all monopolized, wages may be forced by the competition among laborers to the minimum at which laborers will consent to reproduce."—"Progress and Poverty," p. 192 (ed. 1886). "Thus wages are forced to a minimum fixed by what is called the standard of comfort—that is, the amount of necessaries and comforts which habit leads the working classes to demand as the lowest on which they will consent to maintain their numbers."—Idem, p. 274. "If under existing conditions American mechanics would come down to the Chinese standard of living they would ultimately have to come down to the Chinese standard of wages."—Idem, p. 275.

(1) Does it not follow from the above that wages are determined by the standard of living? And if so, how can they "depend on the margin of cultivation?"

(2) If minimum wages are fixed by the standard of living, how can a fall in the margin of cultivation bring them below that minimum?

(3) Does it not follow from extracts given that a rise in the standard of living will cause a rise in wages, no matter where the margin of cultivation is?

(4) Would not a decrease in the hours of labor raise the standard of living, and thus wages?

(5) Has Mr. George anywhere explained more fully what he means by "the standard of comfort," etc., affecting wages?

INQUIRER.

(1) No. It follows that minimum wages are limited by the standard of living; but so long as natural opportunities are not monopolized, the minimum of wages may not be reached. The margin of cultivation determines wages—makes them higher or lower. But there is a maximum limit—production—beyond which they cannot rise except as production rises, and a minimum limit—the standard of living—below which they cannot fall except as the standard of living falls. The standard of living no more *determines* wages than does production.

(2) A fall in the margin of cultivation cannot bring wages below the standard of living. But the standard of living is not fixed, and a continued low margin of cultivation may lower the standard of living. A river cannot be wider than the distance between its banks, but from continual washing the banks may recede.

(3) The standard of living cannot rise while the margin of cultivation is low. The margin of cultivation is to the standard of living like a heavy weight upon a spring. The spring may at some point so resist further downward pressure as to give way slowly or not at all, but it cannot raise the weight above that point.

(4) A decrease in the hours of labor would tend to raise the margin of cultivation, and thus wages and the standard of living.

(5) Not elsewhere than in "Progress and Poverty." It is a subject of political economy that is well understood.

A Business Man's Bother.

ST. LOUIS.—Would you please to give your opinion in the columns of THE STANDARD respecting the following case: By industry and saving a friend of mine has succeeded in accumulating enough money to buy a home for $4,500, the house costing $3,000 and the lot $1,500. He pays taxes amounting to about $60 annually. Now suppose—he says—that the proposed single tax be put in operation so that land were taxed to its full rental value and that in a few years he had to give up his present position and engage in business or open a store, for which all the money he would then be able to realize from the sale of his property were needed. If, he asks, the value of the house remains the same, wouldn't he be the loser of $1,500, the amount paid for the lot?

JOHN H. MYERS.

No. He could sell his home for only $3,000, or $1,500 less than he could sell it for now. Therefore, he would have $1,500 less capital than he would have under present conditions. But he could get as good a location and do as profitable a business then on a capital of $3,000 as now on a capital of $4,500.

The tax on land values would reduce all land values to a normal rate; therefore he would have no ground rent to pay on a speculative value. The abolition of taxes on buildings would enable him to get his store house at a lower rent than now, by the amount of tax thrown off. The abolition of taxes on commodities would enable him to lay in as large a stock at less cost than now by the amount of the tax abolished, plus profits of prior handlers on that tax. The increase of interest, due to the rise of the margin of cultivation, would give him more interest on his invested capital than he can realize now. The increase of wages, due also to the rise of the margin of cultivation, would give him more wages for his own work than he could get now. Being able to sell goods cheaper on account of the abolition of taxes, he would sell more goods at the same profit in a given time than he could under present conditions. Let him consider these benefits and see if they do not more than offset any possible increase that he could get now with a capital of $1,500.

If he wanted to buy a store instead of renting one, his $1,500 lot would be as effective in exchange as now. True it would have no selling value, but neither would any other lot. In selling his home he would in effect sell only the house; and in buying his store he would in effect buy only the building. The value of the lot would not count in either case. Or, if the tax did not take the whole value, his lot would be worth relatively to the store lot he wanted to buy just as much as it is now. LOUIS F. POST.

SAVINGS BANK STATISTICS.

To those who may be unduly impressed by statistics showing the increase in the amount of savings banks deposits and in the number of savings banks depositors, the following extracts from the report of Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, for 1886, are respectfully commended.

In speaking of the industrial depression of 1837-43 in Great Britain, Mr. Wright says: "The consequent pressure for money led to numerous failures in the American and East Indian trades, and there was a decline of 50 per cent in the price of cotton and silk in the spring of 1837. In contrast to the decline in the value of other commodities, the price of provisions advanced so largely that when decreased employment occurred in the manufacturing districts, the cost of living for wage earners had been greatly augmented. The industrial depression and period of commercial discredit continued through the five years succeeding 1837, prosperity having been much retarded by the poor crops of 1838 and 1839. The industrial depression of this period does not seem to have affected savings banks unfavorably, either as to the number of depositors or amount of deposits, the total number of depositors in savings banks under trustees in the United Kingdom and the total amount of deposits, including interest, being, for the year ending November 20, 1830, 427,830 depositors and $70,161,292.80 the total amount of deposits. For the year ending November 20, 1837, the total number of depositors were 636,066 and the total amount of deposits, including interest, $96,195,272. November 20, 1838, the total number of depositors had risen to 703,529, and the total amount of deposits, including interest, to $107,261,184, and the increase in both number of depositors and amount of deposits steadily continued in about the same ratio as that between 1830 and 1838 until the end of the year 1846."

The years 1873-1878 have been considered, by misinformed people, as years of bad times in Europe and America. Mr. Wright, who ought to know better, shares in this miserable delusion. Notwithstanding the savings banks statistics, showing a constant increase in the number of depositors and in the amount of deposits, 3,002,134 and $296,129,280.04 respectively in 1873 to 3,408,491 and $358,403,774.98 respectively in 1878, Mr. Wright gives us a bald and unconvincing narrative of industrial depression, with such corroborative detail as the following:

"Labor was very generally employed at remunerative rates, but December 1, 1872, notice was given of a reduction in wages of ten per cent in the coal and iron trades in South Wales, which resulted in immediately throwing out of employment some 65,000 colliers, miners and iron workers. This strike continued for a period of eleven weeks, being kept alive by a strong organization of the trades unions, which distributed in that period a sum of $200,000. The loss of wages, however, amounted to $4,000,000. About November 1, 1873, a financial panic came, the immediate effect of which was to depress wages and prices in every branch of industry. The decline in wages and the prices of commodities continued through the years 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877.

"The persons employed in the iron, coal and iron ship building trades were not satisfied to allow a natural fall in wages, and many disputes occurred, which resulted in a great loss of time and production. In the course of the year 1874 the wages of iron workers were reduced 35 per cent. The year 1875 was one of even greater distress and stringency than the preceding; the business failures of this year, amounting to about $250,000,000, returned not more than 10 per cent on the average out of the liabilities. The succession of poor harvests in the six years from 1873 to 1879 led to increasingly great distress in the agricultural sections. The very poor wheat crop of 1876 required large supplies to be purchased abroad, but the lower prices of meat and other necessaries somewhat alleviated the prevailing distress.

"In 1877 the iron trade suffered, not only from the slackness in respect to the demand for manufactured materials, but from the fact that cheapened steel was steadily supplanting the former metal and aggravating the losses of those who had investments in iron plants."

In 1878 "the failure of the City of Glasgow bank was followed by many other banking failures, and a period of gloom ensued. Great losses were incurred in almost every branch of business; and in the coal and iron trade, especially, failures were numerous consequent upon the general fall of prices." Yet during all this time, as we have seen, the savings banks statistics went on their way rejoicing.

If any one were to deduce from the above facts and figures the principle that national prosperity is in an inverse ratio to the increase of savings banks deposits, his theory would be about as logical as most of the deductions that are drawn from statistics. This particular barometer of progress seems to be a little out of order, and it may be just as well, until it is fixed, or until we understand it, to rely on most commonplace weather indications. Whether it is easier or harder to make a living than it used to be, is a question to which individual experience and observation can generally give some answer; and possibly, in most cases, an answer as nearly correct as we have so far received from the statistician. Whether Rousseau was right or wrong in thinking that if the poor have nothing else to eat they will eat the rich, it may be safely predicted that even in the absence of all other provisions, they will decline to swallow deductions from statistics; at any rate, until considerable progress has been made in the preparation of that sort of pabulum. WM. E. MCKENNA.

We are a National Party and Must Have a National Issue.

CINCINNATI, O.—The party policy outlined by Mr. Post in THE STANDARD of December 3 seems to me to be needlessly conservative at a time when we have little to lose and everything to gain. We are a young crop. We are not high, but we are spread over the land. We are a growing crop, but our force cannot be concentrated by political shrewdness. We must grow where we are and we need the sun of inspiration in a nomination for the office which stands for the national control which we seek. We are a national party because we have a national issue, and if we shrink from it we shrink from all. To waive the presidential nomination will weaken the moral effect of any work done in congressional districts. We will appear to lay aside the great issue of which we sing, "Keep it before the people."

The lively and responsible support of believers will best be elicited by participation in the grand work of a national campaign. No doubt much of the work will be done raggedly and feebly with imperfect discipline and insufficient funds, but the raw volunteers of 1888 will be veterans for 1892, and the net result will be the best attainable.

The cost of a national campaign, conducted for great results, is a serious matter, but the best we can do is to encourage every man to work where he can do it with the least expense for the result that is in his own locality. We must all spend a few campaigns in the green blade before harvesting the ear, and we are prepared to do it.

Think of the work of a presidential campaign as work distributed among the people, to drill them for public service and arouse multitudes to confront the challenge of our unanswerable propositions. The cause needs this work, and I am for a national convention and a presidential nomination.

C. H. FITCH.

A Presidential Campaign Would Bring Our Principles Before Everybody.

NEW YORK CITY.—For the following reasons I am decidedly in favor of having our presidential candidate next year:

As a reform party we require to win votes from all other parties, but from personal experience in successfully winning voters for our land doctrine I have found that the obstacles are ignorance or misguided training, ridicule, abuse, misrepresentation, evasion, secret and open, and mental reservation. Even prejudice, unreasonable opinions and blind following of old parties are the effect of ignorance.

Want of knowledge of our free soil principles causes us the most trouble. In order to do effective missionary work we must, therefore, teach our friends the land doctrine by constant and varied repetition.

In the same manner, in order to teach every voter throughout the United States, we must have a national missionary—a candidate for president in the field—and all newspapers would then be bound to discuss the land question.

We would thus have our progressive principles brought before everybody and it would stimulate and nourish active thinking, and by dispelling ignorance win many votes.

The masses of people need to be educated up to the point where they learn that the single tax on land values is the only true remedy for existing evils in society.

A presidential ticket seems to be a necessity, so let us have one.

ROBT. M. MANCHESTER.

A QUESTION OF OATS.

The pony had to listen to many discussions of the land questions during the fall, and although she failed to talk again for a long time, she evidently profited by the arguments she overheard.

The other day on coming out of a patient's house I was surprised to overhear a discussion between her, an old cart horse and a great Percheron draft horse hitched to a coal wagon. The latter, who was over twice the size of my pony, was looking down upon her with an air of good natured contempt. Midget had evidently been explaining some points of the Syracuse platform, and the great horse was objecting.

Like a great many men who, because they own a few acres of cheap land, or a house, or have a few hundred dollars invested in a small business, love to talk about "we capitalists" and "us landlords," forgetting that their interest as laboring men are much the greater, the Percheron horse objected. "It may all be very nice, and if it had been so on the start, very practical; but now it would be an awful change, and my interests are all against it. I wouldn't support it, anyhow."

"Why not?" queried the pony.

"Well, you see," replied the Percheron, "I am owned by a coal company, and if you carried out Henry George's idea I am afraid it would take two thousand pounds to make a ton of coal."

"Well, doesn't it?" asked the pony innocently.

"Well, you are green!" and both the other animals burst into a horse laugh. The driver of the big horse here put in an appearance and drove him away. The cart horse was so sober that Midget turned to him and asked the reason.

"You don't seem to have a hard time, my friend," said she; "you don't seem to work very hard; I almost always see you standing on the corner resting."

"That's just it," said the other; "too much resting and not enough working and eating. If I had more work to do I'd get more oats. You see my master has himself and family to keep on what I earn carting. There isn't much to do, so sometimes oats and hay are lacking, and I have to put up with straw. I wish I were a clothes horse," he said with a sigh.

Midget coughed and suggested, in a quiet way, that as doctors for the most part found their practice among the workingmen and their families, when wages were low perhaps the doctor's horse might form a little too familiar acquaintance with straw too.

The cartman's horse then continued: "I never was so disappointed in my life as I was *the week before Thanksgiving. It seems* two men were thinking of building, and were looking for lots on which to erect their houses. They had settled on two lots on our street which were for sale, and as there was much grading to be done master was promised the job. There would have been two weeks' work for me, with hay and oats in plenty for my Thanksgiving dinner. The owner of the lots and the two men went to a lawyer's office to get something they called deeds, when the latter happened to remark that five or six lots on that street had been lately sold and that some very fine houses would soon be built.

"'Are you sure about that?' asked the owner of the lots.

"'Quite sure,' replied the lawyer, 'for I drew the contracts myself.'

"'Well, then, gentlemen, my price for those lots will be just double the figure we have talked about,' said the lot owner. 'If these houses are built next year the year after that I can more than double my money, which will be a pretty profitable speculation, and as I have scarcely any taxes to pay I can afford to hold on.'

"'But you agreed to sell for so much,' said one of the disappointed buyers.

"'Oh, well, there are no writings drawn and I didn't know about this building going on. I guess you'll have to pay me what I ask or go without.'

"'It looks as though you wanted to sell the lots for all they are worth and make us pay two or three years' rent in advance, besides,' said the other buyer bitterly.

"'Well, you needn't get mad about it. I'll do as I please with my own lots,' said the lot owner.

"'And make us go without houses?'

"'That's none of my affair. If you don't like my price go somewhere else.'

"This they tried to do, but it became noised abroad that Brown, the real estate man, said land was going up and after that you couldn't buy a lot for double what it would gladly have been sold for in the morning.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the cart horse, "no lots were sold, we didn't have a job, and I had to eat straw for my Thanksgiving dinner," and the old horse looked as though he was ready to shed tears.

Midget politely expressed her sympathy, and the cart horse, thus encouraged, went on:

"You see it's hard for a poor man with only a horse and cart to get along. We have to stand around so much waiting for jobs, and this morning I heard master say: 'Well, Billy, I've got two dollars; let's go round to the feed store and get some oats.' My! wasn't I glad. I made the old wagon rattle, I tell you. But as we drove up to the feed store a policeman came up and called out to master, 'Hey, Smith, got your license?' So the two dollars went for a license, whatever that is. I heard master swear some about taxes, and I know he didn't buy oats. Say," said the horse, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him; "didn't I understand you to say that Henry George wants all taxes put on—land values I think you called it? By the ghost of Bucephalus! if that were done a man wouldn't be able to hold lots for two years waiting for them to double in value, would he?"

"No," said Midget; "as the value increased so would the tax. Then the owner would find it paid better to sell, wouldn't he?"

"Yes! Then I'd have to haul the dirt to grade them, and I'd have a chance of oats for Thanksgiving. There wouldn't be any tax on carts either, would there?"

"No!"

"Nor on oats either," exclaimed the cart horse. "What a pity horses can't vote."

"But they can't," replied Midget with a sigh.

"No," said the cart horse, pensively, "they're not allowed to vote. I wonder if it is because their ears are not long enough."

W. C. WOOD, M. D.

Gloversville, N. Y.

Working Among Kansas Farmers.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan.—We are doing work out here among the prairie farmers. At as many of the country school houses in our neighborhood as have lyceums attached to them we propose questions for discussion, such as:

"All taxes should be levied on land values;" "The teachings of Henry George are right;" "Private property in land should be abolished." By such means we get quite a number of inquiries, and I do assure you the farming community are not at all backward to the truth and are much more willing to help on the cause than was expected by our opponents, who said the farmers would not listen to us. F. Z. BUTCHER.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

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.*

PLATFORM OF THE UNITED LABOR PARTY.

Adopted at Syracuse August 19, 1887.

We, the delegates of the united labor party of New York, in state convention assembled, hereby reassert, as the fundamental platform of the party, and the basis on which we ask the co-operation of citizens of other states, the following declaration of principles adopted on September 23, 1886, by the convention of trade and labor associations of the city of New York, that resulted in the formation of the united labor party.

"Holding that the corruptions of government and the impoverishment of labor result from neglect of the self-evident truths proclaimed by the founders of this republic that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights, we aim at the abolition of a system which compels men to pay their fellow creatures for the use of God's gifts to all, and permits monopolizers to deprive labor of natural opportunities for employment, thus filling the land with tramps and paupers and bringing about an unnatural competition which tends to reduce wages to starvation rates and to make the wealth producer the industrial slave of those who grow rich by his toil.

"Holding, moreover, that the advantages arising from social growth and improvement belong to society at large, we aim at the abolition of the system which makes such beneficent inventions as the railroad and telegraph a means for the oppression of the people and the aggrandizement of an aristocracy of wealth and power. We declare the true purpose of government to be the maintenance of that sacred right of property which gives to every one opportunity to employ his labor, and security that he shall enjoy its fruits; to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and the unscrupulous from robbing the honest; and to do for the equal benefit of all such things as can be better done by organized society than by individuals; and we aim at the abolition of all laws which give to any class of citizens advantages, either judicial, financial, industrial or political, that are not equally shared by all others."

We call upon all who seek the emancipation of labor, and who would make the American union and its component states democratic commonwealths of really free and independent citizens, to ignore all minor differences and join with us in organizing a great national party on this broad platform of natural rights and equal justice. We do not aim at securing any forced equality in the distribution of wealth. We do not propose that the state shall attempt to control production, conduct distribution, or in any wise interfere with the freedom of the individual to use his labor or capital in any way that may seem proper to him and that will not interfere with the equal rights of others. Nor do we propose that the state shall take possession of land and either work it or rent it out. What we propose is not the disturbing of any man in his holding or title, but by abolishing all taxes on industry or its products, to leave to the producer the full fruits of his exertion and by the taxation of land values, exclusive of improvements, to devote to the common use and benefit those values, which, arising not from the exertion of the individual, but from the growth of society, belong justly to the community as a whole. This increased taxation of land, not according to its area, but according to its value, must, while relieving the working farmer and small homestead owner of the undue burdens now imposed upon them, make it unprofitable to hold land for speculation, and thus throw open abundant opportunities for the employment of labor and the building up of homes.

While thus simplifying government by doing away with the horde of officials required by the present system of taxation and with its incentives to fraud and corruption, we would further promote the common weal and further secure the equal rights of all, by placing under public control such agencies as are in their nature monopolies: We would have our municipalities supply their inhabitants with water, light and heat; we would have the general government issue all money, without the intervention of banks; we would add a postal telegraph system and postal savings banks to the postal service, and would assume public control and ownership of those iron roads which have become the highways of modern commerce.

While declaring the foregoing to be the fundamental principles and aims of the united labor party, and while conscious that no reform can give effectual and permanent relief to labor that does not involve the legal recognition of equal rights to natural opportunities, we nevertheless, as measures of relief from some of the evil effects of ignoring those rights, favor such legislation as may tend to reduce the hours of labor, to prevent the employment of children of tender years, to avoid the competition of convict labor with honest industry, to secure the sanitary inspection of tenements, factories and mines, and to put an end to the abuse of conspiracy laws.

We desire also to so simplify the procedure of our courts and diminish the expense of legal proceedings, that the poor may be placed on an equality with the rich and the long delays which now result in scandalous miscarriages of justice may be prevented.

And since the ballot is the only means by which in our republic the redress of political and social grievances is to be sought, we especially and emphatically declare for the adoption of what is known as the "Australian system of voting," in order that the effectual secrecy of the ballot and the relief of candidates for public office from the heavy expenses now imposed upon them, may prevent bribery and intimidation, do away with practical discriminations in favor of the rich and unscrupulous, and lessen the pernicious influence of money in politics.

In support of these aims we solicit the co-operation of all patriotic citizens who, sick of the degradation of politics, desire by constitutional methods to establish justice, to preserve liberty, to extend the spirit of fraternity, and to elevate humanity.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The message of the president is of course not such a message as I would like to see sent to congress on the subjects of which it treats, but it is at least much better than might have been expected from the official head of a party that has feared to take decided ground upon any vital question. Mr. Cleveland endeavors to avoid the stigma of free trade, and much of his argument is illogical and confused; but it is nevertheless an argument for free trade and against protection. Mr. Cleveland has recognized the inevitable issue that is before the country and has not shirked it. He has come to the point where the roads fork, and though he betrays a natural desire to postpone the certain split in his party, he has at least set his face in the direction that leads to freedom.

The tariff issue must now come fairly before the American people and its discussion will open the public mind to higher and wider issues. Any hope that congress as at present constituted can easily agree upon any reduction in our monstrous tariff is futile. Every robbing ring that is engaged in plundering the people under the plea of "protecting American industry" will fight for its own hand, and the discussion must steadily become fiercer and clearer, educating the American people upon economic questions as nothing else could. Whatever foolish things Mr. Cleveland may choose to say about theories, the theory of free trade now confronts the theory of protection, and he himself, be it said to his credit, has ranged himself, hesitatingly and stammeringly it is true, but still unmistakably, upon the side of freedom.

Mr. Cleveland doubtless regards the doctrine that all men have equal and unalienable rights to land as a mere theory, and the proposition to abolish all taxes upon industry or its products as an impracticable dream; but this is the direction in which he has set his face—the only logical conclusion of principles which he states, even if haltingly. This is the ultimate result of the general discussion that must now begin. As this discussion goes on, the seed which we have been sowing will begin to come up in places where it seemed to have fallen upon dry and stony ground. Thanks to the efforts of the advocates of the single tax, the contest, which will begin over a matter of some comparatively trivial reductions of protective duties, must go on and on. There are enough of us now to force the fight as it widens and deepens; there are enough of us now to ask questions and carry principles to their logical results. So well at least has our work been done; so well is protection intrenched and so hard will it struggle that those who now would stop on carrying some of the outworks of the protective system will be compelled to strike at its heart and to carry the war into Africa, first, by urging the impolicy and injustice not only of protective duties, but of all indirect taxation, and then by taking the ground that both justice and policy require the exemption of industry and its products from all taxation. "All roads lead to Rome," and so, under the conditions which now exist all discussions which awaken thought upon economic questions must bring men to our ranks.

The position which the president has taken, in favor of a reduction of the tariff and against a reduction of internal revenue taxation, will compel the protectionists on their side to expose the impolicy of that system. And it is indicative of the drift of thought that a considerable section of the prohibitionists are fast ceasing to regard the internal revenue taxes upon liquor as promotive of temperance.

Thus all parties, despite themselves, must aid in the good work. What matters it if we who in a hopeless election had the courage to stand up and be counted, numbered in the state of New York but seventy thousand votes? The seed we have sown will now begin to germinate; the thought we have aroused will now begin to tell.

As I said in "Protection or Free Trade?" so I say now:

The tariff question necessarily opens the whole social question. Any discussion of it to-day must go further and deeper than the anti-corn law agitation in Great Britain, or the tariff controversies of whigs and democrats, for the progress of thought and the march of invention have made the distribution of wealth the burning question of our times. The making of the tariff question a national political question must now mean the discussion in every newspaper, on every stump, and at every cross-roads where two men meet, of questions of work and wages, of capital and labor, of the incidence of taxation, of the nature and rights of property, and of the question to which all these questions lead—the question of the relation of men to the planet on which they live. In this way more can be accomplished for popular economic education in a year than could otherwise be accomplished in decades.

Therefore it is that I would urge earnest men who aim at the emancipation of labor and the establishment of social justice, to throw themselves into the free trade movement with might and main, and to force the tariff question to the front. It is not merely that the free trade side of the tariff controversy best consorts with the interests of labor; it is not merely that until workingmen *get over thinking* of labor as a poor thing that needs to be "protected," and of work as a dole from gracious capitalists or paternal governments, they cannot rise to a sense of their rights; but it is that the movement for free trade is in reality the van of the struggle for the emancipation of labor. *This is the way the bull must go to untwist his rope.* It makes no difference how timorously the issue against protection is now presented; it is still the thin end of the wedge. It makes no difference how little we can hope at once to do; social progress is by steps, and the step to which we should address ourselves is always the next step.

Nor does it matter that those now active in the free trade movement have no sympathy with our aims; nor that they denounce and misrepresent us. It is our policy to support them, and strengthen them and urge them on. No matter how soon they may propose to stop, the direction they wish to take is the direction in which we must go if we would reach our goal. In joining our forces to theirs, we shall not be putting ourselves to their use—we shall be making use of them.

HENRY GEORGE.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

On the first of December five thousand men, who for months past had been making what by a stretch of imagination might be termed a living, laid down their tools and joined the ranks of the unemployed. There were plenty of unemployed men in New York before the first of December. Now there are five thousand more. There is no prospect of any special upspringing of industry which may furnish employment for these men. They had work; they have it no longer; and they are not likely to get it for months to come. Few if any of them can have saved any money; and they must simply beg, borrow or steal their way through the winter as best they can.

Who is to blame? On whom, or on what, rests the responsibility for the situation of these men, deprived of work, forbidden to steal and by no means certain of support from charity?

Ask any one of the men themselves and his answer will be very prompt: "The commissioner of public works; he ordered the subway trenches to be closed." Ask the commissioner of public works *why* he ordered the trenches closed and *his* answer will come promptly: "Because winter is upon us; a heavy and prolonged frost may set in at any moment, and were the trenches left open incalculable damage might be done to water and gas mains."

The laboring man has thrown the responsibility for his loss of employment upon the commissioner of public works, and the commissioner has very successfully shifted it to the winter season. It remains to inquire who is responsible for the winter season and the frost and snow. An easy question. In this Christian country any Sunday school pupil can answer it. God makes the winter. Is God, then, responsible for the misery of these five thousand men, their wives and little ones? Truly it should seem so.

"Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

Fancy, if you can, a clergyman preaching a sermon from this text to an assemblage of these laborers, thus doomed to want because their heavenly Father has ordained that winter shall follow autumn. Fancy him preaching it in the open air, with the saucy sparrows—are not two of them sold for a farthing?—darting in and out, well fed, well clothed, well housed, and happy in the mere possession of life. What could he say, save that his hearers must be very careful not to construe the scriptures too literally; that when Christ talked in that fashion He did it with the Mrs. Wilfer-like reservation that He didn't mean it in any sense; what He really meant was that God would look after the birds, but men must look out for themselves. And having thus announced the gospel of Christ, the preacher might and very probably would go on to expound to his hearers the gospel of things as they are. He would point out to them how much better off they were than their ancestors of a hundred years ago—than the downtrodden millions of Europe to-day. "Here in free America," he might say, "the laboring man stands on an equality with every other citizen, and has an equal chance to rise in the world, if only he be sober, industrious, and saving, and doesn't try to follow the teachings of Christ too literally." And then the benediction—the preacher to his home and fireside, the laborers to their garrets without any fires, and the streets left free to the happy, careless, saucy sparrows, for whom the Father careth—oh, so tenderly!

"I am going home," said a preacher on the City hall steps, not many Sundays ago, to an audience of tramps and idlers—"I am going home to a good dinner of roast beef. Why don't you have a good dinner of roast beef? It's your own fault that you haven't." "I don't work more than eight hours a day to get a living," said Edward Atkinson to the Boston workingmen, "and you do. Why should you not control your own time as well as I? You can, if you choose to." Either of these men would talk the same way to an audience of hungry ex-diggers in the subway trenches, and do it without a smile.

Five thousand men standing idle! Ten thousand willing hands hanging listless and unemployed! Just try to realize the horrible absurdity of it! Here are bakers with bread to spare, and butchers with meat to spare, and tailors with clothing to spare, and house owners with houses, and furniture dealers with furniture, and coal merchants with coal, all eager to find customers for their wares, crowding and jostling and competing and advertising to get people to come and trade with them, and wanting in exchange things that can be produced only by the application of labor to the natural opportunities—the raw material of nature which God Almighty created when He laid the foundations of the earth and freely gives to man; and these five thousand men, professional laborers at that, wanting the things which these dealers want to sell, stand idle in the streets, or ask people to give them alms. Save by performing five thousand separate miracles three times a day, even the Heavenly Father could not keep His promise to such men to feed them as He feeds the sparrows. What could He do for a sparrow who wouldn't use its beak to pick up the food that He provides for him? What can God do for men who will not use their hands upon the wealth materials which He so bountifully and freely gives them?

Alas! the baker who longs to have those five thousand men for customers can make bread and sell bread only because he has paid some earth owner for the privilege. The butcher, and the tailor, and the house builder, and the furniture dealer, and the coal merchant, have each in the same way bought from some lucky mortal whose ownership of God's gifts to man enables him to live idly upon the fruits of others' toil the privilege of producing. But the poor subway workers have purchased and can purchase no permission to produce wealth. Like Antæus in the grasp of Hercules, they are separated from their mother earth, and their strength is useless to them. Between them and the natural elements which their labor might so easily convert into wealth whose exchange would bring them food and clothing and shelter in abundance, stands the landlord bidding them aloof. They shiver and they starve, not because a public official has wisely ordered that a certain public work shall be suspended; not because an almighty power has ordained a season of frost and snow; not because their heavenly Father has forgotten His promise to care for them; but because their fellow men have laid impious hands upon the gifts of God, and dared to monopolize to themselves the control of that which God intended for the common use of all.

Women sewing shirts, with their very heart strings for thread, and shivering for want of fuel. Miners in Pennsylvania wanting shirts and standing idle upon unmeasured stores of coal. Families by scores of thousands roosting in narrow tenement rooms, and vacant lots close by. Men and women straggling cityward in search of work, and fallow fields growing up in thorns and underbrush behind them. An ever increasing swarm of tramps wandering over the country. And a fresh army of five thousand men standing idle in the bitter cold here in New York.

How long, oh Lord! how long?

"HE MADE HIS OWN FORTUNE."

The man who beginning life in poverty has by honest industry and frugality amassed a large fortune is a lay figure on which the advocates of the *status quo* hang whatever theories they please. He ought to live in that shanty of the other mythical poor man which stands beside the rich man's palace making mute protest against the equal taxation of similarly eligible lots.

Under the heading given to this article one of our daily papers tells how one Abraham Burbank, recently deceased, became the largest real estate owner in Pittsfield, Mass. Abraham, be it remembered, was seventy-four years old when he died, and began work as stone and brick mason in Pittsfield fifty-three years ago, when many things were possible to a journeyman that are not possible now.

The report says that "he worked early and late every day without any vacation, until he was stricken down by paralysis" a few years ago. Let us accept such a career as the ideal one, and assume that it is the duty of every man to work early and late every day of a long life until the strain kills him; and then see if the facts as given in this case warrant the conclusion that any man willing to pay this price for the privilege can by dint of industry and frugality do as Abraham Burbank did, and, at the age of seventy-four, leave behind him property valued at $1,000,000.

The facts as given in the newspaper account show that "with his first earnings" Mr. Burbank "purchased a small building lot and built a small house upon it." So far, so good. Mr. Burbank needed a house, and under existing conditions he could not build one without paying some other man for ground on which to place it. But, says the account, "he continued to ply his trade as a brickmason and purchased real estate with his earnings, till he finally owned over one hundred dwellings, six large blocks in the business part of the place, two hotels and three large farms." If Mr. Burbank did all this with his earnings as a journeyman bricklayer, it would go far toward proving that a sensible bricklayer might obtain some leisure and pleasure in life and die of old age, without the aid of paralysis, worth at least $100,000.

But Mr. Burbank went to Pittsfield in 1834, when the place was a mere straggling village. It had but 3,747 inhabitants six years later, when the census of 1840 was taken. In the next twenty years it more than doubled its population, and in 1880 it was a city with a population of 13,364. From a mere agricultural town, as it was at the time Mr. Burbank began work there, it has in fifty-three years developed into a busy city, actively engaged in the manufacture of cotton and woollen yarns, paper, silk, machinery, etc. There is nothing in the report that we have quoted indicating that Mr. Burbank took active part in this industrial development, and it is fair to presume that had such been the case some mention of it would have appeared.

The true story evidently is that Mr. Burbank, under conditions that made it easy for an industrious workman to acquire a home of his own a half century ago, bought a lot and built a house. As he prospered he bought more lots and developed into a grasping land monopolist in a growing town. Whether he continued to lay bricks or not is not a matter of the least importance. It was not the brick laying, but the rise in land values, that made him a millionaire. He did not, as the heading indicates, "make his own fortune." He merely held on to land that other people needed, and the labor and capital that have transformed Pittsfield from a country village into a thriving manufacturing city made his fortune for him.

The lesson of Mr. Burbank's life and leavings is not that of the sure reward of industry, of frugality, but that of getting land in a growing community and holding it for a rise.

And so another star in the sky of the workingman fades out.

CONGRESS.

The first session of the fiftieth congress began on Monday, and both houses were organized without difficulty, the expected struggle for partisan advantage in the senate having in some way been avoided. Of course nothing definite has been accomplished up to the time this issue of THE STANDARD goes to press; but there are indications that there will be a serious effort on the part of the democratic majority to reduce the existing war tariff. Precisely what Mr. Randall and his small contingent of democratic protectionists will do is not yet shown, but there seems to be an impression that some basis of agreement has been arrived at.

The necessity for some action in the direction of reducing the present taxes that draw millions of dollars annually from the people to pile up a surplus in the treasury seems to be keenly appreciated. The president devotes nearly the whole of his message to the subject, and Speaker Carlisle on taking the chair adopted the unusual course of referring to legislative measures in his opening speech. He strongly urged the necessity of tariff reduction, though, like the president, he makes concessions to the delusion that high tariff taxes have some effect in "protecting American industry." Perhaps this is the concession that is expected to conciliate the Randall faction.

It is also intimated that in case of democratic defection on a tariff measure in the house several republicans will vote for a moderate reduction of duties and assure the passage of a bill. Singularly enough the republican senators appear to be less devoted to "protection" than their fellow partisans in the house. It is, therefore, possible that some bill for tariff reduction may actually become a law at the present session.

There is also a prospect of some other attempts at really useful legislation. The interstate commerce commission will recommend further extension of governmental control over the railway system, and a bill will doubtless be introduced authorizing the post office department to construct a postal telegraph line. No such bill is likely to pass, but the agitation of the subject will prove useful.

The caucuses of the two parties have not attempted the consideration of any such matters. They chiefly concerned themselves over such questions as who shall be sergeant-at-arms and doorkeeper; and two gentlemen, Blunt of Georgia and Breckinridge of Arkansas, actually indulged in fisticuffs over the house doorkeepership. Breckinridge got a bloody nose, but he elected his man all the same. The *World* of this city indulges in sarcasm over this shedding of blood about a question of offices. The *World* does not appear to understand politics. It seems to think that a democratic caucus ought to consider matters of tariff reform and other abstractions instead of fighting about a doorkeeper. Does the *World* know what a doorkeeper does? Perhaps it thinks he keeps doors. Well, he does nothing of the kind, and he has, perhaps, more soft places in his gift for aspiring constituents of congressmen than any other man about the capitol. A member who wishes to gratify his local managers had better keep on the right side of the doorkeeper. It has not been long since one of the number boasted that he was "a biger man than old Grant." If a congressman were to neglect this personage, how would he get renominated?

No indeed. Democratic caucuses do not concern themselves with questions concerning tariff, interstate commerce and kindred subjects. The important matter is who shall have the offices. Blessed is the congressman who stands in with the doorkeeper, for he will not get left, and his days shall be long and pleasant in the marble capitol. Lucky Breckinridge! That bloody nose ought to assure him enough places to make his district solid for him for as many times as he desires before his translation to the senate. He knew what a doorkeepership was worth.

The Cork *Eagle* reprints from THE STANDARD the full text of Bishop Nulty's letter on the land question to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Meath. It may seem strange that an Irish paper should have to go so far to find such an important letter from an Irish bishop, but the truth is that Dr. Nulty's grand pronouncement was at the time almost entirely ignored by the Irish press, and the few copies printed in pamphlet form by the bishop had little more than a private circulation.

The *Eagle*, speaking editorially of this letter, says:

Bishop Nulty does not, as will be seen, war against the men, but the system. Landlordism or private ownership in the soil in any shape or form he clearly proves to be a huge, a gigantic mistake, if not a terrible swindle. As shown over and over again by his grace, Archbishop Walsh, by Bishop Nulty and by Michael Davitt—the father of the land league—there is but one real cure, one unfailing antidote, one certain remedy to the awful poverty that to-day prevails all over the world, namely, the "nationalization of the soil." If the real desire is to establish peace and prosperity; if the aim is to create a happy, contented and loyal people; if the anxiety is to help and encourage industry, then private ownership of the earth that God gave as a common inheritance to all His creatures, cannot be permitted. The injustice is too glaring to continue; the wrong is too self-evident to be borne in silence as intelligence and education reveals the great and solemn truth that God never intended the earth to be monopolized by a few to the exclusion or disadvantage of the millions He has created, and will continue to create while the world lasts. Private ownership in the soil is too flagrant a violation of God's laws and intentions to be respected or tolerated. . . . Until the just rights of man are restored, we cannot earnestly offer up that beautiful prayer to our all-loving, all-merciful, all wise Father—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

The effort on the part of a number of admirers of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost to induce him to come to this city for the purpose of preaching regularly on Sunday mornings in some hall or theater has been made public and commented upon by the daily papers, and THE STANDARD has therefore been made free to publish the full facts. By an accidental coincidence, we are enabled to present at the same time a statement of his case from Mr. Pentecost himself. We feel encouraged to hope, in view of all the facts that, the movement may be speedily successful and that Mr. Pentecost may be induced to accept the offer that will doubtless be made to him. It is certainly a matter for sincere regret that so brilliant a speaker of the new crusade should be subjected to such petty restrictions as those that prevent Mr. Pentecost from addressing the meetings of the Anti-poverty society; and the sooner such a man is freed from such fetters and translated to a wider field the better it will be for him and for the cause. THE STANDARD, therefore, urges all of its readers who sympathize with this movement to either communicate promptly with Mr. Croasdale or to send their names to this office.

The blank petitions to the legislature of New York for the adoption of the Australian system of balloting in this state are now ready for distribution from the office of this paper. All who are interested in this reform and who are willing to canvass for signatures are invited to address THE STANDARD.

REV. HUGH O. PENTECOST.

An Effort to Induce Him to Preach in New York.

The publicity given to a confidential circular renders it necessary that the facts concerning an effort to induce the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost of Newark, N J., to remove to this city shall be authoritatively stated.

For a long time quite a number of people have entertained such a desire, but they did not see their way clear to action. When it was recently announced that some of the officials of the Belleville avenue Congregational church had made an effort to force Mr. Pentecost's resignation, an immediate effort was made here to secure his services in New York. A subscription book was prepared in which a number of persons agreed to contribute sums ranging from fifty cents to $1 per week for this purpose; and to facilitate such subscriptions circulars were sent out reading as follows:

(Confidential.)

A number of people who have heard Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost of Newark speak in this city and elsewhere wish to induce him to preach regularly in New York on Sunday mornings. It is not our design to constitute ourselves members of a church, but simply to provide a free, unsectarian platform from which an able and sincere man may preach to multitudes here that simple gospel which, when first preached in its purity by Jesus and his immediate followers, the common people heard gladly.

Though this movement has no connection with the Anti-poverty society, a desire on the part of all concerned to prevent any possible interference with the Sunday evening meetings of that society has caused us to propose that the services suggested be held on Sunday mornings only.

I have headed this circular "Confidential" because this effort does not originate with Mr. Pentecost, and it would be very unfair to him to make public such a scheme until it has reached a stage that will render consultation with him necessary.

If the project commends itself to your judgment, please fill in the paper attached here to give your name and address and mail the same to

Yours truly, WILLIAM T. CROASDALE,
New York Hotel, 721 Broadway.

(Tear off the slip below.)

Desiring that the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost shall be induced to preach and hold regular Sunday morning services in some hall or theater in New York, I hereby agree to pay weekly for one year from the completion of this arrangement, the sum of..... for the support of such service.

Name.....
Address.....

Numerous responses have been received pledging payments of sums ranging from ten cents to one dollar per week, and such responses are still coming in constantly to Mr. Croasdale.

The effort of one daily paper to represent this movement as originating with the Anti-poverty society is utterly uncalled for. That society consists of Catholics, Protestants, Jews and people of no religious profession, and it could not with propriety enter into any effort that might offend the religious convictions or prejudices of any of its members.

Its members are, however, free as individuals to do as they will in the matter, and a number of them were interested in this movement. They have not only taken care that it shall in no way injure the society, but they feel that their success would give another most effective orator to the new crusade.

Those interested do not propose to abandon this attempt because the effort to oust Mr. Pentecost in Newark failed. Whether Newark wants Mr. Pentecost or not, New York wants him, and having once had their hopes excited those concerned are determined to go ahead in their effort.

The only reason for treating the matter as confidential was a desire to avoid any embarrassment to Mr. Pentecost through a movement in which he had no part and could have no part until those concerned were prepared to make a proposal to him. The publicity given to the matter by the press renders any further attempt at privacy useless, and enables THE STANDARD to give the facts fully and to assist the movement to a more speedy conclusions. Subscriptions in furtherance of the object on the terms given in the circular may be sent either to the above address or to this office.

Why Not Make a Pure Ballot the Issue for 1888?

ALDEN, N. Y.—Why not declare for a pure ballot as the issue for 1888? Is there anything that curses our people worse than bribery, bulldozing or fraud to carry an election? Against the present corrupt and debauched system of electing our public offices I kick; the 73,000 kick: the 41,000 temperance men kick, and the whole republican party kicks; and when we all kick together somebody will get hurt. J. C. CLARK.

The Seed is Springing Up—The Harvest will Come Ere Long.

WYANDOTTE, Mich.—The seed has been sown and we have abundant evidence that a goodly portion has fallen upon good ground, taken root, and in due time will yield an abundant harvest. With renewed zeal and energy let us push on the good work. As surely as time lasts so surely will be established in our native land a "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

W. W. COLFAX.

A Land and Labor Meeting in Cleveland, O.

The land and labor club of Cleveland, O., have made arrangements for a meeting on Monday evening, Dec. 12, at Fix hall, 65 Scoville avenue, near Perry street, when Rev. C. S. Bates, D.D., will lecture on "A consideration of Henry George's theories regarding land."

AMONG THE MINISTERS.

RAVENSWOOD, Ill.—To show how easy it is to interest the majority of Christian ministers in great principles of human brotherhood which we teach, I will give you a few items from my note book of calls upon prominent clergymen of Chicago after sending them THE STANDARD for six weeks on the recruit plan. In September last two of the land and labor clubs, Nos. 1 and 3, united to send THE STANDARD to most of the clergymen of Chicago, hoping to awaken an interest and develop the McGlynns, Huntingtons and Pentecosts of the west who will take up and carry forward the cross of the new crusade here, as their prototypes have done in the east. I was charged with the duty of calling on them personally so far as possible to see how it was received, and endeavor to awaken further interest. I have only succeeded in calling on about sixty, and communicating with as many more by letter. These notes are of personal calls, and it will be seen that a great majority of the cases are exceedingly hopeful. The names have been omitted for obvious reasons:

No. 1.—A Methodist and prohibitionist; had become thoroughly interested in THE STANDARD. I loaned him a copy of "Progress and Poverty." When I called a second time I found he had read it carefully, and started in for a second reading of it. He already began to take our side in the argument in discussions with friends; is now anxious to bring about united action between us and the prohibitionists; he can't possibly keep out.

No. 2.—Episcopalian; wrote me asking for an interview; naturally takes the side of God's poor; had been deposed from his pastorate for preaching a sermon against monopoly; said he had been getting THE STANDARD from some unknown friend and was greatly interested in it; knew Mr. Pentecost, and thought it must be all right or it would not receive his support; wanted more light. I loaned him "Progress and Poverty," and he promised to make a careful study of it.

No. 3.—Presbyterian; had become deeply interested in THE STANDARD; said he had already fully determined to investigate the movement with a view of taking a hand in it if it proved to be worthy; will buy and read "Progress and Poverty;" spoke particularly of Judge Maguire's speech before the Anti-Poverty society; says these are the great questions which must be solved.

No. 4.—Presbyterian; had not read THE STANDARD, but promised to do so; had several parishioners who are interested in the movement; not much inclined to study; result doubtful.

No. 5.—Unitarian; had read "Progress and Poverty" when it was first published, but evidently so slightly that he had obtained no grasp of the subject; was down on the whole movement; believed that the only relief from present conditions was in state socialism; finally promised to reread "Progress and Poverty."

No. 6.—Denomination unknown; had no previous knowledge of our movement further than that derived from the press, which was very unfavorable; admitted that it was only fair that people should be judged by their own statements and definitions; he bought "Progress and Poverty" and promised to make a careful study of the whole matter, and act upon whatever convictions of duty he should reach.

No. 7.—Congregationalist; had not read THE STANDARD by reason of the press of other important matters which claimed his attention, but had laid them aside for a careful reading in the future; said he should give the whole matter careful study even if he had to neglect other things which were of great importance; recognized the fact that there was a great wrong somewhere, and that it must be righted; will get and read "Progress and Poverty," and if he is convinced he is right will join and aid the anti-poverty movement.

No. 8.—Presbyterian; had read Mr. George's works and watched the anti-poverty movement with great interest as a symptom; thought it was like other popular movements and would have to run its course; Mr. George's doctrines were sophisms, rather taking on the surface, but he believed wholly erroneous; will antagonize them in his pulpit.

No. 9.—Presbyterian; had not taken time to read THE STANDARD; strongly prejudiced against the movement; had the common ideas of it that are given by the daily papers; promised to read some tracts if I would send them.

No. 10.—Catholic; was reading THE STANDARD; did not care to subscribe, but would read it if we would take the trouble to send it.

No. 11.—Catholic; had read THE STANDARD; did not like Mr. George's course in attacking the church; thought Dr. McGlynn took a very wrong course; thinks he ought to have observed his vows of obedience; said it was absurd that he did not have liberty of action in the church. "Why, I am a republican, but what is that to my bishop? He does not know what I am as I know of, and it is none of his business." I pointed out to him that that was just what Dr. McGlynn thought; that he occupied exactly the same ground. He said a friend of his was reading "Progress and Poverty" and as soon as he was through he would get the book and read it for himself.

No. 12.—Independent; making a careful study of Mr. George's works and is now reading "Progress and Poverty;" already recognizes the land question as at the base of all questions of reform. His wife has become a thorough convert, and it is only a question of time when he comes, too.

No. 13.—Methodist; has read THE STANDARD with great interest; prejudices at the outset are against us, but will get and read "Progress and Poverty;" will give the matter a fair examination.

No. 14.—Methodist; is a great friend of Rev. Mr. Copeland of Rochester, N. Y., and is naturally inclined to join in; bought "Progress and Poverty" and will study the subject carefully with a view of doing so.

No. 15.—Episcopalian; is connected with one of the Chicago dailies; inclinations all favorable; has "Progress and Poverty," and will read it carefully; will attend our anti-poverty meetings.

No. 16.—Presbyterian; had only read what he saw in the daily papers, and considered that enough; he did not need to investigate; could he not see that it was wicked and unjust?

No. 17.—Baptist; had made a study of Mr. George's works; considered them fallacious; had no time to discuss them, and did not wish to antagonize them in his pulpit.

No. 18.—Baptist; had read several numbers of THE STANDARD with great interest; thinks it the duty of clergymen to fairly investigate the matter and judge for themselves; will get and read "Progress and Poverty."

No. 19.—Unitarian; so far as he understands Mr. George's doctrines, he thinks he does not favor them, but really does so more than he knows; no confidence in old political parties, and said he would probably vote our ticket if we put up good men, but would not give us his opinion except after years of study.

No. 20.—Methodist; read "Progress and Poverty" when it first came out, but not closely; will reread it carefully; interested in THE STANDARD; no confidence in either of the old parties; is inclined to prohibition.

No. 21.—Reformed Episcopalian; is quite interested in THE STANDARD; has taught political economy in college; his natural bent is strongly in our direction; recognizes the fact there is something wrong; said that in England there were a good many mitigating circumstances which tended to bridge over the chasm between the landlords and the landless, but in this country the chasm seemed to be widening constantly; promised to read up carefully; is almost certain to join in the movement soon.

No. 22.—Methodist; has read THE STANDARD with great interest, and will do so all the more in the future; bought "Progress and Poverty," and will give it a careful reading.

No. 23.—Catholic; did not wish to know anything about Mr. George; said he had read everything he had ever written; that what he wanted was to divide up the property of the rich. I could make no impression.

No. 24.—Methodist; had no time to read THE STANDARD, and no time to investigate economic subjects; was overburdened with the work of his charge and no time for aught else.

No. 25.—Unitarian; claimed to be posted on theories of Mr. George and was opposed to them; said he should have something to say of them in his pulpit when the proper time came.

No. 26.—Methodist; read "Progress and Poverty" for review when it was first published, but in quite a hurried manner; admired it then, but evidently did not get the full scope of the subject; promised to reread it and act upon his convictions of duty.

No. 27.—Congregationalist; says he is a farmer and the farmers are all opposed to Mr. George's schemes; that he is no boy, and that he fully understands the subject; does not *need* any instruction; has no time to think about it anyway.

No. 28.—Congregationalist; is strongly prejudiced against the whole movement, but bought "Progress and Poverty" and promised to read up.

No. 29.—Baptist; claimed to have made a study of the whole subject; is opposed to us fundamentally; does not believe men were born free or equal in any respect; says he will antagonize us through his pulpit.

No. 30.—Methodist; had not seen THE STANDARD; was too old to take up new subjects; will have to leave it to younger men.

No. 31.—Swedenborgian; admits the importance of the subject, but thinks the cause of poverty is indolence, intemperance and general unthrift; did not have time to study up specially.

No. 32.—Congregationalist; says he does not wish to give the people of his church any grounds for uneasiness as to his position; he is strictly non-committal.

No. 33.—Denomination unknown; is too busy saving souls, and doesn't have time to think of anything else.

No. 34.—Episcopal; had never given these questions any special study; bought "Progress and Poverty" and promised to read it carefully.

No. 35.—Episcopalian; is strongly prejudiced against the whole movement, but bought "Progress and Poverty," as he would like to know what it was all about.

No. 36.—Congregationalist; would not express an opinion; decidedly non-committal.

No. 37.—Episcopalian; had sent back THE STANDARD, thinking he would be called on to pay for it; promised to get and read "Progress and Poverty;" is strongly inclined to our side.

No. 38.—Methodist; is prosperous, and thinks other people ought to be; would not admit the existence of a disease; would not consent to read.

No. 39.—Congregationalist; has become greatly interested in THE STANDARD; has had "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems" in his library for years, but never read them; will do so now; sees the disease and earnestly hopes for a remedy; strongly inclined to join in; will do so if he finds it is right; will be a strong man.

No. 40.—Presbyterian; has become greatly interested in THE STANDARD; recognizes that something is wrong, and earnestly seeks a remedy; bought and will read "Progress and Poverty," and will act upon whatever he finds to be the truth; his people are poor; no rich among them; says he has nothing to hamper his freedom of action; will attend our meetings.

No. 41.—Episcopalian; his training, inclination and associations are all with us; greatly interested in THE STANDARD; sees the injustice of land monopoly; bought "Progress and Poverty" and will read carefully, and if convinced of its truth will join the crusade.

No. 42 (colored).—Denomination unknown; acknowledged his ignorance on these subjects, but is anxious to learn; likes THE STANDARD, but is too poor to subscribe; bought "Progress and Poverty," and will study; will attend our meetings.

No. 43.—Methodist; has not read THE STANDARD; has the common notion about the causes of poverty, but doubts if they explain all; bought "Progress and Poverty" and will read up.

No. 44.—Denomination unknown; has never studied the George doctrines; will do so as soon as he can find leisure; wants to make a careful examination and not judge from any superficial view.

No. 45.—Universalist; has read THE STANDARD carefully and with interest; bought and will read "Progress and Poverty;" will act with us fully if he is convinced we are right.

No. 46.—Methodist; has dabbled somewhat in the labor question in his church several years back; became disgusted at the evident tendency to run to the extremes of anarchy; has since read Mr. George's works; is not sure he is a convert; is interested in THE STANDARD and gave me his subscription; will attend our meetings and wants to meet Mr. George.

No. 47.—Presbyterian; has read "Progress and Poverty" and thinks he understands it, but doesn't; fears the movement is like the prohibition movement, to bring in the millenium with a crank.

No. 48.—Methodist; has not read up but will at once; sees the importance of these questions; bought "Progress and Poverty" and promises to attend our meetings; says he will act upon his best convictions after investigation.

No. 49.—Episcopalian; is a friend of Father Huntington; bought "Progress and Poverty" and subscribed for THE STANDARD; admits the disease, but can't yet see a remedy.

No. 50.—Presbyterian; says he is watching the movement carefully, but is non-committal; his congregation is largely very rich men.

No. 51.—Methodist; had not received THE STANDARD for some reason; is not posted as to the movement, but will investigate; bought and will read "Progress and Poverty."

No. 52.—Methodist; has not yet become interested in THE STANDARD, but recognizes the importance of these social and economic questions; does not understand the George doctrines; wants to find some authoritative statement of them; sold him "Progress and Poverty."

No. 53.—Episcopalian; greatly pleased with THE STANDARD; doesn't understand the theories, but wants to; bought "Progress and Poverty;" will not commit himself until he has studied it.

No. 54.—Episcopalian; is a young man with strong leanings to our side; has read THE STANDARD with great interest; sees the evil, but is not sure Mr. George has found the remedy; raised some objections, which are fully met in "Progress and Poverty;" bought "Progress and Poverty," and will read up.

No. 56.—Congregationalist; has read THE STANDARD, but not closely; has all of Mr. George's works, and has read some of them; does not feel sure they contain the true remedy; quite anxious to meet Mr. George whenever he should come to Chicago.

No. 57.—Congregationalist; has never read up our doctrines, but promises to do so; inclinations and associations all against us.

No. 58.—Reform Episcopal; has been too busy to read THE STANDARD; says these economic questions are the great problems of the times; will give them all the study possible; bought "Progress and Poverty."

No. 59.—Thinks he is generally favorable to the workingmen, but has no time to study up.

No. 60.—Unitarian; has been a somewhat close reader of THE STANDARD; is not sure Mr. George has found the right remedy; has been greatly interested in his works; says there is no answer to his arguments except their failure on practical application; is hopeful of good from them; they are the practical questions of the time; will aid us as much as he can consistently with his other duties.

No. 61.—Congregationalist; is rather prejudiced against the George doctrines, but is willing to read up; promised to do so.

No. 62.—Methodist; read "Progress and Poverty" when it first appeared and admired it greatly, but is not sure he agrees with all Mr. George's conclusions about land; bought "Progress and Poverty" and will carefully reread it; is greatly interested in THE STANDARD and thinks there is great good in the movement; admires Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn, and believes them pure in motive.

From the above you can judge somewhat of the prospect of finding able and courageous men to bear aloft the banner of our crusade.

W. H. VAN ORNUM.

Warren W. Bailey Tells of Progress in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Mr. George's recent visit gave a decided impetus to the new movement in this city, as the discussion provoked in the press and the activity of local leaders amply prove. Mr. George's Saturday evening lecture drew 500 people, in spite of the terrific blizzard that blockaded traffic throughout the day and evening. Had the weather been good at least 2,000 persons would have been present. As it was, even, the interest was deep, the enthusiasm spontaneous, and the general effect most salutory and encouraging, the publication of Mr. George's ringing address in three morning papers bringing it under the notice of tens of thousands throughout the west and northwest.

On Sunday afternoon the first public meeting of the anti-poverty society was held in the Madison comedy theater, several hundreds braving the excessive cold to attend. Here again Mr. George gave a spirited address that went home to every heart present, his treatment of the land question as to its religious bearing producing a profound impression. This meeting was presided over by Mr. John Z. White, president of the anti-poverty society.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day land and labor club, No. 1, held its regular meeting and, in spite of the holiday occasion, there was a good attendance, two excellent papers being read—one by Mr. Cowdrey, showing the benefits of the single tax as applied to the suburb in which he lives; the other by Mr. Baker, on immigration. This last was a most instructive effort, its facts and figures leading to startling conclusions.

Arrangements are making for holding regular meetings of the anti-poverty society each Sunday, and it is believed that one or more ministers may identify themselves with the cause.

A new club is about to be organized at the Union stock yards, and the promoters of it claim that they will secure a thousand members.

A strong club has just been formed at Indianapolis, with Gilbert Seibert, president, and C. H. Krauss, secretary.

W. W. BAILEY.

Land Reform or Prohibition?

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Which is fundamental, land reform or prohibition? Which is the issue on which to found a new party that shall be the interpreter of the best traditions of the old parties, as expressed in the watchwords of "free soil," "free labor" and "free speech?"

Prohibition is right in demanding a change in environment as a condition of social advance, but its mistake is in supposing that the liquor traffic is the oppressor of the masses. The industrial servitude of the great body of the people is an evil that strikes deeper than alcoholism or saloonism, than any defect in the laws of tariff, currency, suffrage, civil service, immigration, convict labor or child labor, or all of these combined. Though all these reforms were realized, the economic falsities of the world, which breed poverty and crime, would operate with nearly the same potency as before. Honesty and industry would not win in the battle of life; the unscrupulous, the fortunate, would carry the day as now. Life would still be a game of chance; its reverses and uncertainties causing recklessness and despair. Temperance is a help, not a cure, for the reason that intemperance is more the effect than the cause of wrong. Drink aggravates but does not produce the suffering and degradation of the world. It has ruined many a home, but it has not made our people homeless. The attractions of the grogshop as well as of other resorts of nearly equal infamy will diminish with the increase of home life, of rational and remunerative toil. T. W. CURTIS.

Wants a National Convention.

PORTLAND, Me.—The action of the united labor state convention of Missouri which pleased me most was the resolution that the convention considers the holding of a national conference of the united labor party at the earliest practicable day for the purpose of extending and perfecting its organization in every state and territory of this union to be a matter of the first importance.

To my mind, this is the first important step, as I believe there are honest and true men in every state and territory who believe in the principle of the land for the people, who could by associating themselves together in a state organization better, more speedily and effectively discuss and disseminate the great truths underlying the principles upon which the united labor party is founded. I am not satisfied with what I am doing, and I think with a state organization I might in my humble way be able to do more.

P. H. GORDON.

Gaining Ground in Minnesota.

CANNON FALLS, Minn.—The land tax idea is gaining ground in this vicinity. I can see that the people are thinking of taxation, and I am not considered so much of a crank as I was. I read my STANDARDS and hand them around with the requests that they be returned, but they go and that is the last of them.

My "Protection or Free Trade!" has converted our banker to free trade, he says. He says he is a mugwump and a prohibitionist, and has no objection to the land value tax.

ULYSSES TANNER.

OUR FUTURE RECRUITING GROUND.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—You have hit the nail square on the head, I think, in your article entitled "Our Future Recruiting Ground" in a recent issue of THE STANDARD. While it was well enough to begin in New York the movement for the emancipation of labor, it has never seemed to me reasonable to suppose that the foundation of a party devoted to the advocacy of a vital principle could be laid best in a large city. Leaders in plenty would naturally be found there, since men of more than ordinary ability tend inevitably toward the centers of intelligence and activity; but the humbler workers—the men of character and positive convictions in the lowlier walks of life—the sturdy rank and file with whom peculiarly, in any battle of the ballots, victory must rest, are disproportionately outnumbered in that feverish, motley gathering of the pushing, the unscrupulous and—worse than all—the needy. Broad, basic ideas seldom find permanent lodgment in the heads or hearts of men whose physical necessities compel them to look upon their immediate personal welfare as of greater moment than any remote, general bettering of condition. Like the sick man suffering from sharp pain, they crave some drastic medicine that will go "right to the spot." It is not surprising, therefore, that the $2 or $3 apiece sagaciously placed by democratic "workers" with these voters in extremity last election day proved to be the substantial bird in hand which far outweighed in their opinion, any number of supposititious ones in the bush. The men who kept the faith, therefore, on the 8th are lifted by this somber background of indisputable fact into still higher relief of civic virtue and esteem.

Honor and still honor to the 37,000 in New York city who, in the struggle of that day, stood stanch! Their loss in numbers, however, emphasizes the conviction that the movement for the single land tax must be extended and the contest shifted to a broader field.

In corroboration of your belief that the united labor party will be built up principally by material from the republican party, take the testimony of the papers of that party to the effect that the republicans who went to the united labor party last year are the only ones that largely stuck. In further substantiation of it, take a leaf out of actual experience: I have been a republican all my adult life. Approaching my majority in the stirring days of the slavery agitation, I reached it in time to cast my first presidential vote for Abraham Lincoln. Two years later, just after McClellan's disastrous Chickahominy campaign, I shouldered a musket and carried it three years, helping to shoot the crime of African slavery off the face of the earth. That feat accomplished, the distinctive mission of the republican party ended. Blink at it as we may, its peculiar work was done; for, though it may be claimed that its continued existence was necessary to the proper gathering of the fruits of victory, its course during the reconstruction period was tentative, and at times contradictory, showing clearly not only that the certainty of conviction which had characterized its previous efforts was gone, but that it lacked a settled policy, such as would have made its existence, as a party indispensable to the national welfare. What vital reason has there been since then—during the last ten years, for instance—why I or any other original republican should earnestly desire or work for its supremacy? The practical nullification of the negro vote in some parts of the south is often urged as a reason why the party should not disband. That, however, is a matter which national legislation cannot reach, while the general improvement in the material condition of the south will gradually tend to right the wrong, and the south herself will the more speedily undertake the work if outside pressure is removed. Not only will further agitation of the matter from that source produce exasperation and postpone the work, but the single measure advocated by the united labor party would go further toward the end desired than any other yet proposed.

What other question is there, then, on which the old parties are at issue? Always, of course, the tariff; or, in republican paraphrase, "the protection of the American workingman." Setting aside, for the moment, the depreciation of the workingman contained in this implied necessity for his continual protection, what does either party actually do? One tinkers a little at the tariff in a dilettante way in congress till its two irreconcilable factions are thoroughly roused and close in a deadlock which lasts till the end of the session, when they adjourn to meet shortly after in state or national convention, where a resolution made up principally of ostentatious, vague professions of devotion to the welfare of the workingman is introduced into the platform and read—with a straight face—and then the party goes home to misappropriate in his behalf, at election time, a little of the public funds in useless work, to open new saloons, or, in these latter days, to try to keep them open Sundays. The other party lends all its strength to the maintenance of the tariff, posing for that reason as the special champion of the workingman, not realizing all the while that his condition is getting more desperate; that the exasperation caused by this is making strikes more frequent; that giant monopolies are fast becoming more gigantic and with each recurring season find it to their interest to indulge in lockouts and heightened prices; and that, to give a recent instance, only this present week of writing, and at the approach of winter, coal is suddenly advanced seventy-five cents a ton, while miners in the coal fields of Pennsylvania are standing idle by thousands, with starving families around them. The only answer of the "champion" to these gloomy facts is that the American laborer is getting higher wages than his pauper brother in Europe. Now, offsetting this by the higher cost of living here, is there anything in the difference so corrected that is fairly attributable to the vaunted tariff? anything that may not be explained by a single fact—the somewhat easier access men in any new country have to natural opportunities? That this is the true explanation may be shown, I think, by the fact that, beginning on the border of civilization in the west, where such access is most direct, and moving east, the reward of labor gradually decreases till in the factories of the cities of the Atlantic slope the wages of that very Europe we have been decrying are almost if not actually reached. Do the starvation wages, the squalor, oppression and wretchedness brought to light in Helen Campbell's articles, for instance, need any further shading to make them triumphantly European?

I believe that the habit of thought here outlined is typical; that an increased number of republicans find themselves growing lukewarm in fealty to their party because they miss in its deliberations the stimulus of any inspiring principle; that with the fading away of the grand old issues its purposes have become largely personal or trivial, and that very many hold their places in its ranks simply through political *vis inertiæ*, or the pitiful negative consideration that the democratic party has nothing better to offer.

A party, as such, has no excuse for being. It is only as it strives to introduce into the national life and incorporate with it as a rule of action some principle deemed beneficent that its existence is justified. When its purpose is accomplished, case hardening inevitably begins—that state of arrested development in which individual conviction becomes sluggish and the party name becomes a fetich which bosses use for selfish ends. This is soon followed by decay, the signs of which are a dry-rot incapacity to accept new duties and a senile maundering over former triumphs.

For both of the old parties a crucial time has come. An opportunity is given for taking a new and grand step forward. The issue is the single land tax—a measure whose justice has been demonstrated, whose expediency is established, whose imminent need of settlement is emphasized by every day's disclosures. If neither of the old parties, as a party, will adopt it, there is only one way open—earnest men of both must step outside of party ranks and join to urge it forward. Thirty years ago, with parallel conditions, such a course was taken. Are men of courage and convictions less numerous now? S. H. R.

The Crusaders.

Oh, what a boon it is that we,
My brothers, fighting in the van,
Shall strike the blow that maketh free
The captive man;

Shall lift the fettered, break the chain,
And bid the bondsman rise, who long
In sore captivity hath lain—
Lord, make us strong!

Now onward! Though the fortress frown,
And threatening walls rise dark and high,
Oh! captains of the host, lead on!
Our God is nigh!

If from thy hand the sword be cast
By error, tremble not, oh, youth;
Work on; hope ever if thou hast
God and His Truth;

For never yet a cry arose
That wrong be sped, that right be done,
But that Truth's army at the close
Of day had won.

Fear not; the overhanging vail
Of wasting want and social crime
Shall lifted be, and Truth prevail
In God's good time.

And if we shall not see the day,
What happiness it is to know
We stayed when false friends fell away—
We struck the blow!

We saw the truth upon the height,
We saw Thought's mighty current run;
And when the blind one's talked of night
We saw the sun!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Not a Bad Idea—Only, Who Would Keep the Government Censor Straight?

What we most need in this country, if we would not have a social revolution, is a governmental censorship of the press. As the matter stands now, the very newspapers that are trying their best to support and defend the existing industrial system (if the prevailing policy of "Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost" can properly be called a "system"), nullify their own teachings in the most disastrous way in every issue.

I have before me as I write a newspaper—a republican, high tariff, capitalist organ—which contains among its editorial articles one stating that the anarchist Parsons's book begins by asserting that the present wage system differs only in form from slavery, and asking the question, "What matter whether you give food and clothing to the slave direct, or whether you give him only enough in wages to purchase the same?" That there is any foundation for such a statement, and any justification for such a query, the paper vehemently denies. Then follows an article—a very instructive one indeed, if the writer thereof only knew it—relative to the recent labor troubles in Louisiana. It states that these troubles arose from the fact that the laborers (colored) on the sugar plantations in the Teche country struck for $1.25 a day during the grinding season, which lasts about fifty days. They have been receiving $1 a day. During the remaining ten months and ten days of the year their wages are sixty-five cents a day. They board themselves, and all rainy days, or days otherwise lost, are deducted. A dollar a day for fifty days, and sixty-five cents a day for 250 other (working) days, affords the worker—in case he loses no days by sickness and meets with no accidents—$199.50 as his year's wages. But this is not paid him in cash. It is paid in tickets, not transferable, and redeemable only at the store owned by the sugar planter, or by some person with whom he has made an arrangement to take them up. The price of goods at these stores is stated to be fully double that at which the same goods could be purchased at ordinary stores elsewhere for cash. Therefore, the $199.50 received (in tickets) by the laborer is in reality equivalent to less than $100 in cash. He must feed and clothe himself and wife and family (to say nothing of educating his children) on considerably less than $2 a week. . . . After this explanatory article the newspaper before me indulges in its regular daily high tariff editorial.

Now, the appearance of such articles, all in the same number of the same paper, causes such questions as these to arise in my mind: Wherein was Parsons wrong in suggesting that there is no practical difference between holding a man in slavery, meanwhile giving him food and clothes, and allowing him nominal freedom, but paying him no more wages than just enough to feed and clothe him? Again, how does the high tariff I pay upon sugar assist those workmen on the Louisiana sugar plantations? It strikes me these questions ought to be answered, or else a government censorship ought to be exercised in order to prevent the publication, on the same page of the same issue of the same paper, of editorials calculated to provoke such questionings. Such articles are revolutionary in tendency and ought to be suppressed. J. L. MCCREERY.

How They Are Going to Work in Troy.

TROY, N. Y.—The Central united labor club have begun anew the perpetual campaign of the crusade. Undismayed, and with renewed vigor, we have reopened the struggle in behalf of truth, justice and liberty, and in the contest of next November the men of Troy will demonstrate that they were not behind when "the feline was on exhibition." We are forming a "reading class," a chorus, a dramatic club, and have in contemplation the purchase of press and type. You will soon hear good news of the Troy club. Troy is just a "daisy" town (but air, earth and water are taxed as high at this point as are the "clouds" of New Jersey) and we mean to give the adherents of the cause a hint or two as to good methods of "spreading the light." M. S. L. of Sharon, Conn., is right—do small work close at hand, and regard absolute thoroughness more than quick results.

THE STANDARD is read a great deal in Troy, and anyone contemplating making holiday gifts should not forget the fact that a subscription to that paper is a most suitable gift. We mean to try it here.

God speed our cause! M. J. MCCABE,
13 Christie street, Troy, N. Y.

AN ANTI-POVERTY LECTURE IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, Mass.—About 600 people filled Horticultural hall at the tenth regular weekly meeting of the Boston anti-poverty society on Nov. 27. President J. R. Roche called the meeting to order and after contradicting the announcement in a Boston paper that the society had discontinued its public meetings, and alluding to the spread of the doctrine of the land for the people in Boston, especially among the teachers and students of our educational institutions, introduced as the speaker of the evening Prof. Hamlin Garland of the Boston school of oratory. Prof. Garland was attentively listened to throughout, and the lecture was punctuated with enthusiastic rounds of applause. The subject was on "The social aspect of the land tax."

The speaker began by saying that while all classes would be benefited, in a pecuniary sense, by the concentration of all taxes on land values, he proposed for the evening to consider the other benefits which would accrue, advantages which he designated as social rather than pecuniary. It was not necessary, he said, to prove that people were starving or selling themselves to the devil in order to live; for even were it true that all men in this country had enough to eat, yet there were things quite as necessary to social existence which they were unable to obtain.

The consequences of the insane policy of the people here have been to permit the speculators and monopolists to fence in, practically, the whole country not already occupied. To-day, he said, free land is a myth. We have squandered our inheritance. We gave it away in empires, we sell it now in counties. We have prepared the way for our children to be serfs under the control of the land owner. The tillable land is almost gone, and unless we rob the Indian again in the course of a few years the last of our government farming lands will be but a memory. Aye! I will go further and say that for nearly a century free land has been a myth. Every foot of it was bought with blood and sweat and tears. It was and is bought with the loss of comfort, society, education. All that justifies and makes life sweet has been given by the settler for his lonely farm. Herbert Spencer has said that no society can be highly developed when its units are scattered over wide areas. Our land policy has constantly opposed our social development by constant dispersion of men through the wilderness. Throughout the two centuries of American history, and especially during the last century, a large portion of the American people have lived in a semi-solitude, unable to enjoy the crudest forms of education. And the tendency in many places is toward a still wider dispersion. I went out to my native west this last summer on a visit, and everywhere I found indications of a tendency toward depression which frightened me. The farms are everywhere, in Illinois, Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa getting larger, passing into the hands of the town speculator. Higher education in the rural districts is a farce. The farm for the ambitious girl or boy is a living grave, a terrible solitude that eats out the life and hope and joy of life. Youth, gloomy and despairing, old age hopeless and fruitless. In the farther west and south it is feudalism repeated—two classes, lords and serfs. Look again at the cities. Monopolization of land has produced tenement houses, kept vice and drunkenness and ignorance alive, turned millions of young men and women into machines, wearing out their lives in hopeless toil. They find the monotony of the country unendurable, the openings few, and they pour into the cities. In fifty years the proportion of citizens living in towns above four thousand inhabitants has risen from less than eight per cent to twenty-five per cent.

From the horse car, as it makes its way through the miserable south end district of Boston, you look out. It is summer, and the hot sun is beating down in the festering alley. The children are rolling on the stones among piles of tin cans, old boots and broken bottles. The door of a house is open, and you look in at the worn stairs leading up four, five or six stories high; it is greasy walled, and has an odor which, were you to stand there, would cling to you long after you were gone. As you pass by you gasp and say, "My Lord! I don't see how any human being lives there!"

From the window of a railway car, shooting over the vast expanse of the Dakota prairie, you look far out at a little cabin on the side of a mighty wave of the waste like a tiny ship adrift on the boundless ocean. It has no near neighbor, not a tree in sight; the nearest village is ten miles away. You see a speck moving round a fleck of yellow; that is the farmer driving his reaper round his field of wheat. You see a line of white—it is the wash which his wife is hanging out. Then you settle back in your seat and say, "Thank God, I don't have to live there!"

Friends, those two sights are the results of the land policy which we have adopted.

It is obvious that the remedy must do two things; it must concentrate the units of the rural regions, and removing the pressure on the centres of population, must permit them to spread. Religion, in the ordinary sense, will not do this; prohibition will not do it; labor combinations will not do it; protection will not do it. Gentlemen, suppose you go to the root of the matter and make labor on the field and in the mine a matter of desire and not a forced task under a master. Let us raise taxes from the products of human exertion and tax the land values created by the whole people. Let us free the land. We are irresistibly tending to feudalism, to a state of society composed of but two classes, landlords and renters.

Our evils have sprung from having land bought and not settled. We must reverse action; our land must be settled and not bought. We want no coal kings, oil kings; those we have must be deposed, not by revolution and violence but by conscientious and enlightened efforts of the people who look for reform. The effect of the single land value tax would be that the choice and heavily taxed spots in a city would be used mostly by great wholesale businesses; around these would circle the large retail stores, theaters and the like; then would come the markets and smaller shops and the residences, and beyond, as the ground was cheaper and cheaper, would be dwellings with gardens, trees and parks. Business would expand naturally; empty lots would disappear. None could afford to hold land idle. Monopoly would disappear. In the agricultural regions empty, idle lands, the margin of cultivation would be at the edge of settlements, not in the heart of a community. Said a Piute woman to me last summer, "Why do you people come out and take our land and make us starve or beg when you have oceans of land and no one using it?" Land being held for use, not for sale, farmers would use it in the natural, civilized way; they would draw together in groups, and with the closer society would come the higher education, art, music, the drama, and the leisure to enjoy all these. Production freed, wealth would be produced till all were satisfied. Matchless musicians will not waste their lives on lonely farms, nor superb voices be lost in far sierras. Sculptors will not die in dark mines, nor poets be silent for lack of education and encouragement. The reign of justice will have begun.

"SLOB" MURPHY.

I.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE.

Pat Murphy—a boy of eight years, whose clothes were old and dirty, whose hair was tousled, face smudgy and hands blackened—was, one afternoon in the late autumn, swinging on the battered iron area gate of a shabby lodging house in a busy, narrow, down town street.

"Hello, Steamboat!" he called out to me as I passed up the stoop of the house on the way to my room—top floor, front, hall. "I ain't had a fi'pence for a week. Y' ain't got a little bit o' change about yer cloze?"

"None for you, Pat."

One of Pat's many bad habits was begging from the lodgers. He already knew the art of asking for money. First he would ask for a quarter; failing in getting that he would come down to a dime; if still unsuccessful he would name a nickel; lastly he would hang on for a penny, which he reckoned might be given him to get rid of him. But the old lodgers never gave him anything, for they had not found Pat a lovable boy. He would fawn, but he had no gratitude. He would smile innocently, but he was sly and deceitful. He was shrewd enough to play frank and good humored when he wanted something, but he was oftenest seen sullen or skulking away to avoid punishment for some underhand trick.

As I mounted the stairways to my narrow room, the unpleasant features in little Pat's character occurred to my mind. Yet I thought it no wonder he should be what he was, with a drunken father and no mother, living in a house filled with rough men, and having no companions save those of the streets in a miserable neighborhood. The only womanly hand that ever cared for him was that of his aunt, Mrs. Brady, the slatternly landlady, and he felt its weight in a blow oftener than its touch in a caress. She had but little time to devote to Pat, and was usually impatient with him when he asked for anything. Little wonder, then, that neglected little Pat was growing up a rough, bad boy.

On reaching my room I hung up my street coat and put on a light house jacket. I knew that the day before I had left in the pockets of the latter about a dollar in change and my smoking tobacco. The tobacco was there, but the money was not. Pat's doings, I concluded. It was useless to say anything about it. If accused of the theft he would vehemently deny it, as he always did. If I told his father he would be terribly beaten, but that would not bring back the dollar nor mend Pat's ways. The boy's character was being formed by an environment that would undergo no change were he bruised and beaten occasionally for petty theft.

My room window was open, and seating myself by it I looked down on the street. Pat was at play. He was standing on the lower step of the stoop. With one hand he swung about a new whip, which I felt sure my money had paid for. In the other he held a paper of candy. Pat never ran around and played with the vigor and zest of joyful childhood; he was a loafer and wore the look of one who expected to be punished for something. At the present moment the manner of his play suggested at once the child's enjoyment of toys and sweets and the thief's dread of retribution. He was perturbed by my arrival, and was half expecting the bad quarter of an hour which so often came to him in consequence of his misdoings.

But after a time the cloud passed over with him. As I did not appear, he supposed his hour for punishment had not yet come, and the boy in him reasserted itself. A little girl passed by. Pat reached toward her the paper of candy, and struck her sharply with his whip across the hand which she held out to take the proffered goodies. The little girl cried and the boy laughed impishly.

In a few minutes more a party of boys straggled by. When all had gone past save a little fellow whose bare calves were red with cold, Pat cut him right and left over the legs until his cries brought back the crowd to the rescue. Pat scampered into the house through the areaway door. When the indignant urchins went away he reappeared, looking tickled over his fun.

A grocer's boy came lounging down the street with a pitcher of milk in his hand. Pat stole behind him and dropped a bit of coal in it. When the grocer's boy delivered the milk a few doors away, Pat called to the woman receiving it that he had seen the boy fighting, and that a lump of coal thrown at him went in the milk. The woman poured out the milk in a tin pail, found the coal, and sent the grocer's boy away with a scolding. As he went toward his employer's store Pat shouted after him, "Yer boss sells milk wid dust in it."

Presently a stableman led a horse along the street. Pat waited until the stableman was not likely to see him approach from behind. Then up he sneaked close to the horse, and struck it with his whip lash. The frightened animal not only plunged a little toward the man leading it, which was in strict accordance with Pat's programme of fun, but also unexpectedly threw backward the hoofs of his hind legs, knocking off Pat's hat and grazing the hair of his head. The boy let his hat lie in the street and ran back to the stoop, where he stood still for a spell, looking white and frightened.

His next act of mischief was a safer one. A lean and hungry cat nosed her way along the gutter and crawled into an ash barrel that stood, lid up, a few yards from where Pat was lying in wait for mischief. While the cat was inside the barrel, smelling for bones, Pat cautiously drew nigh, and, clapping down the barrel lid, imprisoned her. Then he sat on the top of the barrel and chuckled, while the cat furiously dashed about inside. When she quieted down, he stuck his whip handle through a hole and stirred her up, while she spat and mewed plaintively. But at length Pat tired of this. Two boys came along. He asked them to look down into the barrel. When they did so, their curiosity was of a sudden changed to astonishment by the cat leaping in their faces as Pat opened the lid. Pat ran into the basement hallway, followed by the boys bent on getting even with him. A muss ensued, which was put an end to by Mrs. Brady, who drove the boys into the street and slapped her nephew's face with her open hand. The boys picked up stones, called Pat "Slob," and defied the whole house. But finding no fight, they went away.

Pat, driven from house and street, sought refuge in the areaway. There he sat on a stone step and munched candy. Poor, thieving, lying, tricky young rowdy! How his pranks in the past half hour had told of the devil that possessed him and was developing in him. That immortal soul of his, what was this pro perous and enlightened world doing for it? Whatever intellect was lying dormant there, what was our civilization doing for it? To him what meaning had refinement and the arts? Of all the institutions which the great heart and conscience of society nurture can none reach little Pat?

Yes, truly there is one that can.

Pat happened to throw back his head, look up and espy me regarding him from my window's height. He hailed me in his down town New York Celtic dialect:

"Hello, Steamboat! W'ot bo-at d'ye wurk on now—de black pipe bo-at or de red pipe bo-at?"

"Black."

"Is ye on de day trick or night?"

"Night."

"Dat's w'y yer loafin' now, ain't it? . . . Say, Steamboat, a man bought me dis yer whip."

"All right, Pat. But I shall not give another man a chance to buy you whips with my money."

"Twuz cousin Johnny McNaghatally's daddy gi' me it. Hope I may be struck dead if it wuz'nt. . . . Say, wot's de matter wit you? Lem me go!"

From speaking to me in a tone meant to be conciliatory Pat had suddenly raised his voice to a scream and was addressing a man who had approached him from behind, and, having lifted him up, was holding him in the air.

"I know you. It's you, Sim Foy. You're drunk agin. Lem me go.

"Yes, Pat; I *am* half shot. But I'm not so full I can't throw you on one of my horses."

Sim Foy had driven his truck to the curb. He tossed the boy about a little and then seated him on the nigh horse. The boy was frightened.

"I'll fall and hurt meself," he shrieked. "Lem me be."

"Oh, I can toss you on the off horse and not miss him," said Foy. "Here you go."

But Foy's footing was not sure. He slipped as he threw the lad over the first horse and the little fellow fell between the two. The further horse moved off, startled, and there was Pat's head under one of his hoofs, with the boy's body wriggling on the ground like an eel. The horses walked away; Sim Foy ran to their heads and stopped them. The truck passed over Pat, the wheels not striking him, and he lay apparently lifeless in the street. I hurried down stairs, and carried the boy into the house. Foy was at my elbow as I put Pat, all limp, on a lounge, and his aunt came in from the kitchen. Foy said, in a low voice:

"Old woman, I've been skylarkin' with Pat, and—and Pat—he hurt himself."

Pat's condition required water, quiet and examination of his wounds. The woman was not in the least equal to the occasion, save as an ignorant woman with a woman's heart. First she set up a loud screaming and crying that roused the neighborhood. When her turbulence subsided a little, her fright and pity turned somewhat to anger, and Sim Foy had rained upon him denunciations at which he blanched. I wrapped my handkerchief around Pat's head and left them to their noise, the one blustering, the other explaining, and ran to summon a physician.

He hastened with me back to the house. Pat was still lying on the lounge unconscious. A crowd of neighbors had joined Foy and Mrs. Brady, and tongues were clattering about how Pat had been killed by Foy. We put the people out of the room, only to gather in the hallway and loudly talk the matter over there. The doctor set to work, and I assisted him. Suddenly Mrs. Brady emerged from the crowd, made her way into the room and said to me, excitedly and reproachfully:

"And didn't ye sind for the praste?"

The news of Pat's accident had been carried blocks away to the cousins, the McNaghatallys. Just now Mrs. McNaghatally, with little Margaretta and Johnny McNaghatally, ran breathless into the house. Mrs. McNaghatally's first words were:

"Did ye sind for the praste?"

The neighbors continued to pour in; the lodgers came home. The one inquiry that each made on entering was:

"Did ye sind for the praste?"

Pat soon regained consciousness, and the doctor and I left him to the cackle of the women and the officiousness of volunteer nurses. While passing up to my room I saw Mrs. Brady in conversation with a man in clerical garb in the hallway. Mrs. Brady was closing the snap of her pocketbook and putting the latter in the bosom of her dress.

I went to my room and again seated myself at my window. Presently I saw Pat's father, Mick Murphy, coming down the street homeward. He made his way slowly. He was lame, having once been badly injured in an accident. The crowd had left the front gate and Mick Murphy reached our stoop in ignorance of his son's mishap. He saw me at the window and said:

"Good evening, Kane. That b'y o' mine I'll break his back some day. I've tow'd him to bring me me grub to the fact'ry at dinner time ivery day for a month and he's niver done it wanst. He ought to come to the corner to meet me and he doesn't. He's no good onyhow."

Then he passed into the areaway. In a moment I heard a great noise in the kitchen. Mick Murphy had heard the news. Above the din was wafted his exclamation:

"Howly God! Did ye sind for the praste?"

Yes; one great institution of the good, great world could be called on to do something for little Pat.

II.

HIS DEATH.

The doctor had said that Pat's skull was not fractured and when after a time the boy opened his eyes and answered questions, the neighbors decided it was not a tragedy at which they were spectators, but simply an every day matter of a boy getting a knock on the head. So they drank of the beer that had been sent for and went home with their notion of Pat as the hero of one of the reminiscences of the ward much abated.

The next day Pat was up early. Mrs. Brady washed his head and bound it up in a great white handkerchief, and he went out and stood on the stoop and had the street boys look at him in wonder as the kid who had been tramped on by a horse and lived.

But the day after that the lodgers were told that Pat was down again. He had been put to bed in a little dark room between the dining room and kitchen that had been used generally as a storage room. Here he lay quietly enough for several days, hardly anything being said about him—as his skull was not broken. I did not see him during that time. About the third or fourth day, when I rose at noon Mrs. Brady's bulky form appeared at my room door. She said quite solemnly in almost a whisper:

"Good mornin'; Pat's goin' to die."

"What makes you think so?"

"Och, he goes on so. He talks queer. You're the only one in the house. Would ye stay a bit wid Pat after yer breakfast, while I go for Mick Murphy—and the praste!"

I consented. I ate my breakfast and then went into the kitchen. Mrs. Brady at once set out on her errand.

The room in which Pat lay was entered from the kitchen. A gas jet was burning in it brightly. I had not seen him since his "accident" and walked quietly in to look at him. I went in prepared to see dying, perhaps miserably, a dirty, hateful boy, whose character had suffered from a poisonous moral atmosphere, and whose countenance had already, despite his tender years, received the forbidding stamp of vice. Would such a death differ much from the death of a brute?

Stay!

My friend, you have at some time retired to rest for the night leaving the landscape seen from your chamber window barren and black and dismal. You have awakened in the morning to witness a miracle. Snow had fallen while you were sleeping, and the face of nature had been changed. You can bring back the picture to your mind. The earth is wrapped in a dazzling sheet of white, fairies have touched it with multifarious forms of grace, and the sun is playing over it resplendently; the leafless trees, the fences, the hills, the bushes now all are beautiful. At the sight your heart leaped for joy.

As strange, as surprising to me was a change that had come over little Pat. He was clean to sweetness. His hair had been combed neatly back from his forehead, and it looked glossy and golden. His face was round and full, and a little flushed. His Irish blue eyes were bright with a light new to them. His features were composed; his expression was placid, his gaze steady and directed straight toward me. A gentle smile played about his childish mouth. An angel hand had transformed that countenance; an angel spirit had taken possession of that body. Before me lay little Pat—the child, innocent, confiding, honest looking. That other Pat—dirty, suspicious, sneaking, deceitful—was gone.

Pat's recognition of me was a plaintive and touching smile. It seemed to say, "I know what your opinion of me has been, but that is all past now."

I spoke to him. "Pat, you know me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kane!" How soberly he spoke and how steady his voice.

"Are you very ill?"

"I'm not at all ill."

"Are you in pain?"

"No pain."

"What ails you then, Pat?"

"I'm waitin' fur to die."

"What makes you think you are going to die?"

He slowly smoothed the bed covers about his breast with both hands. After a pause he said:

"I saw me mudder dis mornin'. She died when I was t'ree years old. She come'd to de front door in a open carriage. She was all dressed in white, de carriage was white, and it had four white horses hitched to it. She said, 'Paddy, my own darlin' little Paddy, I've come to take ye up to heaven.'"

Was his mind wandering? Or was it not that his nature had been enveloped at last in his true spirit? Crushed, smothered, neglected, impoverished, unrecognized, that spirit was now growing and overmastering all else in that slight mortal constitution. Emotions that he had never before known were springing up in Pat's bosom and swaying him. Under their influence little Pat had become angelic.

He lay quiet for awhile. The busy hum of the streets was carried to my ear, and for a moment the world came back to me, the harsh, pushing, struggling, sordid, selfish world—the world that had brought misery, hardship and crime to little Pat, and, did he live, promised him many chances for shame and degradation.

Presently he spoke again:

"I stole your dollar, Mr. Kane."

"I had forgotten that, Pat."

"I've did lots o' bad tings. I tow'd me mudder I wusn't fit for heaven. But she said, 'Who'd a did better in your place, darlin'? You've been good sometimes. There's a seat in de carriage beside me for you. The good Lord has let me come down for my little boy. I'll take him up among the angels and the fine places in heaven,' I know every word me mudder said to me."

I remained quiet. I had nothing to say.

"She's at the door again. I tink I'm going to die quick."

He no longer looked at me, but upward.

"Please tell me fader I said he musn't git drunk no more; tell him to give his wages to aunty. Tell him little Pat can't take his grub to the factory, but even if he is dead he will meet him every day when he comes home from the shop. Tell everybody good by and God bless dem."

Very quietly he lay again, the patient, thoughtful expression of his young face gradually merging into one of deep reverence. In a voice barely audible, he said:

"Our Fader"—

A brief pause. Then, in a tone a little louder:

"Who art in heaven"—

Clearly and musically he spoke.

"Hallowed be Thy name——Wot's hallowed, Mr. Kane?"

"Holy, sacred, Pat."

He repeated the words with deeper fervor—

"Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come"—

Then, as if to himself—

"Dat means me mudder in de carriage."

"T'y will be done on eart' as it is in heaven—wid me fader, so he won't drink."

"Give us dis day our daily bread. Dat's for de odders. I don't need none no more. And furgive us our trespasses—dem's sins—as we furgive doze who trespasses 'ginst us. And lead us not into temptation—dat's for me fader, too."

There was nothing further for a long while. Little Pat breathed regularly but lightly. His eyes had half closed. He had the air of one listening and seeing something afar. Were the hosts of heaven already appearing to him? Were bright angels hovering in that squalid room, ready to bear his spirit away? Last of all he said, slowly and distinctly, but in a faint voice:

"But deliver us from evil. Amen."

His face turned over a little against the pillow. A pallor suddenly overspread it. Little Pat was dead.

A noise at the front door. A sound of bustling feet. In hurried old Mrs. Brady, followed by Mick Murphy, Mrs. McNaghatally and others.

I said, "Pat has just died."

A powerful howl from Mick. A scream from the old woman. A general noise among the rest. I left the basement and made my way up toward my room. In the upper hallway stood little Johnny McNaghatally. He said:

"How's Slob?"

"He is dead."

Out spake the voice of poverty:

"Wot's dey goin' to do wid his old cloze?"

III.

HIS WAKE.

The morning after Pat's death I was awakened by some one knocking at my room door and saying that the coroner wanted me on his jury down stairs. In the parlor, where I went to answer the summons, Mick Murphy was vowing vengeance upon any officer of the law who dared lay finger on Pat's body. The coroner and an assistant whom he called "doctor," indifferent to Mick's vaporings, were informally putting hurried questions to those present—the German grocer from the corner below, Sim Foy and three of the boarders. I had been called for the sixth necessary juror. Immediately on my entrance the coroner bunched us together, swore us to our duty and snapped his finger at Mrs. Brady to come in from the hall and answer as a witness.

"How did this boy come to his death?"

"Well, sir," with her apron to her eyes. "He was a-playin', and he fell and hurted his timple. He thin tuk cowld, and he was sick for a few days, and thin he died."

"There was no one beat him or hurt him, I suppose?"

"Oh, my, no, indeed."

"Does any one know to the contrary?"

Silence.

"Gentlemen, it's my opinion that deceased came to his death by meningitis—inflammation of a membrane of the skull. Maybe he fell against something, as boys do, and then took cold. I instruct you to find in accordance with the evidence."

"Yes, sir," said Sim Foy.

"Then sign."

And we signed.

"No mutilatin' knife o' the surgeon shall touch the fair brow o' me departed son!" ejaculated Mick Murphy, who had been observing the proceedings with a scowling face, as if seeking a grievance to argue over.

The coroner and his doctor packed away their papers and walked out of the house, bestowing not even a look upon Mick. The moment they were out of the front door that upholder of rights threw an oratorical hand in the air, and announced:

"Gintlemin, ye ar' intitled each and iviry wan of ye to a dollar a head; jewrymin's salary."

I went back to bed and had out my sleep. I was away from the house all the afternoon and half the night doing duty on "the black pipe boat." On returning to my lodgings it was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. The two lower floors of the house were illuminated. I opened the front door with a latch key, and was about to pass up to my room when I was intercepted by Sim Foy, who looked out of the open parlor door and said:

"Come and see Pat. He looks beautiful."

Sim would listen to no excuses and I entered the parlor. Pat's coffin was laid on stools in front of the mantelpiece. At its head stood a great brass bracket with wide spreading branches, supporting a dozen wax candles, which threw a steady and brilliant light over the room. Men and women were ranged around the apartment, some speaking in low voices, others gazing steadily at the floor.

I walked across the room and stood at the foot of the coffin. There was Pat in it, lying straight out on his back, dead. The only story that the face told me was that the spirit had fled. Its color was ghastly, the eyes were darkened and sunken, and the mouth was twisted. Only dead clay there.

Mick Murphy stood beside the coffin, enacting grief in bold pantomime, wringing his hands, aspirating and groaning. On the mantelpiece and on a table over between the windows stood black bottles and tumblers.

"Mick's been going on fearful all night," whispered Foy to me. He then suggested that etiquette required me to take a seat for a while in the circle of mourners. I sat down near the entry door. Foy moved about the room, picked up a black bottle and a glass and handing them to me asked me to help myself. Foy was master of ceremonies. He performed his duties with a sympathetic face and with an evident desire that no guest should be overlooked. The man sitting next me told me in an undertone that Sim was given precedence for the position over the relatives by Mick in order to show that he forgave Sim his share of blame in Pat's accident.

"Oi'm the very best lightweight mon in the city of New York!" Mick broke the silence in a loud voice. He stepped into the middle of the room and stood there. He was strangely maimed and distorted. A red scar ran across his neck and chin, and another seared his forehead. His head set askew upon his shoulders. One arm crooked back and spread out his thumb and fingers. One leg was straight, but the foot of the other rested on the floor only at the toes. His air indicated that he was chief mourner—a personage entitled to make himself known. He delivered himself of a speech in alternate shouts and hoarse whispers.

"Oi were wance the very bist lightweight mon in the state of New York! Oi'm still a mighty good mon! Oi'm the bist mon in this room, and Oi'll bet on it. Oi got more mus'l, and more boan, and more sinnoo, and more strinth than any blacksmith in the ward. Me fath'r lived to be a hundred and tree years ould. Oi'm afther 'im. Oi kin dhrink more this day than iver I cud. Oi've been the father of thirteen children—siven dead and eight livin'; the dirty spalpeens 've all left me and run away, except Pat, the fourteenth, and there he lies sthiff in his coffin."

Mick's auditors sat silently regarding him with awe. They respected his feelings—the feelings of a bereaved father. He limped back and forth across the room, and then reassumed his orators' attitude. The man next me said, "Now he's going to tell about his accident." Was Mick going through all this performance for every arrival?

"Oi'm not the mon I wunce wuz. Because Oi had a terrible fall. I was a carryin' hod to the top of a five-story building down town in Captain O'Connery's precinct. I started to take a short cut over the beams, which was all of the flures that wuz, and I wuz limber and sure-futted in thim days, and the flures were not there yit, only the beams and joices, and I made a misstep and the hodful o' brick went shootin' down to the cellar in a shower, the hod click-a-de-clack afther them, rattlin' 'ginst the beams, and me afther the hod—only I struck wid me back at the fourth flure on a joice. Oi didn't git me hands behind me soon enough, and so Oi slid off the back o' me head, cracking the beam, and in a jiffy Oi wuz a straddlin' another joice on the third flure. That Oi hunged to fur a minute, but I wuz dizzy and fell to the nixt flure. There Oi shtruck a shtake wid me chin and broke it off, and thin Oi tumbled from that to the nixt flure below, and that wuz the cellar. Oi had a hundred and twinty-wun boans broke; Oi wuz in hospital sivin months, and revived and came out a cripple for life. Think o' that! Where's another mon loike me?"

Mick's auditors still regarded him with awe; he was mourning the dead, and they respected his grief.

Mick betook his crooked body to the table, turned up a bottle to his mouth and drank from it, and then returned to the coffin, where he completed his act of mourning:

"Och, my poor b'y! The lasht of thim all, for they're all dead to me now. Ye have brought me me grub iviry day to the shop iviry day, and ye hardly iver missed it wunst. And ye used to meet me alwus whin Oi cumed home. Ye towld Mr. Kane for to tell me nivver to dhrink agin; and I nivver wull afther this night—nivver. But me grief's killin' to me now. Pat, ye ar' a saint. Ye alwus wuz. Oi kin ricollict ivvery blessed act o' yer loife, and now"—here he threw his arms wildly above him and shook his head violently, while his voice was elevated to a high pitch—"and now ye ar' dead, dead, dead! Och, Pat; there ain't no God and there ain't no devil. If there wuz he wouldn't take ye from me and me a-lovin' ye so. Oi was alwus kind to ye, and ye were a-growin' up honest and stiddy and good and noble. Oi learned from me other failures wid childer wot to do wid ye. Here by yer breathless corpse Oi swear to be a better man than iver. Oi'll dhrink no more. But I'm a deserted father. Oi owe nothin' to none o' me childer. Me offspring's recreant to me. Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless choild."

He was now shrieking. Foy whispered to me that perhaps if I went Mick would not feel obliged to keener further. Declining a proffered bottle, I left the room. Mick sent up one or two more agonizing shrieks and quiet was restored. No one called at the house later and Mick subsided to the mere position of a watcher.

IV.

HIS FUNERAL.

As soon as I was astir the next day Mrs. Brady waited on me, and, saying the funeral would start in an hour, invited me to be a pall bearer.

A line of carriages, rather dingy and paint-worn and with curtains faded, but still carriages, soon afterward formed in our street. A child's hearse, painted white, drove up to the door. Groups of little girls and bareheaded women gathered on neighboring stoops and gazed at the hearse.

While the undertaker was closing the coffin, and preparations were being made to start, I stood at the back of the hallway. I heard a voice from the kitchen stairway saying:

"Mr. Kane!"

I went down to the basement. It was Mrs. McNaghatally. She whispered huskily:

"Mr. Kane, me best respects and sympathies to Mrs. Brady and Mr. Murphy in the hour o' their bereavement, but I can't attind the funeral, owin' to sudden disposition since the wake last night."

As she was speaking I observed she had a bad black eye. I answered consolingly that I would deliver her message.

"An' tell thim, wid me compliments, that little Margaretta and Johnny'll take me place in one of the kerridges."

I nodded assent and she retired into the convenient darkness of the stairway, where she could see without being seen. As I passed up the stairway I saw a man in clerical garb speaking with Mrs. Brady, who, as she turned away from him, closed the snap of her pocketbook and put the latter in the bosom of her dress.

There were no religious services at the house; it was understood they were to be performed at the cemetery.

"Hurry up," said the undertaker. "We're half an hour late now. We'll have to take the short cut when we are across the river."

All took a farewell look at Pat. It was with some difficulty that Mick Murphy was induced to leave the side of the coffin. He kissed the dead boy's face and cried aloud. It looked as if the scene of the previous night was to be repeated, but Mrs. Brady took him by the shoulder and said:

"Come on here. There's enough of this nonsense."

The drivers went off at a trot. As the carriage that I was in turned a street corner I observed that the hire of the vehicles in line represented two or three months' wages for Mick. I was thinking of this extravagance when one of the other three men in the conveyance said:

"Well, gentlemen, suppose we ante up."

"Eh?"

"I engaged this here kerridge for a dollar a head, and I expect you are not going to back out of paying your individual shares, are you?"

A dollar apiece was given him, Johnny McNaghatally, who was a fifth with us, not counting. With the money safe in the collector's pocket, amicable social relations were possible, and he informed us he was an old friend of the Murphy family. He had not wanted to see them disgraced with the record of sending a small and shabby funeral from their door, so he had hired a carriage, relying on the generosity of the gentlemen sharing it with him to get his money back. This explanation made, he said he observed that other friends of the family had done likewise, and it was a very creditable funeral, indeed, and comforting to the friends of the deceased. He then politely passed around a small black flask.

The short cut was taken after we crossed the river. Instead of following paved streets, the undertaker took us diagonally across open lots, which were at places hilly and at others marshy. At times I caught glimpses of the hearse through our hack window. Occasionally it was in puddles that reached half way to the hubs, the horses splashing water in all directions. Again in going up a steep incline, I feared the coffin would slide out behind. The coaches did not keep in line. Each driver used his own judgment as to what was a short cut. One of the drivers from the rear brought his horses up abreast of ours. Little Margaretta McNaghatally, leaning out of the other hack window, cried out, "Hello, Johnny; we's goin' faster'n yous."

"Oh, we'll beat you to de winning post yet," was the reply. "But de hearse has de best team of all."

The last sad rites! Paying respect to the memory of the dead. Justly enough these terms may be employed by those fellow townsmen of a dead man who walk in solemn procession after his bier to the grave. But let the average city carriage funeral tell its own story. The first coach has its curtains down; in their deep grief its inmates shun observation. The second has its burden of mourning occupants, but their grief is graded off by remoter relationship, and curtains are up. The third has people in it whose grief permits them to enjoy the landscape a little. In the fourth, the pall bearers tell stories. In the rest, the sympathy of the folks with the dead friend's family is somewhat mingled with the pleasures of an excursion.

The sun was going down when we reached the cemetery. The scene was gloomy, with its chilly white headstones, leafless old forest trees, or moist evergreens. Other funerals were homeward bound and seemed bent on short cuts. Our hacks drew up in front of a little chapel; the men quickly alighted and threw away their cigars. Pat's coffin had already been carried inside the building by the graveyard employes. We straggled in hastily in a bad procession. Two other funerals were already in the church. In front of the chancel was a huge black table, having casters set in it like a hearse floor. Three coffins were ranged side by side on it. There was room for six. Prayers were being said by two men in black robes. Their work was done speedily, mechanically, unfeelingly, as if it were a ceremony whose impressiveness had been lost in repetition. During the rapid and indifferent utterances of the prayer makers our group of lodgers maintained silence, though looking awkward, not knowing whether to kneel or sit or stand. Suddenly the ministers went out of a side door. Not a word had been said of the dead or to the mourning families.

Mrs. Brady followed them, but soon returned, closing the snap of her pocketbook, which she put in the bosom of her dress. Our undertaker's men took Pat's coffin and walked off rapidly. Our procession again straggled after, and when I caught up to the undertaker I saw he had reached Pat's grave and was having an altercation with the gravediggers.

"I was tole he was a three-year-old, and the grave's not big enough," said a digger.

He placed a hand at each side of the grave and swung himself down into it. He scooped earth from one end without enlarging the top, threw the loose earth out of the grave, and climbing out proceeded, with the aid of another digger, to lower Pat to his last resting place. The coffin was too long to go down level, so Pat was almost stood on his head as it descended. Then a digger got into the grave and wedged the head of the coffin up into the place just scooped out for it.

Meantime the funeral party stood in a circle about the grave, looking on. The evening shadows were gathering. Good by, little Pat, good by. Your common clay has rejoined your mother earth. Little Pat is now only a memory. You have lived your brief day, bent to the rough winds that blew upon you, suffered body and soul from what you did not understand, lighted up with spiritual flame for a brief moment, and died. Good by, as your better self floats away to the other shore.

Mrs. Brady stood looking at the grave pensively. She turned to me and said:

"Ther's four in that grave of ours now.

We bought it wid the privilege of six. Mick Murphy 'll be buried there next, and me atop."

The grave was shoveled full of earth; we turned away, entered the hacks and were driven at a rapid pace homeward. I sat up beside a driver and had nothing to say, evidently to his disappointment, for he was inclined to be sociable. A block from the ferry house he drew up his horses to the curb. The rest of the drivers had done the same thing. I asked what it meant. He replied in a somewhat aggressive tone:

"It's customary at respectable funerals to treat the drivers."

Every house in the block was a saloon. Our party, drivers and all, entered one. The bartenders busied themselves making the drinking tables ready for us, greeting the drivers as every day friends. In a brief while drink and cigars were given round and the spirit of chumminess was general. I slipped away.

All that night while on my trick on the steamboat I saw little Pat as he prayed in the gas-lighted store room—Pat with his angel's smile, as he looked just before he died. Dirty, ragged, bad Slob had had goodness in him which ought to have had a chance. I wondered if his dying wishes could have inspired Mick Murphy to reform. Would he remember the oath he had taken by his dead boy's coffin?

My trips made, I quit my post and went to my lodgings. In the silence of the night I passed up the narrow street, opened the door with a latchkey and made my way upstairs in the dark. On the second-story landing I stumbled over something. I struck a light and looked to see what it was.

It was Mick Murphy—dead drunk.

HAGAN DWEN.

The Land Owner Supreme in the Councils of the British Nation.

London Echo.

It is well seen from all our legislation, and from our taxes as much as our land laws, that the power of the land owner has been supreme in the councils of the nation; and that the interests of the landlords have been well looked after, the landed interests taking care of the honors, rewards and emoluments of the state, but leaving the duty of making the most of their possessions to others, charging them highly for the privilege, and leaving to them the further honor of contributing an undue proportion of the cost of maintaining the state and the municipality. How the burdens, national and local, have been adjusted between landlord and tenant, the owner to whom the land belongs and the tenant who by using it gives a value to the land, and how disinterestedly and for generations the land owning classes, with their law making privileges, have dealt with the question of taxation, let London, with its almost universal net work of ground rents, furnish the illustration, as given by the "united committee" in their appeal for co-operation in the agitation:

"Evidence which has been given before the Towa holdings committee shows that the price demanded and paid for land in London often amounts to as much as £30 to £40 per superficial foot. In such cases the cost of land is many times greater than the cost of any ordinary buildings that can be placed upon it. A statement has been submitted to the same committee, in which the details are given of fifty-nine cases in various parts of the metropolis. It is claimed for these cases that they are fair samples of the whole, and they show that, of the total value of property for rating purposes throughout the metropolitan area, the value of land is £418,000,000, and the value of buildings £212,000,000. The owners of the £418,000,000 for land pay no rates, and the only taxation to which they are subjected is the income tax and a nominal land tax, the total of both being less than half a million per annum. The owners of houses pay rates which average 5s. 3d. in the pound, not only upon the annual value of the buildings but also upon the annual value of the land. In addition to the rates they pay house duty and income tax. Thus: Land worth £418,000,000 pays £500,000 in rates and taxes, and buildings worth £212,000,000 pay £7,000,000."

Assuming that these figures are correct, as far as such estimates can be, we have here the value of the land twice that of the buildings upon it—and not an unfair estimate of the whole of a city, for in many cases the site is worth ten times the value of the buildings on it, and only in the finest class of buildings in the heart of a town does the building rank higher in value than the site, with its "unearned increment" from prairie value to £30 or £40 per square foot: and yet the owner of the land pays next to nothing. No "unearned increment" out of the vast increase in the value of the land since the land tax was laid on has fallen to either state or commune. As we are reminded in the above extract, land worth £418,000,000 pays only £500,000 in rates and taxes, while buildings worth £212,000,000 pay £7,000,000! The smaller amount, that has got all its value through the investment of labor and capital, and often by the leaseholder, pays one hundred and forty times as much as the larger amount, that has got its value from an "unearned increment" arising out of the occupancy of the land by those who have to pay so heavily for such occupancy to landlord and tax collector; for what would have been the value of the land in London, if by any freak of fortune or of fate the city had been settled on the now relatively worthless land east or west of its present site!

And the Same Causes that Checked Commercial Enterprise in Maumee Fifty Years Ago Are Checking it To-day All Over the Country.

Toledo Commercial.

Maumee has had one boom. It was over half a century ago, and before Toledo was expected to amount to anything. Property owners up there at that time thought they had the only possible location for the "future great," and prices were at once run up to the most extravagant future expectations. Judge Wolcott, who owned the farm which was then situated between Maumee City and Miami, now the Second and Third wards of Maumee, refused an offer of $1,000 per acre for his farm. Since then he would have been glad to get $100 per acre.

This was a sample of prevalent ideas of the value of real estate. The result was that mechanics could not buy property there, and were driven away. Manufacturers could not get a foothold. An intelligent cabinet maker of that place said to a reporter several years ago: "Toledo never could have got the start of Maumee had the latter place encouraged mechanics to locate here by reasonable figures. Hundreds of men came here to open shops of various kinds and build up a trade, but when they came they soon discovered that they had not money enough to set up business here. The result was they went to Toledo, many of them, where they could get property cheap, and Maumee was left practically without productive interests of any kind."

Southern Mortgages.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Advices to the Baltimore *Sun* state that a mortgage on hundreds of thousands of acres of farming land in South Carolina, in favor of the Corbin banking company of New York and the Scottish land company, matures soon, and there is much discussion as to whether something cannot be done to prevent foreclosure, by which the land would pass into the hands of these alien companies. The rate of interest on the mortgage is from ten to twenty per cent, and the farmers, in nine cases out of ten, are unable to pay the principal. The legislature will be urged to enact some measure to protect the unfortunate farmers, and it is thought that the mortgages can be declared void on the ground of usury.

TO A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

My Dear Professor—I am sorry your duties, which, as you say, are not in the line of political economy, make it so difficult for you to find time to read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." I am sure you would not only be convinced of the truth of its conclusions, but also enjoy its pure English and simple eloquence. I will endeavor, however, to outline it for you as you request.

Mr. George begins with this inquiry: "Why, in spite of increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?" And in seeking for an explanation he first examines the laws of production and then the laws of distribution, taking nothing for granted or upon authority, but clearly defining every equivocal term and proving every proposition that is not axiomatic.

The terms whose meaning it is necessary to understand at the outset are wealth, land, labor and capital.

Wealth does not include all things having an exchange value, but only things the production of which increases and the destruction of which decreases aggregate wealth, namely, natural materials that have been modified by human exertion so as to fit them for the gratification of human desires. Thus: Slaves are not wealth, nor are notes, bonds, mortgages, stock or money; but houses, food, clothing and so on are wealth. *Land* means the earth's surface, but because ownership of the earth's surface includes ownership of all natural materials, forces and opportunities, either on, above or below the surface, the term comprehends the whole material universe outside of man himself. *Labor* means not alone manual toil or the work of a hired servant, but all human exertion in the production of wealth, howsoever and by whomsoever it may be performed. *Capital* is wealth in course of exchange or transmutation for the production of greater wealth. Being wealth, capital cannot consist of slaves, bonds, mortgages or money, but must be composed of some natural material which has been modified by human exertion; it must be distinctively a labor product and not any mere representative of a labor product. It is distinguished from wealth proper by its use. Wealth in hand for consumption, as the house one lives in, or the food in his larder, or the clothing in his wardrobe, or his family carriage, is wealth proper; but wealth in process of exchange, as the house one rents to another, or food supplied by an innkeeper, or stock in a clothing store, or carriages in a livery stable, or wealth in process of transmutation, as grain in a flouring mill, or ore at a furnace, is capital.

If you will take the pains to understand these terms and to apply them to the common affairs of business life, you will readily see that the primary factors of producing wealth are *land* and *labor*; that wealth supplies a secondary factor, *capital*, and that no other factors whatever enter into the production of any of the things that we enjoy.

Having done that you will have mastered nearly all that is hard to understand in the philosophy of Henry George and be able to detect most of the fallacies of your friend, the professor of political economy. When, for example, he tells you in one breath that the factors of production are land, labor and capital, and in the next that labor is capital, or when he tells you that wealth is a product of labor after having informed you that land is wealth, you will be able to ask him some questions that he can't answer.

Having learned the meaning of the term "labor," you will have no difficulty with respect to the term wages. It is that part of wealth which rewards the labor that produced the wealth. Mr. George's inquiry, therefore, may take this form: Why, in spite of increase in the power of producing wealth, does that part of wealth which rewards the labor that produced it tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?

The old political economy, as your friend the professor of that science will inform you, accounts for it on the theory that wages are fixed by the ratio between the number of laborers and the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labor, and that the constant increase of laborers tends to follow and overtake any increase of the "wages fund." You will readily see that this theory takes no account of any wages except wages paid to a hired person for services, and will perhaps wonder that such an illogical method should find place in any science; but never mind that for the present. Even such wages are not drawn from capital, as Mr. George shows, but from the product of the labor for which they are paid. Remember that wages are not money; money is a mere medium of exchange. Wages must consist of wealth in some of its forms, and there soon would be no wealth if labor did not keep up the supply. That part of wealth which rewards labor must first have been produced by labor. The fact that wages cannot permanently exceed the produce of labor is conclusive that there is no fund from which they can be drawn save that which labor creates. There can be no permanent discharge at the faucet unless there is a constant supply at the bung. The most that might be said for capital is that it advances wages to labor; but even that is not true. Laborers invariably give to an employer more than the value of their wages before getting their wages.

But seeing a large office building going up across the street, and knowing that the workmen get their wages every Saturday, while the owner may not get any returns from the building for months, you may say, "Surely, here is a case in which wages are advanced from capital!" You are mistaken. Ask on one Saturday how much that building is worth, and then ask on the following Saturday and you will find that the workmen have increased its value meantime by much more than the wages paid at the end of the week.

The use of money gives plausibility to the "wages fund" theory by disguising the nature of the transaction in its form. But if a man who makes shoes is paid in shoes, there is no doubt that he produces his wages before he gets them; and though he be paid in money, if it is money he produces, as in the case of car conductors, there is no doubt.

You may select any illustrations you please, and upon consideration you will be convinced that in each case there is an advance of wealth from labor before there is any delivery of wealth to labor. But if doubts still linger, let me beg of you to read chapters 3 and 4 of book 1 of "Progress and Poverty" rather than risk a false conclusion from my brief explanation.

You may well ask, however, if wages are not drawn from capital, what are the functions of capital. That question Mr. George answers by showing that it increases the power of labor in three ways: (1) By enabling it to use tools; (2) by enabling it to avail itself of the reproductive forces of nature, through planting vegetables or breeding animals, and (3) by permitting the division of labor.

Now, if wages are not drawn from capital, but are produced by the laborer before he receives them, the tendency of wages to a minimum cannot be due to deficiency of capital. Are they, then, diminished by the decreasing productive power of labor or by decreasing productiveness of land?

It cannot well be maintained that the productive power of labor has deteriorated; but it is asserted that the productiveness of land is so limited as to make the procurement of subsistence progressively more and more difficult. This, you know, is the famous Malthusian theory, by which responsibility for diminishing returns to labor in spite of increase of productive power is put upon the Almighty. Mr. George completely demolishes it in a singularly interesting criticism in "Progress and Poverty." Of course you cannot expect me to recapitulate his arguments or repeat any of his striking illustrations; and perhaps it will not be necessary for you to read them in his book, for you will hardly cling to such a theory as of any present importance, against the obvious fact that so little of our planet is yet in use.

Having advanced thus far Mr. George found, as you will find, that the explanation of the tendency of wages to a minimum is to be sought for not in the laws that bound the production of wealth, but in the laws that govern its distribution. But before you proceed it will be necessary for you definitely to understand the meaning of two more terms, rent and interest. *Rent* is that part of wealth which pays for the use of land (using the term "land" as already defined) from which the wealth was produced. *Wages*, as I have told you, is that part of wealth which rewards the labor (using the term "labor" as already defined) which produced the wealth. *Interest* is that part of wealth which includes all returns for the use of capital (using the term "capital" as already defined) in producing the wealth. The last term does not refer to interest on loans of capital merely, nor does it include compensation for risk or monopoly profits.

These are the three great divisions of wealth in distribution. In the last analysis there are only two, for capital is merely a form of labor and interest a form of wages; but in deference to established terminology and modes of thought Mr. George has consented to make the usual distinction. Continuing to observe this tripartite division, you will see that in distribution wealth flows in three different streams, *rent* going to the owners of land, *wages* to laborers and *interest* to the owners of capital.

I need only call the attention of a man of your intelligence to the fact that these three streams do not flow necessarily to different individuals. The landowner may have done all the work and furnished all the capital, in which case he gets all the product; or he may have done the work and borrowed the capital, in which case he gets all but replacement and interest; or he may have furnished the capital and hired the work, in which case he gets all but wages; or he may have leased the land, in which case he gets only rent. But that makes no difference; the economic truth that wealth is distributed in these parts remains whether the parts go to three individuals or to one.

The laws of distribution are obviously laws of proportion, and must be so related to each other that any two being given the third may be inferred; but if you talk with your professor of political economy you will find that his notion of the laws of distribution will not bear the test of this principle. Mr. George is not open to that criticism.

Take, first, the law of rent, as George explains it. Having learned the definition of rent you will not confuse it, as is sometimes done, with the term as used in common speech; it does not include payments for the use of buildings or improvements of any kind, but only such payments as are for the use of land, a term the meaning of which you must also be careful to keep in mind at this point. Nor does rent exist only when owner and user are different persons; when owner and user are the same person, whatever part of his income he might obtain by letting his land is rent. And when land is bought and sold, the purchase price is rent capitalized. Now, rent does not arise from the usefulness of land. A piece of land may be never so useful, but if there is another piece unowned, which, all things considered, is just as useful, the first piece will command no rent. Nor does labor applied to land give rise to rent. Though the labor of ages were expended upon a piece of land, if there were another piece unowned, which, all things considered, offered an equal natural opportunity for improvement, the first piece would command no rent. Remember this; it is a truth which you can verify by observation every day of your life, that land can yield no rent and have no value until someone is willing to give labor or the results of labor for the privilege of using it, and what he will give depends, not upon the usefulness of the land but upon its usefulness as compared with the usefulness of land that is not owned. Rent, therefore, does not represent any help given to production, but simply the power of securing part of the results of production.

The law of rent, commonly known as Ricardo's law, is thus stated by Mr. George: "The rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application can secure from the least productive land in use." And this law applies, not alone to agricultural land but also to all natural agencies, such as mines, city lots, water privileges, and so on.

You will now be able to see that of wealth produced, all over the amount that the labor and capital employed could secure from free land, is rent. Thus: If a given amount of labor and capital can produce 50 bushels of corn on a certain acre of land, 75 bushels on a certain other acre, and 100 bushels on a certain other acre, and the first acre is free land, the rent of the second acre will be 25 bushels and of the third acre 50 bushels, while 50 bushels on each acre will be wages and interest. From this it follows that wages and interest do not depend upon the produce of labor and capital, but upon what is left after rent is taken out, or upon the produce which they could obtain from the poorest land in use.

You ought now to understand why it is that wages and interest do not increase with increase of productive power, for, manifestly, it is only when the value of land fails to increase as rapidly as productive power, that wages and interest can increase with the increase of productive power, and a review of the industrial history of any progressive community will convince you that the value of land increases as fast if not faster than productive power.

I will not take the space to outline Mr. George's explanation of the law of interest, by which the ratio between interest and wages is determined, but content myself with its statement. If you wish to investigate it, read chapters iii, iv, and v of Book III, "Progress and Poverty." The law of interest is this: "The relation between wages and interest is determined by the average power of increase which attaches to capital from its use in reproductive modes. As rent arises, interest will fall as wages fall, or will be determined by the margin of cultivation."

The margin of cultivation is the rent line, which separates the poorest land in use from better lands. The poorest land in use, as you have already seen, bears no rent. If poorer land is forced into use, the margin of cultivation falls, and with it interest falls while rent rises; if the poorest land in use is abandoned and better land takes its place, the margin of cultivation rises, and with it interest rises, while rent falls.

Now turn to the law of wages. Of course you understand that there is no common rate of wages as there is a common rate of interest, for wages, which include all returns to labor, vary with the different powers of individuals and as between occupations; but you also understand that there is a general relation between all wages, which is clearly expressed when we say that wages are higher or lower in one time or place than in another. When the lowest kind of wages are low, the highest kind are also low, and vice versa; so, for all purposes of generalization it is quite correct to speak of a common rate of wages.

You will recognize it as a law of human nature that all men seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion. This law tends to make a wages level. One man will not work for another for less than he could make by working for himself, and the other will not pay him more than he could make by working for himself. So, you see, although workers want to get as much as possible and employers to pay as little as possible, wages will seek a level at the point of highest productiveness open to labor, which is the lowest point at which production continues. The lowest point at which production continues, as you have already seen, is the margin of cultivation—the line that separates the poorest land in use from better lands. At this line rent practically does not exist, and the whole product goes to wages or to wages and interest together. As you proceed upward from this line you find a rising scale of rent, but no increase of wages for the same work. Hence, the law of wages is in correlation with the law of rent, rising as rent falls and falling as rent rises, and as interest is but a subdivision of wages, interest also rises as rent falls and falls as rent rises.

If now, knowing these laws, you were asked why wages do not increase with increased productive power, you would no doubt say, guided by observation, that it is because rent increases as rapidly as productive power. The same laws explain why wages tend to a minimum. Increase of population and improvements in the arts and in government make greater demands upon land, which must be satisfied by resorting to poorer lands; not poorer in fertility, necessarily, but in opportunities for general production. This being done, the margin of cultivation is lowered, and wages are consequently depressed, a tendency that persists until the wages of the lowest paid labor affords only a bare subsistence.

This forcing of poorer land into use, however, would be a slow process if it were not that the certainty of denser population and greater improvement generates speculation in land, whereby land not yet required, but which it is expected will be required soon, is appropriated and kept out of use. In that way the margin of cultivation is abnormally lowered and wages depressed earlier and more rapidly than they would be if poorer lands were taken up only as they were required for use. This speculation results in bringing into use the very poorest land while better land is held out of use. So, as things are now, we might well say that the rent line separates not merely the poorest land in use from better land, but actually the poorest land from all other land. That being so, it follows that the rate of wages is fixed by what labor can produce from the poorest land. Hence, poverty, immorality, ignorance, business depressions, disease and crime.

What shall the remedy be? Mr. George proposes to abolish all taxation save on rent or land values. We now tax personal property, land improvements and land value. By abolishing the first two we make no change in our machinery of taxation, we cause no revolution in government, we simply cease taxing two kinds of property that are now taxed. But think of the beneficial effect! When men could produce personal property without being fined for it they would produce and enjoy without stint, improving quality when surfeited with quantity, and when they could improve land without being taxed for it they would not cease improving. But more than this: As it would not be profitable to speculate in land, the margin of cultivation would be raised by the abandonment of good land now closed to labor, and wages and interest would rise accordingly. Here would be a double incentive to production—higher wages and higher interest with no taxation. Of course rent would still exist, but in lower degree, and would be devoted through taxation to the general good.

There is just one plausible objection to this system of taxation. By what right do you tax one kind of property for public use and exempt all other kinds. The answer is simple. The kind of property—rent—that Mr George proposes to tax exclusively, is not produced by the owners. It is a value which attaches to the surface of the earth; the surface of the earth was not produced by the owners, but is a gift of God to mankind upon which and out of which they must all live, and the value that attaches to it, that value you have now learned to distinguish as rent, is produced not by any effort of the owners but by the demands of all members of the community operating upon lands of varying quality. Rent, then, rightfully belongs to the community while wages and interest rightfully belong to the individuals respectively by whose exertions they are produced; and it follows that we have no right to tax wages and interest, while it is not only our right but our duty as a community to tax rent.

I have thus endeavored briefly to outline Mr. George's famous theory respecting the single tax. Untortified by his convincing arguments and unillumined by his wealth of illustration, it may not be convincing, and I am sure it will not be diverting; but if it removes some of your cranky notions respecting the land question for which you are indebted to enemies, some of whom are superficial and others malicious, I shall be gratified and sufficently rewarded; and if it excites your curiosity so that you take the time to read "Progress and Poverty," I shall be pleased beyond expression. With great respect, truly yours,

BARTHOLOMEW APPLEBY.

Isn't it Almost Time that People Began to Emigrate from "Overpopulated" Illinois?

Chicago Tribune.

MASCOUTAH, Ill., Nov. 24.—A sad case of death from starvation occurred here yesterday, and the facts were brought out at today's inquest. The victim was a child of Mrs. William Mitchell, and the mother testified before Coroner Woods that ten days ago she was evicted by her landlord and had eaten nothing for five days. During the cold nights she slept in outhouses and had carried her baby on her famished breast until it starved to death. Her husband has been away from home several months. The woman presented a ghastly appearance and was so weak that she could hardly walk. The babe was so emaciated that the remains could scarcely be recognized as human. The poor woman was taken to Belleville by the coroner, where she will be placed in a county institution.

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California—Judge James G. Maguire, San Francisco.
Connecticut—Robert Pyne, 284 Asylum st., Hartford.
Eastern Pennsylvania—Henry George club, box 190, Philadelphia.
Indiana—Warren Worth Bailey, Vincennes.
Kentucky—Land and Labor Club No. 1, box 406, Cincinnati.
Louisiana—Jere. J. Sullivan, 765 Fulton street, New Orleans.
Massachusetts (Berkshire county)—F. Harvey Lincoln, box 115, Zylonite.
Maryland—T. H. Garside, 1567 West Lexington street, Baltimore.
Minnesota—Central Committee, United Labor Party, 42 Third st. south, Minneapolis.
New York—John McMackin, 28 Cooper Union, New York city.
Ohio—Land and Labor Club No. 1, box 99, Cincinnati.
South Carolina—Benjamin Mazyck, Charleston.
West Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas and Northern Mississippi—Land and Labor Club No. 2, Rooms, 9 and 10, Cotton Exchange, Memphis, Tenn.

ILLINOIS.—Readers of the "Standard" in the State of Illinois, and all others interested in the great principles it advocates, are requested to send names and addresses to W. H. Van Orsdal, president of land and labor club No. 1, Room 65, 179 Madison street, Chicago, with a view to effecting some plan of organization for the state. Persons in Chicago not already members of land and labor clubs, as well as secretaries of such organizations, are especially requested to write.

ALL READERS OF THE STANDARD IN favor of a united labor party in the First assembly district, composing the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifteenth wards, also the counties and towns included in the district will please send their names and addresses to the undersigned, for the purpose of organizing the district thoroughly. JOS. H. ROSHIRT, President First assembly district, united labor party, 22 Third avenue, Albany, N. Y.

29TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT MEETS every Monday evening. German speaking members every Tuesday evening at Vincent hall, 1897 Third avenue, corner 105th street. Open every evening for enrollment of members. Thursday and Saturday evenings free debates of the Progress and Poverty club.

VOTERS OF MARYLAND WHO ARE desirous to aid in propagating the principles of the united labor party, as set forth in the New York platform, adopted at Syracuse, Aug. 19, are requested to send their names and addresses to JOHN SALMON, 415 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The beauty of this crusade for the recapture of human rights for humanity is that it is going on all over the world simultaneously. While one army is waging a gallant fight here in New York another is pushing the enemy in California; another in Ohio; another in Missouri; another in Illinois; another in Texas; in every state and territory bodies of believing, determined men, sometimes many, sometimes few, are advancing the banner of equal rights and gathering recruits to do battle for the coming of God's kingdom. Canada has its army—its anti-poverty societies, it land and labor clubs, its men instant in season and out of season. Across the Atlantic men and women are learning to look upon poverty as a blasphemy against the creator, a libel upon providence. And in the far distant antipodes, in Australia and New Zealand, the flame of truth burns brightly, never to be extinguished.

Here are some letters that reach us by the last Australian mail:

MELBOURNE, Australia.—For inclosed remittance please send THE STANDARD for one year to the public library and the Democratic club of this city.

The first is a gift to a noble public institution which is free to all. I think that by placing THE STANDARD there it will be brought under the notice of those studious and thinking persons who are open to receive new truths.

In this state or colony of Victoria we already have state railways, state schools, state assisted athenæums or mechanics' institutes, state waterworks, state railway plant, workshops, etc. The cable tramways of Melbourne were made by the Tramway trust with money borrowed on municipal credit at four per cent. Tolls on roads and bridges are abolished. Mining may be carried on on private property on terms fixed by law, though unfortunately the land owners of our upper house have succeeded in authorizing surface owners to collect a royalty or tax on the wealth raised by other men's labor.

So the world moves, as Galileo said.

J. BRUNTON.

——, Australia.—Inclosed I hand you draft, for which send me twenty-five copies of THE STANDARD weekly. The two bundles of tracts ordered came to hand yesterday.

One of the back numbers sent me contained that great speech of H. F. Ring's. As soon as I read it I determined to publish an edition of it for distribution here, as I really could not wait to get copies from you. It is exactly what is wanted as an introduction of the subject to those who have never heard of it before. I have issued it under the title of "Spreading the light," and have printed on it the names of all who will act as agents for the sale of THE STANDARD.

Your movement will prove irresistible, not only in America, but in Australia, where as yet land robbery is in a state of gristle. The squatting giants have swallowed the food, but have not yet assimilated it; and repeated doses of "Henry George powders" will make them disgorge, or ten times ten thousand men will know the reason why. This is not business talk, but you must put it down to the enthusiasm evoked by reading the last copies of your paper that have come to hand. It makes me young again to read it. It takes forty years off my life, and makes me feel, as once I always felt, that there is hope for poor humanity.

I am by no means desirous of seeing myself in print, but if you think anything I write can do good for the cause publish it, but suppress my name and address. Let it appear dated simply from Australia and over the initials, C. A. W.

DEBBO, N. S. W.—I have received the last consignment of STANDARDS and tracts. Our societies here are slowly growing. I have had an opportunity to deliver the addresses recently, and shall continue my efforts, thinking the cause deserving the best work and last years of my life. The pleasure of being brought into acquaintance with some splendid workers is one of the rewards I enjoy. I rejoice to find many to whom "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems" have been like a lifting of clouds from a dark horizon.

I propose to begin bombarding our metropolis of Sydney in January; and for this purpose I want 400 copies of each issue of THE STANDARD till further notice: also the inclosed list of tracts. GEORGE PLUMMER.

WALLSEND, New Zealand.—Please send twelve STANDARDS weekly. I expect to have a large number of subscribers shortly, and will write you again very soon, as I shall need a supply of tracts, etc. Your principles are taking immensely in this part of New Zealand. We are about to organize a club.

J. W. PARRINSON.

Our good friends on the other side of the world are going to work in earnest. How is it, now, with our friends here in the United States? How is it with you? Are you doing the work that lies next your hand? Have you canvassed your neighborhood for subscribers to THE STANDARD? Have you distributed any tracts? Do the people round about know you for a believer in the anti-poverty doctrine? These are questions, friend John Smith, that you will do well to ask yourself and see that you get satisfactory answers. The cause you love needs more than ever the earnest efforts of all its friends, and if you are really and indeed one of its well wishers you will work for it as you never worked before.

——, Minn.—Publisher's Notes has stirred me up; and now that I am stirred up I can see how much I needed it. I suppose there are thousands like me, fellows who take it out in *thinking* what they would do if they only got a chance, or wondering why the other fellows don't work a little harder, and all the time shut their eyes to the work that lies right at their doors ready for their hand.

I started out on a canvassing tour day before yesterday, and if you think my experience will be of use to anybody else here it is:

The first man I called on was a druggist whom I have known for some years past. When I told him what I wanted and asked him to put his name down for a subscription to THE STANDARD he gave a queer sort of look at me and said:

"What, are you one of those Henry George cranks? By thunder, the woods are full of them!"

I said yes, I was an anti-povertyite and wanted to make him one, too.

"Well," he said, "I don't believe in Henry George and I won't subscribe to his paper; but I wish you'd just tell me what it is you fellows expect to do."

I had a copy of H. F. Ring's "Case Plainly Stated" in my pocket, so I gave him that and asked him to read it. He glanced at it carelessly at first but soon became more interested. He read the tract through, and then he stared at me for about half a minute and finally said:

"I say, I guess I'll take that paper."

My next visit was to a storekeeper. I thought I was going to have a pretty tough time with him, but to my astonishment, as soon as I told him my business, he said:

"Well, do you know I've been making up my mind to study that question for some time past? I guess we'll have a six months' course of THE STANDARD anyhow and after that we'll see."

We had a little talk together, and I soon found out what had set him thinking on the land question. He had been trying to buy the village lot next door to him for three years past, and in that time its price had just doubled, mainly because his store was doing a good business and drawing people in that direction.

"Confound it!" he said, "here's old M—— wants a thousand dollars to-day for that lot he'd a' been glad to get $500 for awhile ago, and he ain't done nothin' to it but just let it lie. It's me and my store that's put the value into it. And here's another thing. M——'s taxes on that lot are $6 a year now. See! Well, if I buy it he can take my $1,000 and invest it so as it'll bring him in $70 a year without a cent of taxes on it. But let me own the lot and put a house on it, and the taxes will be $25 a year at least. That means that I'll have to give him $70 a year for doing nothing but gettin' out of my way, and then pay $25 a year besides for the privilege of doing it. If you fellows are trying to do away with such a system as that I'm with you, and I don't care who knows it."

So there I had two subscribers for THE STANDARD, and then, I'm sorry to say, my good luck seemed to leave me. I spent the whole afternoon talking to three other fellows, but couldn't strike a sub. However, they were ready enough to talk, and I mean to get them yet. I send you their names, and want you to send them recruit STANDARDS for the next four weeks. I'll drop in on them and see that they read it, and after the four weeks I expect to get them without trouble.

Now that I have broken the ice, I find the water ain't so cold after all. Canvassing for THE STANDARD is good fun. It gives a man a chance to talk, and makes him do a heap of thinking. You will hear from me again soon. I inclose addresses and remittances.

J. F——.

J. F. is right. Canvassing for THE STANDARD is good mental exercise. You can't fully appreciate the beauty of the single tax; you can't really begin to see all it will do for humanity, until you begin to explain it to other people. Every man you talk to, rich or poor, will furnish you a fresh example of the evils of the present system and a fresh instance of the benefits to be wrought by reform, As our friend says, canvassing for THE STANDARD is "good fun."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Inclosed find $2 with twelve names for recruit subscriptions. In a few weeks I will send some more.

I feel that the world may after all be better for my having lived in it, now that I am engaged in spreading the glorious doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the abolition of industrial slavery. I have only lately enlisted in this crusade. I have had the scales removed from my eyes, thank God, and now I am working as well as praying. Thank God, we have some ministers of Christ who are speaking fearlessly in this good cause. WALTER H. PITT.

KINGSTON, Ont.—Send me some land and labor tracts, for which inclosed please find one dollar. The Young men's Christian association has consented to throw open its hall for discussion of the land question, and next Friday Lawyer Machar, president of our land and labor club, will present the theory of the single tax. The tracts I want for distribution that evening. Clergymen are becoming gradually interested and must, some of them, speak out on the matter shortly.

This place is honeycombed with "Georgeism." I am astonished at the number of people I now meet whose minds are already disposed to the land doctrine.

ROBERT BALMER.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—For inclosed remittance send a copy of THE STANDARD to each of the following addresses for six weeks. I duly received the package of tracts, and with the aid of the few German ones I have made eight converts, six of whom were anarchists and two ultra-socialists. I will keep track of the English ones, and report in the near future.

D. ST. C. WINELAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Inclosed are the names of twelve candidates for conversion. There can be no doubt that many of us were somewhat disappointed at the result of the New York election, but just why we should be the majority of us have not stopped long enough to consider. When it is remembered that our organization is but one year old, entered the campaign without even enough money for legitimate expenses and had arrayed against it the political bummers of all schools, the whisky interest and the churches to a large extent, and that we cast for our principles nearly 75,000 votes in one state alone, I cannot help thinking that if we can keep right along getting defeated in the same way for a few years we shall soon be able to muster men enough to overcome both the old parties.

Our duty now is quite clear. All we have to do is to go to work in earnest, individually, to educate the people, and to keep our principles constantly before them. I propose during the coming year to send you the names of *at least one hundred and fifty* men, to whom I want you to send recruit STANDARDS. You will see from the classification of the names I send you to-day that few of them are workingmen in the strict sense of the term. Some of them, I am morally certain, will "see the cat" before the expiration of the six weeks, and will take up the cross of the new crusade, and do battle for the right. They are all honest, intelligent, thinking men, representing all political parties.

WM. GEDDES, M. D.

WOBURN, Mass.—I, and millions like me, who stand consistently doubting outside the pale of any church, would not thus stand if sermons like those which Dr. McGlynn preaches out of the church were preached in church by ministers with characters to match. Never in my life have I been more charmed and inspired than by these utterances.

I inclose postal note for $1.25 for my subscription to THE STANDARD for the next half year. R. ——.

Good letters these to read and think over. They suggest work to be done, and they show, moreover, how easy the work is if one will only set about it with a will. When are *you* going to begin work?

Fifteen cents for four successive copies of THE STANDARD. That is the recruit subscription. If you want to do your duty by the cause, see to it that every one of your acquaintances all over the United States has a chance to read at least four issues of THE STANDARD on this recruit subscription plan. Make a list of the people you know and then send in your recruit subscriptions as fast as you can afford—one a month, if you can do no better; fifty a week if you can afford so much—but send them regularly. It is the persistent work of this kind, the constant agitation, the steady drop, drop, dropping of the water on the stone, that will bring victory to our cause at last. Every convert gained brings our triumph a day nearer.

These are our terms for subscriptions to THE STANDARD:

One subscription, one year,	$2 50
One subscription, six months,	1 25
One subscription, three months,	63
Three or more subscriptions:	
One year, each,	$2 00
Six months, each,	1 00
Three months, each,	50

After the first club of three has been sent, subsequent subscriptions may be forwarded at the same reduced rates.

Recruit subscriptions, for *four weeks*, will be received, singly or in clubs, at fifteen cents each.

The recruiting fund has received the following contributions during the past week:

T. M. Grey	$1 50
Harry Allsop	2 50
W. J. Robinson	25
Francis Lake	1 00
Walter Crosby	2 50
Georgean	10
Total for the week	$7 85
Previously acknowledged	1,564 47
Total to date	$1,572 32

There is work waiting to be done which cannot be done until this fund begins to grow a little faster. It rests with the readers of THE STANDARD to say whether that work shall remain undone or not.

Address Wanted.

Will the correspondent in Reading, Pa., whose letter was printed on the first page of THE STANDARD of Nov. 26 over the signature "A Friend," please send his full name and address to this office?

ASSOCIATE ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETIES.

The splendid work accomplished by the Anti-poverty society has already led to the formation of associate societies in other cities, as noted from time to time in THE STANDARD, and repeated requests are made for information as to the methods of organizing associate societies and the rules which should govern their confederation and co-operation. To render the formation of such branches easy the executive committee of the New York Anti-poverty society adopted at its meeting, held Nov. 21, 1887, the following resolutions, which apply to the United States and Canada:

Resolved, 1. That the secretary prepare a suitable charter, to be issued from time to time to such ten or more persons as shall be designated by the executive committee, constituting them and their associates and successors the anti-poverty society of the city or village in which they reside. The charge for such charter to be $1.

2. That only one charter be issued to any one city or village.

3. That the executive committee may, by a majority vote at any meeting called for the purpose, withdraw any charter so issued.

4. That each branch society shall govern its local affairs, but shall in general conform to the usages and adopt and promulgate the fundamental principles of this society.

5. That each branch society shall have a corresponding secretary, whose duty it shall be to regularly correspond with the secretary of this society.

6. That each branch society may in its discretion organize subordinate local branches within the territory assigned to it by its charter, upon any plan it may adopt, but the plan adopted by this society is recommended wherever applicable.

7. That the plan for subordinate local branches in the city of New York, reported to the executive, on October 18, 1887, by the committee on grouping, and hereto attached, is adopted.

8. That the executive committee may, in its discretion, call a conference or convention of anti-poverty societies, and fix the basis of representation therefor, which conference or convention may form a continental or national anti-poverty society, and adopt a constitution therefor, such constitution to go into effect when approved by a majority of the anti-poverty societies then organized; provided, however, such constitution shall in nowise contravene the fundamental principles of this society.

9. These resolutions shall be printed and forwarded to all existing anti-poverty societies and land and labor clubs; and copies thereof shall accompany every charter issued.

10. That the by law as to branches, heretofore adopted, shall be repealed.

The report referred to in No. 7 of foregoing resolutions specifies districts in New York city in which subordinate societies or groups may be formed. The general recommendations of the report are as follows:

The committee recommends that the members belonging to each group be called together to organize; that each group elect its own secretary and treasurer, the chairman to be selected by the executive committee of the society from its own members; that the groups be instructed to have branch anti-poverty society public meetings in their districts at least once a month, and make provision for the distribution of tracts within their districts, either by individual missionary effort or by circulating at churches, theaters, or other public places; and that the groups be especially urged to so direct their work as to secure the co-operation of the ladies of the society.

The committee also recommends the groups to further subdivide their own membership into smaller branches for the purpose of holding sociables and debating clubs within relatively small circles.

The absence of cumbersome detail in this plan of organization is in entire keeping with the methods and purposes of a society which has invariably trusted more to the individual zeal and enthusiasm of its members than to any fixed rules of action or scheme of government. Now, as before, the main thing necessary for the formation of an anti-poverty society will be that conviction and that spirit which strengthens and animates the new crusade. All towns in which "a few are gathered together" for sympathy and aid in carrying on the good work should now, within a short time, be able to have anti-poverty societies of their own.

Preparing for the Campaign of '88.

The following circular has been issued by the Nineteenth ward association of the united labor party of Brooklyn:

Dear Sir—This is to inform you that the Nineteenth ward association of the united labor party (on whose books your name appears as a member) is organizing for permanent and necessary work, with no intention of abating its energy until the great principles for which we stand shall be engrafted in the laws of our country.

Our defeat in the recent skirmish has not shaken our belief that the single tax upon land values when adopted will make natural opportunities for work accessible to the laborer that thereafter no man willing to work shall be in enforced idleness or compelled to beg from others for the boon of employment. The primary work now before our organization is education, the spreading of the light, the sharing with others of the great truths which we see, the doing by each, according to his ability and opportunities, of something which will hasten the day when our beliefs and hopes shall be embodied in grounded law.

Do you falter, or shall we count you among the faithful? In the great work before us, it is, perhaps, needless to remind you, that, though all should be willing and competent to become teachers and missionaries, we could yet find work for many more.

Now for a brief outline of our plans: We propose to engage permanent quarters, which shall be open every night in the year. To hold weekly meetings, which shall be interspersed with debates, musical and literary exercises, and periodically to have some man, eminent in the movement, deliver a lecture on the burning question of our time.

We trust these plans will meet your approval and have your co-operation. We meet next Friday, December 2, at the old quarters, No. 145 Walton street, and would be pleased to welcome you, with any friends you might choose to bring. Should you be unable to attend this meeting, please communicate with one of the undersigned, stating whether you intend to enlist for the war or not. Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH MCGUINNESS, 350 Roebling st.,
JOHN A. GILCHRIST, 233 Rutledge st.,
C. B. BAKER, 98 Walton st.,
Committee.

The Nineteenth ward organization has now about one hundred active members. It proposes to push things energetically.

A Peep at New York Society.

New York Sun.

The Circassian beauty next halted before the dark hallway of a tenement in Chrystie street, entered it and groped her way up three flights of stairs to a door that yielded to a gentle push. It opened into a room that was used as a day nursery for children—a baby farm, as the neighbors called it. On a bureau stood a kerosene lamp with a chimney so sorely in need of cleaning that the atmosphere got only a twilight effect from the blazing wick within the dirty cylinder. Black shadows were thus thrown on the bare floor and walls from the bed, the rocker and the half dozen cribs standing here and there about the room. All the cribs except one were empty of everything but soiled and disordered bedding. In that one crib a baby of seven or eight months' existence, pale but robust, slept as only children and angels possibly can sleep, soundly and with a smile betokening the passing of delightful dreams and visions. Pale it was, though, you could not know that until the [illegible] had scrubbed a wash rag and rubbed off the signs of negligence that stained the little cheeks and high white brow.

"I think you might clean up Baby a little, Mrs. Houlihan," said the Beauty.

"Oh, do you, now?" answered the woman of the place, moving out of the shadow of the chimney place—a huge, shapeless tun of femininity, with a hard and repulsive face. "Well, then, I'll just tell ye I don't much care for what you think. All the other babies is away be noine or tin o'clock, and here it is after eleven every noight whin you come. And there was your brat yelling an hour ago, that I had to give him three cints' worth more of milk, as I had to do 'twas Saturday night and again of a Chewsday. I'll thank ye that ye will pay me for it, every cint."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Houlihan," said the Beauty, who was now down on her knees over the cradle; "I will pay you more than that. I will pay you extra. But don't call him a brat or be unkind to him"——

"Don't find fault with honest dirt, thin, and I'll not brat him."

"And I want to ask you to keep him all right until I move. I dare not take him home. My husband has found out where I live and sold my bed from under me, and I must get another room where he will not find me before I take baby away."

The huge farmer of infantile humanity strode across the room and seized the girl with a grip like a vise. Then she rained a volley of questions upon her in a cold and cruel voice:

"Are you not lying? Have you not lost your place? Will you pay me double, forty cents a day and the extra milk? I won't be chiseled be noue of you. I don't care for one baby above another, nor any of thim—only the money they bring me. Forty cents and the milk, and every cint cash in me hand."

"Yes, yes, yes," said the Circassian beauty, "and you will keep him and not let him cry for food? Oh, thank you very much."

An hour later she had retired—upon a shawl on the otherwise bare floor—to dream of her drunken husband, whose knock she expected every instant, even in her sleep, and of rising early and securing another room where she could hide herself and baby away from him.

The Owners of Ireland.

Irish World, Nov. 20, 1880.

The *Telegraph*—also London—assumes that Mr. Parnell assumes that "The landlords have no rights which the tenants are bound to respect," and continues, "This rule of readjustment has a certain simplicity about it; but if the landlord has no equitable claim, why compensate him with thirty years' rent as Mr. Parnell proposed at New Ross?"

Now it so happens that Mr. Parnell does not assume that landlords have no "rights that tenants are bound to respect." But, if he does not assume this, the tenants are beginning to assume it. God forbid that they should commit the crime of not assuming it—the crime of recognizing any "right" in those wholesale thieves and murderers—those blasphemers, too, who have dared to set aside the Title Deed reposing in man's natural wants and given to him by his Creator—that they should throw down that Divine Title Deed and set up in its stead a lie, begotten in wickedness and born in blood.

But of all the London beagles that bark at the land movement the London *Times* seems the most stupid, the most at fault. Thus it goes off on the "false scent:"

"When the present race of landlords has been shot or dispossessed, or whatever else it is that Mr. Parnell and his friends have in store for them, the land of Ireland would still be in the possession of somebody. Its owner might still prefer to let it out rather than to cultivate it himself. But with what added force would Mr. Parnell's words of abuse apply to the man who did this! If force and fraud are blots upon a title, what rights of ownership could there be for any member of the land league or for anybody claiming through him?"

"The owner might still prefer," etc. The *Times* does not even dream of the sublime truth on which this whole question now turns. The truth that there is no owner, that there can be no "owner" of what God has created for the use of all. That a title of possession founded upon his occupancy is all that any man can ever own of God's footstool, and that only for a quantity measurable by his natural wants. Pertinently, indeed, does the *Times* ask, "What rights of ownership could there be for any member of the land league or anybody claiming through him?" The *Times* is too sunken and unobservant to see the answer—at once simple and conclusive. No right! None could exist in any member of the land league, and no rights whatever in any man "claiming through him." There is one legitimate right, and only one, on this broad earth. And that right is so clear, so conclusive, so stamped by the Most High, that no man can mistake it. No man, if he be not a fool, can mistake it. And no other man can or will deny it if he be not something in the very close neighborhood of a knave.

For man must satisfy the wants of his nature or he must die. Shut him out from the products of the land and immediate death to him is the consequence. Shut him out from the products of the land itself and he has no means of procuring even food, if someone does not consent to admit him into the "institution" of wages slavery. If he is admitted, there remains before him a long, laborious, joyless life. And out from that miserable condition he is liable to be cast at any moment. Out to the two executioners that are waiting outside to murder him—Nakedness and Hunger. That's the life or the death provided for him, both in Ireland and America, by the damnable thing that calls itself a Christian civilization.

But why add proof after proof that this whole system of land monopoly is an impiety—a blasphemy—directly or remotely the cause of all the sorrows that ever afflicted our brother man and our sister woman on this earth! The work now before us is to overturn the blasphemy—let not its aspect be seen wherever a man or woman exists to look at it.

As the sun of harvest ripens the grain, so will the light of truth ripen the great land movement. And, as Mr. Parnell has wisely said, when the harvest of truth and justice is ripe it will be an easy matter to gather in the fruits.

And How Can This Be Done Better Than on the Plan Proposed by the United Labor Party?

Chauncey M. Depew at the Chamber of Commerce Dinner.

There is no civilized country where so many workingmen own their own homes. The solvent of national prosperity and happiness is not the confiscation of land upon crazy theories of its common use, but the widest distribution of its ownership. The man who holds in fee his house and lot and within the walls of his cottage, however humble it may be, gathers his family, forms the tender fireside associations and begins to feel the independence of his position becomes at once a defender of the law and a determined foe of anarchy. The broadest philanthropy, the most beneficent and best paying selfishness in the use of capital is to make cheap and easy the purchase of homesteads.

What a Leading Canadian Journal Thinks of the Late Election.

Toronto Globe.

While Mr. Henry George met with a somewhat unexpected set-back in the New York state election, it is rather jumping at conclusions for the organs of the two great American political parties to profess to believe that the movement favoring a single tax on land values has been finally disposed of by the result of a single contest. If this opinion is well founded, if an economic doctrine supported by a great number of the masters of economic science is henceforth out of politics, if the so-called "Georgeites" have been practically buried, it cannot be improper to write a little obituary notice of them.

Let the surviving political parties then acknowledge that Henry George fought his losing campaign in a very noble spirit, consistently, magnanimously, bravely and always by appeals to the reason and conscience of the public. He endured malignant representations with silent dignity, refused to retort ridicule by ridicule, and, though possessed of a most terrible armory, never replied to invective by invective, [illegible] bore it with calm and even pitying scorn. In all his speeches, in all the articles of his very powerfully written paper, THE STANDARD, there was no sentence indicating his aims were selfish or in any degree mean, but always he sought to advance the highest interests of his country and humanity. Finally he took his unexpectedly severe defeat in a manner becoming to a brave man, thrice armed against disaster by consciousness of rectitude and hope for the ultimate triumph of his principles. That a campaign so fought and a defeat so endured were on behalf of a dead cause may be so, but we do not believe it. At the worst, the "Georgeites" have offered to men of all parties and countries an example of magnificent fairness, generosity, candor and courage that cannot fail entirely of effect in a world where noble example is never quite wasted.

A Barbed Wire Fence.

Boston Transcript.

"Why should there exist a customs barrier right through the middle of the continent to retard the natural flow of commerce? . . . To obliterate this customs line right through the middle of the continent, and make the whole American people one, commercially, is the object sought by the new movement called commercial union. The almost miraculous crops of wheat raised by the sparse settlements of Manitoba; the stores of such minerals as iron, copper, nickel, gold and silver, asbestos, mica, phosphate and coal, only just broached as yet on the other side of the great lakes; the lumber so greatly needed in the United States, and the fisheries, under commercial union would be opened and rendered free to American enterprise and American profit. At present, as the *American Grocer* expresses it, we are shut off from these riches and they are shut off from our markets "by a barbed wire fence 4,000 miles long, over which one brother cannot trade with another brother to the extent of a bushel of potatoes without the intervention of the government." How much longer can the intelligence and enterprise of Americans submit to such a mediæval interference with their traffic and advancement?

Of Some Comfort to the Half Way Free Traders.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* writes as follows, and that journal prints his communication under the heading "How Georgeism Helps Revenue Reform:" I have asked a number of workingmen who have accepted the theory whether they realize that the acceptance makes them out and out free traders. Some had not previously looked at the matter in that light; but, their attention having been called to it, they have quickly declared that if there be anything at all in Georgeism, then the notion that wages depend in any degree upon the maintenance of a high tariff must be utterly unsound. Others who have not agreed with George have still familiarized themselves with his theories, and these, almost to a man, so far as my observation goes, have been influenced thereby to an abandonment of the idea that high tariff can ever be depended upon to make wages high and give the country prosperity.

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THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

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ADDRESS

by

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NOTE.—The Academy of Music has been leased for six months by the society for its Sunday evening meetings.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY COMMONERS.—NOTICE.—The regular meeting of the "commoners" will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 16, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock sharp. The place of meeting is our hall above the bank on the corner of Fourth and Wood streets. Free discussion on land and taxation.

W. J. NESBIT, Secretary,
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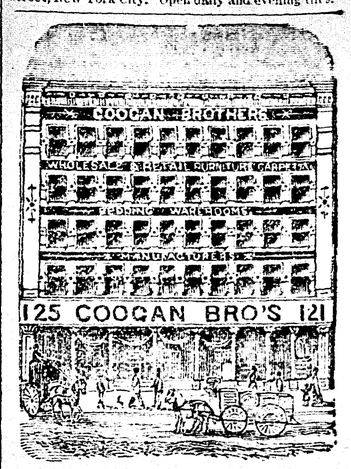

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