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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The exhibition of sycophancy and fetich worship which has taken place in Great Britain this week is a spectacle for gods and men. It is a doleful commentary upon the advance of civilization and the diffusion of education that in almost the last decade of the nineteenth century the great body of the English people (it would be unfair to suppose that there are not many Englishmen to whom all this is utterly disgusting) should go into a spasm of adulation over a woman of whom the very best that can truthfully be said is that she has never flagrantly outraged any of the obvious proprieties of life.

Victoria Guelph is, as well as her personality can be got at, a greedy, grasping, narrow-minded, commonplace woman, who never did a useful thing in her life unless to serve the purpose of a legal fiction that might just as well have been served by a wax figure from Madame Tussaud's show. Yet a great people hasten to prostrate themselves before her, and to thank her with honors that fall little short of adoration for having permitted them so long to support her and her family; and rejoice over the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the position of royal figurehead as though it marked some great national deliverance.

The crown in England has ceased to exert any real political power. It is now but a figurehead. But it is the figurehead of a social and political system which divides men into orders almost as distinctly marked as Hindoo castes, and crushes the vast mass into poverty and pauperism that a class of idlers may live luxuriously on wealth they do nothing to produce. The slavish adulation of a human being who, without ever having done a stroke of work in her whole life, has become, by virtue of taxes wrung from the hard hands of labor, the richest woman in the world, is in reality an apotheosis of the system which keeps the millions of England on the verge of starvation that a favored ten thousand may enjoy luxurious idleness. This abject prostration of a great nation before a human fetich does not show the survival of ancient superstition so much as the presence of an active living force, which is busy to-day inculcating the worship of power and wealth, from an instinctive perception that in this way that the many can be most easily held in subjection to the few. The English throne is the capstone of a social pyramid of many ranks, each of which is interested in abasing itself before those who are above, in order that it may in return enjoy the abasement of those who are below. And in inculcating this habit of servility, in accustoming the public mind to look upon the useless incumbent of a throne as a gracious benefactor, and in confounding ideas of duty and patriotism with personal devotion to a family, no class is so active and so efficient as the professed ministers of Christ. If this heathenish adoration of a human creature prevails in Great Britain, it is not in despite of what is called Christianity, but because it is a vital part of what is taught to the people as Christianity. Christ, according to the religion that is taught in England for Christianity, is not the friend and deliverer of the poor, but the patron of the rich. He is a guardian of game preserves and mining royalties and city ground rents; a protector of the smugly respectable, who considers the honor paid to one's betters as honor paid to Him. Almighty God, the people are virtually taught, has so ordered this world that while a few roll in luxury the great mass of its people can only get a poor living by the hardest toil, and large numbers cannot even get that, but must live, if they live at all, on the crumbs that fall from rich men's tables; but He has considerately provided another world, in which things will be ordered more equally and to which such of the poor will be admitted as have in this life conducted themselves lowly and reverently toward their betters and not quarreled with the existing order.

In Windsor castle is a magnificent marble-lined chamber fitted up at vast expense as a memorial to Prince Albert. In the center, on a marble altar, reclines the effigy of Prince Albert clothed in mail. In the panels of the altar and around the walls of the chamber are sculptured scenes from the passion of Christ! It is typical of the degradation of Christianity. The very life and sufferings of him who came to preach the gospel of equality and fraternity have been wrested by the same powers that crucified him to the support of Cæsar's tyranny and the justification of Dives' greed.

The official prayer recited before the queen by the $75,000 per annum archbishop of Canterbury, in which the Almighty is blasphemously praised for having "set the crown upon her head," and thanked for "the abundance of dominion wherewith Thou hast exalted and enlarged her empire," is the keynote of the prayers and sermons that have been delivered by ministers of all denominations. Even the pope, utterly ignoring the sufferings of his Irish co-religionists in this "Victorian era"—something that he especially might have been moved to remember, since out of their poverty the faithful Irish have sent him thousands and thousands of pounds in Peter's pence—hastened to join in laying the homage of religion at the feet of the established order, while Cardinal Manning, besides issuing a letter to his clergy, in which he tells them that Victoria has "shown the heart not only of a queen but of a mother to all who mourn," and that "her home and her court are bright and spotless examples for all who reign and a pattern for all her people," called all the Catholic peers to a special jubilee service, by way, evidently, of showing that the Catholic church, although not by law established, is just as good a supporter of "things as they are" as the established church itself can be.

And still more suggestive, and even more disgusting, is the sympathy and admiration with which a not inconsiderable section of Americans have watched these proceedings and joined in them as far as they could. So much does queen worship suit their taste that, not having a queen of their own to abase themselves before, they eagerly seize the opportunity to do homage to somebody else's queen.

It is proper enough for the president to address a congratulatory letter to the official head of a friendly nation, and for the American minister, so long as we have a minister at St. James, to make an official call, and for such loyal subjects of her majesty as Mr. Joseph J. O'Donoghue to be accorded every facility for the observance of what they regard as a national anniversary, and for American citizens, official or not, to take the opportunity to emphasize the fact that the two great nations of the English speech constitute in reality, but one people between whom nothing should be neglected that may draw closer the bonds of amity. But through most of the American contributions to the jubilee there runs a vein not merely of tolerance, but of admiration for royalty, which is unpleasantly suggestive of the decay, among certain classes at least of our people, of that robust democracy which regards every crowned head as a usurper, and looks forward to the day when nothing but the sovereignty of the people shall anywhere be acknowledged as legitimate.

As for Bishop Potter and the other Episcopal clergymen who engaged in the services at Trinity church, with their express recognitions in prayer and praise of the right divine of kings, they show themselves legitimate spiritual descendants of the Episcopal tories of the revolution.

The truth is, not merely that old animosities are being forgotten, and that quicker and easier communication is welding more closely together the ocean-separated nations of the same speech, but that the social conditions of the two countries are approximating. That equality of condition under which alone true democracy can exist is with us passing into a state of things in which the line between rich and poor, between privileged and unprivileged, between those born to enjoy the fruits of other people's toil and those born to work for others, is becoming almost as strongly marked as on the opposite side of the Atlantic. And partly from the almost unconscious swaying of interest and partly from conscious fear of the threatened extension of the democratic doctrine of equality of rights to something more substantial than political privileges, our richer classes—our "better classes," as they are beginning to call themselves—naturally turn with admiration to the political system that crowns the social pyramid with a splendidly draped figure, to which the common people can be taught to look in affectionate admiration, and by the magic of the possessive pronoun be led to consider its luxury as their glory, and its wealth as in some sort a compensation for their poverty.

And the same sort of Christianity prevails here that prevails in England. Not to mention Archbishop Corrigan—who, being called "your grace" and occupying a palace and bagging from the shearing of his flock something over $40,000 a year, is the nearest parallel we can furnish to the archbishop of Canterbury, and whose determination to exert the whole power of the pope to compel his "subjects" to support the powers that be, is well known—but to jump at once to the opposite wing of what passes for orthodox Christianity, there are some documents printed in the last number of the *Christian Union* that are of much interest in this connection.

These are a report and addresses on the subject of city evangelization, made to the American home missionary society at its recent meeting in Saratoga by a committee appointed for the purpose by the Home missionary society and the National council of Congregational churches, and consisting of the Reverend Doctors Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong, James G. Roberts and James Gideon Johnson.

These men are spiritual successors of the Puritans and Independents who hated popery and fought prelacy, yet their position with regard to what they themselves call "the question of the hour" is essentially that of pope and prelate. They assume the division of rich and poor to be part of the providential order as confidently, if not as distinctly, as does Bishop Vaughan, and they throw the responsibility of things as they are upon the Almighty as clearly as does the archbishop of Canterbury. They, of course, also hold, as do those prelates and all other believers in the divine ordering of poverty, that it is the duty of Christian men to somewhat smooth off the rough edges of things as they are, so far as it can be done by preaching and charity without interference with "vested rights," as the lawyers term those peculiar privileges which Christianity of this sort attributes to the special favor with which the Almighty regards certain of his creatures. But one of the things that make this report worthy of attention, and remove it by a long distance from the position of those who would merely go along doling out charity on old methods, is the strength of the consciousness which it exhibits that some extensive smoothing off process is necessary.

The work which the home missionary society urges through its committee as being far more important than the work of foreign missions, is to be done among the working classes of the great cities, which the report recognizes as necessarily the poor. The rich are called on to pay the expenses, but the poor are to get the preaching and the charity—partly because they need them most and party because, as the committee see, a spirit of discontent very dangerous to "things as they are" is arising among the poor.

In this way does the report describe the conditions of life of the masses in our great cities, to which, as they truthfully say, the bulk of our population is steadily and rapidly tending:

> In the fermenting populations of these great cities are begotten influences which stimulate to every form of vice. The poorer classes live in houses that are not and cannot be made homes, under unsanitary conditions from which God's free gifts—fresh air, pure water and bright sunshine—are shut out. In the more densely populated wards churches are few and liquor shops and gambling hells are plenty. To them are drawn, by a strange but irresistible attraction, the unemployed; in them herd the paupers and the criminals. Great gulfs almost as impassable as that which separated Dives and Lazarus intervene between the classes, which are rapidly becoming hereditary castes. Ignorance, superstition and discontent make great masses of men an easy prey to demagogues, and the ballot intended for their protection becomes an added peril to them and to their neighbors. Political corruption is seen in its worst and most shameless forms in the great municipalities. Said the chief of police of New York city to one of your committee more than twenty years ago: "You are living on the edge of a volcano." In the anti-draft riots of New York city, the labor riots of Cleveland and Cincinnati, and the socialistic riots of Chicago and Milwaukee, we have seen some premonitory eruptions from these volcanoes and some glimpses of the before unknown lava boiling and seething beneath the surface. Nor are all the vices which make the great city a menace to modern civilization on one side of the great gulf. Spiritual perception discerns in the upper classes a haste to be rich which recalls the apostle's declaration that covetousness is idolatry, and a passion for pleasure which recalls his other declaration, she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.

"God's free gifts—fresh air, pure water and bright sunshine"—say this Congregational committee! It never seems to have entered their pious heads, professional students as they are of God's ways toward man, that there is also another free gift of God, without which his human creatures cannot enjoy air, water or sunshine. Yet most clearly and unmistakably—so clearly and unmistakably that these Congregational ministers must wilfully and deliberately have closed their eyes to it—is it from the monopolization of God's free gift of land that all the evils they so vividly picture arise. But of this obvious cause, and the equally obvious remedy, they have not one word. On the contrary they immediately go on to explain why this "tendency of modern populations to concentrate in great cities is not to be deprecated." It is because—

> If the great city is a menace to modern civilization, it is still more an opportunity for modern missionary work. . . . God brings the heathen in great numbers from foreign lands and puts them at our doors that we may preach the gospel to them in our own home and with all the advantages of an atmospheric and pervasive Christianity. He masses them in great bodies where we may have easy access to them.

How kind God is to home missionary societies, and how considerate of their convenience! It is really much more convenient (to the missionary) to have the heathen sent to the missionary than to have the missionary sent after the heathen, as were Peter and Paul and Patrick and Augustine. And, then, observe how beautifully this discovery, that these heathen Irish and Germans and Italians are sent over here by God to have Congregational Christianity preached to them, harmonizes with the notion entertained by Anglican and Italian prelates of the divine warrant of private property in land. For in its light it is plainly to be seen that this institution is sanctioned by Divine Providence, not merely in order that a land-owning class may be enabled to live in idleness off of the labor of a non-landowning class, but also in order that by high rents and low wages heathen may be driven from Europe to America. And then when those heathen get here the same beneficent institution, by producing an artificial scarcity of land here, crowds them so compactly together in our great cities—piles them, in fact, so densely on the top of one another in tenement houses, that "home" missionaries can get at the maximum number of heathen with the minimum amount of exertion.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, chairman of the committee, expanded further on the point of the providential concentration of heathen. In his supplementary address he says:

> God, by his providence, brings great foreign populations, half pagan, to our shores and plants them here that, amidst Christian civilization, in a Christian atmosphere coming in contact with us in our own homes and in our stores, brushing against us in our own streets, we may convert them in the midst of a Christian atmosphere. . . . This great population coming here, God next concentrates them where we can get at them easily. He puts them in masses. . . . Not only this. God gathers the peoples, not only in concentrated populations in great cities, but in great fermenting populations, where they brush against one another; where they feel the influence of the daily press, of the annual election, of business strife; where they feel all the pressure and pulse-beat of a living, busy activity.

If this is the kind of God in which the Rev. Lyman Abbott and his associates actually believe, it is, failing anything better, sincerely to be hoped that they may soon be converted to Buddhism or to atheism. For to a rightly balanced mind it must be vastly more consoling to think that the conditions of men in this life are the net result of their deeds in previous lives, or that the whole universe is but the action and reaction of force and matter, than to really believe that an intelligent Creator clothes immortal souls in human bodies and can then devise no better way of saving them from a Congregational hell of eternal torment than by crowding them together in the conditions this report so graphically describes, in order that home missionaries may, with the minimum of inconvenience to themselves, "have a whack" at their conversion.

Having expounded their ideas of the divine economy in providing the miserably poor for the conversion of the benevolent rich, Dr. Abbott and his associates go on to urge upon Congregational Christians both their duty and their interest in "city Christianization." This part of the report and addresses presents such a queer jumble of ideas that it is impossible to do adequate justice to it in any brief condensation.

"The object of the gospel," says the committee, "is organic as well as personal; it is for the salvation of society as well as of the individual. The church is charged," say they, "with the duty of doing something toward answering the prayer which the Master has taught us to pray—Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. To turn the great cities which are mere commercial marts into cities of our God—to convert Vanity Fair into a New Jerusalem, this is the mission of the gospel; this is at once the duty and the opportunity of the Christian church."

Brave words at the bridge! How does the committee propose to carry them out? Marry, thus:

First, to "construct tenements for the working people in which a cleanly, healthful home life is possible," it having been found "that the working people are quick to avail themselves of the proffered chance, and that *the rentals are adequate to pay a reasonable interest on the investment.*"

Second, "to promote the organization of churches in the churchless wards of our great cities, and to have prayer meetings, gospel services, Sunday schools, mission chapels, Bible readings and tenement house visitations."

Third, to divide the city into districts, and to have each household visited at regular intervals, to ascertain "where a call from a pastor is important, and where *a little judicious assistance would bring the family to church.*"

Fourth, to induce Christian families to go and live in tenement houses, that the light of their good example may be shed abroad on the heathen around about.

Fifth, to establish special schools and train a special corps of preachers for the work of city evangelization, "men of tact, alert rather than scholarly; sinewy rather than cultivated; masters of the English rather than adepts in Greek and Hebrew."

Then, having settled just how the heathen of our cities are to be converted, and Vanity Fair turned into the New Jerusalem, the committee come to what they frankly state is the most important question of all: "How shall we get the money?"

The answer they give is that the Christian ministry must get rich Christians to donate it by explaining to them that *"all wealth is a trust; that nothing belongs to the individual; that all is God's, and all God's wealth is in the hands of the wealthy in trust for the poor,"* and that "the first letter in the alphabet of Christianity is not known by that nation which does not know that the life is more than meat; and that the nation which is growing rich in *things* and poor in *men* is on the highway to national bankruptcy."

It is hardly necessary to call the attention of the denouncers of communism and socialism to the utterance of the four Congregational doctors of divinity that I have italicized, and to a statement in another part of the report that *"the housing of the people cannot be left to be determined by freedom of contract."*

In the meantime if Dr. Abbott wishes to preach to that text from the tail of a cart in the tenement districts, he can be certain of an enthusiastic audience.

This whole amazing exposition of the plan of Divine Providence shows into what jungles those who shut their eyes to a plain and simple truth may be led.

"For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted."

As ex-Governor Dorsheimer has the reputation of being a man of gentlemanly instincts, he will probably be thankful for having his attention called to the fact that his paper is being used by some "palace tool" to disseminate slanderous insinuations against the personal character of Dr. McGlynn. On Tuesday the *Star* contained a lying, slanderous insinuation, set forth with studied malignity, that Dr. McGlynn had fraudulently failed to pay the legacies of $500 each left by his mother to the Little Sisters of the Poor and to the fund for aged and indigent priests, construing his very natural and proper refusal to be catechized about the matter by a *Star* reporter on the stage of the Academy of Music as an evidence of conscious guilt. The plain truth of the matter, as known to Dr. McGlynn's friends, is that the estate of Mrs. McGlynn did not at the time of her death amount to enough to pay the legacies mentioned in her will, which was made some years before, and that the doctor himself paid all the personal legacies. On Thursday morning the *Star* returns to the same vile business, saying editorially:

> A gentleman, a Protestant, and a friend and admirer of Henry George, says that Dr. McGlynn now often lapses into fits of gloomy, moody silence, during which the signs of the intense mental strain that are depicted on his face plainly indicate the cruel torture that rages within. These spells cause much alarm among his old friends. They see that, like a race horse on whom desperate gamblers have staked their all, he is being pushed by his present managers for every atom of strength and influence that is in him. No one who knew him in the old days fails to predict that he cannot stand the strain, and that in six months he will be either a mental or a physical wreck.

Of my own knowledge I can declare this false. Never since I have known him has Dr. McGlynn seemed stronger, mentally and physically, than now, and the work he is doing in traveling every day and speaking every night proves this. If he chooses to retire into his own thoughts rather than be pestered by the questions of a bore, it is because he finds them better company.

Again the *Star* says:

> In addition to the incident of Mrs. McGlynn's will given yesterday in the news columns of the *Star*, we believe we are the first to publish the fact that before the unpleasant ecclesiastical trouble culminated in the suspension of the ex-pastor of St. Stephen's, Archbishop Corrigan drove to his house in East Twenty-ninth street, and the doctor refused to receive the card he sent up. The archbishop then said: "Tell Dr. McGlynn I am still here, and only want five minutes of his time." But the message made no change, and the archbishop had to go away without gaining admission.

This I cannot, of course, deny from personal knowledge, but I am morally certain that it is an unmitigated falsehood. Not that there would be any impropriety in Dr. McGlynn refusing to receive the archbishop in his sick chamber, or in refusing to see him at all under the circumstances, so long as letter paper and postage stamps were to be had; but because the story is utterly inconsistent both with the character of Dr. McGlynn and with that of Archbishop Corrigan.

These stories are but samples of even more vicious ones that, set afloat from this city, are being whispered about in Catholic circles in other parts of the country. Whoever hears any story derogatory to Dr. McGlynn may without further inquiry set it down as a malicious falsehood inspired by that hatred which is the subject of Browning's "Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister:"

> If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
> God's blood! wouldn't mine kill you.

Were Dr. McGlynn not a man strong and wise, of the highest rectitude and purest character, conscientious and spiritually-minded, his friends of years would not have so stood to him.

In the same article the *Star* goes on to say:

> In many quarters it is noted as strange that Dr. McGlynn has never answered the assertion, several times repeated, of the archbishop, that he could make known the whole details of his case only when Dr. McGlynn gave him permission to do so. Why, if he has been treated so unjustly, does he not accept this invitation to show the public the charges against him?

This is the most vicious of all these insinuations. It is one of the attempts which have been made through nearly all the New York papers to take advantage of the indistinctness with which most persons retain the recollection of a long series of events learned of through the newspapers, to befog the public mind as to the relation of definite facts.

The truth of this matter is that when Dr. McGlynn was evicted from St. Stephen's, a committee appointed at a meeting of his parishioners wrote to Archbishop Corrigan respectfully asking an interview, that they might learn his reasons for the removal of their loved pastor. On the following day Archbishop Corrigan addressed their chairman as follows:

> SIR—In consequence of a prior engagement which detained me until a late hour last night, I have been unable to attend sooner to your registered letter of yesterday, which came to hand as I was leaving the house. I now avail myself of the first free moment to remind you and your associates that in the Catholic church bishops give an account of their official actions to their superiors when occasion requires, and not to those under their charge. I am not aware that in transferring a subaltern officer from one post to another a general in the army consults his soldiers.

Still, making allowance for excited feelings, and for the attachment entertained for one who has so long held toward you the sacred relations of pastor, I am willing, as a matter of favor, to state the reason of my actions in this particular case, if Dr. McGlynn expresses in writing a desire to that effect. Otherwise, through the same regard for him which has induced me to keep silence for more than a month, since his refusal to obey the holy see—a refusal more than once expressed to me in writing—I prefer to say nothing in the premises.

Dr. McGlynn, adhering to the policy of silence which he had all along pursued, made no request, but without waiting a decent time for that, Archbishop Corrigan, on the next day but one, summoned the reporters of the New York press to his palace, where they were handed copies of a long statement of his reasons for the two suspensions and final removal of Dr. McGlynn, beginning with the dispatch of Cardinal Simeoni in 1882 and ending with a cable dispatch received from Cardinal Jacobini that morning. The first paragraph of the archbishop's statement is as follows:

> NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1887.
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> The press of this city has shown so much courtesy toward me in the painful issue that has engaged much general attention for the past few weeks, that I determined this morning, in view also of other reasons which will appear further on in this communication, to make a simple, straightforward statement of the facts in the case, such as I know them, without personal feeling and without comment, and this communication is intended to be final.

These are the facts. I now trust that Governor Dorsheimer will show that he is, as I take him to be, an honorable antagonist, and not a sneaking slanderer. I say this, knowing what those who have never occupied such a position very often do not know, that the responsible editor of a great paper frequently has no knowledge of things that have appeared in his own journal.

The New York *Herald* does nothing by halves. Like the little girl with the curl on her forehead—

> "When it is good, it is very, very good,
> But when it is bad, it is horrid."

It recently published a series of editorials, with a view of convincing Irish Catholics that McGlynn and George are trying to turn them into British Protestants, which, whether intentional or not, might have given even the practiced pens of the *Evening Post* a lesson in cool and artistic misrepresentation. It is, however, to be said to the credit of the *Herald* that it at the same time opened its columns to communications from its readers, not only on this subject, but on the land question, and has got, and printed them, of such kind and quality as to show not only that on this subject at least, the *Herald* editorials may well be left to *Herald* correspondents, but to give its contemporaries a lesson both in fairness and in good journalism. But many papers in other parts of the country, and doubtless in other parts of the world—are reprinting these *Herald* articles, and in doing so give the bane without the antidote. Here is an extract from its editorial calculated to befog the issue between Dr. McGlynn and the Roman authorities which it may be worth while to set straight:

> Dr. McGlynn became enamored of this land business. It took possession of him. He could think of nothing else, could speak of nothing else. The authorities of Rome heard that there was a conflict of opinion between him and his ecclesiastical superior. No matter how they heard it, or by whom—they heard it. At once the pope politely invited him to a conference. He did not go. Again he was invited, more urgently. He refused. Then he was ordered peremptorily, because the church is accustomed to be obeyed. The general in chief ordered the lieutenant to come to headquarters. The lieutenant not only disobeyed, but continued the offense. At last it came to such a pass that either the Catholic church had to submit to a priest or the priest had to submit to the church.

The facts are that Dr. McGlynn has never yet been politely invited to a conference either by propaganda or pope.

He was first suspended, then *ordered* to come to Rome and retract his opinions on the land question, and finally he has, it seems, been *ordered* to Rome under penalty of excommunication by name if he shall not appear within forty days, that are now nearly up.

Dr. McGlynn's reasons for not going to Rome have been already given. He cannot retract what he knows to be truth, and he will not admit the right of bishop, propaganda or pope to order him to Rome to answer for the acts or opinions of an American citizen.

So, unless the demonstration of last Saturday night has frightened the pope, Dr. McGlynn will probably within a week or so be excommunicated by name.

There stands hard by the palace of the holy inquisition in Rome a statue which has been placed there since Rome became the capital of a united Italy. On it is this inscription:

> GALILEO GALILEI
> was imprisoned in the neighboring palace
> for having seen
> that the earth revolves around the sun.

In after years, when the true-hearted American priest shall have rested from his labors, and what is now being done is history, there will arise by the spot where he shall be excommunicated such a statue and such an inscription. And days will come when happy little children, such as now die like flies in tenement houses, shall be held up by their mothers to lay garlands upon it.

HENRY GEORGE.

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost has consented to devote his July vacation to speaking through New York state. Applications for dates may be addressed to THE STANDARD.

ANTI-POVERTY.

THE SOCIETY PACKS THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND IRVING HALL.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, Dr. McGlynn and Henry George Speak in Both Houses—A Testimonial to Dr. McGlynn From the Russian-American League.

Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin opened the eighth meeting of the Anti-poverty society last Sunday evening. While he was speaking a committee from the Russian-American league —N. Abinikoff, L. Goldenberg and Bovis Jovoff, accompanied by a lady—came upon the stage with a letter and a beautiful floral emblem for Dr. McGlynn, who was seated near the middle with Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost and Henry George. The following passage in the letter was received with great applause:

As native sons of a country suffering under the oppressive government of a despotic czar, it behooves us to express our deepest reverence and heartfelt gratitude to the man who, imbued with the noble sentiments of the true American spirit, knows how to appreciate the great struggle of our brethren who daily sacrifice their lives to achieve freedom, and who, in our age of prejudice and class interests, sycophancy and ecclesiastical gloominess, dares to raise his voice against the oppressors and their selfish sympathizers and co-workers.

The chairman, after reading the letter, announced that Rev. Mr. Pentecost of Newark would deliver the "long talk" in the Academy while Dr. McGlynn would speak at the same time in Irving hall, and that then the speakers would change places. Mr. Pentecost on rising to speak was received with great applause. He said:

Mr. Chairmen, Ladies and Gentlemen: Not very many years ago there appeared in a newspaper published in South Carolina the following advertisement: "Twenty dollars reward—Ran away, a negro girl, sixteen or seventeen years of age; slim made, branded on the left cheek with the letter R; a piece clipped out of the left ear and branded in the same manner on the inside of both legs. (Signed) Abner Ross." That advertisement appeared when negro chattel slavery was in legal force in this country, and was befriended by the newspapers and by lawyers, merchants, bishops and ministers, many of of whom are still alive (a voice, "They ought to be dead"); and who are as much in the dark to-day concerning the iniquity of private property in land as they were then concerning the iniquity of private property in men. ("Hear, hear!" and applause.)

On the third day of this present month Molly Jackson, a white woman, was condemned by a judge in Paducah, Ky., for vagrancy, to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for thirty days. Much objection is made when we say that poverty is a crime; and yet the ruling of the court in Kentucky is that poverty is a crime of such a nature that it must be punished by the criminal being sold into slavery. (Hisses.)

In the city of Newark, where I live, not many weeks ago an American white woman, a widow with four children, answered an advertisement in a newspaper asking for some one to do a certain sort of work; and when she made her application for the work, she was kindly given employment by a man who sells children's pretty dresses for a living for himself and his family. He kindly gave her the privilege of making these children's pretty dresses, and graciously gave her eight cents apiece for them. So that, by hard work through long hours she was enabled to take from the share of this world's wealth which she helps to produce, each day twenty-four cents, each week $1.44, each year $72.00, with which to put a shelter over her own head and the heads of her children, to furnish them with clothing and with food, to buy drink and indulge in the other extravagances to which we are told the poor are especially addicted. (Laughter and applause.)

Negro chattel slavery has been abolished in this country because it has been discovered that it is cheaper to hire men than to own them. (Applause.) "Why don't you build a roof over these men?" said some one to a railroad superintendent who had in charge a gang of hands—men used to be men, they are hands now—(applause)—"Don't you see that the rain falls upon them, and don't you know that they will get the pneumonia and the asthma?" "Put a roof over them?" said the superintendent. "Men are cheaper than shingles (laughter); there are plenty more to take their place when these drop out." (Hisses.) "How is it," said a citizen to a man who had in charge a street railroad, "that you compel your drivers to eat their meals on the front platform out of a tin bucket, allowing them no time; don't you know that that is unhealthy?" "Oh, hell," said the man, "I couldn't do it without putting on more horses (laughter and applause), and horses cost money, but men cost nothing." (Hisses.)

I don't know whether Molly Jackson has been sold or not. I doubt it. If she has not, I doubt if she ever will be, because it will be much cheaper for somebody to take her for those thirty days and pay her wages at the current rates for the skill that she probably possesses. It is money in the purse of that man in New Jersey to hire the woman to make children's pretty dresses, and not to own her.

If you liberate men from chattel slavery and put them into industrial slavery, you knock off the iron shackles from them, but you leave them shackled by social conditions still; and until those social conditions are changed so that it will be possible once more in this free country for a man to make a living for himself and his family without the help of his wife and children; so that it will be possible for that widow woman, strong and willing to work, to make a living for herself and her children; which is not so now, for she has been obliged to put two of those little children in an orphan asylum which has been provided by the Christian charity of a Christian society which will not allow poor people ordinary heathen justice; when you liberate a man from chattel slavery in which the owner was obliged to take care of him, what do you do? You simply give him the privilege of henceforth taking care of himself; and the hundreds of thousands, the million and more of men that are all the time out of work in this country are demonstrating that that is a very difficult thing under present circumstances to do. (Applause.)

What have we to glory in, if we keep men in chattel slavery, when it is cheaper to own them than it is to hire them; and then liberate them when it is cheaper to hire them than it is to own them? (Applause.) The pro-poverty press and people will tell you that it is not so; there is no such thing as slavery in this free land. They will point you to the working people who own their own little houses, and tell you about the millions of dollars that the workingmen have stored away in savings banks, and that there is no such thing as industrial slavery; that it is all the inflated talk of such men as are in the habit of talking to you here. (Laughter.) It is true, nevertheless; and the very men who own their cottages—though they themselves deny it sometimes—and have these millions of dollars, are still industrial slaves, only a little better off than the others. In the old slave days a slave who had a good master was a little better off than one who had a hard master. A slave whose duties called him into the house was better off than a field hand. A slave who was personally ambitious and used a little ground that a kind master allowed him, would perhaps by and by make enough to purchase his own freedom. But the men who raised the standard of freedom for those chattel slaves fought not only for the slaves who were in this good estate, but for those also who were in the worst estate as well, and said: "This must be abolished, because it is wrong for one man to own another." (Great applause.) And so we of the Anti-poverty society—of the Anti-poverty political party, if you like (applause)—admit that some industrial slaves are better off than others. We admit that the locomotive engineers and the glass blowers and men in other good trades can still get comparatively good pay, and are better off than others; but we look also at the hindmost ones, the day laborers, the worst paid industrial slaves, and we say that it is wrong to so monopolize natural opportunities— (A voice, "So it is." Another voice, "Don't forget the tramps.") That is right; this movement means that there is a brotherhood for the tramps, too. (Applause.) I didn't finish that last sentence, but you finished it for me, and I will let it go.

Now what constitutes slavery? In the old-anti-slavery days Mr. Beecher made a great sensation in this city, in the pulpit of the Broadway tabernacle, by bringing in there a bunch of slave chains and flinging them down on the platform and dramatically stamping his foot upon them; and often times they brought whipping instruments before audiences in order to create sympathy. But is that what constitutes slavery, the putting iron chains on a man—flogging him? Then I have been in slavery, too, for, though I have not had an iron chain on me, I have been in dark closets filled with goblins; I have been flogged by parents and school teachers and—bigger boys. (Applause and laughter.) That is not the essence of slavery. It is slavery when one man takes another and compels him to yield up all or part of the products of his labor to him. (Applause.) The man who owned another in the old chattel slavery days had only that power. He took the product of the man's labor, and he gave him shelter, clothing and food. Now, wherever you find a man or a woman who works long hours and long years, and at the end of those long years has nothing to show for all his work, because it has been taken away from him with the exception of just what was necessary to keep him in working condition—if that is not the same thing, then I should like to have somebody define the difference for me between slavery and slavery! (Applause.)

We say that there are millions of men in this country to-day who are in industrial slavery because of social conditions! And we have raised the banner, the cross of this new crusade (great applause) for their deliverance. And if it is struck from our hands into the dust of defeat, we pray that God will raise up other hands to carry it on, until it shall be planted upon the battlements of the kingdom of God. (Great applause.) We found out what was the cause of chattel slavery; and when we discovered it, we changed it by legislation and force. We have discovered the cause of industrial slavery, and we are going by legislation to change that (applause); and when that legislative change comes, if the modern slave holders object to it, and put their objections into the shape of revolt, all the worse for them! (Great applause.)

I said we had discovered the cause of industrial slavery; but it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to make other people see it. A friend of mine sat in the box here when I spoke to this audience before, and the next time I saw him, he said: "Do you know I didn't know any more when you got through what you were talking about than I did when you began." (Laughter.) I should have been very much chagrined about that if it had not been that I remembered there were several thousands of persons before me who conducted themselves exactly as if they did know what I was talking about. (Laughter.) I admit that my friend is in the majority now, the majority of those who do not seem to know what we are talking about. But the time is not far away when the man who does not know what we are talking about will be as far in the backwoods as that man is whom we hear of occasionally as still voting for General Jackson. (Applause and laughter.) I suppose that for the most of you there is no necessity for me to explain our simple fundamental principles; yet it is possible that there is some person in this hall such as my friend was when I was here before, and for that reason I may be justified in calling up to-night the primary class in the new political economy. (Laughter.) I hope it won't be necessary to put anybody on the dunce stool, as I sometimes feel strongly inclined to do (laughter), as for instance, when I was talking to the managing editor of one of your great newspapers—for I sometimes associate with great people. (Applause and laughter.) He said to me that Henry George himself did not understand his own theories. "At any rate," said he, "I do not understand them." And then he went to work and demonstrated to me, to my perfect satisfaction, the truth of his statement. (Laughter.) You know when a man is drunk the best evidence in the world of it is that he thinks everybody else is drunk (laughter); and I suppose it is some kind of a consolation to a man who doesn't know what we are talking about to believe that nobody else does, especially Mr. George. (Applause and laughter.)

I must confess that there does seem to be a tremendous amount of willful ignorance upon this subject. (A voice, "That is true.") Occasionally I meet a man who exposes that sort of ignorance. I say to him, "Have you ever read the works of Henry George?" "No; I don't want to read them." (Laughter.) That is where his head is level if he don't want to become a convert. "I wouldn't read such trash—the works of an irresponsible dreamer"—sometimes they say a "lunatic" even. (Laughter.) And then after that they usually end by saying, "I don't know anything about it and I thank the Lord I don't." That sounds very pious, and I think that when they thank the Lord for their ignorance they have a great deal to be thankful for. (Uproarious laughter and tremendous applause.)

And yet there is really no occasion for anybody to be ignorant on the subject with sense enough to buy a piece of ground and hold it for a rise in price. It is very simple.

Now, the primer class. Land, labor and capital are the three factors in the production of wealth. Remember that. (Laughter.) Land is opportunity, the passive factor. Labor is the application of the productive power to land. Capital is labor's assistant, not labor's boss. (Great applause.) Three equal partners in the industrial concern. When the returns are made in the distribution of wealth there ought to be something like equality in the portion that each one of the partners receives. Jones, Smith and Brown are members of a firm. They ought to distribute the profits among them equally, if they are equal partners. Jones, by some sort of hocus pocus, gets half the profits and leaves a quarter each to Smith and Brown, and when that gets through the heads of Smith and Brown there is a row in that firm. (Laughter.) And when by and by they discover that Jones never ought to have been a member, that he came in by fraud, that he has been robbing them ever since he has been in, they give him what the boys call "the grand bounce." (Laughter.)

That is just what is going on in this world all the time. Land, labor and capital are three equal partners; but somehow or other the man who gets possession of the land manages, by an economic law that is as inflexible as the law of gravitation, to get the largest share of the profits, in spite of all that can be done to prevent him. Labor and capital are working out their days to put profits into the pockets of the land owner. (Applause.) The land owner is the great boodler of the ages. (Applause.) It does not need any demonstration. Anybody can see that, for instance, the facilities for travel which are pouring people into Harlem with such rapidity, and in such numbers increase rents in Harlem. Nobody ever heard of wages being higher in Harlem than in New York. The railroads that run from here to Newark, I am happy to say, have reduced their fares from fifteen cents to ten cents, if you buy enough tickets at once. But nobody expects that wages will go up in Newark because of that. Everybody knows, and the very papers that are fighting this movement say, "What a good thing for Newark real estate owners."

Everybody understands this. The law is inflexible. And in spite of all that we can do, it turns the largest share of the wealth that is produced in this world into the pockets of a few people in the shape of rent. Nothing that you can do under present conditions can change that state of affairs. That is why we have to keep replying to the daily press, and largely to the religious press, who say that the trouble is not with the land owner at all; it is with the intemperance and extravagance and shiftlessness and incompetency of laboring people. Now mark you: That is not so. (Applause.) We are not defenders of intemperance and incompetence. We all know that there is intemperance and extravagance and incompetence. It is no wonder that there should be. But suppose that by some miracle every man, woman and child should become a total abstainer. Think of that. (Laughter.) And he should become ambitious, industrious and competent; and every possible improvement in labor-saving machinery and in brains and in the character of men and in the methods of exchange should take place in this town; what would be the result? It would be an exceedingly desirable place to live in, and rents would go way up, and the wages of those reformed people would actually be less than they are now. ("Hear, hear," and applause.)

Mr. Edward Atkinson (hisses) has already figured out that a man can live on $80 a year, if he is only economical enough. And just as soon as he did live on $80 a year, that is where his wages would go (applause); because under the conditions in which he now lives, the iron law of wages would always be pushing wages down to the life line; and if it is true that they are higher to-day than ever before, as *Bradstreet's* says, it is only because the laboring men have combined to oppose those who are pushing wages down, and say they shall not go down. ("Good, good!" and great applause). They have kept them up a little bit; but that sort of work is like clinging to a spar or a raft in an open ocean, and can not last forever. The powers that are arrayed against organized labor are stronger than organized labor; and unless this reform that we are working for takes place, the time will soon come when labor will have no more strength to push wages up.

Somebody will say that's all clear enough; but hasn't the land owner the right to take all that he can get? The land is his, and he has a perfect right to take all he can get. If that is so, then I, as a member of the Anti-poverty society, will make a motion at the next business meeting to dissolve the society, fold our tents, silently endure our ill-paid toil in this life, and hope for a world to come where land shall be so ethereal that it cannot be grabbed. (Applause.) But is it so? (Cries of "No, no!") If the land owner has a right to the land, and therefore the right to what the land gives him, he must be able to show his title; not the title that he's got now, because when we search the title we go under that, and under that, and under the next; we go clear down to the bottom and say we want you to get out the title and show to us that you got it from the man who made this land. (Great applause.) And if, in searching away down to the bottom, we happen to find that the man who first got hold of that piece of land, stole it or took it by force, then we say: "In the name of the children of God, who come every moment into the world, and are swarming over the earth, and are His children, you have no right to that piece of land as against the true heirs to it. (Great applause.)

If you can hold a piece of land without doing injury to anybody else, it wouldn't be so necessary to go way down to that bottom title. But it happens that you cannot hold that piece of land in fee simple without doing injury to some one else; and so this becomes a pertinent question in morals. And when I ask, is there a man who can show a title from the Creator of the land? you have already answered, no. Nobody can hold such a title as that. If that is true, then the present title is worth no more than the first title on which it is based. (Applause.) Oh, but our friends, the enemy, come up smiling and say, we will give up that point. Rather! There is no way to stick to it very well. It must be given up. But this is the point they make: A man has a right to the land by virtue of the labor he puts into it. If he cuts down the trees and pulls up the stumps, and drives a plow through it, and builds a house upon it, it is his. And this is the argument that is used to justify Mr. Scully, who lives in Ireland, in taking half the product from men who labor on his land in Illinois. (Hisses.)

After I spoke here before, dear friends, a good many newspapers in this country said that I was an exceedingly frivolous and irreverent minister. So I said to myself, now when I go over to New York again and get into the hands of these reporters, I will try to be more dignified. (Laughter.) But when I think of this argument, that the land belongs to a man by virtue of his labor, as justifying the title of the man who never saw the land which he owns, then I am strongly tempted to make use of a flippant expression which I found in "Progress and Poverty" (applause) —"In the name of the prophet, figs!" (Applause and laughter.) This is what Mr. George said (applause); and, translating that into the vernacular of the lively New York boy, it will read like this: "In the name of the sophists, Rats!" (Great applause and laughter, and three cheers for Pentecost.)

Now, I will catch it again. But I thought of that expression a long time before I determined to use it. It seemed to me that nothing less expressive would apply in this case. Mr. Seth Green stocks the Hudson river with shad, consequently the Hudson river belongs to him. A boat load of men go out into the ocean and spear a whale, consequently the ocean belongs to them. A man shoots a bird flying in the air, if he can (laughter), consequently the air belongs to him. (Great laughter.) An old lady catches a barrel of rain water, consequently the clouds belong to her. (Laughter.) A man takes a handful of wheat and scatters it on the ground and reaps a bushel of wheat, consequently the land belongs to him. (Laughter and applause.) If there is any force in that argument at all then a man owns just as much land as he puts labor on and no more. (Hear! hear! and applause.)

But we deny it. We say that a man owns every dollar of value that he puts upon that land by his improvements (cries of good! good!), and every dollar of value that the community puts into that land by its growth belongs to the community (applause), and we stick to that position, because up to this time it has proved to be irrefutable.

The daily papers and the religious papers which I take (laughter), mostly Protestant papers (laughter), have all recently fallen in love with the Roman Catholic church. (Tremendous applause, continued for five minutes.) This is the way they discuss the land question: All priests and laymen, who are the subjects of their superiors, should be subject to their superiors; and Dr. McGlynn (great applause) is a naughty, naughty man, because he does not go to Rome, and Mr. William O'Brien—(hisses and groans long drawn out)—now, they think better of him than you do—was a very, very wise man, because he wouldn't sit on a platform with an Anti-poverty man whose socialistic grandfather's dog chased a red cat (laughter) across an anarchist's back yard. (Uproarious laughter.) Now, that is all very well, but it don't prove to us how a man can get a title to land. (Applause.) They all abuse Mr. George, but they don't answer his arguments. (Great applause.) They all say that the arguments are fallacious, but they don't point out in what particulars. (Cries of "They can't! they can't!") They all say that the whole scheme is impracticable, and then demonstrate that they do not know what the scheme is, or that they do not want anybody else to know what it is.

We have discovered that it is not right for a man to have the private ownership of land, because by doing that he takes away, from the laboring man and the capitalist alike, all the products of their labor except what is needful to keep them at work. And then we say again he has no right to land because he cannot prove his title. Then we come upon this peculiar fact, that that man in a community who takes most of the wealth is the one who above all others is the most complete and absolute non-producer of wealth. (Applause.)

The tramp finds it a bother to beg and a risk to steal, and occasionally he gets so pushed into a corner that he has to cut grass or shovel snow—fish or cut bait, as it were. A bunco steerer lives by his wits, it is true, but he is an enterprising and ingenious man, as everybody knows who has met him. (Laughter.) I know, for it was my fortune once to meet him, although I didn't stay with him long. (Laughter.) A stock speculator preys upon the community; but he must be up and doing. The man who comes nearest to the land owner in being absolutely idle is the bondholder; but he will expire one of these days by limitation, and even he must buy, beg, borrow or steal a pair of shears and work twice a year to cut off his coupons. (Laughter and applause.) But the man who gets hold of a piece of land in the right place and at the right time may go to Europe, may go up in a balloon, may go to sleep for twenty years like Rip Van Winkle, and when he wakes will be rich without having lifted his finger to do one solitary thing. (Applause.) It cannot be possible, my friends, that the distinctive idler in the social system is the man who has the right to take the largest part in the distribution of wealth. It cannot be possible. It must be true that that man has no right to what he takes. (Applause.)

That is our simple position; and it seems to us to be impregnable. Sometimes I put it to my mind in this way, because, I suppose, I am naturally flippant. (Laughter.) I sometimes take a popular phrase that we have and transpose it so that it reads like this:

The workman earns with his arm of brawn;
The capitalist with his brain;
The land owner does no work at all,
But he gets there just the same.

(Uproarious applause and laughter.)

There is a little toy in the store windows in this town. It represents an old gentleman, who looks like a German professor, in a figured dressing gown. He holds a queerly shaped club in his hand, and seems very intent on killing a rat that comes out of a corner of a room; and he lifts up his club and strikes at the rat, and always misses him. And that goes on day after day all over the city. That is an illustration of a serious state of things. There are thousands of people in this city, and all over the world, who are industrious wealth producers; but there is a gearing in the social machine that makes it impossible for them to get their share, for as soon as they put their hands out for it, it is whisked into the land owner's pocket.

The question now comes up—an old question it is—what are you going to do about it? Remember who asked the question, and what became of him. (A voice: "Bill Tweed.") This is the answer: We are going to abolish industrial slavery, as we abolished chattel slavery. (Great applause.) How? By abolishing private ownership of land. Just as soon as the wickedness of ownership in man was fairly discovered, this nation rose and put that infamy out of the way. Just as soon as men begin to understand that no man can own land without owning the people who are on the land, they will put this infamy out of the way. (Applause.) What are you going to do? is asked. Turn the whole land into a gigantic mud pie and slice it into fifty million pieces and give one piece to each inhabitant? No; we are not such blooming idiots as that. (Laughter.) Are you going to take away the title from those who hold them at present? No; after we've cut off the lion's claws and pulled his teeth, he may still call himself a lion, but he can't get the lion's share. (Applause.) Is the government going to own the land? No; the government has no more right than the individual. The land is going to be made free, so that when land is unused anyone can go and use it. (Applause.) Isn't this going to make land tenures uncertain? No; perpetual possession is as good as perpetual ownership. Isn't somebody going to offer a bigger rent, perhaps, for some desirable piece and take it away from the user? No, for there will be nobody to offer the rent to. If another wants your land he will have to buy it from you, just as now. How is all this going to be done? Simply by shifting the taxes from all the products of labor, and putting them all on the land. And that will force the unproductive member of the partnership out and give the assets to the useful members—labor and capital. Can that simple thing be done without wronging anybody, without working any revolution, without causing any friction in business? Yes; no more than was caused in getting at what they called the resumption of specie payments. Land once free, men will be free to employ themselves as they like. That is the first lesson for the primer class of political economy. (Applause.) If you do not understand it now, you will not take another lesson. (Laughter.) This is what people call a patent remedy for abolishing poverty; and many intelligent people say they cannot see how this change is going to benefit the laboring man. They see the wisdom of a single tax, but they do not see how it is going to benefit the laboring man. If you do not see, stand aside and let us bring it to pass; and then you will see it. (Great applause.)

To-day the southern people would not take back their slaves if they could get them, a thing that could not have been prophesied fifty years ago. So the time will come when private property in land will be looked back upon as a barbarism worse than chattel slavery. (Applause.)

We are not daunted when men tell us that we are interfering with vested rights, because we know that is false. And when they talk of the vested rights of the few, we say they are the vested wrongs of the many. (Applause.) If they say to us that land is bought under the sanction of the law as it is now, if we have no other reply to make we can say that the government never said that taxes on land never should be increased; and that is all we propose to do. (Applause.) This system is just, right, consonant with common sense, and scriptural, if you like.

In one of the old testament books is this remarkable sentence, "The profit of the land is for all." Good Anti-poverty society doctrine are these words of Our Lord Jesus Christ, "Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." Let Cæsar stand for government; and all we propose to take is that which belongs to the community, and render the value of the land to the community. (Applause.) Good Anti-poverty society doctrine are these words of St. Paul, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." (Applause.) This is applied in our Christian pulpits to tramps. Now let us apply it to every one in the community who does not work for a living. (Applause.)

We believe that this movement will succeed because it is right. We believe that in it is a great revival of religion, not churchianity (applause), not Simeonianity (hisses), not Corriganity (hisses), but Christianity (tremendous applause); the religion of Him who said when one came to Him and said, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" "Love God and your fellow men." (Applause.)

We believe it will succeed, because we believe it is stronger than priest or church. We believe that there is a power in it that will sweep away every obstacle that can be put in its path. (Applause.) Robert Fulton once went to Napoleon Bonaparte and offered him steam. Said he: "I will carry your armies across the English channel into England. Napoleon Bonaparte looked into it, was skeptical, and sent Fulton away. And when he sent steam away, he sent a power that was greater than he.

We appeal to you, oh city, at whose portals stands the Goddess of Liberty, with her face turned off in the direction of the pathless ocean and her back toward this city. We want you to turn that goddess around, and let her face beam with beneficence on the places in which men and women are living, and slaving, and dying, and being carried to paupers' graves, until by and by the light that streams forth from her face shall be not the cold glitter of an electric spark, but the warmth of human sympathy and the ruddy glow of freedom. (Long continued applause, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs.) We weep over you, oh city, as One in the dim living past wept over Jerusalem, because we know that if you turn aside the truth, as Jerusalem turned aside the truth, ruin will come upon you.

We turn to you, oh nation, whose rich bounties, given with such liberal hand from God, have been monopolized by those who neither love their country nor their kind. (Applause.)

We turn to you, oh press, mighty engine when you let your principles conquer your policy! (Applause.) We turn to you, oh holy Catholic church, church of our fathers, born in the fire of the Holy Ghost, suckled on the blood of martyrs, reared in the palace of power, so that you might be another Moses to liberate the people. We turn to you in an agony of hope and expectation. We offer you this cross of the new crusade. (Long continued applause.) We ask you take it up and lead us. We will follow. (Cries of "We will! we will! we will!" and applause.) But if, as Napoleon did with Robert Fulton, you cast us away, remember that you are turning from you a power greater than you are. (Wild applause.) Weak it may be now, but it is gathering strength, until it will win without you, and, if necessary, against you. (Applause.) Not that there is a threat in this. There is no need for us to speak of revolution. There is no need for us even to mention the word "blood" in connection with this reformation. We mean that it will win by the power of truth, as so many times truth has won before. (Applause.)

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumph sprung of force—
They stain the brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that liberty
Inscribes her civic laws.
She writes them on the people's hearts
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry "Fraternity!"
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp not pike or spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith
Have never striv'n in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they will again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood,
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumphs near.
No widow's groans shall load our cause,
Nor blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

After the applause had subsided Chairman Coughlin read a telegram as follows:

"Chairman of the Anti-Poverty Society, Academy of Music—The Philadelphia Anti-poverty society send greetings and desires to congratulate Dr. McGlynn upon yesterday's testimony to his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of human rights.

W. J. Atkinson."

Mr. Henry George said: "We are going to win (a voice: "So we are"), and that soon. Such addresses as we have just heard from a Christian minister proves it. From all sides they are beginning to rally. From all sides the cross of the new crusade is beginning to draw those who will stand for it to the end. And burning words such as these that we have heard will in a little while from now be ringing all through this land!" (Applause.) Continuing, Mr. George said he congratulated the men and women on the great demonstration of the night before. "It was a fitting answer, that demonstration on behalf of the men of New York, and especially on behalf of the masses of New York, to the threats that have been made against their beloved friend. Isolated! The people showed how much he was isolated."

Dr. Coughlin made a few remarks about the parade of Saturday night. He concluded: "The Irish people have remained faithful through centuries of oppression to the truth of the Catholic church; but they have always, through all ages, raised up their hands and said—in early ages, in the middle ages, and yes, lately in Dublin—they have raised up their hands and said no, we don't want injustice, we will not be treated unjustly; while we love the church and while we are true and faithful Catholics, no crimes of popes or priests or bishops can wipe that out of our hearts. (Applause.)

"I tell Archbishop Corrigan (hisses) and the pope that no matter what they may do, they cannot drive the Irish Catholics away from the church." (Tremendous applause.)

Dr. McGlynn said he had been preaching a sermon in Irving hall, rather than delivering an address on political economy. Yet no apology was needed for preaching a sermon on the blessed evening of the day of rest from labor. He thought it a happy thing that, while the society had clearly made it known that it was not its purpose to establish a church, much less to preach a new religion, yet it had decided to hold its meetings in the stillness of the sweet Sabbath evening. There were two great instructive and comforting parallels in the new crusade. One was the wonderful parallel between the truth of the political economy dear to his hearers and the Christian religion as taught by the Lord and Master. The manner in which the Christian religion was received by the world was to be compared with the reception accorded the new crusade. Dr. McGlynn dwelt for some moments upon these comparisons, and spoke of the message of peace brought to the world alike by the Christian religion and the new teachings of justice. Some of the further passages in his address were as follows:

"Sloth is a curse to itself. Labor is to itself a blessing. Labor, properly understood, is so good and so sweet, so noble a thing, so entirely in keeping with the dignity and the best interests of man, that, as was well understood by the sages and saints of old, labor rightfully performed and for the high and holy purposes for which it was ordained is but another form of prayer. *'Labor est orare:'* To labor is to pray."

"We may well hope that the day is not far distant when after the abolition of industrial slavery by the restoration of the masses of their joint equal ownership in the bounties of nature, by compelling the privileged classes that desire to or shall possess the common bounties to pay for those privileges to the community, the very men who are caricaturing us to-day and denouncing us as subverting order and teaching things contrary to the teachings of our blessed Savior, as teaching things contrary to the teachings of the Christian church, will thank God for the abolition of industrial slavery; and we shall wonder at the speedy victory. And those who are fiercest in opposing us to-day will be loudest in ascribing praises to God for the wondrous blessing."

"It were a recreancy to the best interests of humanity, to the best interests of those who revile us by their mistaken bidding, to refuse to preach the truth. We are the best benefactors of those who would stop our mouths and revile our teachings, by refusing to be silenced and by preaching aloud with all the strength that God shall give us the gospel, until it shall have converted the world. But life is too short, and the truth is too precious, and there are too many myriads of men perishing for want of the truth, for us to permit ourselves to think that it is wise or permissible, still less to think that it is dutiful, for prudential reasons or for any mere earthly considerations, to refuse to preach this gospel."

"The masses cry out and demand that we preach it; and all the circumstances, woven together as by a providence of God, make clear the path of duty; and it were strange recreancy to fail to tread in it. It has been made so clear and so unmistakable that even the blind cannot fail to see it.

Dr. McGlynn concluded by reading, "Who Is My Neighbor?"

The collections were: From new members, $32; from the audience, $282.95; making altogether $314.95.

At Irving Hall.

The overflow meeting was held in Irving hall, which, like the Academy, was densely crowded. The meeting was called to order by J. J. Gahan, who said that the executive committee of the Anti-poverty society had designated Mr. J. H. Shriver as the chairman. Mr. Shriver addressed the assemblage briefly. The Concordia chorus of young ladies entered the hall amid deafening cheers, and led by Miss Munier sang the hymn, "Come, Oh Come, in Joyous Lays!" The chairman then introduced Rev. Charles P. McCarthy, who spoke for a few moments, when Dr. McGlynn entered the hall and was greeted with the usual prolonged demonstrations of affection and esteem. When Dr. McCarthy had concluded his remarks, Dr. McGlynn arose, and was again warmly greeted.

The opening of Dr. McGlynn's address was an eloquent description of the innate longing of the human heart for peace. In the most solemn part of the holy sacrifice of the mass the prayer addressed to the Savior is *dona nobis pacem*, "grant us peace." He then spoke of the necessity for men to understand the philosophy of life. Here is but the school house in which we are to learn lessons that shall fit us for our true home. It is the purpose of right reason, of natural religion, to so lift this mere clod of earth that he shall walk the earth with a dignity totally discriminated from all that is about him, conscious that he is the lord of creation, and that he owes a reverence to himself as the image of God, and is accountable for the reverent use that he shall have made of his faculties, both of mind and sense and body, to the Master whose image he is, and by the faithful serving of whom alone he can hope to attain to the true end of his being. The peace that we are striving for is a peace that shall be full of activity, full of thought, full of knowledge, full of the enjoyment of highest beauty, and full of the exquisite thrill throughout eternity of satisfied love and affection. The lessons of right reason and of natural religion and of revealed religion are to teach men that honesty is the best policy, not from the mere selfish motives of earthly success, but that honesty is the best policy because it is only, everywhere and always, the best policy for men to follow their highest nature with the assurance that then, and only then, can they enjoy that unspeakable reward, without which their natures must be eternally unsatisfied. Let every one have, in every faculty of soul and body, every being, man, woman and child, just what belongs to him or her, all of it, and then there shall be perfect peace. Then all shall be well. Then naught shall go ill.

The hearts that have tasted the sweet delight of loving humanity, of the divine enthusiasm of humanity, can well afford to drink deeply of the bitter draughts of human obloquy and of persecution, and can go smiling up the steps of the scaffold, feeling that to die for the brethren is a great gain, that it is a sweet and blessed thing to die for justice, for truth, for the brethren. By the very persecutions that shall come to us from the misapprehension of the doctrine, from the excessive conservatism of ancient institutions, of vested wrong, from the very persecution shall come a blessing even as is said of the gospel of Christ by one of its earliest apologists, as early as the end of the second cen-

ory of Christianity, the very blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

An enthusiastic outburst of cheers and applause greeted Dr. McGlynn's closing words. Mr. Pentecost just then came upon the platform and shook hands cordially with the great priest. Then there was more applause, and three cheers were called for Dr. McGlynn and given with enthusiasm. He then left the hall to go to the Academy of Music, and as he retired the whole audience rose and cheered him, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the men their hats until he had passed out of sight. The Concordia chorus came in and sang the hymn, "The dawn is breaking, the daylight is at hand." Three cheers were given for Mr. Pentecost before he began his address.

In the course of his address, Mr. Pentecost said: "I am bound to say that, after being pastor of a Christian church for fifteen years, it is the delight of my soul that at last I have struck something that is really religious. (Applause.) What I mean by that is this: That it is an abounding joy to get into a movement that is not so old that it has fallen into conventional lines and lost its first, fresh, bounding religious life. (Applause.) If you had been in the early church you would have seen very much such meetings as you see now, men full of the first inspiration of the Holy Ghost. One thing strikes me in this movement, namely, the rapidity with which it gets away from people—how difficult it is for some people to keep up with it. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, an estimable gentleman of this city, who says a great many bright and witty things, about a year ago in a speech, if I remember rightly, said this: 'The workingmen of this country have a grievance. They don't know what it is, nobody else knows what it is, but undoubtedly they have a grievance.' Now, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was about twenty-five years behind the times when he said that. Why, the workingmen of this country had discovered that they had a grievance long before Mr. Depew seemed to have found it out. And then all the newspapers that I could get a hold of said: 'Now, workingmen, here is a man that loves you. Here is a man, a rich man, who does not belong to the workingmen's class, who belongs to the other class, who says that you have a grievance. Now, what a kind-hearted man that is.' (Laughter.) That was the tone of all the religious newspapers that came into my house, and of the daily newspapers, too. Now, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew the other day said something else. When making a speech at the dedication of the Press club monument, he said: 'Every workingman in this country and every body of workingmen in this country have a right to organize.' Was not that a wonderful thing to say? (Laughter.) They have been organized ever since I was a working man myself in a printing office twenty years ago, to my certain knowledge. (Applause.) And then all our Newark daily papers came out in an editorial and said: There, if every capitalist was as kind-hearted and as happily inclined toward the laboring people as Mr. Depew we would just have an everlasting love feast in this world;' and they said: 'Now, workingmen, this is the sort of a man to talk to you. Just listen to what Mr. Depew says.' (Laughter.)

[Just then Mr. George came in, and was greeted with loud applause and cheers.]

Mr. Pentecost, continuing, said: "I wanted to remind you how long it takes some men to catch up. But, dear friends, this movement has passed out of the stage when the toilers of this world recognize that they have a grievance. It has passed out of the stage when they have asked the privilege of anybody to organize. They are organized without asking anybody's privilege. And it has passed into another stage which some people do not seem to have found out. This movement is knocking on the doors of the legislative assemblies of this country and saying to the legislators within, 'Get out!' (immense applause and cheers), because we want to get in (laughter and applause) for the purpose of unmaking a lot of laws that you have been making, and of making others that will better suit us. (Cries of "That's it!") Now, the man that does not recognize the phase that this movement occupies to-day, is behind the times." (Cheers and applause.)

In Mr. George's address he said: "I congratulate you on this meeting of the Anti-poverty society. (Applause.) Life is worth living in days like these, when the noble cause gives an opportunity for steadfast and earnest work, and in this gentleman here to-night, the Rev. Mr. Pentecost, I greet a type of those Protestant ministers who in this crusade are going to stand by the side of such a priest as Dr. McGlynn (applause and cheers), defending the standard of a crusade that knows no divisions, and clasps all men in its equal embrace." (Applause.)

The meeting was then adjourned with three cheers.

Spreading the Light in Broome County.

NEW YORK, June 15.—On a recent visit to Union, Broome county, New York, I took with me some of your tracts and gave them around, and this caused many good people to think. One old gentleman was so impressed with some of the tracts that he wants me to send him an assortment, and promised that they should be distributed all over the town. You see, I have that complaint spoken of by Rev. H. O. Pentecost when he said: "You may take him, if you please, and send him to the center of Africa, and he will collar a naked darkey and preach it to him."

In Delhi, Delaware county, I have got a young man thinking, and will try and get him to distribute tracts. The farmers have been frightened, evidently, by reports that they will lose their farms by confiscation—that is, some of the more ignorant ones—and others that their taxes, already so heavy, will be increased, and so ruin them. After a time I will try to send in a regular contribution of money, be it ever so small.

CHRISTIAN F. GOELLER.

Where a Texas' Vast Public Domain?

LESLIE, Tex.—Recently the Texas government found itself in the category of those whose generosity overleaps the bounds of justice. It had given away more land than it possessed. With the grant of three million acres to the new capitol contractors there were more grants outstanding than there was public domain to locate them on. What about our vast public domain now? The land is all here yet, and millions of acres unoccupied, and as we are Jeffersonian democrats, we have only to join the new crusade, and hasten the day when the living people's land shall be resumed by the people.

JOHN H. DE SHIELD.

Land Values on the Harlem.

New York Uptown Visitor.

The following is a striking evidence of the increase in values of property in the northern part of the city. Over two hundred years ago Richard Morris bought from the Indians what is now, or was, the village of Morrisania, being a tract of 3,000 acres across the Harlem. Richard Morris' descendants came into possession of the property later on, and in 1846 Gouverneur Morris sold 122 acres to three brothers named Bathgate, after whom the avenue is named, for $12,000. These brothers neglected paying their taxes and thereby owed the city about $50,000. Last week, by order of the court, fifty lots of this land were sold under the hammer and brought $128,360. This is a single instance of the enhancement in value of uptown property.

THE "ISOLATED" PRIEST.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP SOUNDS A BUGLE BLAST OF DEFIANCE TO ROME.

The Great Parade and Demonstration in Support of Dr. McGlynn—"Don't, Don't, Don't Go to Rome"—Loyal Catholics, but True Americans—American Flags by Hundreds—A Triumphant Assertion of a Great Principle.

In numbers, the demonstration of last Saturday night must be classed among the largest that New York has ever seen. In its composition, it was unlike all others, for, having received the approval of the New York labor organizations of every form, it was participated in by them, as well as by the new party's assembly district organizations, large bodies of men and women marching as Catholics, and that instrument of social agitation the Anti-poverty society.

The number of persons in the procession was given by the Sunday morning papers as follows: *World*, "some 7,500;" *Times*, "not more than 10,000;" *Sun*, 12,000; *Tribune*, "over 30,000," with a reference to its candor in stating the figures; *Star*, "50,000 men and 1,500 women;" *Journal*, 50,000. The *Herald's* news columns put the number passing in review in front of the Union square cottage as "about 15,000," but admitted that at least as many more had fallen out of the line before it reached the square. From a *Herald* editorial of the same issue the reader could infer that the writer estimated the number parading as 75,000. A comparison of these figures, in the light of the source of each statement, will give the reader a fair notion of the proportions of the parade. Whatever the newspaper numbers, the actual numbers were such as to set Dr. McGlynn's friends to rejoicing. Judged by all its features, as witnessed from early evening until long past midnight—from the moment when the Anti-poverty society created a sensation in moving from Irving hall to its station in Thirteenth street to the last thrilling scene when Dr. McGlynn invoked a blessing on the multitude on the plaza before they dispersed—the occasion was a magnificent success.

The vicinity of Union square was alive early in the evening with people on their way to secure points of vantage for reviewing the parade, but many organizations were late in arriving at the stations on the cross streets, whence they were to march into line. When, however, they did come they arrived from many directions at the same time, the music of a score of bands being heard at once by the crowds on Broadway. The Anti-poverty society was among the first to reach Broadway, where it created the liveliest interest and occasioned many remarks as to the incongruity of people of so prosperous an appearance arraying themselves against the miseries of poverty. St. Stephen's parishioners, a great mass on foot and in carriages, was soon seen approaching, and a while later the bodies moving in from every direction were bewildering to the observer.

The van of the two columns that were, according to the programme, to move east and west at Astor place and Waverley place, moved down Broadway at forty-five minutes past 7, the full width of the street being taken up, and the movement having an imposing effect. By a misunderstanding, however, several organizations on the side streets did not fall into the places which had been assigned them in the lines, and the contemplated parting into two grand divisions was but imperfectly performed. The Anti-poverty society, moving off to the east at Astor place, was followed by the next body only at a long distance, and a while later another gap occurred in the same line. A halt of the head of the procession was made at Twenty-third street, however, until the column was intact, and thenceforward the marching was in fine order. The division going to the west through Waverley place started in close order, and maintained an almost unbroken line throughout the evening.

The route of the division starting up the east side of the city after leaving Broadway, lay through Astor place, to Stuyvesant street, to Second avenue, to Twenty-third street, to First avenue, to Thirty-ninth street, to Fifth avenue, to Seventeenth street, to Sixth avenue (Fifth being torn up for several blocks to be repaved), to Twelfth street, to Fifth avenue, to Waverley place, to Broadway. The division moving west from Broadway at Waverley place went through the same streets in the reverse of the order followed by the other division, excepting that it crossed town eastward through Thirty-eighth street. The length of the route was nearly seven miles.

As the east side division moved up Second avenue it was greeted with a great deal of cheering, and at a number of the residences there was a display of fireworks. In First avenue there was a general illumination, and the cheering became continuous. People on housetops set off Roman candles, rockets were sent up from the street, and women on balconies and fire escapes burned pots of colored fire. This was in St. Stephen's parish. The crowd, large at all points, was dense on both sides the way between Twenty-third street and Second avenue and Thirty-ninth street and Fourth avenue, and every manifestation possible was given by the people that they regarded the occasion as one to which they could respond heart and soul. Dr. McGlynn's name was shouted by hundreds at a time, and hardly had the last of three cheers given for him been heard, when again a repetition would be called for. In the ranks of the Anti-poverty society the marching step cry of "Don't, don't, don't go to Rome!" was started. Soon after, at Third avenue and Thirty-eighth street, St. Stephen's parishioners, leading the division coming up the west side, were seen crossing town eastward a block above, and they were soon responding, "He won't, he won't, he won't go to Rome!" The two columns, in passing each other, cheered and shouted incessantly, the enthusiasm apparently increasing at every block until the lines had moved away from each other. The splendor of the scene, as beheld on Murray hill in Fifth avenue, looking down town, was probably never excelled in the city, one column coming up the avenue and the other going down, the two filling the street from curb to curb, the thousands of lanterns and torches lighting up the somber brown stone houses, and the many colored banners waving grandly to the music of scores of bands. Those in the procession were somewhat surprised at the vigor of the cheering at some points on the avenue further down.

The people who had been standing on the sidewalks on Broadway, as well as on Second avenue and Fifth avenue, when the divisions started on their routes, did not seem to understand the scheme of the parade, the crowds falling off considerably while the processions were passing each other uptown. When the columns made their appearance on their way down, however, toward the finish of their routes, thousands again lined the sidewalks. On Broadway, when the Anti-poverty society and St. Stephen's parish marched up to pass in review at Union square, the street was again black with people.

At 8 o'clock in the evening there was already a great crowd on the plaza in Union square. At 9 the mass of people there was so dense and its extent was so great that thousands then arriving either went home or passed on to places where they might see the procession on its way to the square. The people packed in the great crowd on the plaza waited patiently, and for an hour or more quietly for the most part. Once in awhile they gave vent to applause on the appearance of a familiar face under the lights at the cottage platform. When Dr. McGlynn was seen coming out toward the platform railing at 9:45, he was received with long-continued cheering and applause, the vast host of people not seeming to tire of displaying their enthusiasm.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock brief addresses were made by Dr. Coughlin, chairman of the committee of arrangements, James E. Quinn, Michael Clarke and Colonel Timothy Lee of Washington.

James J. Gahan then read the following resolutions, which were received with every manifestation of approval, Archbishop Corrigan's name being greeted with groans and hisses:

Whereas, The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn was censured in 1882 by Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the Propaganda in Rome, for his speeches in aid of the Irish land league, and his suspension was ordered by the pope for asserting the doctrine of common rights to the bounties of nature as taught in the best political economy, and by the fathers of the Christian church, and which has never been condemned by the church: and

Whereas, In 1883 Dr. McGlynn was by the same Cardinal Simeoni censured for a speech in behalf of the famine-stricken people of Ireland, because it was alleged to be in favor of the "Irish revolution," and was forbidden to make similar speeches; and

Whereas, It appears from a published statement of Archbishop Corrigan that he forbade Dr. McGlynn to make a promised speech for a movement to purify our politics, or to take part in any future political meeting without permission of the Roman Propaganda; and that Dr. McGlynn was next day temporarily suspended for keeping his engagement; and

Whereas, Dr. McGlynn was again suspended because he taught, and the suspension was maintained because he did not retract, the doctrine of the land for the people; and

Whereas, Dr. McGlynn, has declared that in becoming a priest he did not evade the duties nor surrender the rights of a man and a citizen, and has denied the right of bishop, propaganda or pope to censure him for his action in American politics, or for his opinions in political economy, unless they could show those opinions to be contrary to the Christian religion; and has further denied their right to summon him to Rome, to which he has not appealed; and has declared that his obligation of obedience as a priest is only in matters of religious teaching and ministration in the place to which he belongs; and

Whereas, Dr. McGlynn was suspended from his priestly functions without a hearing, for teaching, in the interest of American workingmen, that land should be taxed to its rental value, and was, after his suspension, ordered by telegrams from the Propaganda (one of them in the name of the pope) to condemn in writing a doctrine which, confessedly, they had never examined, and to go to Rome forthwith; and,

Whereas, We are informed that another summons has been sent to Dr. McGlynn, ordering him to go to Rome within a brief fixed period, with the threatened penalty of excommunication if he shall fail to do so; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, citizens of New York and neighboring cities, of every condition in life, but chiefly working people, and of different religious denominations, but a large proportion of us devoted to the spiritual doctrines and the sacraments of the Catholic church, in mass meeting assembled, heartily approve the action taken by the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn in defense of his rights as an American citizen, and in support of the great truth that the land of a country belongs, not to a privileged class, but to the whole people of that country.

Resolved, That there has been nothing in this course of Dr. McGlynn unworthy of his office as a priest, but that, on the contrary, he has been actuated therein by that charitable and humanitarian spirit, and that love of justice, which should characterize especially the ministers of religion, and which, as exemplified in the whole career of Dr. McGlynn, would win all men to a greater love of religion and bring about what has fondly been supposed to be the ideal of a Christian society embracing the whole world.

Resolved, That we proclaim our unalterable adherence to the great truth that the land belongs to the whole people, and that the failure to tax land to its rental value is the fruitful source of poverty and of the vice and crime which result from it.

Resolved, That we reiterate our firm determination by all lawful means to effect such changes in the constitutions and laws of our country as shall secure to the people their equal, God-given rights in the soil.

Resolved, That we firmly protest against interference in American politics by any foreign power, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and that we denounce with especial indignation the arbitrary, unjust and tyrannical attempt to interfere with the civil rights of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, to whom, with one heart, we pledge our devoted and unwavering support.

It was 10:15 o'clock when the music of the approaching procession was heard down Broadway, and soon after the two columns were marching by the stand. St. Stephen's and the Anti-poverty society were hailed with tumultuous applause, and thenceforth until a few minutes past twelve, when the last flag was carried by, the noise of the cheering and hand clapping rose and fell on the air like the roar of waves against the ocean beach. As seen from the cottage, the pageant was unique. The Anti-poverty society and St. Stephen's carried half a dozen great white silk banners lettered in gold, while smaller ones, bearing a portrait of Dr. McGlynn, were borne in every rank. Never, perhaps, was a larger number of carriages seen in a night parade in New York, a line passing by simultaneously with the pedestrians almost continuously. Hundreds of American flags were waved by women and children in the carriages. Indeed, an inspiring feature of the entire procession was the display of innumerable American flags of every size. One was stretched out, and borne aloft on a great frame, which was carried by a squad of men, and on it was painted the legend: "Spirit of '76—Independence Revived." The bearers of the larger American flags that almost invariably appeared side by side with the society banners, waved them from to and fro as they passed the stand, while shouts went up signifying that this was the flag of a country in which there were no subjects to any other. When Miss Munier's choir went by in half a dozen park carriages, the young ladies waving the Stars and Stripes and bannerets, there was tremendous cheering. The labor unions carried banners of many colors, some of them great spreads of silk borne by four or six men. The multitude in the ranks pushed by in close order and with but few breaks, the formation having been in files of eight. Some kept up the cry: "Don't, don't, don't go to Rome!" The double line moving along seemed interminable. The brilliancy of the scene and the spirit of enthusiasm shown alike by the enormous body of spectators and the people in the procession made the spectacle one never to be forgotten.

The inscriptions on the transparencies were mostly applicable to the occasion. A few were as follows:

St. Stephen's:

> The Vilest Criminal Should Be Tried Before Execution; Our Beloved Priest Was Condemned Without a Trial.

> What, Isolated? Not Much!

> Our Purses Will Be Opened When Our Pastor Is Restored.

> As Much Religion as You Please from Rome, But No Politics.

> Loyal Catholics, We Are True Americans.

> God Bless Our Beloved Dr. McGlynn.

> Let Father McGlynn Be Restored to St. Stephen's, Then He Will Go to Rome.

The Anti-poverty society:

> The Cross of the New Crusade. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

The trades sections:

> No Politicians Wanted.

> The Land of Every Country Belongs to the People of That Country.

> Simeonism Must Go.

> Give Us Back the Soggarth Aroon.

> Employes, Not Servants.

> The Laborer Is Worthy of His Hire.

> Dr. McGlynn, the Teacher of God's Truth.

> No Foreign Interference.

> No Politics from Rome.

> Dr. McGlynn, We Will Stand by You Forever!

> We Are Coming, Father Edward, 100,000 More.

> All Honor to Our Patriotic Priest.

> "The Earth Is the Common Property of All Men."
> —Pope Gregery the Great.

> "Land is Rightfully the Property of All the People."
> —Dr. McGlynn.

> "No Individual or Class of Individuals can Rightfully Possess the Private Ownership of the Land of a Country."
> —Bishop Nulty.

> "Free Land is Swelling High above the Politician's Din,
> And Tammany can Never Crush Our Glorious Priest—McGlynn.

The above rhyme was on ten transparencies.

> The Land Gods Must Go.

> No Foreign Hand Must Dare Touch the American Ballot Box.

> "The Land of a Nation Belongs to the People of That Nation."
> —Archbishop Croke.

The assembly district organizations:

> No More Tammany Dictation.

> Watch Us This Fall. "Ah, There!"

> George Did It with His Little Hatchet.

> Boodle Politicians Must Go.

> Hail to the Priest of the People.

> Down with Foreign Interference.

> Through Thick and Thin for Dr. McGlynn and the Cross of the New Crusade.

> Religion, Not Politics, from Rome.

The *Evening Sun* chapel:

> In Union There's Strength.

THE STANDARD chapel:

> God Made the Land for the People.

When the procession had passed the cottage Mr. Archibald read the following from Judge James G. Maguire of San Franciso, the crowd paying close attention, Mr. Archibald speaking in a clear and powerful voice:

SONOMA MOUNTAINS, June 7, 1887.

John McMackin, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR: Your telegram was forwarded to my temporary retreat in the mountains on the 5th inst.

I regret exceedingly that important engagements in California render it impossible for me to accept your kind and gratifying invitation to be with you at the Union square mass meeting on the 18th.

Though unable to be with you in person, I unite with all my heart in your "protest against Roman interference in American politics."

Our government was, at its foundation, dedicated to the principles of civil and religious liberty—to political equality and fraternity among men of all religious denominations.

The fathers of this republic, believing that God's truth needed neither bayonets nor political prestige to sustain it, and that, in the arena of free discussion, it would find certain lodgment in the hearts and minds that were created for its reception, gave to all religious teachers the very freedom for which the saints and martyrs of the early Catholic church yearned and prayed. To maintain this freedom of conscience, of thought and of worship, the lives, the fortunes and the sacred honor of all true Americans are irrevocably pledged, and no church has or can have the pretext of self-defense to justify its interference in our political affairs.

But the founders of our religious liberty required a corresponding assurance from citizens of all religions, namely, that, in political matters, all such citizens should give their undivided allegiance to the government of the United States.

They required, and our federal constitution still requires, every applicant for citizenship to make oath that he does "absolutely and forever renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state and sovereignty."

Of course the moment that any pope or cardinal claims political allegiance from, or claims dominion over, the political thoughts or words or acts of other men, he becomes, and is, within the meaning of our oath of allegiance, a foreign potentate, and no man can honorably acknowledge either of such claims without first entirely renouncing his American citizenship. It is needless to discuss the effect of yielding either active or passive obedience in political matters to the propaganda or to the pope after taking this oath.

The oath and the act stamp the double-faced citizen as a perjurer and traitor, unworthy of the confidence or respect of his fellow men.

This consideration alone should be an all-sufficient answer to the unwarrantable claim of the present college of cardinals (nearly all of whom are natives and citizens of Italy), that they have a right to prevent American Catholics from assisting in the organization and campaigns of the land and labor party, but for the fact that, with full knowledge of their position and obligations, these heads of the church seem determined to exercise a temporal authority over the political thoughts and actions and votes of American Catholics by using, or at least threatening to use, their spiritual power of excommunication to enforce their unauthorized political mandates.

They seem to forget that this spiritual authority cannot be used, like a dynamite bomb, for the enforcement of political opinions, or for the destruction of political or personal enemies; that it is a sacred trust which can be used only to enforce compliance with the articles of faith and dogmas of the church, which have been formally and regularly declared to be essential truths.

The incidental temporal authority claimed by the propaganda is no part of the Catholic religion, which is concerned solely with spiritual matters; with preaching and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, who said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

No temporal authority was claimed by the apostles or by the early fathers of the church, and it was not heard of until many centuries after the foundation of the church, when it grew up by the consent, even at the request, of the sovereigns of Catholic countries, not in recognition of any temporal right, but solely for the greater security of the sovereigns themselves.

It is not essential to, but an injurious excrescence upon, the religion.

The church lived and flourished and performed its mission with less division of purpose and action before the assumption of political powers by its popes and cardinals than it did afterward, and a restoration to its primitive functions would vastly increase its numerical strength and extend its moral influence.

We may be told, however, that Catholic members of the land and labor party are not to be punished for refusing to violate the oath of allegiance, but for advocating a doctrine concerning land and taxation which has been condemned by the Catholic church as heretical.

Let us see. If there be heresy in our land theory, it must be because some of its elements or principles have been expressly condemned by the church as heretical.

Our party advocates:

1. The abolition of poll taxes.
2. The exemption of all kinds of personal property from taxation.
3. The taking ultimately of the entire rental value of land by taxation for public purposes.

Have any of these purposes ever been condemned by the regular authorities of the church speaking *ex cathedra*?

They not only have not been, but in the very nature of things they cannot be.

Imagine a Vatican decree to this effect: "Whosoever shall advocate the abolition of poll taxes, let him be anathema. Let him be excluded from the church while living, and when he dies be deprived of Christian burial." Imagine one to this effect: "Whosoever shall advocate the exemption of personal property from taxation, let him be anathema," etc.

Under this latter decree, if it be found, three-fourths of the Catholics in California would be excommunicated, for they have already voted for a constitution under which growing crops are specifically exempt from taxation. What horrible heresy!

The taxation of land to its full rental value would take away from private landlords and speculators the margin which now induces them to monopolize the God given natural resources of our country, and would keep these resources at all times open to the use of all our citizens upon exactly equal terms, and the people have not only the power but the unquestionable legal and moral right to redistribute the land in this way.

The supreme court of the United States has declared that the people of each state have reserved the right to take from all land owners, by taxation, at any time, the entire rental value of all private lands, and that this reservation is to be regarded as a covenant incorporated by operation of law in every deed passing to or between private individuals.

Can it possibly be heretical to advocate the enforcement of that covenant?

Imagine a Vatican decree to this effect: "Whosoever shall advocate the taking of the rental value of land by taxation for public purposes, under the right so to do legally reserved by covenant in the deeds to such lands, let him be anathema," etc.

Now, as I have said, if there be heresy in our land theories it must be because of the existence of one of the supposed decrees which I have just mentioned, for they cover every element of our platform on the land question, and every element of what is known as Henry George's land theory.

Yet, if any such decree were found it would be so manifestly absurd that Cardinal Simeoni and Archbishop Corrigan would be among the first to discredit its genuineness.

There is, therefore, no question of Catholic doctrine involved in our present controversy with Rome.

The question is simply this: Are American Catholics under any obligation to obey the pope and propaganda in matters of purely political concern? In other words: Are American Catholics the political chattels of the pope?

On behalf of our entire republic, let Union square, answering, send to the Vatican, in thunder tones, an indignant and final—NO, NEVER!

Wishing you success, I remain, very truly yours, JAMES G. MAGUIRE.

James P. Archibald next read a letter from Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, as follows:

Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin, Chairman: I greatly regret my inability to be present at the McGlynn demonstration to-night; but I am heart and soul in the cause, and shall not fail to be with you to-morrow. Very truly yours,

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

In response to a general shout for Dr. McGlynn, the distinguished clergyman stepped forward and said:

My Dear Friends—When I first heard of your intention to make this magnificent demonstration it seemed to me to be an improper thing for me to be here. Not that I disapproved of its object, but because I felt a certain degree of bashfulness and diffidence to appear at a gathering which seemed to be in honor of me. But when I learned that my absence would give pain to many thousands of my dear friends, I sacrificed my personal feelings and came here. I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for this very extraordinary and unprecedented manifestation of honor and affection. It is more than a personal gratification I feel for this great procession over a course of four miles. These 30,000 or 40,000 people crowded in this square all bear testimony for the great principle of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. You have asserted in thunder tones, and on your banners, and by the notes of your music that God has given the land in usufruct to men, and that they are robbers and knaves who teach otherwise.

But your demonstration has more particularly for its object the indorsement of another great principle: The church shall not intrude upon the domain of the state any more than the state shall intrude upon the domain of the church. This you have asserted by your parade and by your resolutions. You are not here as the enemies, but as the best friends of sweet religion. They are the worst friends of the church as well as of the state who will tell the teachers of religion that they must not enter into a domain that does not belong to them.

It is because those who sit in high places in the state and church have too often ignored and despised this principle that the state has suffered so much disaster and the church so much corruption.

We are here to purify politics and religion. The falling off of many men from religion has been because they have found themselves confronted with the alternative of abandoning patriotism, scientific research and rational liberty on the one hand or religion on the other. Cruel alternative! The heart of man everywhere hungers for religion, and he is most terrible to man who places before him this alternative.

We, if we had our way, would bring back men to God. We would do the best we could for the church by making her what her Master was, teaching Christ's gospel of solace to the poor and menace to the rich. (Applause.)

This applause does not elate me; it fills me with a profound sense of gratitude to God for putting it in my power to address so vast a multitude and put them in the way of the truth. I hope you will go away feeling that you have trod upon sacred ground—the ground of Union square, to-night dedicated to the great principles of liberty, equality, fraternity and justice. (Applause.)

And so we end this magnificent gathering, which must be pleasing in the sight of God, with a Sabbath morning prayer. In this sacred Sabbath I bid you good morning. God bless you.

It was 12:30 when Dr. McGlynn ceased speaking, and the crowd, which then numbered nearly 10,000, broke up.

Among those on the platform were Colonel Timothy Lee, James E. Quinn, Rev. Dr. C. P. McCarthy, James J. Gahan, Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin, Lucien Saniels, James P. Archibald, Edward King, Dennis Nierney of Yonkers, John R. Feeny, Michael Clarke, Thomas F. Kenny, Abner C. Thomas, John J. Bealin, Dr. W. S. Gottheil, Dr. John M. Fox, Denis Sheehan, William T. Croasdale, Dr. Henry Carey, Walter Carr, John J. McNulty, Samuel Gompers, Charles J. Purcell, John McMackin, Philip McGrath, James Redpath, Patrick Doody, George W. Dunne, Edward Finkelstone, Hugh Greenan, Jeremiah Murphy, P. E. Owens of Poughkeepsie, J. V. George, Mrs. Margaret Moore, Mrs. William McCabe and Henry George and members of his family. Mr. George rode over the route in an open carriage with James Redpath, Albert Johnson and John P. Cranford.

The chief marshal was William McCabe, the chief aids, Charles L. Miller and Jesse Miller, west division, and Charles Brice and Matthew Barr, east division; the aides, John J. O'Connor, John White, Henry C. Biel, Hugh Whorisky, William Dress, Major Harry Magee, William J. O'Dair, T. J. Donovan, Fred. W. Beins, Charles H. Fernald, W. P. McConnell, J. C. Meredith, Frank Ferrall. The chief marshal of the civic section was George Smith; of the labor section, J. P. Archibald; of the Central labor union section, Fred. Haller; of the political section, William P. O'Meara.

The five stands contracted for by a firm of carpenters, were not erected, the explanation being given to the committee of arrangements that when one of the firm went to purchase lumber on Saturday afternoon he found that none could be had, as the employes were off on their half holiday.

Inspector Murray detailed 1,000 policemen to keep the peace during the parade. There was not an arrest made of any one having any connection with the demonstration, nor, indeed, on the entire line of march.

America's Warning to the Papal Court.

The following telegram has been sent to the cardinal prefect of the propaganda in Rome by the committee in charge of the demonstration of last Saturday.

NEW YORK, June 22, 1887.—One hundred thousand Catholics in mass meeting in this city Saturday, June 18, have denounced the threatened excommunication of Dr. McGlynn, with whom they are prepared to stand, and protested against ecclesiastical interference with the political rights of American citizens.

JEREMIAH COUGHLIN, M. D., Chairman.
JAMES J. GAHAN, Secretary.

Still Another Clergyman Uplifts the Cross.

OIL CITY, Pa.—This city is almost under the control of the Standard oil monopoly. The land is, as you are aware, underlaid by rich deposits of oil and gas, and the owners do all they can to misrepresent the views and designs of the land and labor movement. But sink or swim I shall continue to work for it. I have had some experience in public speaking, having been a preacher for eighteen years in the Erie annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. I understand the general theology of the churches better than I understand politics. I understand also that theology and the preaching of the day give some Bible subjects, such as the universal brotherhood of men, the principles of equity and a few other things, the cold shoulder. I know also that many texts of scripture receive an unfair interpretation. I have mentioned this because I intend to begin a series of sermons called the "Gospel of equal rights of the universal brotherhood, as taught in the Bible." I can help the cause better in this way than in any other to begin with.

J. WHITELY.

Mr. Murphy on Sunday, and Mr. Murphy on Monday.

GALVESTON, Tex., June 14.—In the New York *Herald* of June 7, under the caption of "O'Brien's Wisdom," I find that one Mr. Murphy assured Mr. O'Brien that up to the preceding Sunday he had been a "George and McGlynn" man, but that he had changed his opinion afterward.

If Mr. Murphy meant anything at all, he must have intended to convey the impression that up to Sunday he believed that God had made the earth for all mankind, but on Monday he concluded that it was intended for a chosen few only. Until Sunday he believed that if a man created anything by his labor he was entitled to enjoy it, but on Monday he deemed it the proper caper to have to divide with a self-appointed aristocracy. Up to Sunday Mr. Murphy admits that he wanted a stop put to the monopolization of the natural opportunities, but next day he came to the decision that the landlord was a pretty good sort of a fellow after all, and even the devil is not as black as he is painted.

TOM MARLEY.

The Irish Parliamentarians Don't Want to Abolish Landlordism.

GREENPOINT, L. I.—I was present at the O'Brien demonstration, and when I found that O'Brien refused to attend I felt disappointed. I have read his statement and yours, and my judgment is that the "saviors" had captured O'Brien. I was seven years old, when, like my fellow sufferer and near neighbor at that time, Michael Davitt, I was, with my parents, evicted from my first home in Mayo, near Claremorris, by a specimen of a tyrant as cool and as cruel as Ireland ever produced, Bloss Lynch of Baller. At the first proclamation of the doctrine of "the land for the people," I attached myself to the league and became an active worker, handling hundreds of dollars devoted to the agitation; but later, discovering that the continuation of the system, and not its abolition, was primarily the aim of the parliamentary leaders, I fell to the rear.

J. T.

New South Wales Alive to the Issue.

FORBES, New South Wales, April 10.—Our "land nationalization association" is composed entirely of workingmen, and is rapidly growing. We hope to make ourselves felt at the next election. The large land holders are trying to gull us by shouting "protection," but thanks to the lessons you have given us, we will accept no such remedies. An English syndicate who have bought up the best lands in every direction around our growing town, are our greatest foes, but such an organization as we are forming will be strong enough to cope with them.

FRANK COTTON.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887.

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

A WORD TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

It is not many years since the society saviors in certain quarters of the south entered upon a murderous raid against the blacks for the purpose of reducing them to political subjection. They were so successful that even to this day the colored race, which is largely in the majority in the state of South Carolina, is completely dominated there by the active and vigilant society saviors of the white race. And now a new enterprise, also murderous in character, appears to have been inaugurated in some parts of the south for the purpose of reducing the blacks, who constitute the great body of workers there, to a state of industrial subjection. The old spirit of chattel slavery is revived in a new form, but with all its inhuman concommitants.

Some weeks ago a man named Hoover was shot in Georgia by a mob. The information we get through the press respecting this murder is very meager. Details of society saving anarchy are not gathered by news distributers with the avidity that characterizes those enterprising individuals when some one in a workingmen's mass meeting, which has been lawlessly dispersed by the police, kills one of the lawless policemen. But the best inference that can be drawn from the Associated press dispatches is that Hoover was an organizer of the Knights of Labor engaged in discussing labor questions before an audience of workingmen, which was, naturally enough in Georgia, largely composed of negroes. For this offense against society he was summarily murdered by saviors of society.

And now we learn that the governor of South Carolina is organizing troops to break up assemblies of the Knights of Labor in that state. The pretense is that these assemblies are arming themselves to murder white men and ravish white women. That pretense is well understood. It is as absurd as it is stale. It is the manufactured excuse for murdering black men. The true inwardness of this malicious intimidation of the negroes under legal forms leaks out in one of the dispatches in a statement to the effect that when the white men have been killed and the white women ravished by the colored Knights of Labor, the colored knights intend to take possession of the land that belongs to their intended victims. This throws a flood of light on the situation in South Carolina. The fact is, evidently, that the black Knights of Labor are learning, like their white brothers at the north, that the land belongs to all the people—to the worker as well as to the idler, to the black as well as to the white. That they propose to recover their natural right to the land on which they were born and out of which they must live in the same peaceable manner that is proposed by the Knights of Labor everywhere, is clear enough; but they must be accused of contemplated violence as an excuse for using violence against them. Gentlemen of South Carolina—you of the lily hand and azure blood—your tricks are understood by the workingmen of the north and east and west, and if you persist in them—if you persist in thus outraging popular government—you will soon hear with an emphasis that you cannot mistake, from the mudsills whom you despise but a little less than the blacks only on account of the color of their skin.

Your past outrages on the colored race were denounced by the republican party from partisan motives alone. That party cared no more for the southern negro, except as an election perquisite, than it cared for the northern mechanic. It might raise the negro outrage cry now if by doing so it could get the negro vote or strengthen its voting power in the north. But hopeless of such a result it is silent, and it will remain silent about these outrages upon the workingmen of the south. There is a power here, however, that South Carolina society saviors will hear from, and that speedily, if it once comes to be fully understood that free speech and political or industrial organization and agitation are to be prohibited in South Carolina. That power is the spirit of true democracy that now animates the workers of all sections.

A LETTER in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* describes Baltimore's ground rent system. To those who favor a single tax on ground rents it gives some valuable hints.

In Baltimore, forty thousand houses stand on ground the use of which is rented by the owners of the buildings. Up to three years ago lots were deeded subject to a perpetual ground rent. A law was then passed by the legislature restricting leases made thereafter to fifteen years, with one renewal. Ground rents, of course, are salable. Recently at an auction a rent of $30 a year brought $640, one of $12 brought $400, and one of $40.25 brought $880. Of the transactions in a week at the real estate exchange, not more than one in three were in fee simple, the rest being of ground rents or of houses subject to ground rents.

The typical real estate transaction in Baltimore is as follows: The owner of a house and lot sells the house outright, but his valuation of the lot is put at six per cent interest, which the buyer pays annually. In addition, the buyer pays taxes and insurance and makes the repairs.

While paying a high interest on the original valuation of a lot, the buyer is not afterward called upon to pay more. The owner of a building standing on a lot subject to irredeemable ground rent, himself takes the increase in value above the ground rent.

Real estate is cheaper relatively in Baltimore than anywhere else in the United States. Land values generally have been kept down through the supply of new houses erected by capitalists and sold subject to ground rents. Baltimore houses are sold every day in the year for less than the cost of building them. A man puts up a row of houses at $1,200 apiece on ground that cost him $1,000 a lot. He sells each house at $200 less than it cost him, but replaces his loss by taking $90 a year ground rent.

The Baltimore system conclusively proves that the possession of land merely, and not absolute ownership, is enough to insure even the building of a great city upon it. It shows also how easily the dog-in-the-manger policy is dropped by real estate speculators if another plan pays better.

While vacant land is withheld for a rise in cities generally, in Baltimore the speculative element is bent on using land in order to acquire gilt-edged ground rents. The thousands of vacant lots in all parts of Chicago and the thousands of cheaply constructed houses in Baltimore's compactly built streets teach the same lesson—that men will quickly find the most direct way to gain wealth. A premium on a scarcity of land makes a show of vacant lots; a premium on the products of labor results in an abundance of them.

IN the past few weeks the news purveyors have done some things worth noting and remembering. The letter of the pope to Archbishop Corrigan was printed by so many of our old party exchanges that the inference is warranted that it was supplied to every journal of the country receiving Associated press service. The lecture of Edward Atkinson, delivered before the Central labor lyceum of Boston, in which his figures pleased the classes, was evidently extended a similar welcome by those who must guess what news will not be blue-penciled to a skeleton by the editors. A few days after the O'Brien incident telegrams were printed even in the smaller daily papers of the far west describing an impossible meeting of "delegates from each of the assembly districts of New York representing the union labor party," at which "resolutions were passed commending Mr. O'Brien and denouncing the doctrine of George and the socialistic organizations." A meeting of the obscure Fifth ward branch of the land league, which was addressed by "ex-Senator" Grady, in denunciation of Mr. McMackin, also received wide advertising. The *Evening Telegram*, on the Tuesday after the O'Brien affair, printed over a sensationally leaded article referring to it a three-inch heading in large display type, evidently arranged with malice prepense to deceive the careless reader. "O'Brien is Right!" filled the top line; "So the Labor Leaders are Beginning to Think" followed, with line upon line more of the same tenor. There was not a word in the body of the article to substantiate the heading; on the contrary, the one fact reported from a labor source contradicted it. The *Herald* of the next morning printed a column of what it called "Loud Praise for O'Brien from the Press of the Country"—extracts from the editorials of papers uniformly inimical to the united labor party. Hardly more than bare mention, couched in dull, type-worn terms, was made by the New York land monopoly press of Rev. Mr. Pentecost's remarkable address at the Academy of Music. The magnificent flights of oratory which delight the audiences who listen to Dr. McGlynn at the Academy would be lost to the world were they not recorded elsewhere than in the daily papers. When, however, a passing allusion was made by that fascinating speaker to the state of affairs in Russia, a distorted report of his words quickly found its way to the breakfast tables of the soft-handed caste. The Associated press sent out a dispatch over the country on last Saturday night saying that "not more than 6,000 persons were in line" in the great parade. The editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut* is telling his readers that Dr. McGlynn has not eloquence, nor learning, nor any characteristic out of the common, and that he has been raised to prominence for no other reason than his collision with an archbishop. The agitation of the Anti-poverty society is not passed over in utter silence by the out-of-town press, but the significance of its overflowing meetings, of its enthusiasm, of the multitude of converts to its principles, and of the commotion it is creating in every circle in the city, is sunk in a vain attempt to scoff at it. The discussion of the land for the people by the pro-poverty press is in terms meant to alarm and bewilder the unthinking—"the confiscation of property," "land communism," "robbing the farmer of his land" and "taxing his home away from the workingman." The demagogues who have thrust themselves into prominence as the apologists of monopolies are deferentially spoken of as the defenders of the rights of property; the men who are battling for the rights of the people are rewarded by seeing their names continually coupled with the few extremists who cry for a revolution of blood.

Is this an enlightened age? Are men to-day mentally free? Are not the apathetic majority in America knit to prejudice and inaction by invisible chains of bondage forged by masters who rule even their thoughts? If the citizens of our republic would answer such questions aright, let them but contemplate the conditions outlined in the facts here presented.

THE police arrangements at labor parades pass all understanding. At the McGlynn parade on the 18th there were very few policemen at points where they would have been useful to prevent confusion between the procession and the cars, but at points where none were needed they were present in large numbers. For example, though a long line of policemen was posted at the Union league club corner, they were as scarce as huckleberries in February all along First avenue.

UPON learning from the daily papers that the beer habit is an essential characteristic of anarchists, and from the same source that the people of New York are every Sunday engaged in a wild rush for beer, the man up a tree might well suppose that every New Yorker is an anarchist.

THE *Leader* on Saturday last came out with a greatly improved typographical appearance, and at the reduced price of one cent. It has purchased an improved perfecting Hoe press, and the only obstacle to its attaining the largest circulation of any evening paper in New York is now removed. We wish the *Leader* every success. It has been very useful in the past, and will have in the future even greater opportunities of usefulness open to it.

A Debate on the Tariff.

Mr. F. A. Herwig came from Philadelphia last Tuesday, and Mr. John Jarrett from Pittsburg, to try conclusions on the relation of a protective tariff to wages. The audience was a small one. Hardly any of those present seemed to be protectionists, but the few who manifestly were, did nobly in the applause.

Mr. Herwig opened the debate by declaring himself a workingman who had been converted to free trade by trying to prove to himself the benefit of protection. He claimed that it is impossible to protect labor, and that the laborer gets only injury from the tariff; showed how the average percentage of labor's share in protected goods is only eighteen per cent of the price, while the average duty is seventy-eight per cent; alluded to our helpless condition as to making gun steel after twenty-five years of protection. In spite of this we have now neither plant nor skilled labor for this work, and have to pay the Bethlehem company a million and a half dollars bonus to induce them to import labor and build a plant. If a co-operative society were to ask for such assistance it would be called communistic. Mr. Herwig spoke feelingly of the wretched condition of Pennsylvania coal miners, and wound up with an eloquent appeal for a single direct tax.

Mr. Jarrett thought that our workingmen suffer because we still import too many goods, and that we ought to have yet higher duties. He declared absolute free trade to be impossible, and asserted that no one wanted such a thing. His address was devoted largely to a presentation of figures, relating chiefly to the comparative wages in puddling iron here and in England.

Fifteen minutes was given to each side for rejoinder, Mr. Herwig taking his share to advocate the independence of American workingmen, who, if set free, he thinks can take care of themselves; and Mr. Jarrett taking issue with this proposition, and with the additional one that protection tends to create millionaires and paupers.

Is American Citizenship Threatened?

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—I notice that the New York *Herald* editorially says that the "Dr. McGlynn" episode is a rebellion against Rome and that the issue to be decided is whether the pope is or is not the head of the church.

Is the citizenship of a man lost upon his becoming a Catholic priest? If so the Catholic church is an alarming menace to American institutions. If a priest's citizenship is admitted, but it is pronounced contrary to the doctrine or policy of the Catholic church for him to take an active part in politics, why have not Archbishop Corrigan and the larger part of the Catholic priests of America and of Ireland been summoned to Rome long since to answer for their gross violations of their doctrine or policy? W. R. P.

From the Antipodes.

WAGGA WAGGA, New South Wales, April 18.—I have sold many copies of "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems." The seed is sown, and nowhere have you more ardent disciples than in Australia. Of course, the scope for your exertions is greater where you are, but there is no English-speaking country where your teachings are more wanted or where they would have more effect in proportion to population than in Australia. Our land is being slowly rolled into estates of 50,000 to 300,000 acres, out of which enormous fortunes are being made yearly, while the value of the land is increasing by leaps and bounds. M. HUNTER.

Two Kinds of Intelligence.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., June 15.—In your issue of last Saturday, J. E. M. writes: "A few weeks ago I was called to southern California, and there it was again—a 'boom'—real estate rising in value enormously. I met a friend, who was an intelligent man, an excellent artisan, a faithful, frugal and efficient worker, who was leaving the district because he could not get fairly remunerative wages for his labor, and was trying to reach an out-of-the-way part of the state."

This man's intelligence must be of a different order from that of a friend of mine who has gone to southern California for the very same reason that J. E. M's friend was leaving it, *i. e.*, to make money. But how different are their methods. No "faithful," "efficient" work for my "intelligent" friend! He has brought land at $17 a foot; within a few weeks has refused $40 for it, and was, at last accounts, thinking of selling at $55.

My friend says I am a woman and know nothing of affairs, and therefore cannot see how "ridiculous" are your land theories. I admit that I am a woman and know but little of affairs, and I think that for those very reasons I can more clearly see the right and wrong in public questions, the warnings of conscience not being stifled by self-interest, and the eye of my mind not being blinded by the sophistries of the business code of morals. My friend, I fear, will continue to call the idea of a single tax on land values "ridiculous" until it forms the platform from which the candidate of the new party will step to the presidential chair. I am trusting to the same mighty argument to convince another friend who is troubled because you are "a rhetorician and not a thinker." WOMAN.

Another Clergyman Speaks Out.

From a Sermon by Rev. W. E. Lincoln, Painesville, O.

We in America, overlooking most manifest tendencies, seem to imagine that the condition of the degraded labor of Europe cannot be reached in republican America. Yet in New England I have seen children from seven to eleven years old, male and female, worked eleven hours per day the whole year through, and if they dropped more than three threads they were lashed with a scourge of leather. In one large factory I found only three able to read and write. No schooling for these poor children; the harsh grasp of monopoly was crushing their minds and souls, leaving only a machine. The immorality of the older girls and boys brought up in such surroundings, may be imagined. All this in republican America, screaming itself hoarse over the glorious freeing of the black slaves by the grand old party. . . . Now, the cure for all this misery and woe lies in the observance of that natural law which gives to every man the fruits of his labor. . . . The burden of taxation should not be imposed upon labor and capital, but should rest upon that which society as a whole has produced—the value or unearned increment of land. . . . You call us a set of common robbers. Now, dear friend, which of us is the robber, you who take for your own use that which you have not earned—the value of land—or we, who insist that you shall surrender that to society which society has produced? . . . When we shall have taken all taxation off labor and capital and appropriated the rent of land for the common use, prostitution will well nigh cease. I speak from large knowledge gained from my brethren, city missionaries in the largest city of the world, and from my own experience as a city missionary. Crimes of violence will be almost unknown. Again I speak from experience; and drunkenness will to a very large extent cease.

How They Talk on the Pacific Coast.

San Francisco Argonaut.

Dr. McGlynn's offense is purely political. He entertains opinions concerning the tenure of taxation of land. He has the right to entertain them; they involve no question of faith, and the pope of Rome has no business to interfere with them or to suppress them. Within political lines in America the apostolic see has no possible right of meddling; the "sacred congregation of the propaganda," composed of Italian priests, has no right to dictate opinions upon any mere political or party question, and when the hierarchy of the papal church undertakes to put its spiritual nose into the political affairs of this country the *Argonaut* has the right to pull it. If all the popes—two hundred and sixty of them—from St. Peter in the year 41 to Leo XIII in the year 1887, were consolidated into one great pope, and all their noses were cast into one great nose, and if the *Argonaut* was the humblest weekly journal in the world—which it is not—and had the smallest circulation—which it has not—and was edited by a man of smallest brain and least courage—which it is not—its editor would have the right to pull that great papal nose till it should sneeze in penitent contrition.

An Epoch-Making Brotherhood.

Reynolds' Weekly, London.

There has just been founded in New York "The Anti-poverty society," which, if we mistake not, is destined to be an epoch-making brotherhood. . . . In a word, the Anti-poverty society is creedless and prayerless, but it "vindicates the ways of God to man" by demonstrating that human misery is the result, not of nature's niggardliness, but of "man's inhumanity to man." . . . We hail with hope and warm satisfaction the movement over the destinies of which the soggarth aroon is to preside. It supplies a platform on which good men of every religion and of none may cordially meet and devote themselves to the task of destroying monopoly, and thereby eradicating poverty. The probiem is by extirpating the "classes" to enthrone the "masses." How is this to be done? Simply by giving every human being an equal interest in every monopoly of nature. The sites of towns, agricultural land, railways, mines, forests, lakes and rivers, and all that they contain, must cease to belong to the few, and be irrevocably vested in the all.

The Landlord Gets It All.

Brockwayville, Pa., Record.

It is a favorite platitude that good profits to employers mean good wages to employes. The Maumee rolling mill company of Toledo, O., estimates the difference in cost of producing iron with natural gas and coal as follows: Coal, $5.25 per ton of iron produced; natural gas, $1.90; saving, $3.50 per ton. Yet if a puddler asks twenty-five cents advance on his wages out of this $3.35 saved he is promptly refused. The profit is solely and exclusively for the men who own the land on which the natural gas is found, and for the manufacturer. If iron would go down in price, or wages go up, the consumer or the employer might share the benefit of natural gas; but as it is it seems God made the gas for a few rich companies, and as before, the poor can beg. Meanwhile somebody is getting rich $3.35 per ton faster than before natural gas was discovered.

A Move in the Right Direction.

Wichita, Kan., Labor Press.

An Anti-poverty society was recently started in New York by Henry George, James Redpath and Dr. McGlynn, together with the most foremost reformers in the land. This labor movement is undoubtedly in the right direction. Poverty in a country like ours, teeming with the choicest gifts of nature is useless, and can be removed by justice and truth as the ruling power in our legislative bodies. It is also a crime against the people, by unscrupulous and false ideas regarding the making and distribution of wealth which results in criminal laws made by boodle statesmen.

Will Edward Atkinson Make a Spectrum Analysis of These Profits?

Bradstreet's.

The last annual report of the Elyton land company of Birmingham, Ala., shows that and companies well situated and conducted are profitable. This company started fifteen years ago with a cash capital of $100,000. The real estate sales during the past year have been $4,866,955, four times those of any previous year in its history. During the year the company distributed free to its stockholders $500,000 of water works stock, worth par, paid in cash dividends $1,320,000, invested $250,000 in permanent improvements, and set aside as reserved profits $3,614,395.58, making a grand total of $5,684,395.58 as the visible results of one year's work. It is estimated that the property of the company to-day is worth $15,000,000.

Anti-Poverty in Philadelphia.

The second meeting of the Philadelphia Anti-poverty society was held on Sunday evening last, at McCaull's opera house. Mr. William Atkinson presided. The meeting was well attended, and the audience gave unmistakable evidences of intelligent approval.

Mr. Wingate, in opening, referred to an address which he had made before the convention of sanitary engineers recently held in Philadelphia. He felt it, he said, a much greater honor to address this audience. "This movement," he continued, "emanated from a great city and thrives in great cities. Great men generally come from small towns, but in this movement the leaders were from the cities. A movement so fortunate to have such well equipped leaders as Henry George and Father McGlynn was certain to amount to something. It seems as if the people were hungry to hear this new gospel."

Mr. Louis F. Post then addressed the meeting, illustrating his remarks with anecdotes, and receiving hearty outbursts of applause. He said that while in the procession in New York city on Saturday night, he saw thrown upon a canvass an inscription reading, "To abolish poverty—work," and he added, "If a man's work would abolish poverty there would be none in the United States to-day." "Work," he said, "is one thing to be used, but it alone would not abolish poverty."

Defining what he meant by poverty, he said it was harder to get a living now than it used to be. Men are more dependent upon their employers, "and the poverty which we would abolish by removing its cause includes not only relative poverty, but penury, want, and the crime which comes from it. We would like to get a condition of things when it would not be necessary to lock our doors when we go to sleep."

Speaking under the head of immigration and the proposition to stop it, he said: "We stop goods from coming to keep wages up, and how are you going to keep wages up while men are allowed to land and come in competition? There is something else besides work," he said, "to abolish poverty—there must be the material to work upon, and that material is the surface of the earth." This led on to a discussion of the land question, and, in conclusion, Mr. Post answered a number of questions bearing upon the subject.

The Irish Press on the O'Brien Incident.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of June 6 contains an account of the O'Brien episode. One "Mr. McMickan," it relates, "the president of one of the labor unions," insisted on presiding at the meeting. Mr. O'Brien objected, but the committee, "who were chiefly Englishmen," refused to give way and Mr. O'Brien did not attend. The incident is said to have caused some excitement and Mr. O'Brien's firmness was applauded.

Commenting on the incident *United Ireland* remarks that "Father McGlynn's alliance would be somewhat dearly bought at the price of forfeiture of the sympathy of the supreme pontiff, and the sympathy, encouragement and assistance of our devoted priesthood and hierarchy here at home." Also that Mr. George's "eloquent vindication of the 'sacred right' of rack-renters and the glorious freedom of exercise of eviction, is his answer to the cry of the homeless Irish peasants for sympathy and assistance."

The Little Anti-Poverty Society of One.

LANSFORD, Carbon Co., Pa.—Mayor Hewitt is a big gun—vice-president, I believe, or at least, one of the directors of our company, the Lehigh coal and navigation. He has abolished poverty in his own house by shifting some of it to this heaven-favored but man-cursed place. I don't believe that the sun shines on a spot of equal area that contains more wealth or more poverty. The largest vein of coal yet discovered is here, but we, the miners, don't get the benefit of it. It seems that the easier the coal is to get the harder the men must work. With all our great inventions and labor-saving machinery more people are starving than when man had nothing but his finger nails. C. C. MCHUGH.

The Doctrine Suits Him.

For many years I have been an unbeliever in orthodox Christianity, and I have been made so mainly by the inconsistency of its professed followers. But the doctrine of McGlynn and Pentecost suits me! If that is Christianity, I am a Christian! I am from Protestant stock, but I have long since ceased to be a sectarian, and rejoice to know that I have lived to see the time when a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister can both stand upon one platform and proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind, pure and simple, with the incomprehensibles left out. T. B. JOHNSON.

Anti-Poverty in Texas.

MASON, Tex., June 9.—The inclosed $3 are for our initiation into the Anti-poverty society. We wish to be taken into full fellowship with the apostles of land and labor reform. We propose afterward to organize a club in this place, and want a quantity of tracts for general distribution. A. A. CARY,
LOUIS GRAEBNER,
J. A. MOORE.

That's Right—Push the Good Work.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., June 15.—I am anxious to start an agitation in this town based on the principles of the united labor party. All persons who wish to co operate in organizing a Henry George club should send me their names and addresses.
W. T. CHADSEY,
Dutch Hills P. O., Long Island City.

The Twenty-third Elects Delegates.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Twenty-third district association of the united labor party on Monday evening, Henry George, Joseph Hess and Frederick C. Leubuscher were elected delegates to the state convention to be held in Syracuse in August, and W. O. Eastlake, A. J. Steers and Jerome O'Neill were chosen as alternates.

Jersey City to Take a Hand.

E. T. Havens and Joseph Dana Miller of 86 Edgeworth avenue, Jersey City, N. J., have issued a call to all those who are "wholly or partially conversant with the new political economy," and who would like to organize a land and labor club, to send in their names. Active work will commence at once.

The Title Deed and the Strike.

Said a Musty Title Deed to an Incipient Strike, "It is wicked to deprive men of opportunities to work."

"Indeed," replied the Incipient Strike, "Then you should go out of business."

SOCIETY NOTES.

The dust lies thick about the doors of Fifth avenue mansions, the sparrows make a play ground of the drawing room window sills, the piano is closed, the dining room silver locked up and Vanity Fair, with its pet pug, its band boxes, its mirrors, its high-heeled slippers, its fans and its tea tray has gone to grace fairer and cooler scenes.—[Morning Journal.

Lord and Lady Stafford of England paid a visit to Castle garden the other day under the escort of Mayor Hewitt. Lady Stafford made a liberal present to a penniless Irish immigrant with five children.

An unusually large number of people have decided to spend the summer yachting. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt are fitting their beautiful Alva for a long cruise to the Mediterranean, through the Suez canal, thence to the Indian ocean, and around to China and Japan, perhaps returning by way of the Pacific. The journey is a long one, but a gay party has been made up for it, and frequent stops will be made at interesting places. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould will cruise in their pretty yacht, the Hildegarde. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Watrous, nee Miss Livingston, are spending the honeymoon on their yacht, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt will take several short journeys from Newport on their yacht.—[Morning Journal.

William Chambers of Greenock, Scotland, was arrested for sleeping in a stairway. Having no defense, except that he had no work and no home, he was sentenced to five days' imprisonment and warned not to do it again.

Mr. Albert Sully, the railway magnate, is not only rich, but generous. He gave his favorite niece a check for $50,000 when she was graduated from school the other day. It was a genuine, happy commencement day for her.

The health officer and overseer of the poor of West Troy have been investigating the baby farms of that viliage. Many of the children were barely alive, and in two cases the legs and arms of the infants were nearly eaten away.—[Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Some few good Americans who have a thought for the welfare of the home resorts are returning from abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, after dining at Marlborough house with the prince and princess of Wales, and their sister, Miss Belle Wilson, are now on the homeward journey. Miss Louise Ryder is already here, and it is said that Miss Winslow and Miss Belle Grant are to return next month. Miss Mai Blanchard-Thomsen, Miss May Brady and Miss Morgan are still in London.

It is surprising how few complaints are made by most tenants. Many of them dare not speak for fear of exciting the ill will of their neighbors or the landlord. Too well they know that a complaint of bad smells or other evils means summary eviction. The number of expulsions of tenants in New York annually far exceeds the record of Irish evictions. When the question is asked, "Is there any sickness here?" the constant answer is, even among the poor Italians, "No malade." Only with difficulty can one ascertain when deaths have occurred among neighbors, and a visitor may go through a tenement which is almost a charnel house without suspecting that anything is wrong. Another notable thing is the patience and apathy of the tenants. One often hears the remark, "Poor people must live poor," and they speak of the loss of their children or their relatives in a tone which is most pathetic.—[Morning Journal.

A gambling house, consisting of two barges, is anchored on the flats of Weehawken. A tug boat with steam up is kept in readiness to tow the barges out of the jurisdiction of New Jersey in case of a raid.

A train on the Southern Pacific railway was successfully robbed on June 18. W. Newburger of New York lost a gold watch, several diamonds, and $75 in cash. Mr. Mayer of Cincinnati was relieved of $35. R. L. Armstead of New York gave up $20. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s car was also plundered.

News comes from Newport of considerable gayety there. The casino is opened and tennis is in full swing. The casino is not so fashionable as it was at one time, the cottagers considering it better to spend the morning under their own vine and fig tree, as it were. Most of the cottagers are there for the summer, and there is already talk of several private balls and a grand garden fete to be given in aid of a charity. Saratoga is regaining much of its old-time prestige, and a number of fashionable as well as noted people are booked to spend the summer there. Long Branch, Narragansett and Richfield have their old friends again this year, and at Bar Harbor the season is already in full swing. Even poor, abused Coney Island is to have its fashionable residents at the Oriental this year.—[Morning Journal.

In a single tenement house opposite St. John's park, New York, there were in 1886-7 ten cases measles, eight cases bronchitis, two cases whooping cough, two cases gastritis, one case tonsilitis, one case rheumatism.

It costs over several thousand dollars to run a four-in-hand coach for a season of six weeks.

The tract of land known as the Denton farm, recently added by Judge Hilton to his magnificent Woodlawn park, has already been "landscaped" with the judge's characteristic energy and taste. Roadways, silvery little lakes, miniature but lively cataracts, stone bridges massive enough to have been built by Roman legions, attract the eye near at hand, while its wider sweep ranges from the Adirondacks to the Catskills. Judge Hilton purchased several acres here to begin with, and his annual additions have been nearly as extensive as his original purchase.—[New York Herald.

Out of sixty-six foundlings received into the Philadelphia hospital, thirty-five died during the first year. Most of the deaths were from marasmus, a scientific name for starvation.

Several American duchesses are to be invited to the queen's garden parties during the jubilee.

The pawnbroker is now laying in his summer stock of winter clothing.—[Omaha Bee.

Dr. Dix, the rector of Trinity church, New York, receives a salary of $30,000 a year. His assistants get $5,000 each.

Martin Hughes, sixty-two years old and helpless, was found lately in a cellar in Lawrence, Mass. His son had deserted him and the old man had been without food and water for eight days. His thumb and several fingers had been broken and gangrene had set in.

Philadelphia society has been indignant over the arrest of Mr. Hollingsworth Siter for fast riding in the park. Mr. Siter was out riding with one of the wealthiest heiresses in Philadelphia when a policeman stopped them and took both their names. Warrants were issued for the arrest of both, but before they could be served the young lady had sailed for Europe.

Labor in Pennsylvania.

Sharon, Pa., Correspondence Pittsburg Post.

Speaking to a man prominent in the Amalgamated association, he said: "I tell you, if foreign labor continues to come in upon us here as it has been doing for the past few months, we may expect to experience a depression in manufacturing circles which will not only smother the business interests of the town but also play havoc with the toiling masses. Why, look at it now. An American laborer can't live on less than $1.50 a day and support a family, while a Bohemian, Hun, or an Italian would live on forty cents a day and support a large family beside. In nearly all our mills and furnaces it will be hard for you to find an American laborer. They have been gradually pushed aside until hardly a man remains of American birth or affiliation. To be sure, the skilled labor is principally American yet, but will it always be so? This foreign element, too, is the one which is continually inaugurating strikes, and in nine cases out of every ten you will find that when violence is resorted to to accomplish a desired end the ringleaders will be found to be of the lowest possible origin in the rubbish and garbage of Europe, as it were. "They don't know when they have enough, and can't tell when they have a good thing. Take a man of this class and I don't care what wages he receives, you can, by a word, incite him to inaugurate a strike."

The Three Ts.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington of Grace church tells workingmen that what is needed for the abolition of poverty are the three ts—toil, thrift and temperance.—(Pro-poverty Press.

Three proud little ts stood all in a row,
And Jay Gould picked up the first one;
He toiled with his brain to make others go
And dig what he afterwards won.

The next little t tickled tall Cyrus Field,
Who thrived with all his might;
And clergymen kneeled 'neath roof which he
ceil'd
And whitewashed so morally bright.

The third little t pleased miserly Pain e,
Who plain Miss Temperance wed;
Lived long on the scraps which hunger did
fain,
Until he dropped down 'mong the dead.

Two thousands of men are passing Grace
church,
All hungry, afevered and tired,
The three ts their life, yet still in the search
Of comfort they long have desired;

And, marching along, are singing the song
Of burdened and sad little ts:
"Give us a chance, and mend cruel wrong,
That we may with others have ease!

IRA HOWARD.

LAVENDER'S YARN.

Late in the sixties the reading room of Smith & McNell's hotel was the nightly gathering place of as congenial a collection of characters as ever played checkers or spun yarns. Most of them were known to each other only by some soubriquet suggested by their occupation or the place they hailed from. Lavender was the pet of the crowd. He could not play checkers, but he could spin yarns, play the violin, quote poetry and debate. He was a stocky man, with long straight hair, a round and beardless chin, and gray eyes with a far away look, who wore a stovepipe hat a size too small, a swallow tail coat of pepper and salt color, and on his extremely small feet a pair of ladies' gaiters. Lavender lived literally from hand to mouth, making the work of the day pay the day's expenses, and often at night turning off a tune or two on his fiddle in the reading room and passing his hat around for enough to buy a ticket to the theater.

One sweltering night in the middle of the last week of June, 1868, the habitues of the reading room, with coats off and heels upon window sills, waving palm leaf fans or crumpled newspapers, were trying their utmost to keep cool, when Lavender, with his deep bass voice, attracted their attention.

"Chicago," he said, running his fingers through his hair and wiping his forehead with an ancient silk handkerchief of monstrous size, "If we could take that south pole trip that I once took, we wouldn't complain so of this hot weather."

"What trip was that?" asked Jersey.

"It don't make any difference what trip it was," said Lavender, "nor how I got there, but I did get there for a solemn fact, and I had a wonderful experience."

"Shipwrecked?" Jersey remarked interrogatively.

"Yes, shipwrecked; but you don't want to hear about the shipwreck—shipwrecks are commonplace; and so far as the wreck is concerned, it is enough for you to know that I was the only survivor. I got on an iceberg which was floating southward, and one morning I found my berg frozen fast in a great field of ice—one vast ice prairie. Well, I got off the berg and walked south."

"I trust," interrupted Ribbons, "that you intend to confine yourself to the truth. This weather is too oppressive for a Gulliver, you know."

Lavender looked at Ribbons with a hurt expression. He rather prided himself on his veracity and this insinuation wounded him. But Chicago rebuked the matter of fact Ribbons and Lavender proceeded:

"After walking a long time I crossed the eightieth parallel of south latitude."

"How in thunder did you know it was the eightieth parallel?" Jersey asked, leaning forward.

"I saw the line on the ice," Lavender explained, looking severely at his questioner. "Consult your map and you'll see it just as I did."

Jersey fell back in his chair and plied his fan vigorously.

"Well," continued Lavender, "I walked until I got tired. I thought I would keep on until sundown, but sundown didn't come; and finally I threw myself upon the ice and went to sleep. When I awoke I was frozen fast and there was a great army of little devils about the size of Ribbons' index finger prancing all around me. I couldn't turn my head one way nor the other, for it was fastened in the ice, but after awhile I made out that the little devils were carrying water and throwing it over me, so as to fasten me tighter, and this was what they had been doing while I was asleep.

"I shouted to them to stop, but bless your heart they couldn't understand a word I said. My shouting must have made an awful din though, for I saw regiments of my tormenters putting their fingers into their ears."

"You must have felt cold?" ventured Jersey.

"Cold! I should say so. I was frozen stiff!" As Lavender said this Ribbons, who was rather cold-blooded anyhow, shivered visibly.

"Well," continued Lavender, "I made up my mind that unless I wanted to be buried in the ice I must make a desperate effort to free myself. So I brought all my strength to bear, and, to my great relief, I heard the ice bonds crackle about me. In a moment I was on my feet. My first impulse was to trample upon the host of pigmies that swarmed in every direction, but human nature and curiosity got the better of my anger, and I picked up a pair of them for examination. They were terribly frightened, and lay right down in the palm of my hand. Occasionally they would look over the edge, and I am sure they wanted to jump, but the distance to the ground was too great for the risk.

"I noticed a freezing sensation as I held the little fellows, and on inspection discovered that their clothing was nothing but ice. A still closer examination showed me that the muscles of their arms and legs were wonderfully developed, and while their faces exhibited traces of beauty, the form was coarse and the expression stupid. While I was examining these two specimens, the crowd had moved away from me, so that I stood in the center of a cleared circle about fifty feet in circumference, and all around, as far as the eye could reach was a solid mass of pigmies. The sun, glinting on their icy garments, made them appear like a host of liliputian soldiers in armor of polished steel. When I had lowered the little chaps to the ground they scampered off to the rest of the crowd as fast as they could run, and such a commotion you never saw.

"Well, to make a long story short, I concluded to study this new order of beings. It was impossible to talk with them, but by degrees they came to understand that I wouldn't hurt them if they treated me right, and in time they settled down to regular routine and left me alone. They proved to be a most remarkable race, and as soon as I get a publisher I shall write up their origin, manners, habits and customs, social, religious and political, in full detail."

"Put me down for a copy, and go ahead with the detail," said Chicago.

"But stick to the truth, Lavender," said Ribbons.

By this time Lavender's little audience of three had been augmented by every habitue of the place, and even some of the transients had meekly drawn their chairs near to the outer edge of the crowd, and while pretending to read listened intently. Lavender was in his element. Except when playing the violin, he was never known to wear such an expression of utter obliviousness to his surroundings, or to draw the bow with such reckless grace.

"It seems," he continued, "that this race of dwarfs was a special creation. In tradition they traced their origin to common parents who flourished in a paradise of a place, supposed by some pigmy antiquarians to have been located in Symmes' hole. But within historic times they had known no other habitation than the ice fields of the south pole. Tradition also pointed to a time when these people lived, as near as I can conjecture, very much as we do now; but it is only a conjecture, for even the wisest of them had but the vaguest kind of an idea of how their traditional ancestors of Symmes' hole did live. It was certain, however, that whatever may have been the habits of their happier ancestors, their own wants were of the simplest kind, and were satisfied with water alone. By a process of natural selection and survival of the fittest they had adapted themselves to their surroundings.

"Water furnished their food, their drink, and their clothing. Of water they built their houses, and of water their furniture was made. I have often seen a pigmy go to a water barrel as you would go to a tailor. He would jump into the water, and then stand in the air until it froze. After repeating this operation often enough to get several layers of ice over his person he would walk away as proud as a dandy with a new suit."

"What was the barrel made of?" asked Jersey.

"Ice."

"Why didn't it melt?"

"The weather was too cold."

"Then, why didn't the water freeze?"

"Oh, dry up, Jersey," said Chicago. "If you can't keep still, get out. Go on, Lavender."

After a scornful glance at Jersey, Lavender proceeded.

"They used water in liquid form for drink and made into ice cakes for food, and their houses were built of blocks of ice specially frozen and laid."

"Must have had plenty to eat there," said the retired clergyman, "with all that ice everywhere."

"No," Lavender explained, "they couldn't eat the ice of the ice fields. I guess there wasn't any nourishment in that. But there were any quantity of springs about and it was of the water from these springs that they prepared their food. And maybe you think there wasn't any difference in their food—that all food tasted alike. But it wasn't so. Their sense of taste was in the eye instead of the palate. Ice cakes in common form were common food; the delicate and toothsome food was prepared by giving ornamental forms to the ice cakes.

"Of course, there were rich and poor there. You'll find that everywhere. The rich had ice cakes of all sizes and forms, and their clothing was ornamented with crystals in the most magnificent way. But the poor lived on plain cakes, and many of them were glad enough to get them; still, what food they had, plain as it was, was wholesome, and as I often heard the richer classes say, was seasoned with good appetite. And as for the clothing of the poor, plenty of them were never able to wear more than one layer of ice at a time. You see the rich owned thousands of hogsheads of water, a few of them had millions, and they, of course, could afford to indulge in any extravagance in the way of ice layers ornamented with crystals; and as for food, why it is an absolute fact that some of those rich pigmies would scatter the most beautiful ice cakes all over the floor at a feast, while there were thousands of poor pigmies who couldn't even get plain ice cakes, and were on the verge of starvation."

"Oh, come, come, Lavender," said Ribbons, "if you can't tell the truth, be reasonable, anyhow. How could anyone starve when he only needed ice, and there were thousands of square miles of ice all about him?"

"I told you that that ice wasn't any good for food," said Lavender with a little impatience.

"Well, you said there were any quantity of springs."

"Yes; but the springs didn't belong to all the pigmies. They belonged to the respectable classes. I'll tell you about that. You see these people had an idol called Mahmoan. It was Mahmoan that made these springs and gave them to the respectable pigmies, and they worshiped him with great fervor. That I could understand; but I never could understand why the miserable little devils that Mahmoan didn't give any springs to should also worship him; but they did. I suppose they thought Mahmoan might occasionally get mad at one of his respectable worshipers and take his spring away, and then one of the others would have a chance. And Mahmoan did this sometimes; but he almost always gave the forfeited springs to a fellow that already had more springs than any one else.

"So you see a pigmy that hadn't a spring was compelled to get a living by working for one that had. The work he did was to carry water from the springs and pour it into the hogsheads of his employer. In that way the spring owners got all the water they wanted without carrying any at all, and some of them, as I have told you, were accounted mighty rich men in hogsheads of water."

"Was that all the work the pigmies did?" asked Chicago.

"Oh, no; some of them froze hogsheads, some made ice cakes, some built houses, some waited on the rich ones, and so on; but they all got their pay in water from the hogsheads they had filled, or in ice cakes made from that water. And some of these fellows were very shrewd business operators. Why, one little chap that I took a fancy to—his name was Bahboan—he was as poor as Lazarus when I went there, but he saw a good speculation in me, and when I came away he owned a hundred million hogsheads of water, besides more springs than the most respectable pigmy at the pole, all acquired through his own energy and skill. He was a brilliant fellow was Bahboan, but I'll tell you about him after awhile.

"After the little fellows got so they were not afraid of me, I used to go around among them and observe their ways. There was quite a large city near where I had fallen asleep; but I couldn't go into it very well, for the streets were not much wider than my body, and if I had lost my balance I would have tumbled upon the houses. Besides, you know, I might step upon some of the people. I could stand on the outskirts, however, and get a pretty good idea of how things went on in the city. Some of the houses were plain ice block buildings, hardly reaching above my ankle; but others were mighty fine affairs, as high as to my hips, decorated with fanciful designs in frosting, and altogether very palace like in appearance. Beyond the city, where the springs were situated, there were little villages inhabited by the 'dippers,' as they called them, who spent their lives dipping water from the springs into little tubs about the size of a woman's thimble, which the carriers toted up to the city and poured into the hogsheads that were stored in warehouses there. This was the great industry, dipping and carrying water, and the whole population, except those who owned the springs, and consequently were very rich, were to a greater or less extent engaged in it."

"Wasn't there any beggars or criminals?" asked Chicago.

"Yes, some fellows who were broken down carrying water and couldn't earn a living any more would beg for an ice cake now and then, but it wasn't encouraged generally, though some of the rich pigmies were very charitable. Why, there was one fellow that owned half a dozen springs and had warehouse after warehouse in the city just loaded down with hogsheads of water, whose amusement it was to take care of beggars. He had a big establishment in the city where any beggar could get all the ice he wanted to eat three times a day for nothing; of course it was just plain ice, for it was thought bad policy to supply these wretches with ornamental cakes. If a beggar could get luxuries for nothing, he wouldn't work. I suppose it cost that philanthropic old chap at least half the water that was carried to his warehouses every day just to feed beggars. But he was an exception, and thought to be a little daft on the subject of charity."

"I think he was a very Christian pigmy," observed the retired clergyman. "If Mahmoan gave him all those springs it was in trust, and he did his duty in feeding Mahmoan's poor."

"That's what some of the pigmies said, only they didn't call it Christian. You know they were heathen, and didn't know anything about Christianity. But the majority of the pigmies were more disposed to approve another fellow named Sawhboan. The philanthropist was called Chaughboan. Chaughboan, they said, encourages idleness, and maintains a class of pigmies who might better perish. But Sawhboan gives work, which is true philanthropy. You see, Sawhboan owned several springs, too, and also had warehouses, and he just delighted in giving work to pigmies. There wasn't any excuse for idleness there, for any one that asked Sawhbone for work got it. I have known him, in hard times when pigmies were out of work and starving, to put a thousand to work dipping water out of his springs and carrying it to his warehouses when they were already overflowing with water. Of course he couldn't pay much under such circumstances, but he always gave his men enough plain ice to eat. He was a very public-spirited citizen, and in recognition of his wise philanthropy was at one time made the great Boam of the city."

"But I don't understand," Jersey interrupted.

"I suppose not," said Lavender. "What's the matter?"

"Why, you said that all these pigmies needed was spring water?"

"Yes."

"And that there were plenty of springs?"

"There were springs all around."

"Then how could any of the pigmies be hard up? Why didn't they go to the springs and get what they wanted to eat; and if they were in need of clothes, why didn't they jump in and freeze a suit for themselves?"

"Jersey, what's the matter with you?" said Chicago. "Hasn't Lavender already told us that Mahmoan gave the springs to the respectable people? I suppose their ancestors discovered these springs, and that's the reason Mahmoan gave them to them."

"There was a tradition of that kind," assented Lavender.

"But why didn't the starving pigmies help themselves from the springs anyhow?" asked a transient.

"Because they were a law abiding people," said Lavender, severely.

"And religious," remarked the retired clergyman reverentially, with an elevation of his eyebrows.

"And religious," Lavender repeated. "Besides, it wasn't altogether safe. I knew of an instance of a pigmy void of all religious sense and respect for law who helped himself to a suit of clothes from one of Sawhboan's springs, and the dippers who caught him in the act and were honest pigmies plunged him head and heels into the spring, saying they would give him a suit of clothes all over.

"Well, I saw what hard work these little fellows had to do and it occurred to me that I might help them out. So I proposed to Bahboan, who was then a poor, hard working carrier, to dip and carry all the water he wanted if he would get me a big hogshead.

"'But,' said Bahboan, 'how can I get a hogshead big enough for you? I don't own even the tub I carry, and I couldn't save enough to buy one, work and scrimp as hard as I might.'

"An idea had got into Bahboan's head, however, and he worked it out. One day he came to me and asked if I would be willing to carry as many of the thimble size tubs as I could be loaded up with. Of course I agreed, and soon after he had me at one of Sawhboan's springs, where I was furnished with a score of thimblefuls of water. They weren't heavy, and I had only to be careful not to spill the water. As the city was only about a mile away I soon carried up my little load and emptied it into hogsheads in Sawhboan's warehouse. Then I made another trip, and another, and another, and another. I tell you it was a great day. I passed thousands of the little carriers on the road who were laboriously making their one trip and who looked up in wonder at my double handful of water tubs. Sawhboan was well pleased and little Bahboan was in ecstacies.

"I afterward learned that Bahboan, after making calculations, had contracted with Sawhboan to carry eighty tubs of water a day, the work of eighty pigmies, for the same number of plain ice cakes that were given to fifty pigmies. Sawhboan hadn't much confidence that Bahboan could do what he promised, but to save the ice cakes of thirty pigmies on one day's business was a temptation that he, as a thorough going business man, couldn't resist. You understand that, Ribbons."

"Of course," said Ribhons.

"Now," continued Lavender, "the genius of little Bahboan didn't end here. He made the ice cakes of fifty men in one day with no other work than supervision, whereas with the hardest kind of work before he only got about enough to keep him alive. He was a rich man. Why, I suppose his earnings that day were equal to twenty-five tubs of water. With this little capital and what he made out of my carrying from day to day, he hired other pigmies and built a warehouse of his own, into which he poured his—well, we should call it profits. Then the scope of his genius really began to manifest itself. He saw that my carrying capacity was limited by the littleness of the tubs. So he got together some of the brightest pigmies, of a mechanical turn, and using the water that he had stored in his warehouse, both to pay them with and as material, he managed to freeze two tubs that were enormous in their eyes, but in fact were about the size of a small pail. Each had a handle, and under Bahboan's direction I used to take these pails, dip them into a spring and carry them full up to the city."

"Did you wear gloves?" asked Jersey.

Lavender merely glanced at his questioner, though Jersey's muttered remark to a stranger by his side that "those handles must have been pretty cold, to say nothing of being brittle," did not wholly escape him.

"Well, you may believe," Lavender continued, "that Bahboan got rich right along. He built warehouse after warehouse, and soon had more water in store than any other man in the city. He didn't work on contract for Sawhboan any more, but leased a spring whenever he got a chance, and used me to carry water for him. I suppose he was really richer than Sawhboan, for though Sawhboan's springs afforded an illimitable supply of water, yet that water was in the springs and had to be dipped and carried, while Bahboan's water was in store ready for use.

"After awhile, one of the respectables, a shiftless and extravagant fellow, mortgaged his spring to Bahboan for a warehouse of water, with which to pay some gambling debts. Mortgaging was a new thing among the pigmies. It was a point I had given to Bahboan. But as soon as it was done once there were a number of respectables who besought Bahboan to take mortgages from them, too. Bahboan was willing, and it wasn't long until he had a mortgage on nearly every spring but Chaughboan's and Sawhboan's. Then came his great opportunity.

"I had created a revolution in the place. Most of the carrying that was done I did. The poor little devils who used to dip and carry had to quit and go at something else. They couldn't compete with me. Some of them got jobs in warehouses up in the city, and some went into menial service with the rich. They couldn't work for themselves, for they had no springs. I don't know what might have happened if the rich hadn't prospered. Of course their wants increased with their wealth, and thus they gave work to the little fellows that I had thrown out of employment. But even then a good many couldn't get work, and tramped around, begging and stealing, to the great indignation and fear of respectable people. These tramps increased in numbers, and were continually trying to get the jobs of those who were at work, so that you could hire a pigmy for almost nothing. Even Sawhboan, good-hearted though he was, found it necessary to reduce wages. 'How,' he said, 'how can I pay the old wages to my men when there are so many poor fellows out of work who are willing to work for less. Work is getting scarce, and it is only fair to divide what is left of it among the workers. It is not right to encourage the selfishness of these chaps who are getting good pay while their fellows are idle.'

"You can see that things had come to a pretty hard pass with the pigmy workers. But it wasn't so with the spring owners. Nor was it so with men of brains, like Bahboan. He was carrying all the water that was dipped. That is, he didn't carry it himself, but bossed the job; I did the work. He paid a royalty to some spring owners and charged a contract price to others. And there was wealth in abundance. The warehouses fairly leaked with the pressure in them. That was the real cause of the suffering among the workers. There was too much water—an over production, I think they call it. In these circumstances the rich became very extravagant. Their style of living was raised to a high point. Ice cakes whose beauties were beyond description were on their tables in profusion; splendid ice robes adorned their persons; their dwellings were massive and magnificent, and they employed great retinues of personal attendants.

"One day Bahboan came to me and said: 'Lavender, what do you say to taking a rest?'

"I knew what the little devil was after, but I told him it would suit me; so I laid off and watched developments. Well, boys, you never saw such a time. The great amount of water the rich had warehoused lasted for only a little time, and then they were in a fix. It seemed like there would be a terrible famine. All the best citizens begged Bahboan to set me at work again, but as his warehouses were well filled and water was on the rise at the stock exchange every day, he couldn't see that his own interests demanded any such course. They appealed to me, but I referred them to Bahboan. Meantime the price of water was at a ruinous rate, and there was a great demand for dippers and carriers. Once more the army of little fellows that I had displaced was at work again for better wages than before, but bless your soul they couldn't keep up the supply now, the wants of everybody had increased so. And so it happened that wages were higher than ever before; the army of tramps disbanded and there was great activity. But still the rich were in want. It was hard times with them. Then said Bahboan, communing with himself, 'I guess I'll foreclose!' And he did. The spring owners on whom he had mortgages begged for delay. 'See,' they said, 'how much we have to pay for labor to get water up from the springs; there is nothing left for us out of which to pay you.' But Bahboan was a business man and he foreclosed. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, I tell you; but that made no difference to Bahboan. He got all the springs he had under mortgage and held his claims against their former owners for deficiencies. Mahmoan was good to Bahboan.

"And now Bahboan set me at work again. Well, you can easily see what happened then. I hadn't carried water a week before all the symptoms of over production reappeared. The dippers and carriers began to lose their jobs; tramping, begging and stealing was renewed, wages fell, and except Bahboan and the respectables, who had kept their springs through the crisis, and their retainers, everybody was in a hand to hand fight with poverty every day.

"And now there was trouble ahead sure enough. The pigmies had learned that there was plenty of work at high wages when I didn't work, and that as soon as I began to work hard times set in, and from this they argued that I must be driven out. Of course such a policy didn't suit Bahboan, who in spite of his brains would have been as poor as anybody but for me. Nor did it suit the other spring owners, for they recognized the fact that royalties on their springs were much higher when I worked than when I did not. Nevertheless, there was great agitation, and I felt uneasy. Every night the pigmies gathered in thousands, and all their speeches were leveled at me and Bahboan. At one of these meetings a priest of Mahmoan, who was beloved by the pigmies, appeared before them. 'Why,' he said, 'do you find fault with Bahboan for setting the Man at work? (That's what they called me.) Why would you drive out the Man? Behold! does he not save you work? Can he not dip and carry more water in a little while than all of you in a life time? Is it not good to have him with us?'

"'No!' they shouted, 'no! no! he takes work from us.'

"'But it is not work you want,' said the priest, 'it is water.'

"'Yes,' they shouted again, 'but we can't get water without work.'

"'True, but if you are allowed to go freely to the springs, you can get all the water you want. It is not the Man that keeps you from getting the water you need, but the spring owners.'

"'Hold there,' interrupted Bahboan, who had been well pleased thus far, 'hold there! The springs are sacred. They were given to their owners by Mahmoan.'

"'Yes,' said the priest, but their owners are all the pigmies. Mahmoan made them for all the people.'

"'At this there was great confusion. Some cheered, and others hissed and cursed at the words of the priest. When quiet was restored, one of the pigmies asked the priest:

"'What, then, would you have us to do?'

"'Demand your right to the springs for yourselves and your children and your children's children.'

"'But what good would that do,' again asked the pigmy, 'if Bahboan is allowed to keep his great warehouses of water?'

"'It makes no difference to you, 'the priest replied, 'how many warehouses of water Bahboan has if you can get to the springs. All these houses will melt away, all the stored up water will evaporate, but the springs are everlasting. If a few own the springs the rest must be their slaves; but the ownership of stored up water can harm no one so long as the springs are free.'

"Well, gentlemen," said Lavender, "that idea took me between wind and water; but I hadn't time to think of it, for it made the greatest turmoil you ever saw. I heard the priest called a thief, and then I heard cries of "Down with the Man!" and the next thing I knew I was on a dead run with millions of pigmies after me. I ran and ran and ran and still the little devils pursued me until I came to an immense hole in the ground, into which I tumbled headlong. I felt myself falling, falling, and, as I fell, consciousness left me. When I awoke I found myself in a hut in Siberia.

"In Siberia!" exclaimed Jersey.

"Yes, in Siberia."

"How in the name of the father of lies, did you get to Siberia?"

"Well, I never knew positively, but I suppose that it was Symmes' hole into which I tumbled, and that I went all the way through to the north pole.

"And now I guess I'll go to the theater," said Lavender, as he passed around his hat.

LEWIS FREELAND.

STRAWS THAT SHOW THE WIND.

Cities are largely made up of men without homes.—[J. A. Price in Progressive Age.

John Russell Young has joined Henry George's anti-poverty society. Another good man gone wrong.—[Baltimore American.

If a reasonable assurance can be given that the interests of all can be reconciled, a mighty army stands ready to join in the cause.—Oswego, N. Y., Palladium.

The land monopolist is the worst enemy of the people that Sacramento can have. He is the worst form of barnacle. Tax him to decency.—[Sacramento Leader.

It is well enough for Irishmen to understand that there are landlords in other countries as well as Ireland, and evictions and distraints, too.—[Memphis Appeal.

These anti-poverty meetings can do no harm, and they should be encouraged, because they may do much good. They promise to be interesting, if not important.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

The first public meeting of the Anti-poverty society was so well attended in Philadelphia as to leave no doubt that in this part of the world at least people prefer butter on their bread.—[Philadelphia News.

Of course there is no danger of George and his crowd getting control of either state or national government; but the question is, what sort of a mob they can get up before they are suppressed by law.—[Nashville American.

America is proud of Father McGlynn. His fearless course has made every American priest a freer man, and enabled the Catholic masses to sniff the air of liberty in a more generous measure than ever before.—[Saratoga Eagle.

Since he has taken so much upon himself, perhaps Mr. Dana will tell us what he proposes to do about the fifteen thousand Irishmen in New York, led by Father McGlynn, who have no hesitation in saying "insulting" things about Editor O'Brien.—[New York World.

The necessity of sweeping reforms, having as their basis justice, truth and virtue, was most admirably stated by Dr. McGlynn in his masterly oration at the Academy of Music, New York, last week. Each paragraph is an axiom in philosophy.—[Richmond, Va., Labor Herald.

Henry George does not advocate the confiscation of the rightfully acquired property of anyone. What he does advocate is that the confiscation of public property by private parties shall cease. We say this for Henry to remove groundless fear.—[Decatur, Ind., Labor Bulletin.

The Anti-poverty people, under the lead of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, are exploiting the name of Deity in a manner that Robespierre himself could not have surpassed. God, they say, never meant any man to be poor, and they are going to see if they cannot help Him to realize His beneficent designs.—[Montreal Star.

The Anti-poverty society has established branches in Toronto and other Canadian cities, and the members are deep in the discussion of the unearned increment and similar problems. . . . The discussion of such questions is usually productive of some good in the end, since it leads to inquiry, and inquiry to light.—[Toronto Mail.

If there is a method or general law that will apply to our social condition and bring about a more equitable state of affairs it should be adopted by all progressive men and women. There are those who will insist on putting the stone in one end of the bag and the grist in the other, even in this nineteenth century.—[Omaha Truth.

For good or evil, the labor party has been created. It is fully organized. It has already achieved more substantial triumphs than any other party of the same age. It was an astounding factor in the last municipal election, and it will exercise a tremendous influence in the next presidential contest, both upon the nominations and at the polls.— [Springfield, O., News.

There is some discussion relative to an expression of Dr. McGlynn about the czar. He is reported to have said if that great potentate should be killed by a nihilist he would not put on mourning for him. Who would? Nobody but the un-American toady. Nobody but creatures unfit to breathe the liberty inspiring air of this continent.—[Lincoln, Neb., State Journal.

It will not do to be sure that the "George-McGlynn movement" as to land tenure, taxes, poverty and so on, is dying out. Certain people doubtless are tired of it, but what certain people are tired of may be growing and continue to grow for some time. A good deal is yet likely to be heard about the movement of which those ideas conspicuously form a part. —[Pittsburg Times, June 13.

Does any community realize any special benefit from the manipulations of the land and lot sucker who succeeds only in year after year driving thousands and thousands of good business men and respectable families out of place after place in search of homes? . . . Does this infernal traffic tend to make man free, happy and prosperous, or does it tend to build up a feudal system by which one man becomes the master and owner of many, who are unfortunate in being born on a white slaveholder's lot, tract or acre?—Appleton, Wis., Daily Post.

Henry George's political followers are said to have organized associations in nearly all the election districts of New York and Brooklyn, and to have introduced a new feature into their campaign. Weekly entertainments are provided, which are attended by women and children as well as voters. The family is, in fact, taken as the political unit of the new party, and the idea is said to assist greatly in the organization of district associations. That is very good, indeed, if true; the more women and children present the less whisky and beer will enter into the "campaign."—[Philadelphia Ledger.

Going back, we inquire: Who held the original right, title and claim to earth as a whole with all its privileges, rain, sunshine, air, water and land. All must admit that God, the Creator, owned it all; and He gave the control of it to our father Adam for his use and the use of all his children. So, then, every foot of land is God's property and men are merely granted the privilege of using it, and not of hoarding it for speculative purposes. Surely no one could claim that the heavenly owner had given him a *right* to appropriate that which others have need of, and which he does not need.—[Zion's Watch Tower, Pittsburg, Pa.

Cheap Lodging Houses for Men.

New York Letter in the Providence Journal.

In place of rooms to let they advertise beds. "Two hundred clean spring beds" you read, and the prices vary from twenty-five cents a night to ten cents a night, with wholesale terms for the week ranging from $1.60 to fifty cents. When the elevated passenger sees one that presents the lodgings to the public view he does not wonder that the proprietors are backward about advertising rooms, for he sees the place partitioned off, usually with raw pine, into six-foot spaces, with two and a half foot hallways between them, the bigger divisions having wooden cots in them with only a foot or two of space at the side where the door is. There never is any carpet or matting, or pandering to aristocratic or luxurious notions—not even to the furnishing of a bureau or a bowl and pitcher. One of these cubbyholes in one lodging house is seen to be almost papered with pictures cut from illustrated papers and chromos given away by storekeepers. It is fair to presume that this is the abode of a regular lodger of domestic instincts, who regards his connection with the room as a permanent relationship.

Join the Anti-Poverty Society.

Paterson Labor Standard.

The Anti poverty society is like the Abolition society, only its aims are grander and its field all the world over. Join its ranks.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Farm Values.

SOUTHINGTON, Conn.—Can you explain how the principle of "taxing land up to its full rental value" can be applied to farms whose rental value has doubled or quadrupled solely by the owner's industry in clearing off stones and useless vegetation, and applying fertilizers, etc. E. J. WHITEHEAD.

There is so much farming land that does not require such treatment, which under the land value tax would have little or no rental value, that the whole value of the farms of which you speak would be treated probably as improvement value.

Most of such farms still have uncleared spaces of the same kind of land, or at least there are uncleared spaces of the same kind of land in the neighborhood. Ascertain the value of these uncleared spaces, and you have the land value of the cleared spaces. If the clearing was made generations ago, it would not be taken into account. Thus, in taxing a lot in New York city, we should not regard the clearing made by the Dutch farmer in the seventeenth century as an improvement. So with made land; at first it would be an improvement, but in time that character would disappear. Improvements such as these are of the nature of inventions, the monopoly of which is secured to the inventor for a limited time only.

BROOKLYN—Suppose that I go to the country for a farm and find that all the land is occupied. I select a farm, and I say I am willing to pay this man for all the houses and fences and the government the full value of the land. Now, the present owner pays no rent, and is in the enjoyment of the fruits of his grandfather's labor, who brought the land to its present state of cultivation; but to a new comer the land would be of great value and he could pay a good rent for it. Would you consider the amount of rent he would be willing to pay its true value and that it ought to be paid over to the government, or would you draw a distinction between that value and what it was when a forest? But there being no forest land now with which to make the comparison, how would you arrive at the amount of rent the government ought to get and still have in view the right to the fruits of labor? And how would you settle the question between the one who wanted the farm and would pay a good rent for it, and the one who occupied it and would not pay as much for it?

This is from a constant reader of THE STANDARD, and I hope you will answer it as well as some of the silly questions that appear in THE STANDARD. P. O. DONOVAN.

Your question shows that you have considered the subject intelligently and we are glad to answer it, assuring you at the same time that your uncomplimentary reference to some of the questions we have answered is fully appreciated.

If you went to an agricultural region where all the land was occupied, and selected a farm, your transaction would be with its owner exclusively. You would have no dealing with the government. To the owner you would say, "How much do you want for this farm?" If he replied that he did not want to sell, that would be the end of it; but if he named a price you would ask:

"What is your land value tax?"

If he told you that it was nothing, and you saw that his price was too much for the buildings and fences, you would ask how he escaped the tax. If then he should explain that the clearing made by his grandfather a hundred years ago was worth the difference between the value of the houses and fences and the price he asked, you would probably say:

"That is all very well; but that clearing was made a long time ago and has required no subsequent labor to keep it up, and I am afraid that if I bought the farm the assessor might tell me that your grandfather and your father and yourself had been pretty well paid for that clearing during the past one hundred years and that they couldn't draw a profit from it forever any more than Professor Morse's folks could draw a profit forever from his telegraph invention. So I don't think I will pay for the clearing, but the rental value of the farm is worth more than that of the buildings and I am willing to pay you for the buildings and stand a land value tax besides."

If the owner accepted your offer you would take the farm and begin to pay taxes, and then you would be apt to inquire about the taxes that your neighbors who owned farms just as good as yours were paying; and if you found that they were paying none you would turn yourself into a public spirited citizen until they paid as much as you did.

But if the owner preferred to keep the land, and you had the same experience with other owners in the neighborhood, you would talk about this paradise of a place where men owned farms which they refused to sell for the value of the improvements, and yet paid no taxes, and there would be a brisk demand for those farms, the news of which would speedily come to the ears of people who were paying taxes, and they would stir up the assessor, and he would stir up the owners, and they would begin to pay taxes on their land values. Then some of them might be willing to deal with you on the basis of the value of the improvements. If they did, you would get a farm there; if they did not, you, as one of the people, would enjoy your share of the taxes they paid, and could get a farm somewhere else, and not far away either.

In brief, the tax on such land, whether you bought it or the former owner kept it, would be based on what the land, irrespective of the improvements, would rent for. And in determining whether the clearing of the land was an improvement, you would be governed by its character and the time that had elapsed since it was made. An improvement which passes away, and to be preserved must be kept in repair by labor, can never be other than an improvement; but the value of an improvement which, once made, is forever after independent of labor, passes in time into the value of the land, and ceases to be distinguishable from the land itself. If the maker of such an improvement enjoyed it exclusively as long as a transient improvement costing the same labor would last, he would derive from it all the benefit that in strict justice he could claim.

A Distinction Without a Difference.

NEW YORK.—(1) In one of Mr. George's recent speeches he says: "Landlords are the same everywhere. In Ireland it will take months to evict you, while in the city it will only take three days to do the same thing." This is very true. But is the landlord in Ireland who owns agricultural lands on which tenants have to live and labor, and on the profit of which they have to support and maintain themselves and families, the same as his brother of this city who may own a tenement house that has been built by and is a product of labor? I think that there ought to be a distinction made.

(2) Now, as to the question of rent. I think Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn take the position that the state ought to receive all rent from land; but if I hire a vacant lot from city or state and erect, say, a $20,000 flat house, am I not entitled to some compensation in the form of rent for making such improvement?

(3) I have read all the questions and answers in THE STANDARD since its first issue, and I have not seen any that cover fully or that gives me a correct idea of the position of Mr. George or Dr. McGlynn on these points. P. H. M.

(1) There is the distinction that you suggest. But it is the ownership of the land on which the tenement house stands that puts the poor tenant at disadvantage in New York. In New York, as in Ireland, the tenant is evicted from *land*, and there is no other accessible land to which he can go. It is the monopoly of land in Ireland that makes evictions oppressive there, and it is the same monopoly that makes them oppressive here. If land were free, there would be no tenement house evictions.

(2) You are; but that is not rent. It is return for the use of capital.

(3) You will find it fully expounded in "Progress and Poverty."

Just Beginning to Think.

NEW YORK.—(1) I notice a communication in your paper based on the supposition that two men own an acre of land, side by side; one is improved, the other not. You say the levying of a tax on both would not increase the value of the unimproved land. The tax would be so high and would fall generally upon all land values that no one could afford to keep land idle. Now, suppose all the land to be improved, would it not make an overproduction and make the prices so low and the revenue so small as to be disastrous.

(2) I was present at the Anti-poverty society last night, and heard the lecture of Dr. McGlynn, in which he said his society wanted the earth and nothing less. Suppose that to be the case, according to his statement, every person would have about $800, and no more. That would be the limit. All over this that he might get would be stealing, and would be the property of some person else.

(3) Would this theory, if put into execution, have a tendency to relax that ambition that every poor man ought to have, and without it would not society be turned back toward barbarism? Have not the greatest inventions ever known been made by poor men under the most trying circumstances? For what purpose? Surely not the feeling to help and benefit his fellow beings alone, but to better and enrich his own individual state.

(4) Poverty is a lamentable necessity to a certain degree, and without it man never would have reached that high state of civilization and perfection in which he is to-day. W. D. KRAFT.

(1) It is under consumption, not over production that troubles us now, and when we shall have abolished under consumption it will be time to worry about over production. A little over production would be an agreeable experience.

(2) Dr. McGlynn did not say that every person would have $800 and no more without stealing if the earth were restored to its owners. Another speaker, referring to the advice of saviors of society to workingmen to form selfish anti-poverty societies, said that according to these same saviors, there was only $800 apiece in the world, and therefore if any selfish anti-poverty society of one got more he would be getting the share of other selfish anti-poverty societies. If the earth were restored and labor thus freed, there would be more than $800 apiece, and he who could not get more would be a poor worker indeed.

(3) The greatest inventions have been made by workingmen, and by no means always from sordid motives; and as the restoration of the earth would make everybody a workingman, the possibilities of invention would be increased.

(4) Even if poverty be a lamentable necessity, that is no excuse for maintaining social institutions that propagate and intensify poverty to enable a few to enjoy that "high state of civilization" which you so much admire.

Finally, if you will pardon the suggestion, we advise you to read "Progress and Poverty" before asking any more questions. If you are an earnest inquirer you will not take offense at this; and if you are not an earnest inquirer it makes no difference whether you take offense or not. After you shall have prepared yourself by reading that book to ask intelligent questions concerning it, we will be glad to aid you.

The Land Speculator.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—At the Criterion theater lecture, June 5, I asked this question: "If, according to your theory, possession involves the power of transmission or disposal, in what manner does it differ in its consequences from ownership?" You answered that a person might dispose of his right of possession to his son or any other person, or sell it at the highest price he could obtain for it.

The point I had in view in asking this question was this: If the possessor can sell to the highest bidder, does it not leave the matter just where it is now, in that it makes the possession of land remain under the law of supply and demand; and if so, what is to prevent the speculator getting possession of all the desirable property and holding it against the interest of the artisan.

Artisans and others who look for benefit from your land theory, must have a dwelling within practicable distance from the business and manufacturing centers; their great number must cause a competitive "demand," of which the speculator will take advantage by controlling the "supply." How can this be helped by the existence of unimproved property? The artisan must wait for the builder to pay tax and build, and then he will have to compete with the speculator or hire at the speculator's price. It would be folly to tell the artisan in New York or Brooklyn to go to the waste lands of Long Island or New Jersey for a dwelling place, such places being too far away, all nearer land in possession of some one other than himself, or held by the community subject to a tax which he cannot pay.

If prospective value attaches to any vacant land, would not the speculator pay the tax and hold possession in view of that prospective value?

These considerations bring me back to the original question I asked at the lecture: "In what manner does it differ in its consequences from ownership?" and which your answer, as understood by me, did not seem to cover.

This is written in the spirit of fair inquiry, and seems to embrace my difficulty in accepting your theory. ALBERT LYMAN.

Your question is a sensible one and fairly put. It is true, as you say, that it "would be folly to tell the artisan in New York or Brooklyn to go to the waste lands of Long Island or New Jersey for a dwelling place," but that is precisely what he is told to do now by his good friends, the "saviors of society," and it is a kind of folly that we propose to abolish.

Possession does involve the power of transmission or disposal, but subject to the tax. Therefore, while a piece of land could be transmitted as now from generation to generation, the people, of whom the artisan is one, would constantly get its rental value or such part of its rental value as the tax amounted to. It could also be disposed of as now for another piece of land—that is, if the whole rental value were taxed away the two pieces would exchange equally, while if only a part were taxed the seller of the better piece would get a price that would represent the difference in tax capitalized. But if the owner of a piece of land undertook to exchange it for anything but land, he would get less for it than he can now if the tax were only partial, and nothing if it were complete. His compensation for this would be that he could always get another piece of land on the same terms.

The power of the speculator to get possession of land and hold it against the artisan would diminish according to the degree of the tax. If the tax were up to the full rental value there would be no profit in such speculation and consequently no speculation. If, however, the tax were less than the full rental value some margin for speculation would still exist, but that margin would be narrowed in greater ratio than the extension of the tax. The speculator now controls the supply of land as completely as the present land value tax will permit. If that tax were increased his control would be diminished and would continue to diminish as the tax continued to be increased. This effect would follow so rapidly that the mere shifting of existing taxes to land values would discourage all speculation except in land that promised to be in demand for use at a very early day. Speculators could not afford to pay such a high tax with the prospect of waiting long to realize. It would soon eat up all the profits they could hope to make.

Re-read carefully books VIII and IX of "Progress and Poverty."

Confused Questions.

BISMARCK, Dak.—What is the answer to these propositions?

(1) If land includes all the bounty of nature, and is to be specifically taxed as common property, is a tax on the ground a land tax at all? To be a land tax, must it not be placed on the whole bounty of nature?

(2) If land is the universal base and raw material of everything that human beings touch, improve, work up or in any way produce, is not every stone and timber in a house as much a piece of natural wealth as the ground whence it came?

(3) Is it not true that houses and the labor put upon them depend upon society for their value as much as land itself?

(4) Why tax the value of the ground and not the value of the stone and timber in the house?

(5) Why tax the hole in the ground and exempt the lump of gold? JOHN ANDREWS.

(1) A tax on the ground *is* a tax on the whole bounty of nature, and ever will be, unless some genius shall discover a way of utilizing some bounties of nature without using ground.

(2) Yes, as "Paradise Lost" is ink and paper.

(3) Value is a relative term, designating the relation of one thing to another in exchange. Therefore, a house owned by one man can have no value unless there is another man owning something else with whom a trade can be made. In that sense the value of a house depends on society. But it does not depend on society in the sense that you would have it. Whether society be large or small, a house can never be worth more than it would cost in labor to make one like it; consequently the value of houses does not rise with increasing population, as land values do. The value of houses may be disturbed by social influences, but it depends ultimately on labor; while the value of land depends solely on social influences, and not at all on labor.

(4) Because, when the ground has value it is due to the demands of society, while the value of the stones and timber in the house is due to the labor that produced them.

(5) We do not propose to tax the hole in the ground. The hole in the ground is a labor product, and that you should not so recognize it goes to show how very superficially you have considered the question.

An Imaginary Case.

NEW YORK, June 6.—Would you kindly enlighten me on the following: A and B own two adjacent lots in this city. A being rich has placed a six story building on his lot; B being a mechanic has but a shanty on his, in which his family and himself live, while A rents the greater portion of his building, receiving very high rent. Now, these lots are in a very desirable locality, consequently the rental value of the land is very high, and if you would tax this land to its full rental value it would compel the mechanic to leave his homestead. What I want you to do is to show me where is the benefit, or even justice, done to B. Hoping you will give the above the consideration it deserves, I am yours, C. BAUMAN.

Do you know of such an instance? If you do, please send full particulars. If you do not, and have the time to spare, you might spend the remainder of your life in hunting for one.

If you are seriously searching for the truth respecting land ownership we shall be glad to aid you; but as you ask us to give this question the consideration it deserves we comply with your request.

Would the Tax Make Land Monopoly?

AKRON, O.—The prevailing argument used here against the land doctrine as taught by THE STANDARD, is that it encourages monopoly in land. That if a man could have all the land he was willing to pay taxes upon (even to the full rental value) capitalists would take up large tracts, and by the aid of improved machinery and cheap labor he could put his produce into the market so much below what the small holder without the aid of machinery and capital could afford to do, that it would force the small holder to abandon his holdings and seek employment from the capitalist.

The argument that a man will not work for a landlord and be under his dictation when there would be plenty of free land for him to go upon and be his own lord and master does not seem to be convincing, as the poor man would not have the capital with which to work the land and subsist upon until he could derive an income from it.

Will you please set this matter clear before your readers? O. J. SUTTON.

If the capitalist paid full rental value for his land it would give him no special advantage. The more it was monopolized the higher the value would be, and consequently the higher his tax.

If capitalists could take up all the land of the country, and own all the machinery, and get cheap labor, the land tax would make no other change in present conditions than to give land values to the people instead of to land owners and changes flowing from that. Suppose it did no more, would not that be an improvement and at least a good foundation for further reform?

But it would do more. In assuming that capitalists would take up all the land, and own all machinery, and get cheap labor, you assume conditions that would not exist.

He could not get cheap labor. If he took up all the land, rent would be so high that the poorer paid laborers could live on their share of the rent without working, and consequently would not work except for good pay. If he took up only what he could use there would be plenty of free land, which would make laborers independent; they could get a living without working for him, and, unless he offered attractive wages, he could get no labor. And he could not put products on the market so cheap, even if he sold them for nothing, that the small holder could not make a comfortable independent living; and being able to do that, the cheaper the capitalist's products came the better it would be for the small holder.

You must not forget that it is labor and land that produce improved machinery, as well as the simplest product, and that, however powerful the possession of a great capital may make a man when the masses of men are denied access to land, the greatest capitalist is powerless when land is free. The possession of milk, butter or cheese might, under some circumstances, give its owner oppressive power over his fellows, if there were no cows to be had; but the moment that cows were accessible to all, milk, butter or cheese would be worth just what it would cost in labor to produce milk, butter or cheese, and no more. So it is with the machinery of production. When labor can freely resort to the earth to produce other machinery of production, the control of existing machinery gives no oppressive power.

The argument that a poor man would not have the capital with which to work free land and subsist until he could derive an income from it, lays its premises in existing conditions. No able-bodied man would be so poor for any length of time. He would then have to work for another at high wages only long enough to get capital; now he must work for another at low wages long enough to get land as well as capital. But beyond this, after one generation, a young man would have to be without relatives or friends, and with a reputation so bad that no one would credit him, to be so poor as the "poor man" of your imagination. After one generation, no father would be so poor that he could not give his children a start in life. But further still, from the rich man to the poor man—if there were any poor—there would be grades; every one above the grade of the abjectly poor would be able to use free land on his own account, and thus by at once diminishing the number seeking work and increasing the number seeking workers, would enhance wages and give to the abjectly poor—even while they were abjectly poor—a wider scope in choosing employers and higher wages for their work.

Read book IX of "Progress and Poverty."

Not Prohibitory.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass.—Suppose I own a tract of unimproved land valued at $1,000, and your system is put into operation, would it prohibit me from selling my land for what it cost me or whatever it was valued at? A READER OF THE STANDARD.

It would not prohibit you from selling the land for whatever you could get for it.

Farm Mortgages.

KIRWIN, Kan.—Good judges estimate that four-fifths of the farms of this country are under mortgage for fully half their value, and every county in northwest Kansas is in the same condition. Now, will you please tell us what would be the result were the Henry George land taxation theory practically applied in this country, and oblige several readers? C. J. L.

If the tax were imposed to the full limit of value, the result would be to mortgagees the disappearance of all that part of their security that rests upon land values; and to mortgageors a reduction of taxes and such unprecedented prosperity as to enable them to pay off their debts, once and forever, with scarcely greater difficulty than they now experience in paying interest.

Insufficient Data.

NEW YORK—I would like to be enlightened on your theory of taxation as concerns myself. I own a tenement house, for which I paid $12,500. I spent about $1,500, besides doing considerable repairs myself, and made the house fit to live in. It now brings me in about $1,400 a year. My taxes are about $200; repairs about $100: leaving me $1,100 a year, if it is rented all the year round. It contains eight families besides myself. Now, what I want to know is, how much you would have my taxes raised to? EX-PRINTER.

If you will inform us what ground rent you would have to pay if another person owned the lot on which your house stands, we will answer your question. Should you do so, rewrite your letter with the additional information inserted.

Effect on Land Values.

CHICAGO, June 2.—Some of THE STANDARD'S replies appear to be based upon the assumption that the proposed land tax would reduce land values, and others seem to teach that the tax will absorb all the rent now paid to landlords. Please state THE STANDARD'S estimate of the effect on rural and city lands respectively. Will the total land values be decreased, and how much? C. F. H.

Those replies which assume that the land tax would merely reduce land values contemplate stages of the land value tax at which the whole value of the land is not taxed away. Until the whole value be taxed away, land would have a selling price which would be determined chiefly by the difference between its rental value and the tax. The selling price would be the capitalization of that difference, modified in one way by the probabilities of an increase of the tax, and in the other way by the probabilities of an increase of the rental value.

The replies that teach that the tax will absorb all the rent paid to landlords, contemplate the tax in its completeness, when whatever is paid, or may be collected in rent, except enough to pay for the labor of collecting, is appropriated in taxation.

The total land value would be decreased by merely shifting our present taxes, but how much it is impossible to say. If the tax were high enough to discourage the holding of idle land, all speculative values would disappear. In that case vacant lots in cities would command only an agricultural rent, and the value of rural land would range from the most valuable to the non-valuable, on much the same scale as at present, but on a lower plane. After a time, however, as production increased, and the margin of production was thereby lowered, values would rise again, with this difference from now, that as they rose the increment, to the extent of the tax, would go to the whole people instead of going to a few landlords.

The Unearned Increment.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 2.—How, in levying taxes upon farming land, do you propose to divide the earned from the unearned increment? In other words, you propose to levy taxes upon the rental value of the land. This value would increase in proportion as labor was expended upon it. Now, would you assess the land as it increased in value or would you levy the tax on the basis of the value of the unimproved portions? This is as near as I can arrive at the query sent to me by a farmer. I believe the above is about what he wants to know. JOHN B. DEMPSEY.

On the basis of the value of the unimproved portions. Your friend's difficulty, like that of most objectors, arises from giving a double meaning to terms. In proposing to levy taxes on the rental value of "land," we mean *land*, not improvements on land; but your friend, when he speaks of "land" increasing in value as labor is expended on it, misuses the term. Land does not increase in value as labor is expended on it, but as demand for it increases. That value which is caused by labor is not land value, but improvement value, and we propose to wholly exempt improvement values from taxation.

Notes.

J. H. BIESEN.—In referring to you as a probable missionary, we did not intend to imply that you were a defender of the rich. What we meant was, that if you really believe that the land value tax would specially benefit the rich you might make converts to that method of taxation by becoming a missionary among them. They are usually very quick to see and ready to advocate anything that will specially benefit them, but in this matter of land value taxation which you think would be so profitable to them, they are either very slow to see or very slow to act, and singularly harmonious in their opposition.

What an Episcopalian Organ Thinks of It.

The Churchman.

The episode of "the Priest McGlynn," as he is styled by the prefect of the propaganda, or the soggarth aroon, or "good priest of the poor," according to myriads of Irish-American Romanists, lets in new light upon the condition of "Catholic unity," the perpetual and defiant boast of the Roman church. It is not enough that the velvet-voiced archbishop has turned the priest McGlynn out of doors, withdrawn his "faculty" and practically put him under a lesser excommunication. Not enough are the archbishop's peremptory demands that his recalcitrant minion should eat his own solemn protestations, stultify his matured convictions as to the duties of American citizenship and take his keynote of sociological and political conclusions from an Italian satrapy. The rebellious ghost will not "down." A half-smoldering, half-smothered discontent rankles far and wide among the laboring masses of Irish Romanists. And it is finding a voice of indignant protest and defiance, and its purport is that "the priest McGlynn" shall not obey the papal summons and go to Rome until he is first reinstated in the rectorship of his late parish, St. Stephen's. The attitude of the Irish and English Romanists, as it respects the adjustment of the Irish imbroglio, is one of unconcealed and uncompromising hostility; and the violence and bitterness of the quarrel sets back until it invades and inflames the Vatican itself! No other Christian church is so shaken and imperiled by internal dissensions and rebellions as these which threaten a practical dismemberment of at least the American Romanist body, and the secession of myriads to the anti-poverty movement, a cataclysm hardly less portentous in the civil world than that which in the spiritual order hangs over the quarrels of the minimizers and ultramontanists.

Pretenders Unmasked.

Danbury Examiner.

These men who oppose the freedom and happiness of the laboring man in America cannot be true friends of the laboring man in any other country. Therefore, they are hypocrites in all their representations, and their friendship is mere premeditated tact that seeks to frustrate the ends they profess to serve. The Irish patriot seeking for aid and sympathy in this land must be taught the distinction between such people and honest patriots. Then if he insists on placing himself in their hands, let it be taken as an evidence of his "trimming" proclivities and utter unworthiness of recognition by honest men. In this way the sheep will be preserved from the goats, and generous hearts saved from contributing to a cause where the character of its representatives is an indication of either its hopelessness or unworthiness.

What Should be Free.

Toronto Labor Herald.

The *Western Farm Journal* says: "The air we breathe, the water we drink, and the earth we inhabit, should be alike free to all of God's creatures, and no one should be allowed to monopolize either to the detriment of another." You are right, worthy brother, but *we*—you, I and the rest of us—allow the monopolization of these elements, nevertheless. The blame rests upon the proletariat much more than upon the monopolists. Whether or not the great majority will ever realize this sufficiently to effect a remedy is a question much easier asked than answered. Once aware of what we want and united as to the attainment, there can be no question as to the result.

Good Habits Alone Won't Raise Wages.

Newark, N. J., Unionist.

"Good habits" are helpful to the individual laborer in raising the wages, only because other men have bad habits. Any man who knows the power of the "iron law," by which wages are forced down to the "life line," the starvation point, knows that if all workmen cultivated "good habits," however much they might be benefited in other respects, wages would be no higher.

The Coming of the Dawn.

A glorious dawn of golden times,
At last has risen, spreading light;
A wrong that has too long prevailed,
Must now give way to better right.
What poets dreamed, religions preached,
And sages thought, justice demands,
Breaks forth and grows on thinking minds,
And as eternal truth expands.

Inspired by wise and priestly men,
Touched by the widespread misery,
We have inflamed a new crusade
'Gainst undeserved poverty.
To free the soil from landed lords,
Proclaim it common heritage;
For this we'll strive with might and main—
This is the holy war we wage.

Yes, we are in for fight and strife,
But not with brutal force or arms;
Arousing men's intelligence,
Our war means progress and reforms.
With ballot, law and press allied,
And standard high, we shall assail
This bulwark of unrighteousness,
'Till truth and justice will prevail.

GEORGE BRUNSWICK.

Two Sides to the Immigration Question.

New York Leader.

There are two sides to the immigration question—the capitalist's and the workingman's.

Every new comer is a seller of labor and a consumer of products. To the land owner and capitalist increase of population from that source was, therefore, a double blessing, for its natural tendency was to cheapen labor and to raise the value of production; in other words, to create extreme poverty on one side and extreme wealth on the other.

At times mechanical improvements would check the tendency of the product to rise, or even cause it to fall; but a greater fall would immediately follow in the value of labor, and in the end the result was the same.

This inevitable outcome of a system designed for the exclusive benefit of those whom an early appropriation of the forces of nature enabled later to monopolize the tools of industry was furthermore hastened by gigantic "combines." Competition was thus reduced to a minimum among the capitalists and increased to a maximum among the laborers. Driven to misery, threatened with starvation, the toilers at last sought strength in union. Their strength was only partial, temporary, always doubtful when apparently unquestionable; for capital kept them divided by enforced idleness, and whenever organization reached so far in any trade that the men employed in that trade could enforce a just claim, the importation of pauper labor on contract was resorted to.

And so the unequal contest between naked men and iron-clad demigods went on, until the discovery was made that, defenseless as they seemed, the toilers, armed with the ballot, could any day they pleased capture the government and change the system.

Landlordism and capitalism then got a notion that this discovery was a foreign one; that it was smuggled into this country by some pestiferous immigrant. The present system, they contend, is essentially American. Immigrants, therefore, should no longer be admitted unless deprived of that citizenship, which might otherwise enable them to overturn the institutions of the republic, and the same men who welcomed the degraded Mongolian to this land of "free" labor, would now exclude the Caucasian unless he came as a slave.

But American labor will have no slavery on this continent. It is marching on to freedom with a steady step. Its patriotism is of the right sort. It sees clearly that the American institutions are in danger, not from the immigrant who seeks their benefit, but from the cormorant, native or foreign, who perverts them.

Bent upon recovering his stolen inheritance, the American toiler will not deny to others their share in what he claims is the common property of all. The reign of justice will end the tyranny of competition.

What a Maine Editor Thinks.

Rockland, Me., Opinion.

The theories of Henry George are receiving strong support from business men and capitalists. But there is nothing remarkable about it when we examine the theories as they are advanced. It is only by those who have not made even a superficial examination of them that they are regarded as something to favor labor in a contest with capital. On the contrary, they favor capital exactly the same as they do labor, and in practice would relieve both from what is claimed to be unjust taxation by monopolists. Now, what Mr. George proposes is to relieve both capital and labor from all taxes, so they will both retain all their proportion of the product and draw all the revenues of government from rent, that part of the product that goes to the owner of the land. His reason is that the land was created for the use of all men, and not for any individuals, and so all the rent should go to the community as a whole if the community needs it. Now, whether this is a correct view or not—and it is a question that anybody is at liberty to tackle—there is certainly no reason why, on selfish grounds, the capitalist should not favor it as earnestly as the laborer, for it proposes a measure for the joint relief of both. And if both can be thus relieved of all taxation, it ought to aid them to get along in harmony together, so as not to quarrel over the proportion of the product each shall receive.

Dr. McGlynn's Gifts of Oratory.

Danbury Examiner.

When Dr. McGlynn entered fully into the spirit of his great subject he seemed to be lost to outer consciousness, and his voice, like the dulcet tones of some instrument manipulated by angelic fingers, rose and fell in musical cadence on the ears of his auditors, quickening and intensifying their spiritual natures, and bringing them into an attuned harmony with all that is good, and beautiful, and true. The spirit of truth comes not always in the "rushing mighty wind," or in the "clap of thunder." It is not the thunder but the lightning that kills. No more does true oratory consist of sound and fury without sense. We have often been thrilled and charmed in the past by the power and genius of such orators as Phillips, Chapin, Parker, Tilton and Beecher, but not one of them ever seemed to possess the power to reveal to the multitude so clearly the true dignity of their manhood and womanhood, and inspire them with the lofty endeavor to be something higher, nobler and better—more like the beautiful Christ—as did the oration of that wonderful man, Dr. Edward McGlynn, on the "Cross of the New Crusade."

They Don't Sell Bread This Way.

Philadelphia Ledger.

To put this theory into figures, we will say that a boy receiving three dollars a week should do four dollars' worth of work; the boy receiving five dollars a week should do seven dollars' worth of work; when he gets to be a man and receives twenty dollars a week, he should do thirty dollars' worth of work; a man receiving thirty dollars should do forty dollars' worth of work, and so until, say, the salary reaches seventy-five dollars, and then the laborer can give himself somewhat of a rest—that is to say, about fifty dollars' worth of work will satisfy his employer.

The Game at Bar Harbor.

Correspondence Portland Press.

In conversation with two enterprising gentlemen of Bar Harbor, I was told that each had lately put $100 into a land speculation, and had made $1,100 apiece before the total $100 had been all paid. Another reliable man asserted that he had bonded a small amount this spring, and within a month's time realized $300 for his investment. In another instance, a lot was purchased for $100 and soon afterward sold for $800. Those who figure most prominently in Mt. Desert investments are Governor Bodwell, James G. Blaine, Eugene Hale, E. C. Burleigh, Judge L. A. Emery, A. P. Wiswell, and Dr. Morse of this place.

THE CROSS OF THE NEW CRUSADE.

A Sermon by the Rev. E. M. C. Botterill, Preached to the Knights of Labor in the First Baptist Church, Harrisburg, Pa., Sunday, May 15, 1887.

If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel.—Ezekiel xxxiii, 6-7.

The watchman should be all-seeing. His brain should be an eye through which he may see ways of deliverance for the people in emergencies. His heart should be an eye through which he may be able to see miseries of sympathy in the hour of the people's great need.

Son of man, what seest thou as a watchman?

I see men building altars and turning aside to lies. I see men offering sacrifices to God and robbing man, the image of God. I see men sending their praises to heaven and cursing heaven's latest and best workmanship. I see man, my brother, fighting lust after lust in his own soul. I see the flesh displaying its carnal weapons and holding man helpless in its wrenching grip. I see Satan flinging his scaly arms around men, and in that infernal hug good resolutions snap like gossamer threads and manhood goes down. I see children, unsinning, unshrinking, feeble children, crushed in the fearful collision between heartless greed and the inhuman struggle for bare existence. I see women, my sisters, driven into poverty that makes life a burden and into sin that at the end flings them into loathsome death. And all that tragedy I, as a watchman, see in the world that once was my Father's delight, so fair and beautiful that when the first man finished his day's work the Father came and talked with him.

Is Christ responsible for these things? Nay! Blame the church all you like. She has been so taken up with her self-seeking, with her selfishness, so busy with her institutions, her ordinances and her rites, that she has had little time to give to the saving of men's souls. Do not blame the architect for the willful mistakes of the builder. Do not blame the railroad directors for the tragedy by the drunken engineer. The Christ never said the weak must go to the wall! Spare him, brethren, in your judgment. The Lord did say: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," and every man who is doing it to-day is doing it in willful disobedience to the word of Christ. Christ is not responsible for the wrongs and the poverty and the suffering and the misery and the tragedies that are cumbering the world to-day.

Son of Man, what seest thou, as the watchman? I see a new congregation of men, armed, compact, enthusiastic, marching into view, and I send a question across to them, and I say, "Who are ye, and what is your errand?" And the answer comes back to me, "We are a new crusade!" And the watchman says, "This is a novelty-loving age; people soon get tired of humdrum; the brain of man is very prolific and out, it may be, of the abundance of thought there has come a new crusade." I know I should gain credit for a great deal of common sense if I should say to-night that I have no confidence in what is new. Dear friends, is there anything really new? The first man that took the sun's rays and made them paint his picture was simply finding a power which was in the sun in creation. The man who took steam and harnessed it and made it serve on the ocean and on the land was simply discovering a power as old as the beginning. The man who gripped the lightnings in the sky and made them carry our messages and repeat our thoughts was simply taking something that was in Eden. The sunlight, the iron ore, the pearly waters, the flashing electricity, all of them are as ancient as the time of Adam. And, peradventure, this new crusade is only new in its name. I see the sword that is being carried by the men who are leading the crusade, and as I read their character I am frank to say that they are men who cannot bend. They were not built in sections. They are men who will not break, if God and right and humanity are with them. Ah! "If!" It is a very easy thing to take the cross and suppose that because we are under it we must be right. You remember how they sent from Gilboa's height when the storm of the warfare was at its worst, and Hophni and Phineas came and bore the ark of the Lord with leprous hands into their camp; and when the ark was seen Israel's voices rang out like a whirlwind and the earth trembled with their excitement; but the ark fell before the Philistines and Israel was defeated. It is only as I know in my very soul that righteous hands are lifting the symbol of the cross that I am prepared to believe that it will be a benediction to the world.

Three questions I want to ask:

1. The new crusade, whence is it?

That word "crusade" witnesses to the well nigh omnipotence of a religious fervor when a man is completely under its control. There were glimpses, when that word came into being first, of the grand fact that when man came into life he came from the hand of an Almighty Creator. The hermit who coined that word "crusade," ill-clad, ill-fed, austere, with the marks of solitary existence on him, scarred by the wrongs of slavery, a man with burning lips, speaking the sacrificial fire that was upon the altar of his heart, stood before thrones, and stood before common men, and let those words of soul-burning power leap into utterance. And as he raised his finger and pointed toward the desecrated grave of the Christ and Calvary trodden under foot by the infidel, men rushed into a consecration which has made that age memorable in the world's history; and the women who could not carry the sword and shield, ablaze with the same religious fervor, tore their garments into shreds and fastened them on the breasts of the army of men who went forth with that badge of the cross. And as men marched under it and with it they were blind to loss, they were deaf to entreating voices, they were dumb in the midst of their suffering, and they rejoiced to sprinkle with blood the way to the cave where Christ had been buried, if by the sacrifice of themselves they might rescue His dwelling place and His final resting home. And this crusade which we are going to talk about to-night greets us under the banner of that cross.

Again, let me say, never let us forget that very bad things have been done under the shadow of the cross. Bunyan lay in jail twelve years by order of the church. Roger Williams was driven to Rhode Island by the fury of the church. And Jesus Christ himself was crucified at the instigation of the high priest of God. This crusade comes to us under the banner of the cross, and I am glad that somebody has risen at last to vindicate the religion of Jesus Christ. I am glad that somebody has lived and is living who is prepared, with no uncertain voice, to assure this world that if a man will love God acceptably, he has got to love his brother fervently; that the only way by which we can manifest our love to the unseen God is by manifesting our love to the brother that is seen; and that all God's law hangs on these two things—wholehearted love to God and love for our neighbor even as we love ourselves. This crusade has come to us out of the conviction that the highest calling there is in the world is to forget self, to lay aside strife, to bury all injustice, to believe, to work, to suffer, to die, if needs be, that justice may be done at last to manhood. That God is justice, infinite, immaculate and eternal justice, and that any class legislation has come from beneath and not from above, for "God is no respector of persons." What this world needs to-day, this crusade declares, is simple justice to manhood, and while we recognize the fact that charity will cover a great many things, will clothe the naked with garments, will satisfy the hunger of the poor, will give a home to the homeless and destitute, yet this crusade stands in front of all charity and benevolence, and says that common, full-orbed, divine justice between man and man will make charity a thing never to be needed. There will be no poor, and no naked, and no homeless. And Jesus Christ came into this world to testify that from God's hand, at least, men should receive justice.

Whence is this crusade? It comes from the conviction, deep in the heart of somebody, that if the church of Jesus Christ will follow her Divine Master, if she will go out after the waifs and the strays, if she will go to the poor and make them rich with her bounty and her love, if she will refuse fellowship as the Christ did to any man who is making a burden for another man and devouring the houses and homes of widows, then this world will be gathered very speedily to Jesus Christ. This crusade comes from a conviction that the church has not become weak except by her own indifference, and that if she will return to the loneliness and the poverty and the self-renunciation of the Master himself; if she will go and lay her hand raisingly under the slave in the mines, and in the factories, and in the furnaces of Pennsylvania, and tell that poor slave that he is the son of God and treat him as a son of God; if she will go to the proud, the tyrant, the usurper, and tell them in the thunder of the divine word, if needs be, that the crime, and poverty, and want which they have brought into being, cry aloud to God, then the church will recover her overwhelming strength, and she will conquer the world.

Brethren, these are mighty convictions. I am thankful there is a man somewhere in this big universe that has got a conviction of some sort religiously. I tell you the most faint-hearted people this world sees to-day are in the church of Jesus Christ. Christ tells us what He will do with His enemies. He will "rule them with a rod of iron and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel." And He tells us what He will do with the timid and the faint-hearted. He will "spew them out of His mouth." Oh, I thank God there are men with mighty convictions to-day who are prepared to sacrifice everything for the sake of that manhood which Jesus Christ redeemed and glorified!

Whence came this crusade? From the conviction that whatever differences there may be in our gifts there is an equality of rights; that because men are God's children there is bread enough in the world for them, and clothes enough in the world for them, and comfort enough in the world for them, and land enough in the world for them! and if they have not got what they need somebody has stolen the child's portion. That is all. It says that any man who by greed, by power, by skill, withholds from the children food, air, sunlight, home, is guilty of an inhumanity before God.

Whence comes this crusade? It comes from this conviction: That He who bore men's sickness, relieved men's bodily wants, raised dead men, and so taught that through the sanctity of human bodies, and through those bodies only, could God be understood. That same Christ stands in our midst to-day, saying to the church, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead. Freely ye have received, freely give!"

2. This crusade, what is the cause of it?

You remember that a good many long years ago one bright summer's morning there came out from the wilderness, from having custody of a few sheep, a stripling boy, full of curiosity and full of youthful zeal. He came down the mountain side and saw two immense armies fronting each other. He came to his brethren and bade them good morning, and then asked questions. He strayed through the ranks and asked questions again. He looked over to the great host before him and asked more questions. And then a brother of his came to him and said: "What are you doing here? Where are the few sheep that you have? You have left them in the wilderness to be destroyed!" And David said: "Is there not a cause?" This crusade, what is the cause of it? I am going to read you two little incidents here which will illustrate a great deal better than I can, and which will come with a great deal more force to this congregation when I tell you that Dr. Lorimer takes them from the bureau of statistics of labor in New York for 1885. Commissioner Charles F. Peck says:

During one of my visits to a tenement house in New York city, I inadvertently entered a room on the attic floor of a wretched old rookery on Hester street, and found myself in the midst of a lot of cloakmakers. The room was possibly ten feet square. The ceiling was low and slanting, and its only source of light was through the begrimed panes of glass of a small gable window opening out from the roof. In these cramped quarters were six women and four sewing machines. Piled up on the floor were stacks of cloaks ready to be put together. The air was stifling to one not accustomed to a temperature well up in the nineties and foul with sewer gas. The women were scantily clad, their hair was unkempt and their pale, abject countenances, as they bent over their work, formed a picture of physical suffering and want that I certainly had never seen before and trust I may never again be compelled to look upon. They were working as if driven by some unseen power, but when I learned that they were able to earn but fifty cents for sixteen, and perhaps more, hours' labor per day, it needed no further investigation to convince me that the "unseen power" was the necessity of bread for their own and children's mouths. The style and quality of the cloaks upon which these women were at work was of the latest and best. They were lined with quilted satin or silk and trimmed with sealskin or other expensive material and found ready sale in the largest retail stores in the city at $35 to $75 each. Two of these women could manage, by long hours and the most diligent application, to turn out one cloak per day, and the price they received from the contractor, or more probably "sweater," was $1.50 apiece. Inquiry elicited the fact that the gas, which permeated every crevice in the broken plaster that hung in patches on the walls and filled the room with a sickening stench, came from a sink in the adjoining apartment. Curiosity led me to venture within this "inside room." It was without ventilation or light, save that which came through the door connecting it with the front room, and it was only after standing several minutes that I could distinguish the black lines of the walls and sink from which rose in clouds the deadly gas. Upon the floor was spread a mattress, which, in appearance, partook of the general filth to be found throughout the whole building, from the cellar up, and it was upon such a bed and in such quarters that three cloakmakers, tired and weary with the long day's work, and with scanty, if any, supper, threw themselves down to sleep and awaited the coming day's awful toil for bread. This is not a fancy picture, nor is it an exceptional case. Hundreds of similar and even worse character are to be found scattered through the city of New York. . . .

"What do we eat?" said one of these women. "Oh, dear, not very much; not enough to give me one gout, I assure you. I earn two dollars and forty cents a week, and the rent of my machine brings it up to two dollars and sixty-five cents. Out of this I pay seventy-five cents for rent, and forty cents for coal and wood, which leaves me one dollar and fifty cents for food, clothes, medicine and car fare. . . . I buy a quarter of a pound of tea, a half pound of sugar, one pound of oatmeal, one pint of beans, two ten-cent loaves of bread, one soup bone, and perhaps it costs a couple of cents a week for salt, pepper and herbs for my soup. I buy a quarter of a pound of butter a week, and sometimes I get a little milk for my tea. The things I have enumerated generally form my bill of fare for a week. I take tea and bread for breakfast, and have beef soup for two days from one bone, and soup two days from the beans. I have tea and bread for supper. I forgot to say that I buy half a pound of liver for Sunday, and half a pound of bacon some other day. Once in a while I buy a quart of potatoes, which I bake in the place of the liver. The oatmeal, I forgot to mention, I cook and eat cold for breakfast, for I cannot work hard all day without something more nourishing than tea and bread. I spend about $1.25 for food, and it costs me four cents a week for kerosene. I must save and pinch very closely to be able to buy shoes and clothes. Only that I had some, I don't know what I should do. I don't know how the other women get along. . . . I never waste a particle of food, and I think if I had it I could even eat more than I do, and I doubt if they get it cheaper than I do.

And these are American women! These are your children! Isn't there some reason for an anti-poverty crusade that asks for justice to women and little children—only justice? And we are digging vaults to hide the silver we have, and we are starving American women and driving them on the streets to sell their virtue for a bit of bread! Isn't there cause, when in New York, some four or five years ago on the Sunday following the hot spell of a few days, two hundred and fifty infants died for want of fresh air and fresh water and fresh earth upon which they could run? Somebody is responsible; and the man who thinks it is God blasphemes God! He is not! Every one of those children had an equal right to sunshine and air and bread and home. Somebody is responsible. If I were to walk down Front street to-night and see your daughter in the hands of a ruffian and passed by and did nothing, what would you think? And what have we done to help other people's daughters who are in the hands of worse ruffians than Harrisburg perhaps has seen? I tell you the Christianity I understand has no language of rebuke too severe for men who are so busy that they have no time to care for other men's bodies. The unrepealed mandate of that New Testament is "Heal the sick;" and if we ignore want, if we pass a life of indifference in the midst of it, we have not got the spirit of Christ in us. No man asks what is the cause of this crusade who is really living among his fellow men to-day. If you are reading the tear-stained book of men's souls you will find there is cause. We are powerless because we are cold. We are cold because the first thing we will do when we leave this building to-night will be to hurry into our own homes away from the galling, reeking, seething mass of misery that is in this fair land; away from the throes of agony of brothers and sisters who long ago despaired of the church and are beginning to despair of God; away from the gaping wounds of social life through which the blood of this state is trickling away.

Has not the church anything more to do than simply to pray? Oh! shame on her! Her mission is to the weak, to the distressed. She was chosen of God to prepare men for earth as well as for heaven. Let us who profess to be Christ's followers bear the cross, and with a fulness of practical sympathy "lay down our lives for the brethren," if needs be. No man not totally blinded by self interest can hesitate in asking a place in the world for this new crusade. It does not aim to diminish poverty. It does not aim to soothe and alleviate it. It aims to do what is ten thousand times better—to pluck it up by the roots and let it die! Brethren, to me the heart-breaking thought to-day is that the church of Jesus Christ has lost so much hold upon the world—upon the mass of people around about us upon whom the burden of life is coming so heavily. Perchance it is because we have found time rather to think about politics and legislators than about the poor and the needy. Oh, we will have to begin, if we want to get back to apostolic power, by the reduction of the wrong, the sacrilege, and the outrage which has been perpetrated upon humanity! And I thank God that there is a glimmer of the sweet first New Testament times coming back upon us in the enthusiasm of one or two who are willing to sell all they have, as did the first baptized men, and make distribution to the needy.

Christianity was and always will be healing. It is a ministry to the individual and to the domestic and to the social life of society. It is the eternal foe to disorder, disease and death. And Christ came to heal our bodies as well as save our souls, to renew our youth as well as to cleanse us from impurity, to take the limitations out of life as well as to clothe life with supernal beauty, to destroy the alienation between man and man as well as to introduce us into the felicity of heaven.

I thank God for this new crusade because it tells me that the succession of consecrated, convinced, resistless men is continuing, that there are men to-day who, for the regeneration of society, are filled with a magnetic sympathy—men ready, if they are cast out of the synagogue even, to make war upon poverty, both in its causes and in its issues—men like Dr. McGlynn, the brave, bold, beautiful priest of God, who by sacrifice has proved his apostolic succession as it never could have been proved by any diploma or parchment put into his hands—a man who has come to minister rather than to be ministered unto and to give himself a sacrifice and his life a ransom for many. I thank God the ages have always found such men. No time has ever been unillumined by their flaming zeal, and no day that has needed them has ever found them absent. You remember, brethren, that in the first baptism of the Holy Ghost the church came into existence in the white heat of social enthusiasm and its members sold their real estate and brought the money, because there were poor, and laid it at the apostles' feet. They lived under such thoughts as these and under the law of love served one another. "We are members one of another" and "ought to lay down our lives for the brethren" in "Christ Jesus. There is neither bond nor free."

It seems to me this crusade will recall some of those days, abolish race, section and division, cast on one side everything that is separative, forbid and hide and bury jealousies, bring men back again to a common brotherhood and lift them until they come and sun themselves in the fatherhood of our God!

3. This crusade, what will it accomplish?

First, if the watchman reads it correctly, it will give men a sweeter definition of God and religion. I am ashamed of a good deal of the definition we have of God to-day. We are taught unblushingly that His laws have made the few rich and the many poor; that He who knew all things has given a large inheritance of good to the few and a large inheritance of ignorance, degradation and slavery to the many. I am amazed how much of the teaching that seems to be religious is of this kind.

I tell you this world needs to be assured that God is not one of a ring that pays thirty-eight cents a ton for coal to the poor miner who risks his life down in the pit to keep himself and wife and children from starvation and $20,000 pin money a year to the wife of the millionaire. Those are not God's ways. I tell you that when men are closing our mines, cornering our wheat, buying our senate chamber, leaving our land unimproved, and then come down to the midst of crying, hungry, starved, frost-bitten children and say, "Poverty is of God," I wonder He does not arrest them for blasphemy on the spot! It is not of God! This world wants a definition that is nearer the New Testament than that. If God is a father, just and good and wise and loving, He has not sent His children into the world as they seem to be sent into it to-day. I want to declare that the Christ I preach and the only God in whom I have any confidence is one that has no pleasure in suffering, no pleasure in forcing poverty upon men, a God to whom every pain I feel is a positive pain to Himself. The Father I love is the Father who by simple laws has made it possible that there should not be too many children at His table in this world, and the weakest and the poorest among them are those that have the nearest place to His bosom and the tenderest thought of His heart.

Brethren, the painful thing in my life has been the sight of unfed children, unclothed children, unhoused children, untaught children. I do not know how it is, but I cannot go to Philadelphia, I cannot go to any one of our cities but I gravitate toward the poorer part of it, and there, as I look upon the mass sweltering in the heat or shivering in the cold, I have prayed God thousands of times, I have wrought, I have thought, I have planned, that some day I might be able to lift the curse from some little child. I have thought that I could do something in Harrisburg. I know not. I have gone down to the poorer parts of society and seen these things, and then I have gone to the richer parts and seen the few to whom life is a bore and a drag and a burden and an enigma, who have no pleasure, although they have this world's goods; and I have asked myself, will the time ever come when I can bind up the broken heart? And I thank God that the day seems to be dawning when heart-breaking will not be. Brethren, let me tell you, you workingmen who do not come to church very often, but have come to-night to hear what I have to say, let me tell you God is not responsible for the hunger of your children any more than He was responsible for Gettysburg. Be sure that the God who said a man would never get to heaven except he fed the hungry will be with you in your fight against poverty and will give you deliverance, no matter how numerous your foes may be, no matter if their necks be clothed with thunder! He who has sanctified manhood and said to the haughty Pharisee who was persecuting it, "Saul, why persecutest thou me?"—He will touch the mountains with His word and they shall consume like smoke, and He will see that the battle ends rightly.

There are other things this crusade is going to secure. I cannot talk about many of them, but just indicate them. The first is this: To give us the right to the soil on which we live. Did you ever read that scripture which says: "The earth hath God given to the children of men?" I think I shall propose to the school boys in this city to read once a week the declaration of American independence, that our children may understand that they have a right to the air, to the sunshine and the food that is around about them; that any man, or any legislation, or any power that takes away from us or our children what God has given, is simply committing a felony. The law of this new crusade is in a nutshell—that land as well as sunshine, air, water, all life's necessities, belong to men to whom God has given them.

It will probably accomplish this. The scarcity of labor to-day is not a necessity. It is an artificial scarcity. The mines are closed, and so there is a scarcity of work. The mills are closed, and so there is a scarcity of labor. And the workingman, that he may get the little food which his body needs, comes into competition with a great many more who are hungrier than himself, and a bare pittance is put into his hands. And so we have the prematurely aged by hunger, and by exposure, and by inhuman toil, who are transmitting their images to their children, and that poor, stunted, dwarfed, impoverished manhood becomes more demoralized age by age.

Brethren, some of our dear friends tell us that the great task of to-day is to meet the demands of the market, and they tell us there is over production. I want to see over production! I want to see more furniture than you can accommodate in your homes, more clothes in the market than you and your children can wear; I want to see more food on your tables than you can possibly consume. I want to see more coal and more comforts of every kind than you know what to do with. The difficulty is not over production, but under consumption. There is not a man or a woman in this audience to-night who could not use more of the comforts of this world than he has, could not do with more luxuries in his home, could not decorate his home a great deal more richly, if the things were only brought to him. We need to have more abundant labor, and more abundant labor will come when the artificial and unreasonable demands of men greedy for gain have been stopped.

And what is our duty in this crowded, fever-poisoned land of ours to-day, with so many homes of misery? What is our duty in the labor-crowded, burden-crowded, poverty-crowded experience of the mass of men? What is our duty in the ignorance, even blasphemy, crime and insanity that flows all around us to-day? I thank God that the badge of the new crusade is the cross. A man is a fool, full-fledged, who thinks that anything less than the omnipotent cross of Jesus Christ will have potency enough in itself to meet this case. Grasp that cross!

Well, it is only Dr. McGlynn, Henry George and a few others! So they said many, many long years ago—Pharaoh and his hosts behind him. It was only Moses leading them, and what could Moses do? And so the gaping crowd of Palestine said as they saw the Israelites on the other side of Jordan. "What have they? They have some bare feet and a box on their shoulders, and that will not make any way for them." But the moment the feet of the priests with the ark of God touched the brimming waters they parted. And they said out of Jericho, fenced and shut in as they were, "What are those men doing marching around the walls with the ark of the Lord?" But they marched and sang, and marched and prayed, and marched and believed, and the walls fell. There is nothing so mighty as the cross of Jesus Christ in this world. There is nothing so sure to succeed as the redemption of manhood, body, soul and spirit, by that cross.

But, brethren, you must be at one with the symbol. If you are not it will only be like the staff of Elisha in the hand of his servant who was ungodly. As the cross is your hope, as the cross is your symbol, if your life is at one with it, you will be able to go down to the world inspired by the symbol and the day will come when you will be able to say, "See what God hath wrought!"

A friend sent to me just a little sentence to-day, with which I close this talk to-night. He said: "A few years ago I visited a beautiful region, with highly cultivated farms, elegant habitations embowered in charming groves. It formed a striking contrast with the crowded city. After the burning heat one afternoon suddenly the sky was overcast with a cloud inky black and angry. All nature sank into an ominous hush. Instinctively the animals crowded away to the corners of the fields. Adverse currents were vibrating and wrestling for mastery in the upper air. The prolonged roar out of the clouds grew louder and louder. The lightning's flashing and the dread thunder peal sent terror to every soul. In a moment more the death-dealing cyclone surrounded us, whirling, leaping, bearing down the waving grain, seizing houses, barns and churches, and bearing them on its horrid front and whirling them everywhere. Shrieks and groans and death were in its remorseless path. The blanched faces of the multitude looked on, and prayer came from many. At last God spoke, "Peace, be still!" The agony was over; the storm was passed. I stood in a valley. The black cloud lifted itself above the setting sun. Full-orbed that sun shone over vale and hill, villa and field, garden and lawn, gilding distant spires and stately monuments in the intervening city of the dead. Every leaf and spear of grass, yet tremulous with dread, was decked with diamonds set in emeralds, a golden light over all, and foliage brighter in every hue against the dark cloud whose under edge was a band of gold. The cloud faded, and then the beautiful lavender, hanging on the arch of a resplendent rainbow, which, with two reflections, rested on the hills. The birds chanted their vespers. Joy filled our souls and gratitude went up to God. So died the day, a prophecy and pledge of a glorious dawn."

And so, if the social storm must come, Oh! my country! God grant thee in the midst of wreck and ruin, the sure hope of a new era where there shall be no more poor in the land. So we say, brethren, to the cross of the new crusade, God speed you in the work for the rescue and for the salvation of our common manhood.

Industry Rewarded.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

In a real estate office the other day I heard a gentleman relating the experience of an eastern friend of his who many years ago, for a bad (?) debt of $20,000, was compelled to accept western land of the estimated value of $15,000. He paid constantly increasing taxes upon the land for a number of years without going to see it. One day his agent telegraphed him, asking what he would take for the land, which had finally come to be far within the corporate limits of Chicago. The owner figured that, taxes and interest, the land had cost him $30,000, and more in a joke than anything else, not dreaming that the offer would be accepted, wrote a telegram saying that he would take $50,000 cash for the property. He sent the message by his office boy to the telegraph office, where the clerk insisted that the sum be spelled out in the message. The office boy rewrote it, and by mistake wrote five hundred thousand dollars instead of fifty thousand dollars. In an hour back came the reply, "Offer of half a million dollars accepted. Make deed and come on and get certified check." The man made the office boy a handsome present for his clerical error and gave his old time debtor $25,000 with which to re-establish himself in business.

Gould's Churchyard.

Exchange.

When the great strike was on a year ago on the Missouri Pacific and other western lines controlled by Jay Gould, the town of Sedalia, Mo., was a thriving place. It was what is usually called a railroad town. Car shops were located there and Sedalia bore about the same relation to the Gould railroad in Missouri that Altoona bears to the Pennsylvania railroad in that state. During the strike storekeepers and traders of the town supported the railroad employes and called mass meetings in their aid. Travelers who now pass through the place are told that Jay Gould thought the Sedalia people had gone further than the occasion demanded. He became incensed at their activity, and it is reported that when the story of their doings was laid before him he exclaimed, "Within a year I will turn that town into a churchyard." The strike ended in a failure, Jay Gould ordered the removal of the car shops and all of his railroad property. Within a month the town of Sedalia began to show signs of decay. As the trains roll by the passengers note the absence of life; trainmen tell them that the place is Jay Gould's churchyard. The revenge of the great millionaire is complete.

What the Slave Owners Gained by Abolition.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A quaint and pleasant conversationist of the old school is Major Smith (Bill Arp) of Atlanta, Ga. The major was a slave holder in his younger days, having received three families of negroes, some twelve persons in all, as the wedding portion of his wife. In talking about the slave question, he said: "This talk that the south lost $400,000,000 by the emancipation proclamation is all nonsense. I am prepared to show that the south did not lose a dollar. In all my experience as a slave owner, if I ever made a dollar by their labor, I do not know it. We got their labor in exchange for their food and clothing, the rearing of their young and the caring for the old. We get the labor for the same price now, without having the burden of responsibility for the young and the aged and the sick. We used to pay their doctor's bills; now they pay their own. This difference is already seen from the fact that many men are accumulating wealth through the employment of negroes, who never got ahead a dollar in the slave days, although they were owners of many slaves."

A Radical Difference.

Omaha Truth.

Dr. McGlynn says it is but a matter of a small percentage between O'Brien and Lansdowne, which means that O'Brien is only after a reduction of rents, and not in favor of a system which would abolish it. The doctor claims that, if the land really belongs to the landlords they have a perfect right to charge what they please for it, and if the tenants don't want to pay it they can get off. That is the theory in the United States and it is right. But the land does not belong to them; never did and never can. Therefore, they have no right to collect any rent whatever. Any other theory is as surely in league with hell as was the one which sanctioned the owning of slaves. The latter sanctioned what landlordism creates—slavery.

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THE LAND AND LABOR LIBRARY.—We are now publishing under the title of "The Land and Labor Library" a series of short tracts on various phases of the social problem. These pamphlets contain facts, figures and arguments expressed in concise, vigorous language easily understood. As a means of propaganda we recommend them to all who desire to help on the movement for social reform. Those who wish to have these tracts placed where they will do good but who are unable personally to attend to their distribution, can remit the price to us, as we have every facility for sending them where they are needed and will be read.

The following have already appeared:

No. 1. "First Principles." By Henry George. 4 pages.
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No. 5. "A Sum in Proportion." By T. L. McCready. 2 pages.
No. 6. "The Settler's Nightmare." By Louis F. Post. 4 pages.
No. 7. "New York's Docks: The True Mode of Raising Revenue." By J. W. Sullivan. 4 pages.
No. 8. "Unemployed Labor." By Henry George. 4 pages.
No. 9. "Voices for Reform." 2 pages.
No. 10. "A Mysterious Disappearance." By Lewis Freeland. 6 pages.
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No. 17. "The Cross of the New Crusade." A poem. By David Rorty. 2 pages.
No. 18. "It is the Law of Christ." By Rev. S. H. Spencer of Henry, Ill. 4 pages.
No. 19. "My Landlord. By John Jones. 4 pages.
No. 20. "Thou Shalt Not Steal." An address by Henry George before the Anti-Poverty Society. 8 pages.
No. 21. "Christianity and Poverty." An address by Father Huntington before the Anti-poverty society. 4 pages.
No. 22. "Poverty and Christianity." An address by Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost before the Anti-poverty society. 8 pages.
No. 23. "The Single Tax." By Thomas G. Shearman. 8 pages.
No. 24. "Hymns of the New Crusade"—No. 1. 4 pages.
No. 25. "Hymns of the New Crusade"—No. 2. 4 pages.
No. 26. "Religion vs. Robbery." Address by Rev. Dr. McGlynn before the New York Anti-poverty society, June 12, 1887. 8 pages.
No. 27. "Back to the Land." Bishop Nulty's letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese. 16 pages. Price, 5 cents.

Prices, free by mail: 2-page tracts—50 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, 15 cents; 1,000 copies, $1; 5,000 copies, $4.25.
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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

This letter from a correspondent in Virginia is worth reading for its suggestiveness:

NORFOLK, Va.—I have been reading THE STANDARD very attentively ever since it was first published. At first I did not understand the idea of taxing land values as I do now. The more I study the question the clearer it appears to me that you are right. No injustice would be done to those who own the land, only they would have to use it or let some one else use it. The only way to bring about this great reform is education and the ballot. A party must be organized and managed for the good of society, to prevent a dreadful revolution. The masses are to-day being ruled and crushed down by corporate laws and class legislation. The present industrial system tends to enslave the workingmen in a worse bondage than the Jews in Egypt or the negro slaves of America. I think a third party is one of the prime necessities of the times.

Please send me some tracts, etc., for distribution. W. H. GUNN.

Just so, friend Gunn. And now you, and other readers of this paper as well, must learn to apply the lesson of your experience. You see the truth clearly—so clearly that you are able to state it in language as terse and concise as could be desired. You see that the reform we are advocating would do injustice to no one, while it would strike the fetters from the hands of the millions who can work and want to work and are not allowed to work. You see that a third party, advocating the placing of all taxes upon land values, is a prime necessity of the situation; and your faith is sufficiently ardent to make you anxious to do all in your power to hasten the coming of the day of emancipation. Now just consider what it was that converted you; simply the reading of THE STANDARD. You didn't understand the matter very clearly at first—you couldn't altogether see the justice of our ideas; but as THE STANDARD came to you week after week, reinforcing argument with argument, piling illustration upon illustration, answering objections, clearing up difficulties, gradually your mental vision became clearer and clearer, until at last the truth dawned upon you in all its majestic simplicity, and you know, with absolute certainty of conviction, that the abolition of poverty is no idle day dream, but a thing certain to be accomplished by the operation of natural economic laws, when once the artificial restrictions which society imposes on production and distribution shall have been removed.

Do you see the lesson? If THE STANDARD has been the means of converting you, isn't it by far the best instrument you can use for converting others? Tracts are good—we know their value and want to see them as widely distributed as possible—but the chief use of tracts is not so much to convince people as to set them thinking. Scatter your tracts around, distribute them just as widely as you can, but follow them up in every case by an earnest appeal for a subscription to THE STANDARD. When once a man agrees to take this paper, if only for three months, you've got him sure. He can't help reading it when it comes to him; and the man doesn't live in these United States who can read THE STANDARD for three consecutive months and not see the truth.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 18.—My six months' subscription to THE STANDARD will not expire for two weeks yet, but I don't want to run any chance of missing a number, and so I send my renewal at once. At the same time I inclose three other subscriptions, two of them from intimate friends and the other from one of *their* friends. These fellows have been borrowing my STANDARDS for some time past, and not always returning them; so I told them that sort of thing was played out, and they must either subscribe for themselves or go without. They subscribed and here's the money. God speed the new crusade!

J. W. E.

Yes, THE STANDARD will be six months old next week, and a good many thousand half yearly subscriptions will be running out. What are you all going to do about it? Renew your subscriptions, of course—that goes without saying. We don't believe that anyone who has read THE STANDARD for the past six months will be willing to do without it hereafter. But what more? How many new subscribers are you going to send us at the same time? Is there a single one among you who hasn't at least one friend to whom he has been talking of the new crusade, and who requires but a single earnest word of persuasion to induce him to subscribe? Not likely. The majority of you can command three or four subscribers if you'll take a little trouble to secure them. You owe it to the cause to do it. You owe it to the children who are to come after you. You owe it to your country. Set apart the next ten days for active service in the new crusade, and let every valiant soldier as he renews his own enlistment bring a goodly body of recruits with him. Pile in your renewals, friends, and let us judge how earnest you are in the faith by the new subscribers you bring to us.

CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Inclosed find thirty cents, for which please send me an assortment of the land and labor tracts, as I want to distribute them and see if I cannot form a club here. I am sorry that I cannot send for more, but I am simply a poor workingman, and, like all others, have but very little leisure. Since reading your works a new light has broke in upon me, a little break in the clouds which every week, as I read THE STANDARD, becomes enlarged, until I hope ere long they will be entirely dispersed. I could never affiliate myself to any church, because their preaching and practice are so at variance; but your works have shown them the true, practical Christianity taught by Christ Himself. I am glad to see the good work is going on, and I hope that the workingmen here will take up the question, but it is so hard to make them think; they seem to care for nothing, only drudging along from day to day, except during the excitement of elections. I get THE STANDARD here through a bookseller. Please send me the terms for an agency, and I will try and get some subscribers. WILLIAM H.

Friend H——, it's only natural that you should complain and wonder that the workingmen around you seem to care for nothing but drudging along from day to day. It is disheartening when you are preaching so glorious and so practical a gospel as that of this new crusade to find men indisposed to listen and full of petty sordid cares and anxieties, but there's nothing strange or unnatural about it. You were probably that way yourself once until somebody hammered at you in season and out of season and finally persuaded you to think a little. Don't be discouraged Mr. H——. Hammer away at your friends until you get them to subscribe to THE STANDARD and then there'll be a little break in the clouds for them each week as well as for you.

Miss Frances M. Milne, to whom the readers of THE STANDARD owe a debt of gratitude for some very charming verses, writes from San Luis Obispo, Cal.:

It is with very great pleasure that I inclose my mother's and my own application for membership in the Anti-poverty society. We would have sent our initiation fees at once on first reading of the society, but were unavoidably hindered until now. Though we cannot hope to be able to contribute much in money, we will gladly do what is possible, and any work which we can do will give us more than pleasure. We are with the new crusade heart and soul, counting it one of life's greatest privileges and truest honors to be permitted to contribute, be it ever so little, toward its success.

I also inclose a six month's subscription to THE STANDARD from one of our leading merchants here, who is a thorough convert to justice.

We have read with gratitude and delight your own and Dr. McGlynn's noble speeches at the Anti-poverty meetings and know not how to fully express our thanks for the comfort and exaltation of mind such utterances give us.

A lawyer writes from Philadelphia:

Inclosed are stamps for two extra copies of THE STANDARD received by me last week, and also a list of names of persons whom I would be glad to have supplied with the Anti-poverty tracts. I was stirred to the very bottom of my soul by the marvelous apostrophes and the fearless enunciations of truths in Mr. Pentecost's address. I read it on three or four occasions for my friends, and expect to read it again this evening to a circle of friends who are too rigidly conservative to be induced to buy your paper and read it for themselves. I wish I could have been present to hear the orator himself with all the impassioned fervor that must have filled his words. I hope our Anti-poverty society may be able to secure him to speak for us here. He would draw a class who think they know all they want to know about Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn. How my heart swells with pride and joy when I think of our leaders! With such men in our van we cannot fail to accomplish our glorious mission. Godspeed our victory!

OSWEGO, June 13.—On the evening of the 10th inst. I listened to Father McGlynn. I think he is immense—a great leader of a crusade. Inclosed find the dollar of a Catholic Irishman who is willing to enlist and not desert. I intend, if possible, to get subscribers to THE STANDARD. Send me your terms.

Isn't this a gem? It comes with a silver dollar inclosed as membership fee in the Anti-poverty society. "In God we trust," and in the glorious light of the cross of the new crusade we can see clearly why we trust Him, and how we trust Him. In that light we see the benignant face of a loving Father, and not the stern, repellant countenance of a heartless Judge—a Father who never, never, meant to mock his creatures with a phantom of future bliss while condemning them to a stern reality of present misery—a Father who has spread a bountiful all-sufficing table for us in this wilderness of space, and bids us stop our foolish quarreling and stealing, and sit down to the feast like sensible human beings worthy of His image stamped upon us. When, since Christ died, has there been a cause like ours? It makes men and women shout for joy, and break forth into singing, and pant with eagerness to be up and doing.

Dear Sir: The coin I here inclose
To me a pleasing fitness shows;
Used as a pledge of faith to those
Who in this faith unite.
"In God we trust." The words revive
Their potency, and seem alive;
And this bird, Phœnix-like, to strive
Upward, in morning light.

Back from the outstretched hand of greed,
Back from my ordinary need,
I hold this much, this day, to feed
Our new-born babe of hope.
Grow great, grow strong; child of our years
Of bondage, we forget our tears
In smiles on thee, forget our fears
Wherein we groan and grope.

Lo, Prophet! here we camp with thee.
At Pi-hahairoth(1) by the Sea.
Unarmed, save in this sign, are we,
And Pharaoh's host draws nigh.
Behold the Cloud! The east wind blows,
To right and left the Red sea flows;
Then follow, friends, or linger foes;
The land beyond is high,
The land beyond is dry,
The land of by and by.

June 16, 1887. J. HARRISON MILLS.

(1)Pi-hahairoth was the last camp of the Israelites before crossing the Red sea.

Why don't you join this Anti-poverty society? It has considerably over a thousand members already, and it ought to be a million strong at least. The executive committee are arranging the members into groups, according to their places of residence, and will soon send to every member a list of the names and addresses of those who live near him. This will enable members to become acquainted with each other, to hold local meetings and to arrange for concerted work in every neighborhood. So you see membership in the society is to mean something more than merely sending a dollar to an address in New York and then remaining idle. The Anti-poverty society will be a means of forming the soldiers of the new crusade into companies and battalions, so that each man may know his neighbor and all work together for the victory. Lose no time then, but let us have your name at once, that we may place you in your proper group.

Mrs. M. L. Day of St. Joseph, Mo., is a devout member of the new church and a Sunday school teacher. She writes:

I feel so good that I can scarcely find language to express myself, to see the name of one of our new church ministers coming up so bravely to the help of the world against the giant wrongs. God bless Brother Reiche! And I see the new church papers are helping you. I am a pronounced new crusader and I could not feel satisfied with the teachers of my church if they held their peace and did not come up to help the weak against the oppression of the strong. My husband is working for your cause in season and out of season. His life among this people has given him their confidence, but the poverty of the people hinders him in getting subscribers. If we have a good season for work and the laborers get a little ahead of their debts and absolute needs we will then present this subject to them with vigor. My excuse for writing is that I wish you to feel acquainted with me, as I intend to work for the Anti-poverty society and spread THE STANDARD as much as I can. I have given away a great many papers and advised all of my friends to get them and read them. I generally read your paper through twice or more, as so many come here to hear it read.

As these men and women of all creeds and sects, Catholics, Protestants, New Churchmen, Jews, Freethinkers and agnostics, come swinging into line and marshal themselves with glad hurrahs beneath the banner of the new crusade with its war cry of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, doesn't it recall that day of Pentecost when the cloven tongues of fire appeared and every man heard the gospel preached in his own familiar mother tongue!

Here's a bit of criticism from the territories:

CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 11.—I did not suppose when subscribing for THE STANDARD that it would contain comic articles. But that idea is dispelled since reading "The Professor's Lecture" in the last issue of THE STANDARD. I have read "Peck's Bad Boy" without cracking a smile, but the professor's "reasonings" were too much for me. But look here, I think some clever editor of your staff got that up. Honestly, am I not right? Just such articles, however, appear in the New York *World* which I take, and I sometimes wonder whether they are not the products of some boy editor practicing, as it were. So far, I have done little or nothing in the grand reform save taking the papers on tax reform from the first and talking about it to friends. But I will soon show my hand. Like the old guard I am ready for the final charge. Cheyenne City, near which I am residing, is a place of perhaps 10,000 inhabitants, and said to be the richest city of its size in the world. You may rest assured that I will make good use of the tracts you have sent me. NEXT August I will attend the Territorial Teachers' institute, where I will wake up things. A. G. GROH.

It won't do to reveal the secrets of the sanctum, friend Groh, so you must settle for yourself whether the lecture was written by a sure enough professor or got up by a "clever editor." It was meant to teach a lesson, and, in your case at least, it succeeded pretty well. There is another lesson you have to learn, and that is that you musn't wait for the final charge to do your fighting. The battle is raging fiercely now, and it's just as necessary to push the enemy in Cheyenne as anywhere else. Buckle on your armor and go in and let us see you come marching triumphantly into camp with a crowd of prisoners in the shape of subscribers to THE STANDARD.

The secretary of Typographical union No. 168 writes from Waco, Texas:

Inclosed you will find postoffice money order for $4.62, the advertised price of the tracts included in the following list, which you will please forward to my address. We are to have a real old fashioned Fourth of July celebration by the labor organizations of this city and county, and a few friends have joined with me to send for these tracts for free distribution on the grounds on that occasion.

Trade and labor organizations have a great work to do in helping along the new crusade. Many of them have come nobly to the front already, but there are thousands who as yet have made no sign. We want them all, because we have a right to them all. The only way in which poverty can be abolished is by the full and final emancipation of labor—the restoration to every man of his right of access to the raw material of nature, so that he may freely choose whether he will use his brain and muscle for himself or give the use of it to another in return for proper wages—and it is for this labor emancipation that we are working. You men in the ranks of organized labor have brains and ballots; and brains and ballots are what are going to win. Come into line with us, and raise your voices to swell the chorus joining in good Bishop Nulty's cry of "Back to the land!"

Speaking of Bishop Nulty, THE STANDARD has just published, in the land and labor library, the full and complete text of his letter on the land question. Its price is five cents, and it ought to be read and kept for reference by every American citizen, and especially by every Catholic. It is a statement by a Catholic bishop—a loved and venerated prelate—of the absolute harmony of the anti-poverty doctrine with the teachings and doctrines of the Roman Catholic church. Every reader of THE STANDARD should see to it that every one of his Catholic friends gets a copy of this letter.

RED BANK, N. J., June 14.—We have had a steam launch on the Shrewsbury river christened Henry George, in honor of the cause, the owner, Ambrose Matthews, Jr., being one of the little band of crusaders in this town holding the ideas advocated by the Anti-poverty society.

In this town the labor question has been debated a great deal and with considerable success, although we have as yet no organization. It has been almost wholly caused by the labor papers, among which is the glorious STANDARD. The work is necessarily slow where the people are in fairly good circumstances.

FRANK CLUSEY.

We welcome anything that will help make the crusade fashionable and set people talking about it; and therefore we are glad that Mr. Matthews has done this thing. Hoist your colors openly, good friends. It's the sure way to gather in recruits. Wear your anti-poverty badges—advertise your anti-poverty meetings—write letters on the burning question of the day to your local newspapers, and be sure you sign your names to them. While one of your leaders is fronting the whole power of an ecclesiastical machine, surely you can bear your testimony before the unbelievers round you.

But what do you mean, Mr. Clusey, by saying that the work is necessarily slow where people are in fairly good circumstances. Why, bless your heart, those are just the people who will listen most eagerly to the anti-poverty gospel, if you'll only preach it to them. Those are the people who are afraid of poverty—for their children if not for themselves. They know—none better—that the flats are filling up from the houses, and the tenement houses from the flats, and the prisons and almshouses from the tenements——that the great mass of mankind are being crowded downward while the few climb upward on their shoulders. They know—none better—how infinitely harder it is for a boy to make his way in life now than it was thirty or forty years ago, and they'll be only too glad to have the reason for it pointed out to them. The pro-poverty press and the pro-poverty preachers blind their eyes and shut their ears by telling them that we want to confiscate property, that's all. Just talk the truth to them and show them that we want to abolish poverty by making property more secure and creating more wealth, not by dividing up the little there already is, and you'll bring them into the ranks of the new crusade soon enough. People in fairly good circumstances, indeed! Why, many of the most enthusiastic members of the Anti-poverty society are "people in fairly good circumstances" who see how they're being robbed under the present system and want to stop the stealing! Mind, now, we expect a fresh club of subscribers from Red Bank's "people in fairly good circumstances."

The recruiting fund comes well to the front again this week, though want of space prevents our doing more than to give a synopsis of the mass of letters about it that have reached us.

From Waco, Tex., W. Kuemmel sends $1: "All I can do just now, I am sorry to say." If every reader would do as much, the fund would swell fast indeed. Just remember this friends all, that the cause wants your help *now*. Don't wait, but do what you can at once; you can safely trust that others will come to the front.

J. P. C. sends $20 for the fund, with a list of addresses to which he wants THE STANDARD sent for one year. J. P. C. is going the right way to work. If you have a friend whom you are anxious to convert, and who won't listen to or can't be convinced by your arguments, just arrange to have THE STANDARD sent to him regularly for three months, six months, or a year, and you'll find his objections fade away like mist before the sunlight.

The recruiting fund now stands:

Previously acknowledged	$61 40
W. Kuemmel, Waco, Tex	1 00
J. P. C.	20 00
Cash, Charleston, S. C.	1 00
Edw. Johnson	5 00
Fiat Justitia	2 50
Two sisters	50
A Landless One	1 00
Total	$92 40

David Tindall sends $3 toward the expenses of the McGlynn parade, which has been turned over to the committee.

A Clergyman's Plain Utterance.

From a speech by Rev. S. H. Spencer at Spring Valley, Illinois.

This land reform is based upon a principle which is both fundamental and self-evident—the principle of equal natural right. It holds that land is God's property alone, to be used according to His will, which is the golden rule. He made the land for the whole human family, and not for any privileged portion thereof. Every human creature has, by virtue of his birth into the world, an equal undivided right and interest. When, in this country, an earthly father leaves an inheritance in land to his children, not knowing how many will live to the age of majority, the land remains undivided, each one getting an equal share of the proceeds until all shall have become of age. But so numerous are the heavenly Father's children, and so constantly are they being born, that the youngest never becomes of age while the eldest are living; and so the heavenly Father's land should ever remain undivided, all holding it in common and all receiving in common the proceeds of its rental to individuals. The justice of this is, then, not only self-evident, but is recognized also by our own laws of inheritance. Every one of God's children born into the world has an equal interest and right in all natural blessings. Division of land at any time is unjust, because there are heirs yet unborn, and the more this division goes on, leaving the unborn heirs less and less chance for a fair share of the inheritance, the more will the injustice appear. Land monopoly on a large scale or a small one is taking unfair and mean advantage, not only of the young and of the poor and weak in life's race, but of the multitudes yet unborn.

For the Babes Yet to be Born.

I am watching with keenest delight your battle for all the babes that may ever be born. Christ taught the infinite significance of babehood, and men have even looked with a new wonder and reverence upon a babe since the infant Jesus lay in his cradle. And when it comes to be that every child born shall be at once a land babe, one that has rights in the land sooner than it sucks its mother's teats, then will that wonder and reverence increase and child-life will not be held so cheap as now. D. M.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. The best in the world. If you want one write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey st., N. Y.

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CROSS OF THE NEW CRUSADE.—McGLYNN SOUVENIR. Richly designed picture. Sample on receipt of 10c. BRUNSWICK & PILGRIM, 26 Church, New York.

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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, greeting. Know you that we, Ernest L. Duncker, Henry Gut and John Ruckert, all of the city of New York, intend to form a company called the Solidity Co-operative Clothing Company, upon the co-operative plan, in the business and occupation of manufacturing and selling clothing and the materials used in the manufacture of clothing, with the principal place of business in the city and county of New York. Dated June 20, 1887.

ERNEST L. DUNCKER,
HENRY GUT,
JOHN RUCKERT.

TAILOR.

WHO WOULDN'T BE DRESSED WELL

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A.— TO SECRETARIES

OF TRADE AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS AND LAND AND LABOR CLUBS.

We have received an order to send a copy of "PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE" to every trade and labor organization or land and labor club that may wish to have it, up to the number of one thousand. A copy will be accordingly forwarded to the secretary of any labor organization, local assembly of the K. of L. or land and labor club on receipt of twelve cents for postage. HENRY GEORGE & CO.

MEMBERS OF LABOR ORGANIZAtions and others wishing to canvass for subscribers to this paper on a liberal commission are invited to send their names and addresses to the publishers of THE STANDARD, 25 Ann street, New York.

UNITED LABOR PARTY.

NEW YORK TO THE COUNTRY.

Headquarters Campaign Executive Committee, Central Labor Union, New York, November, 1886.

To Organized Labor throughout the United States, Greeting:

The great moral victory which we have won in this city by the polling of 68,000 votes for our candidate in the campaign begun by the Central labor union, and the congratulations which the men of New York have received from all parts of the country, encourage us to believe that it is now within the power of organized labor to begin a national movement that shall carry to triumphant success the great principles on which industrial and political emancipation must be based.

This campaign has shown us that by ignoring minor differences it is possible to unite the political power of labor on a platform confined to fundamental principles. What we have done in New York has been accomplished in the face of greater obstacles than exist anywhere else in the United States. We see that it is only necessary to improve our organization here to carry this city, and we believe that general organization must result in the formation of a national party that will sweep the country.

We call on organized labor everywhere to form political associations based on the principles of the platform of the convention of trade and labor associations of New York, and having in view political action, local, state and national, at the earliest possible moment.

It is desirable that organized labor, wherever it exists, should take the initiative in this movement. But it is our opinion, confirmed by our recent experience, that the most effective organizations for political action are to be formed outside of labor associations, though as far as possible animated and controlled by their members, in this way we may avoid any conflict with the rules and regulations that forbid political action on the part of associations primarily designed for industrial purposes; may bring into our ranks a large class now outside of labor associations, but whose sympathies are thoroughly with us; may secure that organization by election districts which is necessary to efficient political work; and by means of reunions, lectures, the dissemination of literature, readings from sound works on social science, and debates, carry on the work of education. This is the course we have resolved to adopt in this city, and we commend a similar course to our brethren throughout the land. We believe the time has come when, for the accomplishment of its purposes, labor must step into the political arena, and, rallying all the forces that are upon its side, make an open fight for the assertion of those equal rights which the great charter of American liberty guarantees to us all, but which both the old political parties have heretofore ignored.

The difficulty which everywhere confronts us, in our efforts to raise wages and secure leisure, is the existence of an impoverished mass, forced by their necessities to accept work on any terms. Until we can lessen the intensity of that struggle for existence which makes so many men and women ready to do anything to procure the mere necessaries of life, the work of our labor associations must be conducted under tremendous disadvantages. Those who cannot find employment are everywhere the force which those who oppose us utilize to resist our just demands. It is therefore necessary that we should make war upon the great wrong which causes poverty—the primary injustice which makes the land on which and from which all of us must live the exclusive property of individuals, and denies to the rest of us the right to live and to work, unless we pay blackmail for the privilege.

We therefore ask you to form political associations based upon the principles set forth in our platform, and, through the central committee, room 29, Cooper Union, New York city, which has been appointed for that purpose, to put yourselves in communication with other similar associations throughout the land.

As soon as this work shall have gone far enough, a national conference will be called to organize the new party—a party powerful enough to re-write the laws and execute the people's will.

By order of the executive committee.

JOHN McMACKIN, Chairman.

23RD ASSEMBLY DISTRICT MEETS every Monday evening. German speaking members every Tuesday evening at Vincent hall, 1827 Third avenue, corner 105th street. Open every evening for enrollment of members. Thursday and Saturday evenings free debates of the Progress and Poverty club

LAND AND LABOR PARTY.

LAND AND LABOR.

The Central Committee has been organized for the purpose of carrying into state and national politics, by means of tracts, circulars, correspondence, lectures, etc., the principles of the United Labor Party of New York.

We oppose the stupid fiscal system that piles up hundreds of millions of dollars in our treasury vaults, while we are paying interest on an enormous debt; we aim at the abolition of the system which makes the railroad and the telegraph a means for the oppression of the people and the aggrandizement of an aristocracy of wealth and power; and we advocate the raising of all public revenues from a tax on land according to its value, throwing the burden of taxation upon mining lands and upon the wealthy monopolizers of land values in and near our great cities, thus relieving, on the one hand our crowded tenement population, and on the other the farming interest of our country, by removing all taxes from the products of industry.

Members of trade and labor organizations, and all citizens in favor of independent political action who are desirous of taking part in the formation of land and labor clubs, or in tract distribution, are requested to address

JOHN M'MACKIN,
Chairman Central Committee,
28 Cooper Union, N. Y. City

Citizens of the following named states who indorse the principles of the United Labor party and desire to lend active aid in the great movement now beginning for the emancipation of labor, are requested to communicate with the State Organizers of their respective states, as follows:

California—Judge James G. Maguire, San Francisco.
Connecticut—Robert Pyne, 284 Asylum st., Hartford.
Indiana—Warren Worth Bailey, Vincennes.
Kentucky—Henry George Club, 238 Vine st., Cincinnati.
Massachusetts (Berkshire county)—F. Harvey Lincoln, box 115, Zylonite.
Minnesota—Central Committee, United Labor Party, 42 Third st. south, Minneapolis.
New York—John McMackin, 28 Cooper Union, New York city.
Ohio—Henry George Club, 238 Vine st., Cincinnati.
South Carolina—Benjamin Adams, Charleston.

"THE NEW CRUSADERS."

"I care not who write the laws of a country so long as I can write the people's songs."

We want to re-write some of the laws of our country. Let us begin the work by writing and singing the new songs of the people.

MISS AGATHA MUNIER,

known so well, not only as the former Leader of the Choir of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church, but for her earnest sympathy and active endeavors in behalf of the Labor Movement in this city, has decided to organize and instruct several Great Choruses of Male and Female voices, enlisted from the ranks of the people themselves. It is Miss Munier's hope to drill these united voices for active work in the Political Campaign of the coming fall, when by concerts for the benefit of the Labor fund, and by free music at lectures and public meetings, the voice of the people may be heard in the songs of labor.

Applicants for admission to these classes may address or call on MISS MUNIER, at 223 East Thirty second street.

CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

PERSONS DESIRING HOMESTEAD OR seeking investments should join or subscribe to the Co-operative Colony Association now organizing for the purpose of securing and locating of a sufficient tract of available land in the Rio Grande Valley for the carrying on of the business of agriculture and stock raising on the co-operative plan.

For information and map of New Mexico, address SEC'Y CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, P. O. Box 214, Pueblo, Col.