

THE STANDARD

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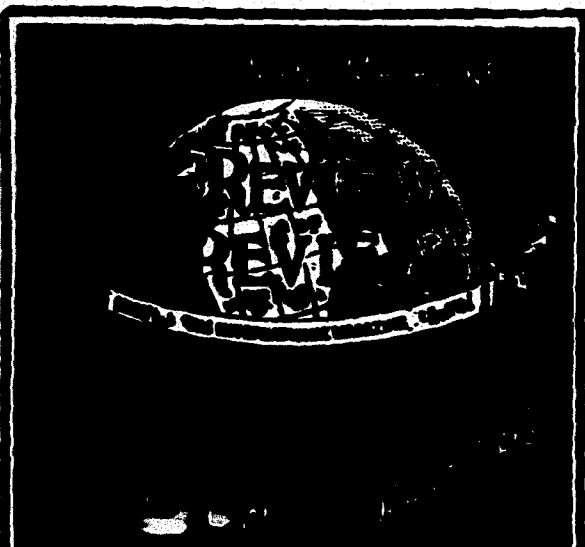
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THE STANDARD

VOL. XI.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1892.

No. 17.

SENATOR HILL'S MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—Until last week David B. Hill supposed, in the face of facts which to all others are so full of fatal significance to his ambition, that he could yet secure the Democratic nomination. He evidently depended upon instructions in favor of Gray by the Indiana convention, and in all probability also upon the efforts not then brought to light of ex-Secretary Vilas to dissolve the State Democracy of New York. Had these two events come about in accordance with Mr. Hill's expectations, he would have been in pretty good fighting trim. It could have been said that the State Democracy was obliged to dissolve for want of popular support, leaving Hill the full benefit of his instructed delegation from the "snap" convention; and that Indiana as well as New York was against Cleveland. These two States would then have been exploited as the northern Democratic States of most importance, one for Hill and the other for Gray, and both opposed to Cleveland; and with Hill for first place and Gray for second, the spoils-hunters of the party would have demanded their nomination with all the vigor of a year ago, when the Hill and Gray ticket ornamented the rooster column of the spoils-hunting Democratic papers. But the scheme has been blown to the winds. The Indiana Convention met and instructed its delegation to support Cleveland, while the State Democracy of New York warned Mr. Vilas that if he wanted to drive cattle he was in the wrong pasture. The certainty of Cleveland's nomination is greater than ever. There may be enough votes for "favorite sons" to prevent his nomination on the first ballot at the convention, but he will be nominated on the second, almost if not quite unanimously. If Hill's name is mentioned at all, and that is very doubtful, it will be "lost in the shuffle," as they say out West, before the second ballot begins.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.—It is quite amusing, the virtuous indignation of protection papers at what they call Tom L. Johnson's "trick" for circulating Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade?" free of postage. They fairly boil when they tell how Johnson, asking leave to print part of his speech on the free wool bill, inserted the first five chapters of Mr. George's book in the Record; how Mr. Washington, also asking leave to print, inserted the next five chapters; how others followed until Jerry Simpson completed the book by the introduction into the Record of the last five chapters; and how it is intended to gather these scattered chapters into a single pamphlet and send it as an extract from the Record broadcast through the mails under the franks of Congressmen. They say that this is using the Record for campaign purposes, as if in every campaign both parties had not franked extracts from it with delightful extravagance. The difference between the custom and Mr. Johnson's scheme is that he will burden the mails with something of interest and that is really worth reading, while the truck that has so long burdened them without protest from the now outraged protection press, is neither interesting nor valuable.

The Republicans in Congress exposed the weakness of their position when, instead of fighting Johnson's scheme as they would have done had they not known that it was a game of their own invention in which he had completely worsted them, they began to fill the Record with greater quantities than ever of protection rubbish. And this exposed their weakness in another direction. It showed how poverty-stricken the literature of protection really is. They were naturally prompted to put forward the best at their command, but the best turns out to be a stupid compilation of errors, accidental and premeditated, called "American Tariffs from Plymouth Rock to McKinley," which not only assumes universal ignorance of history but universal incapacity for reasoning. One specimen fairly exhibits the worthless character of the whole book. On page 47 is printed a table purporting to show the trade between Great Britain and the other leading nations of the world, from which it is gravely argued that from 1880 to 1884, inclusive, a period of five years, Great Britain's debt to the other nations, to be paid in money not in goods, was \$660,000,000 a year, or \$3,300,000,000 in all. Well may the writer of this pamphlet ask, "How long can even a rich nation stand such an annual drain of money for imports," as \$660,000,000? If the figures were true and the conclusion sound, not a grain of gold could be found in Great Britain. Instead of being, as she is, the greatest of commercial nations, she would long since have become hopelessly bankrupt. Unable to pay money for what she bought, and unable, as the astute author of this pamphlet assumes, to pay her balances with goods, her imports would have ceased and her commerce have fallen into decay. She would be now the most perfectly protected nation on

the globe, for her entire trade, her buying and selling, would be confined to her own home market.

The writer of this pamphlet has followed the exploded balance of trade theory, that when the people of a nation export in values less than they import, the difference must be paid in money, to the injury of the people against whom the difference seems to stand. If that were true, not only would England be the poorest, but Ireland would be the most prosperous of countries, for in values England exports less than she imports, and Ireland continually exports more than she imports. The true explanation is that absentee landlords take wealth out of Ireland for which they return no equivalent, thus throwing the "balance of trade," as protectionists would say, "in favor of Ireland;" while England, in interest on foreign bonds, in rents for foreign lands, and in profits upon her trade, continually receives more wealth than she sends out. What the quoted figures chiefly show, if they are not false, is that Great Britain receives annually \$660,000,000 more than she is obliged to pay. She is either receiving goods without returning an equivalent, or what she receives is worth so much more to her people than what she pays for it with, that a profit of \$660,000,000 results annually. Perhaps the "balance against her" is due to both causes. What man would not be grateful for that kind of a balance against him?

Nothing could be so much desired as to have the protectionists frank this characteristic specimen of their literature to every voter to whom a copy of "Protection or Free Trade?" is sent. It would so swell the wave of disgust at the protection fraud that McKinley and Plymouth Rock would seem to be contemporaneous.

The complete pamphlet of which the protectionists have complained so lustily, comprising the speeches of Johnson, Simpson, Bowman, Washington, and Fithian, and making "Protection or Free Trade?" complete as a Congressional document, will be ready for distribution this week. The cost of printing it will amount to only a cent a copy. Tom L. Johnson has subscribed for 100,000 to start with, Thomas G. Shearman has subscribed for another 100,000, and Mr. Johnson wants to bring the edition up as soon as possible to 1,000,000. Subscriptions may be sent to Tom L. Johnson, Washington, D. C.

THE RUSH FOR LAND.—A story is told of an old German who, upon awaking in the middle of the night to find his house on fire, shouted for help, and when a policeman arrived asked for a candle. "What do you want to do with a candle," inquired the policeman. "My house is a-fire," said the German, "and I want a candle to see where the fire is." The opinions of public officials and statesmen and the comments of the press regarding the disgraceful scramble for land in the recently opened reservations are highly suggestive of the intelligence of this befuddled German. That there is something terribly wrong in the mode of distributing these lands is plain to all; but, though the wrong is fundamental and the remedy as obvious as daylight when the sun shines, they call helplessly for a candle to aid in the search for it.

Here is a quantity of land which no one owns, not even the Government. It varies in desirability, and every one who wants any of it wants the best, while the number who want part of it exceeds the number of plots into which it has been divided. Some cannot have any, and but few can have what they want. This gives a value to the land, a premium, varying according to the desirability of the plots, which late comers are willing to pay. Nor will the value rest at the point which it now touches. With the general increase of population, not alone the population there but of the world, the value of these lands will rise, and their owners will be able to get more and more service from other people for permission to labor there. No one can say that the right of one to enjoy this privilege is better than the right of another. Rights to natural resources are equal. But here are conflicting rights. How shall they be adjusted? One of the confused statesmen who wants a candle to see where the fire is, proposes to assign lands in reservations by lot; but the more common opinion is that they should be sold to the highest bidder.

If the country were at a standstill, and no increased demand for the lands were likely to arise, the latter plan would not be so objectionable, though it would enable the richer settlers to secure the greatest advantages, for they only could pay a purchase price. But leaving that consideration aside, the plan is both impolitic and unjust, as much so in the long run as the present plan of giving the best pieces to the strongest and the swiftest. As population increased demand for the land would increase, and wholly irrespective of any labor the owner might bestow upon it, it would rise in value. He would then be able to command in higher and

higher degree the services of other people without rendering any equivalent.

If it is right to sell this land to the highest bidder, why is it not right to rent it to the highest bidder? When land is rented the poor man has the same chance that the rich man has. He needs no accumulation of wealth with which to buy, and the superiority of the land for which he may pay a high rent over that for which the rent is less, enables him to pay out of his greater earnings from the land. In this way, too, future generations would be protected against that destructive landlordism which, despite frequent exclamations to the contrary, is sinking its roots deep into the soil of this country.

But it would be better than either selling or renting to let any one take as much of the land and such parts of it as he pleased, on the condition that it should be forever subject to taxation up to its current value. There would then be no rush. The reason is obvious. What makes the rush now? Is it not the desire to get possession of land that will yield an income without work, or, more correctly, from the work of other people? If the kind of ownership that yields incomes without work were displaced by a tenure which yields nothing except for work, the surplus going to the public in taxes, the rush would end. The "sooner" would be unknown, and the occupant would be its user. With such a system in vogue, the opening of a reservation would be as orderly and peaceable as a religious service on the Sabbath.

EUROPE'S DYNAMITE PANIC.—Every spring the authorities and the comfortable classes of Europe are panic-stricken in expectation of some mysterious and terribly destructive revolt. The labor celebrations, which take place on the first of May, are suspected of being at the source of the trouble; and all possible pains are taken by the blind defenders of things as they are to excite the hatred and invite the vengeance of those who participate in these celebrations. It may be that there is a connection between the first of May celebrations and the exploits of dynamiters, and it is certain that as the date has approached this year dynamiters have been bolder. But it is not probable that they are any more dangerous; they are too careful and studiously dramatic. When the great mass of ignorant and outraged men do rise, and in their fury strike down whatever seems to stand in their way, as they surely will unless peaceable means are taken to abolish the injustice that turns men with souls into beasts of prey, there will be no appearance of amateur theatricals about their movements. No doubt of the character of the outbreak will exist, nor will any one be weak enough to suppose that the law courts, the police, or the military can cope with it. Organized society will be as helpless as a ship in a cyclone. So long as bomb-throwers are quietly put upon trial before regular tribunals, and when convicted, punished like common criminals, there is nothing to fear from dynamite other than some accidental injury which the bomb-thrower cannot well prevent.

TOWN SITE PHILANTHROPISTS.—The New York Times directs attention to what it calls "town site philanthropists," which are a species of the "sooner." These "sooners" make one wonder, as the Times says, "if there is a piece of ground anywhere within fifty miles of New York which speculators have not seized with intent to carve it up into house lots." It would be hard, it adds, to name "a more difficult task than to discover reasonably near New York a piece of land a hundred feet square, fit to build a house on, for sale at anything like its intrinsic value;" and in this manner it describes the situation in greater detail:

Should he go to Staten Island he would soon ascertain that a town site man had made a long start of him at each reachable place on the island; should he cross to Brooklyn and there run out on voyages of discovery, he would learn that almost every bit of accessible dry land, and a good deal that is not dry, is irrecoverably committed to some philanthropist's home-for-the-people scheme; in Jersey he would see the town sites one almost atop of another, while Westchester county he would find to be not only full of town lot boomers, but actually overflowing into the adjacent country, north and west.

If the days were longer and one could spend four or five hours of each of them riding on the cars, and could do the traveling for a tithe of his income, it might be worth his while to go seventy-five or eighty miles from the City Hall for the sake of getting into a land not yet invaded by the philanthropic stake-out of town sites. In the existing circumstances one must find his home closer to town, and there is hardly any locality within fair reach of New York's centre of business where the buyer of land for a home site must not pay, in addition to the value of the land, a sum three, four, and perhaps five times as great, to cover the profits of the philanthropist. There are thousands of families in New York, miserably housed in flats, who would be able but for the philanthropic speculation that is going on in suburban property to have homes of their own within easy distance of the city.

There is land enough close about New York—unemployed or used only for agricultural purposes—to provide a site for a modest home for every man who can afford to own a house of moderate cost, but it is not available for the use to which it should be put. Undoubtedly, a philanthropist has as much right to speculate in suburban lots as he has to speculate in anything else, but it is equally true that it must be regarded as not an unmixed

benefit that through the artificial stimulation of prices the persons who actually need suburban property to settle upon and are morally entitled to buy it for what it is worth are kept out of its enjoyment.

All these facts are true. But does the Times suppose that the "sooner" of New York and its vicinity can be suppressed by telling him that he is not an unmixed benefit? The "sooner" has a reason for being, and if one "sooner" reforms another will take his place. No doubt he does give artificial value to land, but that is because he has the foresight to see that, with the growth of population, what is now an artificial value will soon be a real value, and his activity being equal to his foresight, he jumps in in advance to reap the benefits.

It is both wrong and useless to blame the "sooner." The first question for us to decide is whether the operations of the "sooner" are blessings or evils. The Times has already done that for itself. It decides that they are an evil, and we agree with it. The next question is how to get rid of the evil. The only way is to make "sooning" unprofitable, and that can be done by abolishing taxes on improvements, which will promote improving, and placing taxes on land values, which will discourage forestalling.

What does the Times mean, by the way, when it says that persons who need suburban property are morally entitled to buy it for what it is worth? How can it be said that any one is entitled to buy any property for any price unless the owner is willing to sell. And if he were entitled to buy for what the property is worth, is it not worth what it will bring? The Times has mixed things here. It means that any one wanting land is morally entitled to it. That is true. But it assumes that the owner is entitled to compensation, provided he is moderate in his demands: whereas, if he is entitled to any compensation at all, he is entitled to all that he demands, if the property is taken for any but a distinctively public purpose. That is good law and good morals. The "sooner," whether he be an Astor or one of the town-site philanthropists of whom the Times speaks, is as between himself and other individuals entitled either to as much as he can get or to nothing. There is no middle price at which right and wrong can compromise.

INFORMATION FOR THE TOLEDO BLADE.—The Toledo Blade does not see how the free wool bill could raise the price of wool, and warns wool-raisers that the bill threatens their industry. We do not know whether it would raise the price in money, nor do we care. Neither does the intelligent farmer. We know, however, and so does he, that with wool free he would be able to trade a given clip of wool for greater quantities and a better quality of the things into which wool is made, than he can now when it is protected. This is the important consideration for farmers who raise wool; and it is the important consideration for farmers and other laborers who do not raise wool.

But, though we have no opinion as to whether the free wool bill would or would not raise the price of wool, we are able to give double authority for the claim that it would. Free traders say that in many important manufactures domestic wool must be mixed with foreign, and that if foreign wool were admitted free the demand for domestic wool would be so vastly increased for the purpose of substituting woolen for shoddy goods that the price of domestic wool would rise. That is our free trade and tariff reform authority. Our other authority is the protectionists themselves. They say that a protective tariff, so far from increasing the price of domestic products, diminishes it. If that be true, it must apply as well to wool as to steel rails, the price of which, they tell us, has been reduced by protection; and as wool is now protected, it follows that the price is lower than it would be if it were free.

PERSONAL PROPERTY TAXES.—The State assessors of New York report that in 1891 the assessed value of personal property in the State decreased \$3,170,063, and that since 1870 it has decreased \$52,121,211. For a remedy they propose listing laws which would make everybody's private business part of the public records. This is, of course, in deference to the opinions of that class of farmers who imagine that by taxing personal property they tax rich men.

All experience shows that personal property cannot be equally taxed. If the law is stringent, the man whose personal property cannot be concealed and the conscientious man will alone pay the tax; others will go free, and farmers must bear the greatest burden of taxation. The schoolmaster is badly needed among the farmers who insist upon piling taxes mountain high upon themselves by striving to tax a kind of property which can be discovered in their hands but not in the hands of rich men; and a kind, too, of which they own more than of any other kind. They exclaim, and these State assessors echo them, against the tax burdens that real estate is bearing, as if farmers paid most of real estate taxes, when the truth is that the great real estate values are in the cities and mining centres and not in farming districts. If they were wise, even worldly wise, they would at once abolish all personal property taxation, and as soon as possible abolish all taxes on real estate

improvements. When they do that, and not until they do it, will they place the burden of taxes on rich men; for what would then be left for taxation is land alone, which would be taxed according to its value and could not escape the assessor. The simplest observation shows that all the benefits of light taxes on that kind of property are enjoyed by the rich, whose riches come not from their own labor but from the privileges which the State confers upon them. These are the men who should pay the taxes. Land value taxation is the only way to make them do it.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S CAMPAIGN.—It is rather an interesting fight that Archbishop Corrigan is waging against Archbishop Ireland for a Cardinal's hat; and the antics of the literary bureau set up in the interest of the New York Archbishop are most interesting of all. The work of this bureau first showed itself in a long article in the papers, principally a light and airy biography of Father Ducey, but incidentally a campaign document for Ducey's ecclesiastical superior, which was followed by a flattering biography of the Archbishop himself. Since then a variety of reading notices, obviously emanating from the Fifth avenue palace, have appeared. There is much about the output of Archbishop Corrigan's literary bureau to suggest the ingenious handiwork of our old friend, Dr. Brann; but about the public meetings in honor of the Archbishop, of which the bureau makes extended use, there is the strong odor of Tammany Hall.

TAXATION IN MARYLAND.

JACKSON H. RALSTON.

The first step toward reform of taxation in Hyattsville, a small Maryland town, in reality a suburb of the City of Washington, was in the year 1890, when we secured from the Maryland Legislature the power of making our own assessments. Prior to that time we had been obliged to accept for town purposes the assessments used by this State, which were grossly unfair and erroneous.

This assessment law of 1890 provided for the assessment of land, improvements, and personal property separately. At the first meeting of the board, called together after the passage of this act to prepare for the enforcement of the law, we resolved to collect no taxes from personal property, it being the sense of that body that personal taxes were unjust, unequal and inquisitorial. The Board of Commissioners, elected in 1891, took the same view of the matter.

This action by two successive boards has met with the unanimous approval of the citizens of Hyattsville.

But there was a grave question whether we had a legal right to cease levying taxes on personal property in as much as our statute provided for the assessment of land, improvements, and personal property, and did not in specific terms confer the power of excepting any class of property from the assessment and collection of taxes. So we obtained an amendment from the Legislature to our charter providing for the assessment of land and improvements, the assessment on personal property being dropped. The amendment has just been granted. The new law also gives power to the commissioners, after the completion of the assessment, "with a political view for the government and benefit of the community," to make such deductions or exceptions from and additions to the assessment made by the assessors as they may deem just; and further provides that upon the making of the deductions and exceptions, etc., the Board of Commissioners shall levy a tax upon all property remaining embraced therein.

The only clause of the Constitution of the State of Maryland authorizing the Legislature to exempt property from State taxation is one that empowers that body to levy taxes with a "political view for the government and benefit of the State," and under this clause the Court of Appeals of the



Jackson Harvey Ralston was born in Sacramento, California, February 6, 1857. His father, Judge James H. Ralston, was a famous lawyer in Illinois, who preceded Stephen A. Douglas on the Circuit bench in that State, and afterwards became one of the leading men in California. He was defeated by Judge Field for the Supreme bench, of California. Jackson Ralston lived the early years of his life in California and received his education at the high school in San Francisco. He learned the printers' trade at Ithaca, N. Y., and afterwards studied law while working in the Government printing office at Washington. In 1876, at nineteen, he was a delegate to the International Typographical Convention held at Philadelphia and in 1877 was elected by the succeeding convention to represent the National Union in the International Convention in Paris in 1878. He began the practice of law at Quincy, Ill., in the fall of 1878. June 1, 1887, he married Sarah B. Rankin, of Keokuk, Ia., daughter of Judge Samuel Miller's former law partner. Mr. Ralston has had two most important cases. One was the habeas corpus case of Hallan against Wilson, in which the Supreme Court of the United States decided that no man could be tried by the police court of the District of Columbia without a jury, discharged his client, and declared unconstitutional a statute that had been followed for seventeen years. The other case was that of Sharon against Tucker, in which the Supreme Court maintained a bill he had filed to quiet title based upon adverse possession as against the record owners. That decision rendered marketable millions of dollars' worth of land that had formerly been under a cloud.

State of Maryland has repeatedly sustained legislative exceptions from taxation. This clause, coupled with the further power vested in the Board of Commissioners to make exceptions and deductions, leaves no doubt in my mind as to the right of the commissioners to hereafter exempt improvements from taxation should they see fit so to do.

Meanwhile forces have been at work in other directions. The House of Delegates of the Maryland Legislature passed a new assessment bill, based upon the general lines of the assessment law of sixteen years ago. When the bill reached the Senate it was so far amended as to include a vigorous provision for the enforcement of a tax upon all personalty. This provision contemplated imprisonment for all who should fail to comply with it. The bill was returned to the House of Delegates for concurrence, and that body changing the penalty referred to from imprisonment to a fine, came to an agreement with the Senate.

In this shape the bill went to the Governor for his sanction. After many vigorous protests directed to the prison tax feature from all parts of the State, the Governor pocketed the bill. Hundreds of business men in Baltimore and a large number of organizations represented to the Governor that the enforcement of such a law would inflict almost irretrievable damage upon the business interests of the city of Baltimore.

This has evoked a large number of letters from all parts of the State to the Baltimore Sun, the leading newspaper of the State, discussing the whole question of taxation, and a number have advocated the single tax idea.

These matters, perhaps, are not very remarkable taken alone, but they mark the milestones of progress toward great results.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

M. E. PARSONS.

There was once a city which had a large and beautiful public park, where the people loved to assemble on warm summer afternoons to enjoy the shade of the trees, the freshness of the green grass, and the various social pleasures such a place affords.

Now, it was one year decreed by the city fathers that an addition should be made to the attractions of the park by providing a free concert on the Mall every Saturday afternoon during the warm season; and accordingly, a fine band-stand was erected, surrounded by rows of seats for the accommodation of the public. The first afternoon in June, the day the music was to begin, was bright, warm, and sunny, and as early as 3 o'clock, an hour before the time advertised for the opening piece by the band, the people began to assemble. Among the first to arrive was a large, burly individual, with a keen and practical eye but a rather shabby coat. His name was Sharp—Jack Sharp. Glancing about him at the brightly-painted band-stand and the rows of comfortable seats already filling with early-comers anxious to secure good quarters for themselves before the arrival of the crowd, and seeing one block or section of seats not yet occupied, he walked toward it, took from his pocket a bit of chalk, and marked in large letters at the end of each bench, "J. S." Then taking out a ball of twine he walked around the square of seats tying the cord to the end of each one, and so enclosed the whole in a manner not to be mistaken. This done, Mr. Sharp sat down in a shady corner of the first row of seats and waited. The people began to gather thick and fast and the seats to the right and left were filling. Now and then some one approached the enclosed square, looked at the cord and the chalk letters, and walked away. Empty seats to right and left began to be hard to find, and more and more individuals walked up to Mr. Sharp's phalanx, looked at it curiously and withdrew. Finally one with a spirit more enterprising than common boldly seated himself on the front row of seats.

"See here, what are you doing?" said Mr. Sharp.

"Taking a seat to hear the music," said the new-comer.

"Then you may get up and leave it," said Sharp. "These seats are mine."

"Yours; why are they yours?" said the invader. "I don't see why they are yours any more than mine."

"Don't you?" said Sharp; "then I'll show you. Because I got here first. I took all the trouble to come earlier than any one else, and have sat here in the hot sun almost an hour keeping tramps off these seats and taking care of them generally. I'd like to know who they do belong to if they don't to me?"

"Well," said the man, seriously impressed, "you might let me sit here anyway; you can't use them all."

"Well," returned Sharp, "I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I didn't wear myself out taking care of these seats, and marking 'em and enclosing 'em for nothing. What'll you give me for one?"

"I'll give you ten cents," said the other.

"Ten cents?" said Sharp, contemptuously. "If you want a seat (with impressiveness) and want it enough to give a quarter for it, you can have it. I don't rent these seats for ten cents."

The man yielded, paid his twenty-five cents, and took a seat.

Meanwhile the people were gathering faster and faster, seats were becoming fewer, and by that time the music began. Mr. Sharp was doing a brisk trade. Suddenly a thought struck him. "Dunderhead that I am," said he to himself, "to let these seats go so cheap. Why, if I wait awhile, these people will get so tired standing 'round, they would be glad to give double the money for a chance to sit down;" and to the next applicant for a seat he remarked: "Seats have gone up. They're fifty cents apiece."

A good deal of grumbling followed upon this and for a time the demand for seats fell off, but backs soon began to ache, the sun burned hotter, and the weary pleasure-seekers began, one by one, to find their comfort worth the advanced price. Jack Sharp felt encouraged; his spirits rose with the increasing weight of his pockets, and his fancy was stimulated anew. Glancing down the Mall, he observed approaching from the main entrance to the park a new and large addition to the crowd of music lovers, and, without hesitating,

tion, his ready tongue had announced "one dollar," and his ready hand rejected the half dollar offered by the latest applicant for a place.

"But you said fifty cents," protested this one, a tired woman, "and fifty cents is too much, but I'm worn out standing so long and I'll give it. But as for a dollar, the seat isn't worth it. It's an absurd price."

"Absurd price, is it?" responded the indignant proprietor. "Too much and not worth it! You don't know what you are talking about, madam. The more people there are for the seats the higher the price must go. It's according to the natural law of supply and demand. Do you see all those people coming up the Mall? They're going to make a demand for those seats that will make them worth any price. I'm sorry if you can't give a dollar, but there's no use quarrelling about the price, it's according to political economy—it must be so."

The new arrivals were now at hand, the traffic in seats went on for a short time briskly, and the industrious Mr. Sharp pocketed a good harvest of bills and silver dollars. Still a great many seats remained empty and the people stood about resigned, preparing to enjoy themselves as best they might. Meanwhile the sun blazed fiercer and fiercer, the breeze died down, and the enjoyment of the music was not unalloyed. Jack Sharp, however, leaned back in his shady corner and, through with his labors, prepared to give himself up to the pleasures of the hour. But, looking about at the groups of standing people, his heart suddenly smote him.

"It is hot," said he to himself, "and those women and children do look very tired. What a pity they can't afford to have seats! I know what I'll do"—with a sudden inspiration. "There's a seat down there at the end that I believe I'll let 'em have for nothing, turn about. It's right in the sun," he added, appeasing a frugal conscience, "and I don't believe anybody'd hire it."

Sharp was a man of action, for his generous impulse was soon an accomplished fact. He even took the trouble to see that each occupant held the place but ten minutes, and that as many as possible enjoyed its advantages. Then, comfortably sitting down with a sense of perfect satisfaction at last, Mr. Sharp could give himself up with unmixed pleasure to a well-earned repose and the enjoyment of the sweet strains from the band.

Among the occupants of some benches not far away from Mr. Sharp's square of seats sat a young man with clear, observant eyes, rather idly gazing about at the scene before him. Suddenly turning to a person sitting at his right, he said: "Look at all those people standing over there. They look fagged and warm: why don't they take seats?" Looking carefully in the direction indicated, the man, one of years and experience, answered, "Why, there are not enough seats for them."

"Yes, there are," said the youth. "Look, there are plenty of them right there next to us—plenty of them. Why don't they take them?"

"O no, there are not," said the man of experience, "you are mistaken, there are not half enough. The seats will never go round. The trouble is there are too many people: they should not let so many in: the park is overcrowded."

"But," persisted the boy, "there are lots of seats at all events, and most of the people could sit down."

"Why, so they could, if they had the money to pay for them," said the older, "but they haven't."

"Pay," returned the other, "why have they got to pay?"

The man of experience began to wax impatient. "O, because they are not there—because they belong to Mr. Sharp; they're his property. That is why!"

"Mr. Sharp, who is he?" said the youth.

"That fine-looking man in the front row, that's Mr. Sharp, the owner of the seats."

For a moment the youth was silent, but almost immediately a returning light came upon him, and he continued: "Well, if he does own them he can't possibly use them all, and he might let those people have them, if they haven't the money."

A look of intense disgust appeared upon the countenance of the man of experience. "Oh, I see," said he, "I see what you are driving at. You're one of those Communist fellows, that's what you are. You'd like to take all property and divide it up in equal bits and hand it around! But I can tell you this much. You'd no sooner get it divided and parcelled out than it would be back again, unequal as ever, and we'd be just where we were."

"No, I'm not," cried the youth with emphasis, "I'm not a Communist at all, and don't believe in anything of the kind. But I do think it is pretty stingy of that Sharp to keep all those seats to himself and let those tired people stand. It's mean and grasping, that's what it is."

"Now, see here," and the tone of the indignant elder grew sharper, "that's a little too much. It's outrageous! Mr. Sharp, I can tell you, is a highly benevolent, philanthropic man. He's doing what he can all the time for the good of other people. Do you see that seat at the end of the second row, with a ragged little boy sitting in it, well, Mr. Sharp gives that seat for nothing; for nothing, sir, to any one who needs it. It is a perpetual benefaction. What is more, he gives it his own personal supervision, and administers its affairs in the most just and impartial manner—opening it to every one who comes along without exception, and making no distinction as to age, sex or color. And this man is called stingy, grasping and mean. It's shameful, shocking."

The ardent youth felt subdued. The convincing nature of these remarks left him no arguments to offer, and, though still inwardly unconvinced, he could only say helplessly and with an air of depression: "Is that so? All the same, it does seem a pity that those poor, tired people have to stand, when the rest of us have good seats."

"That is very true," said the man of experience, "it is a pity, but that's the way it goes. Some have more than others. It always was so since the world began, and it always will be. It's the natural order, and it can't be helped."

Meanwhile the selections by the band had all been played, the shadows grew long upon the grass, and the masses of people were separating and moving towards the gates. Mr. Sharp was one of the first to rise, and with

a comfortable sense of duty done and pockets well filled, he left the scene of his labors and was soon lost to view in the shifting crowd.

This, however, did not prove the end of this intelligent man's activity. He was not one to pause in well-doing and let the work of to-day excuse the idleness of to-morrow. No time was lost before his well-earned dollars were invested in a small speculation, and by measures in harmony with his initial efforts, and means always possible to the wide-awake and knowing, they increased and grew, till in time Mr. Sharp's name spread abroad and he waxed fat in the land.

Many years passed, and on another bright June afternoon, when the Park was gay with carriages and people were merry with the sound of music and the voices of children, a father and his son walking along the East Drive observed a dashing four-in-hand, driven by a distinguished looking gentleman of advancing years. "Look, father," said the boy, "who is that?" "That, my son," answered the father, "is the celebrated Mr. Sharp, one of our leading citizens. I am told that he began life as a poor boy, without a dollar in his pockets, and that by his own unaided efforts he has attained his great wealth and honored position in society. He is, in fact, my son, a fine example of what is possible to industry, integrity, and perseverance under the free and equal institutions of this great and glorious land."

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

JOHN FARRELL.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 21.—In Victoria the new ministry, formed by Mr. Shiels chiefly out of wreckage from both sides of the late coalition government, has formulated its policy. Rigid retrenchment in every possible direction is to be practiced; salaries and the working expenses of departments are to be reduced, and taxation is to be increased in several directions. The first care of the Government is to get funds for carrying on work and to find some kind of State employment for the great and growing army of unemployed. When that has been done Mr. Shiels promises to consider the advisability of canceling the present abortive Victorian land tax. This tax is based upon area. It was introduced with a view to "bursting up big estates," but has chiefly resulted in a marked growth of perjury. Mr. Shiels's proposition is to replace it with a tax on land values. But his reign will probably be brief. A general election looms ahead, in which the issues will be "a vote for thrift" as against manhood suffrage, a stock tax, and other measures of retaliation against the New South Wales protective duties. The railway commissioners have just been suspended by the present Government for declining to recognize certain provisions of an act of Parliament regulating railway management. The administration of the Victorian railways under the Commission has been wasteful and unsatisfactory in the extreme, and it is probable that political control of them will be re-established.

Quiet prosperity distinguishes New Zealand. At every dinner of bank directors or similar functionaries, the departure of capital from the colony is dwelt upon, and with some reason. But the harm which the tax on capital does is more than compensated for by the good of the tax on land values. In South Australia labor is mustering its forces for a political fight which should prove victorious. The only election we have lately had has been for the Barcoo district of Queensland. This was the great centre of disturbance during the shearing strike of last year, and the labor candidate who came forward was a prominent officer of the union, who had been prosecuted for riotous conduct. He was returned by a considerable majority. It is sure that the next political battle in Queensland will be one of the bitterest that colony has ever seen. The right-about-face performed by Sir Samuel Griffith in regard to black labor and land grant railways is one of the worst exhibitions of political consciencelessness that has been witnessed here. Last election returned sixty out of seventy-two members to the Queensland Parliament pledged against black labor. Yet in face of this Sir Samuel now wishes to legalize the re-importation of the Kanaka—virtually to re-establish slavery. Queensland is in a deplorable condition just now, hundreds of respectable women crowding the doors of the Government labor bureaus and begging food for their starving families.

In New South Wales there is little change. The unpopularity of the so-called protective duties as shown by the huge petitions against them presented to the Legislative Council increases. The protectionists are having their faith sharply tested. There is general depression, and the dawn of the better time which 15 per cent. duties were to bring with them seems far off. Our Parliament is about to go into recess, but is pledged to immediately convene a short session for the purpose of re-enacting the electoral bill containing the one-man-one-vote principle which was rejected by the Legislative Council. This is but a farcical appeal to the shilling gallery, however. They know the Council will throw it out again, and that while they have fastened heavy new duties upon the people, they can make profession of having attempted to patriotically amend the franchise.

In the meantime the single tax movement goes on vigorously in all the colonies. In the city and suburbs not a week goes by without lectures and meetings. Literature is being widely distributed and eagerly read. A very remarkable sermon on the occasion of a harvest thanksgiving was recently preached at Albany by the Rev. Canon Kingsmith. The reverend gentleman dwelt at considerable length upon the destruction which overtook several of the great nations of the past through the aggregation in a few hands of land necessary to the well-being of all. In the most uncompromising language he denounced the irresponsible private ownership of land as giving some men a power over others which none should possess. This utterance has attracted wide attention and induced much remark. It has been fortunate in appearing in print almost at the same time as a totally different kind of pronouncement, in the shape of an address delivered before the Presbyterian Assembly by the new moderator, the Rev. Dr. White. Such a scream of terrified Toryism as Dr. White's address has hardly ever been heard here before. It chiefly consists of an argument that because anybody earns anything he has not nearly so good a right to it as somebody

else has, and that benevolent despots of the Andrew Carnegie kind are the ideal lawmakers. Some time ago Dr. White, who is understood to have laid up riches in the shape of corner allotments, which the moth, nor the rust, nor anything but the single tax can affect, wrote a pamphlet criticising Henry George, quite in keeping with his last outbreak. His address has been ridiculed by almost every paper that has noticed it at all.

In Adelaide, on March 8th last, there was a remarkable "mass meeting for men" addressed by the young Methodist preachers of the colony. The subjects dealt with were the industrial and social questions of the day in their relation to religion, and some of the addresses were extremely vigorous and effective. On the chairs in the Albert Hall were laid a large number of copies of the late Rev. Hugh Gilmore's lecture on "The Single Tax," and also of an essay on the same subject by J. N. Birks, permission having been obtained from the Rev. G. E. Rowe to do so. The speech of this reverend gentleman was received, even according to the protectionist paper, with loud and long-continued applause from a meeting which, on a suffocating night, packed every inch of space. The subject of Mr. Rowe's address was "The New Crusade," and he did not shrink from exposing the cause of the prevalence of human suffering and misery and the remedy. In everything but name the meeting was like that of a Single Tax League, at which half a dozen of the most enthusiastic disciples of Henry George had come together. The fervor of the speakers and the enthusiasm of the audience have not been excelled on any occasion in South Australia. Such an alliance of democracy and Christianity cannot fail to have a marked effect not only upon the people, but upon the forsaken ecclesiastics who drone out formal platitudes in almost empty churches.

IN VICTORIA.

FREDERICK T. HODGKINS.

NORTH CARLTON, Victoria, Australia, March 18.—Dr. R. Giffen, chief of the statistical department of the Board of Trade in England, has been visiting over here. In an address delivered at Hobart, he showed that of the population of the British Empire 11,000,000 only of the 340,000,000 were under protection, and there was a relatively greater growth of the empire in the United Kingdom, in India, and the miscellaneous colonies, which were all countries of free trade policy, being directed by the free trade government at home, than in the English speaking, self-governing colonies, which might be assumed to be all, more or less, of protectionist policy. The increase of trade in twenty years of the free trade sections was much more than the total imports and exports of all the rest of the empire put together. Within the area of the British Empire the prevalent and increasingly prevalent policy was certainly free trade, and not, as was sometimes supposed, the policy of protection. Similarly throughout the world it was not the protectionist policy which covered most ground, or which had been advancing most in recent years. Some of the countries where the protectionist policy prevailed were stationary countries like France and Austria. It was not theory but the compulsion of hard facts which made England adopt free trade, and similar facts are also compelling the leading nations of the world more and more in the direction of free trade whether they like it or not.

THE QUOTA SYSTEM OF REPRESENTATION.

Stoughton Cooley of Chicago, Ill., is actively agitating the quota system of representation as a substitute for the district system. The Atlantic Monthly has opened its columns to the subject, and the Chicago News favors the proposed reform, which is attracting wide attention. The quota system can be best understood by means of an illustration given by Mr. Cooley at the last meeting of the Chicago Single Tax Club, which approves it as the second step in political reform, of which the Australian ballot was the first, and "calls upon the single tax clubs and leagues, and all citizens and associations interested in political reforms, to consider this matter with a view to the taking of such action as shall bring it effectively before the people." Mr. Cooley, after explaining that the cause of legal disfranchisement lies in the election of representatives from arbitrary districts and wards by plurality votes, and the remedy in abolishing these arbitrary districts and wards and electing from the political unit as a whole, by means of the quota system, said: "The Congressional election of 1890 in Missouri will serve as an illustration. The total vote for Congressmen was 463,043, which, being divided by fourteen, the number of representatives to which the State is entitled, gives a quota of 33,074. The Republicans polled 184,337, which, divided by 33,074 (the quota), gives five full quotas and a remainder of 18,967; the Democrats having cast 253,736 votes, have seven full quotas and a remainder of 22,218; the United Labor party polled 23,492 votes. There being still two representatives to be chosen they are taken from the parties having the largest unfilled quotas—the Democratic and the United Labor parties. This gives a Congressional delegation of five Republicans, eight Democrats, and one United Labor man, instead of the fourteen Democrats as at present."

OWEN SCOTT, FREE TRADER.

In his able and eloquent speech in Congress on the free wool bill, Owen Scott, a member from Illinois, met the issue squarely. He said:

It is claimed that the protective system has been productive of great wealth. This is not true, for taxation does not produce. It destroys. It may truly be said that by levying tribute on the many and giving it to the few protection aggregates great wealth. This it has done. The congested condition of money and values to-day in the hands of the few is the direct result of thirty years of tariff taxes. Thirty thousand persons own more than half the wealth of this nation. This is an alarming condition.

* * * Tear down the walls of protection. Build roads between nations, teach our people that trade and commerce are not crimes, and wealth will not only be produced, but will be distributed as naturally as the sun's rays fall upon every part of the earth.

Send orders to THE STANDARD for Henry George's reply to the Pope. Cloth, 75c.; paper, 30c.

SINGLE TAX NEWS.

The Single Tax is a tax on land, regardless of its improvements and in proportion to its value. It implies the abolition of all other forms of taxation, and the collection of the public revenues from this source alone. It would be **CERTAIN**, because land values are most easily appraised; **WISE**, because, by discouraging the withdrawal of land from use and encouraging its improvement, it would expand opportunities for labor, augment wealth, and increase the rewards of industry and thrift; **EQUAL**, because every one would pay taxes in proportion to the value of the land, of right the common property of all, which he appropriated to his own use; and **JUST**, because it would fall not upon labor, enterprise, and thrift, but upon the value of a special privilege. It is more fully explained in the Single Tax Platform in another column; and in "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, every point is discussed and every objection answered.

The underlying principle of the single tax—that the earth belongs equally to all, and that the best way to secure substantial justice is to tax the occupant an amount equal to the yearly value of the land—is sound.—Journal of the Knights of Labor, September 24, 1891.

We have no hesitation in declaring our belief that the ideal taxation lies in the Single Land Tax, laid exclusively on the rental value of land, independent of improvements.—New York Times, January 10, 1891.

The best and surest subject of taxation is the thing that perforce stays in one place; that is land.—New York Sun, August 26, 1891.

Every one of these taxes [on commodities and buildings] the ostensible taxpayer—the man on the assessor's books—shifts to other shoulders. The only tax he cannot shift is the tax on his land values.—Detroit News, November 1, 1891.

The Bee does not say that it will never be a full-fledged single tax advocate. It believes in it in theory now; it pauses only on the threshold of doubt as to the expediency under existing circumstances.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

The products of individual industry should remain at all times untaxed. Take the annual rental value of land without regard for improvements, no matter what it amounts to. The community could put this fund to better uses than the individual landlords.—St. Louis Chronicle.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE.

The National Committee is carrying on the newspaper work of the Memphis committee in supplying news companies with single tax matter for their ready prints and plates.

Receipts for week ending April 26:

From Western Newspaper Union, for Single Tax Moulds.....	\$22 50
Balance reported last week.....	62

Balance on hand.....	\$29 12
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LIABILITIES.

Due A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company, for composition, etc.....	52 50
GEO. ST. JOHN LEAVENS, Secretary.	

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Tom L. Johnson has become the recognized political leader of the single tax movement. In less than one session of Congress, by boldness, management, and open-and-above-boardness, he has pushed the free trade fight farther ahead than the timid tariff reform policy would have carried it in an age; has brought the single tax issue well to the front, and has achieved for himself an enviable national fame and a far-reaching and effective political influence. The protectionists have determined to get his seat if possible. By re-districting the State they have cooked up a district for him in which he must overcome two thousand Republican majority. This looks like no small obstacle. But it must be remembered that when he was first a candidate—running as a free trader—four years ago he came within 600 votes of election in a hard and fast protection district; and when he ran the second time in a district where the Democrats had a normal majority of less than 1,500 he won by more than 3,000. And so popular has he become since then, not only in the House and at Washington, but in his own district and State, that it was conceded by the Republicans last winter at the Ohio capitol, that they could not arrange a district to beat Tom Johnson. That this idea was pretty well founded may be inferred from a leading editorial in the East End Signal of Cleveland, a Republican paper of Mr. Johnson's district. Another Republican paper, the Leader, had urged delay in nominating candidates for Congress, and the Signal replied that while the advice might be well enough for other Ohio districts, it must be remembered that "in this one we will have Tom L. Johnson to beat, and the candidate that downs him in an election must begin soon, rise early, and stay up late!"

The italics are the Signal's, not ours.

The investigation into the unfair methods of assessing land values in the District of Columbia, whereby small home owners pay taxes on a large proportion of the value of their homes and large landowners pay on only a small proportion of the value of their holdings, is proceeding before Hon. Tom L. Johnson's special committee. The details have not yet been given to the public, but they will soon appear, and the report promises to be startling. There is every probability that it will have a tendency to advance the District Single Tax bill. That bill is in suspense for the present, awaiting the result of the investigation into the methods of assessment in the District, but members of the House committee are in daily receipt of requests from all parts of the country for a favorable report, and the sentiment in its favor in the House is growing. The Central Labor Union, of Springfield, Mo., representing twenty-two unions and about 2,000 men, has unanimously adopted resolutions commending the bill, and sent a copy to each member of the committee on the District. At first there was considerable opposition to the resolutions, which Clarence L. Pinkham turned into enthusiastic support.

The custom of under assessments, which has prevailed in the District of Columbia, is not peculiar to that place. It prevails all over the country. But the single tax agitation is producing an effect, of which we get proof every now and again. The latest report comes from Edward Quincey Norton, who writes that the State officials of Alabama have directed that mineral lands, which have been assessed at nominal values as wild land, shall hereafter be assessed at their market value.

The Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives

have not yet appointed a hearing on the national petition, but it is believed that they will do so soon, when a strong delegation of prominent single tax men will attend. Meantime letters are pouring in upon Congressmen urging a favorable consideration of the petition.

J. T. Ripley, John Z. White and Warren Worth Bailey, a special committee of the Chicago Single Tax Club, have arranged with the Columbian Fair authorities for the International Single Tax Congress in August, 1893, under the auspices of the Fair Commission, provided the National Committee of the Single Tax League votes in favor of holding it. The vote on the subject is coming in slowly. A majority of the committee has not yet responded, but all the votes so far given are in the affirmative.

The yeast is at work in Burlington, Iowa. Only a few avowed single tax men are there, but they have made so deep an impression that James Hagerty, the most active among them, was supported by nearly one-third of the delegates to the Democratic convention for assessor, and as an independent candidate at the election he polled 630 votes. The single tax is generally understood in the city among business men, and as may be seen, there is a strong drift in its favor. At Springfield, Mo., where but a few months ago there were not more than three or four single tax men, Thomas B. Love, who believes in the doctrine and is of the unlimited variety, has just been elected city attorney on the Democratic ticket, and it is believed that his election was due to the support of single tax men. The forwardness of the movement in Springfield is largely due to the untiring efforts of Ethelbert W. Grabbill. Political progress is not confined to localities in Missouri. At least three of the leading candidates for places on the Democratic State ticket there are single tax men.

The single tax newspaper syndicate at St. Louis is now furnishing thirty-one local single tax papers, the aggregate weekly circulation being 8,000. These papers are published in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, Florida, Texas, District of Columbia, North Dakota, and Maryland. The cost of maintaining a local paper of this kind is so slight, and the paper itself is so good, that it offers an opportunity for most effective work in almost every county of the Union.

W. Edwin Brokaw, so well known to STANDARD readers, has been impressed with this fact, and on April 30th he begins the publication of the weekly Iowa Jeffersonian, at Des Moines. As soon as he gets fairly under way, he will combine lecturing with editorial work.

The Reading, Penn., World, in a leading editorial, gives a full account of the National Single Tax petition to Congress, and declares its belief that the single tax theory "deserves a systematic official inquiry, and that proving antefactory, a practical demonstration." The Newark, N. J., Evening News is beginning to think. It has thought enough to "onder what special consideration the community owes to 'the man who cuts land into building lots, places a big price upon it, and holds it in the hope of exorbitant profit.'" The occasion is the discovery that the Navesink Park, in Monmouth county, which cost the syndicate that owns it \$400,000 for land and \$75,000 for improvements, and which in consequence of improvements in the neighborhood is now worth over \$615,000, pays taxes on a valuation of \$30,000. The Newark paper would be astounded if the Monmouth syndicate agreed with it, and the Burlington, Iowa, Daily Hawkeye is astounded to find a landowner in Burlington, Frank S. Churchill, who so sincerely rejoices over the increase of taxes on his vacant lots that he has written to the assessor approving his policy of doubling the tax valuation of that kind of property. If the Hawkeye could see the process that is going on in that State as the Cincinnati Post sees it in Ohio, it would forget Mr. Churchill's generosity, and like the Post, be startled at the growth of landlordism. The Post quotes census figures which show that in ten Ohio counties where the percentage of hired farms in 1880 was 24.96, it is in 1890 as high as 37.10; and after saying that landlordism is growing steadily in Ohio, it asks: "Are we rapidly approaching the condition of poor rent ridden Ireland?"

Geo. C. Ward, who appears frequently in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, is said by the Clay Centre (Kansas) Despatch to be an able writer on finance. This may be, but judged by his writings he is not a very able thinker. He has been fluttering around the single tax question like a moth around a candle for some time, and at last he has fallen into the trap. This catastrophe occurred when the Farmers' Alliance Advocate, of Topeka, Kan., let him into its columns and allowed W. H. H. Wakefield, editor of the Lawrence Jeffersonian, to answer him. "When it comes to land and taxation," says the Clay Centre Despatch, "Wakefield is too much for Ward."

One after another we learn of papers which, without being pronounced, are well disposed toward the movement. The last of these is the Toledo Bee, a Democratic daily with perhaps the largest circulation of any paper in Northern Ohio, which is said to cast a kindly eye toward the single tax and to be on good terms with the single tax men of Toledo. Perhaps C. C. Packard, of the Toledo Sunday Journal, may have excited this friendly disposition.

The Single Tax Club of Bloomington and Normal, Illinois, now holds its regular meetings at Normal to accommodate the students at the college there, a large proportion of whom are single tax men. The president of the club, Professor David Felmy, is one of the Normal faculty. The other officers are B. F. Vaughn, a student, Rev. H. O. Hoffman, and Rev. Frank Crane, vice-presidents; and Edward H. Bailey, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Crane, pastor of the largest Methodist Church in Central Illinois, is expected soon to deliver an address on the subject at a public meeting. The Chicago Single Tax Club has voted to co-operate with the Chicago Municipal Gas League in agitating for the establishment of a city gas plant. The Philadelphia society has obtained the consent of Professor Robert Ellis Thompson to debate the protective tariff with a representative of the society. The Carleton Economic Reading Circle of Brooklyn was attended at its last meeting at the Misses Turner's by twenty-five men and women, many of them being strangers. The discussion, which was on labor, lasted for an hour, when, as usual with these circles, the social

features began, but on this occasion the interest in the discussion was so strong that by common consent the two features of the evening were mingled. The scheme of economic circles is extending. Miss Bachman, of Mauch Chunk, Penn., has just issued a circular which fully explains them. The object is to encourage people to read helpful and instructive books, and to stimulate readers to become careful students of economic and historical literature.

J. S. Maclean, of Columbus, Ohio, has had an experience which should bring comfort to individual workers everywhere. It shows that the most hardened sinner is often the surest convert. Among Mr. Maclean's acquaintances was a Republican protectionist, who seemed to be a hopeless case. He had said that "rather than vote for the single tax he would vote to have a wall built all around the country, cutting off all contact with the world." One day, when Mr. Maclean was handing tracts to a group of his acquaintances, he gave one—George's "Justice, the Object: Taxation, the Means"—to this protectionist, not with any hope of affecting him, but because he happened to be one of the group. To Mr. Maclean's surprise, this man, the next time they met, was earnestly trying to convince a batch of Republicans that the single tax is the only reform; and he became very angry because his auditors did not at once agree with him.

J. H. Teel, of Bowling Green, Ky., observes evidences of the diffusion of the doctrine. The People's party of that State are making a strong advertising point of their contemplated debate on taxation at the convention on the 30th; the Louisville Herald is an outright and effective single tax paper; live stock dealers are discussing the subject, and many of them advocating the reform; and the Rev. Dr. Mason, pastor of the Main street Baptist Church, has been preaching on the home and poverty in a way that gives the impression that the "cat" has been prowling about his study. R. Q. Norton, of Daphne, Ala., has delivered an address before the Commercial Club of Mobile, showing how the single tax would increase the prosperity of the city. At the public meeting at Neponsett, Mass., on the 30th, at which Levi Turner lectured on the single tax, taking "The Emancipation of Labor" as his text, every seat was occupied and intense interest was shown. Edgar L. Ryder, formerly of Minneapolis, but now practicing law at Sing Sing, New York, keeps up the agitation through the local press and in Democratic politics. George S. Bonnell, Percy Pepon, and Sheridan Webster, all of the St. Louis Single Tax League, have been elected to represent Typographical Union No. 8 in the St. Louis Central Labor Union.

From England we learn that at the late London Council election William Saunders was returned by a vote of two to one, and that his election to the next Parliament is placed beyond a doubt. From Australia we have two letters in another column showing the general situation there. In New Zealand the principle is spreading and taking deep root. Two-thirds of the best land in the country is in the hands of a few hundred people. The single tax law recently passed (taxing land values irrespective of all improvements under \$15,000 in value, but retaining protection and piling on an income tax, a full account of which has been published in THE STANDARD) has very much disgusted the landowners, but it has helped to open the eyes of other people. Ten years ago, when Sir George Grey was premier, a similar law passed, but the small settlers were misled by the weekly papers, owned and directed by the great land proprietors, and Sir George Grey's government was turned out and a general property tax adopted. But the people are better educated now, and the single tax law, instead of being repealed, will be improved by the rapid abolition of its non-single tax features. The Hon. J. Ballance, the premier of New Zealand, in a speech at Auckland, referring to the Tory charge that the land tax is the first step toward land nationalization, said he did not know whether it was the first step or the last, but if it were the first step so much the better for the land tax.

LESSONS FOR ECONOMIC READING CIRCLES.

VI.—UTILITY, VALUE, AND PRICE.—Utility is an absolute term, expressing the inherent quality of usefulness. Value is a relative term, expressing the result of a comparison, for purposes of trade, of one thing with another or with all others. Price is also a relative term, expressing the result of a comparison, for purposes of trade, of anything with money. The relative terms, Value and Price, always have correlatives; the absolute term, Utility, has none.

We may say of a quantity of wheat that it has Utility, because it can be changed into bread, or be planted and caused to produce more wheat, thus satisfying human wants; that it has Value, because people to get it will trade other things for it; and that it has Price, because people will buy it with money. So we may say of a slave, that he has Utility, because, like a machine, he can be made to produce wealth; that he has Value, because his power of producing future wealth can be traded for present wealth by trading him; and that he has Price, because he can be traded for money. Or of a lot of land, that it has Utility, because it will support the foundations of a dwelling; that it has Value, because it can be traded for present wealth; and that it has Price, because it can be traded for money. It will be seen that Utility and Value are the primary terms, Price merely expressing Value in terms of money.

A thing may have the highest degree of Utility and yet have neither Value nor Price; or it may have a great Value and a high Price, and yet have very little Utility. Nothing has greater Utility than the sun; but it has no Value, because it cannot be traded for anything else; nor any Price, because no money can buy it. For the same reasons the open sea, which has great Utility, has neither Value nor Price. On the other hand, diamonds, though their Utility is slight, have a great Value and command a high Price. And anything, whether it belongs to the class wealth, as a house; to the class land, as a building lot; or to the class labor, as a slave, may at once have Utility, Value, and Price.

SINGLE TAX LETTER WRITERS.

The most important measure now interesting single taxers is the bill introduced by Mr. Tom L. Johnson in Congress in January last (known as

H. R. 319), "To exempt improvements to real estate in the District of Columbia from taxation," and to assess land at its full market value.

This bill is now before the District of Columbia Committee, which will decide whether it shall be reported to the House, where it would be debated, and the single tax become a subject of national discussion.

The District Committee have received many letters from single taxers, but the greater number they receive urging them to report favorably the better. If the division of the committee brings any letter writer the name of a Congressman he has already addressed, let him please choose another committeeman.

- Division A—J. R. Fellows, of New York.
 " B—J. J. Belden, of New York
 " C—H. W. Rush, of Maryland.
 " D—C. A. Cadmus, of New Jersey.
 " E—William Cogswell, of Massachusetts.
 " F—Ed Hallawell, of Pennsylvania.
 " G—James E. Cobb, of Alabama.
 " H—S. T. Busey, of Illinois.
 " I—P. S. Post, of Illinois.
 " J—J. T. Heard, of Missouri.
 " K—J. J. Hemphill, of South Carolina, chairman.
 " L—J. D. Richardson, of Tennessee.
 " M—A. C. Harmer, of Pennsylvania.
 " N—E. E. Meredith, of Virginia.

Let corps members urge their friends to write also. Only a few lines will do.

New York, 1674 Broadway. MARIAN DANA MACDANIEL, Secretary.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

TAXING NAVIGATION COMPANIES.

W. S. Shaw, of Bracebridge, Ont., asks how the Navigation and Steamboat Company could be forced to pay its share of taxation if the single tax were in vogue.

If that company uses any valuable land, water privileges included, it would be taxed precisely as an individual would be taxed if he used similar valuable privileges. If it does not enjoy any special privilege from the Government, why should it be required to pay taxes while the value of such privileges, enjoyed by others, is sufficient for the support of government? Those who want to tax rich men or corporations merely because they are rich should distinctly understand that we are opposed to them. The single tax aims to take no man's private property, be he rich or poor; but only the value of the privileges which government confers upon him to the exclusion of others.

INTEREST ON LOANS.

L. Underhill, of Old Mission, Grand Traverse County, Mich., asks whether Henry George, when he says that interest is just, includes interest on money loaned.

He does. He argues that wealth applied in aid of production yields something more than both rent and wages, called interest; that as money represents wealth, a loan of money is equivalent to a loan of wealth; that no one will lend anything which is in itself productive unless he receives a part of what it produces; and that under free contract interest would be paid with advantage to both parties. In common use, however, the term interest is often misapplied. Incomes from spurious capital, such as war bonds, funded government debts, watered corporation debts, and the like, are spoken of as interest when they are really forms of taxation. This distinction is explained by Mr. George in "Progress and Poverty," in the chapter on "Spurious Capital."

CROWDING IN SPARSELY SETTLED KANSAS.

Frank Bowser, of Bernal, Reno County, Kan., says that some people have been crowded out of homes in that county, where many acres of land are held out of use on speculation, and wants to know how the single tax would adjust this state of affairs.

The single tax would fall upon all land in proportion to its value and regardless of whether it were used or not. Then no one could afford to own land merely for the sake of owning or selling it. There would be no profit either present or prospective in the owning of unused land. As a result owners of unused land would try to sell. This would bring large quantities of land into the market and reduce the price. As the price on land fell the tax on land users would fall also; but there would be no disposition to buy again on speculation, for every one would know that as soon as the price rose the tax would also rise and extract all the profits from the speculation, and more too. Hence, the price of all land would fall to its real value, which would reduce the value of the greater part of Reno County land to zero. When that condition had been reached the people of Reno County, when crowded out of homes, would go upon some of the neighboring unoccupied land and cultivate it without price and without tax. But the fact that they could do this would prevent their being crowded out.

LOW PRICES UNDER PROTECTION.

An Oregon protection paper having spoken of "the low price to which paper has fallen under the protecting influence of high duties," the Portland Telegram remarks that "the low price to which paper has fallen under the influence of protection" is extremely good, and sensibly adds:

It is true that paper is cheaper than it was years ago. So are steel rails. But to say that this is because of the tax on them is the very height of folly. Other causes have made these things cheaper in spite of the tax. The tax is still a burden on the consumers, and in so far as it is protective—that is, intended to benefit a class of people engaged in a certain business—it ought to be abolished and annihilated, and that is what is going to be done.

IDLERS NOT WANTED.

Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

If you have faith in Memphis show it. If not, sell the lands you are holding for other people to make valuable and move to the land of the midnight sun, where the atmosphere will be congenial.

OBJECT LESSONS.

This department contains facts, gathered from all parts of the world, that are of current interest and permanent value, and illustrate social and political problems. Information from trustworthy sources is solicited.

"UNEARNED INCREMENT."

Memphis (Tenn.) Public Ledger

A piece of property was sold in this city on a prominent corner for \$2,500 a front foot. It was owned, as many other valuable corners are owned, by a gentleman who does not live here, who does nothing to build it up or advance its progress. Other people who come here, live here and share the failures of the city, have built around it and increased its value, enriching an alien landlord who, having no use for the property himself, would not permit others to use it unless they had paid him an exorbitant rent, and who would not permit the users to own it until they had paid him an exorbitant price. This gentleman was enabled to hold this property because he escaped taxation. While he demanded \$60,000 for the property, he had it valued on the tax books at \$43,000, thus giving him \$17,000 worth of untaxed property that he held without a penny's expense until people were forced to come to his terms. This is not right. There is somebody or some system at fault. The poor man who owns a little home worth \$1,500, and on which he owes perhaps \$300, is taxed to the full measure of his wealth. There is no escape for him. The rich man who owns dollars where the poor man owns cents, is exempt. It may be stated that there is not a small house in the city that is valued at \$2,000 that could be sold for its assessed value. Yet here is one piece of property valued at \$17,000 more than it was assessed for, and upon which its owner enjoyed immunity from taxation for that amount. Verily there is something wrong. The single tax or some other method will have to be adopted before long in the cities.

The high price of Memphis realty has been a great drawback to the city. Owners who do not use the land are able to hold it and prevent others from using it. Manufacturers seeking locations are met on the threshold of their investigation with exorbitant prices for land, and many are scared away. The sum of \$2,500 a front foot is a price that few are able to pay, and the less these prices are exploited the better for the city. No one can be blamed for getting all he can for his property when he consents to sell, but the system that permits one man to become wealthy through no efforts of his own and as a result of other people's efforts should not exist.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The Kansas Democratic convention adopted resolutions in favor of free coinage of gold and silver, and instructed its delegates to vote for Cleveland. The Hill men supported the resolution embodying these instructions.

Oregon Democrats elected a solid Cleveland delegation to Chicago. Governor Penneyer, an anti-Cleveland man, was ignored.

The United States House of Representatives permitted Rockwell, Democrat of New York, to retain his seat in Congress, though the majority of the Committee on Privileges and Elections reported in favor of Noyes, the Republican contestant.

The anti-lottery ticket was elected in Louisiana, and the proposed constitutional amendment licensing the lottery received not a single vote.

Roswell Smith, president of the Century Company, is dead.

Severe earthquake shocks were felt in parts of California last week.

Many thousand homesteaders poured into the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations, opened to white settlers April 19.

It is asserted that President Harrison has begun negotiations for an international monetary conference.

Indiana Democrats declared for tariff reform, urged the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and named as second choice Governor Gray.

The New York State Census makes the population 6,510,000.

An apparent gain for free silver was shown in the United States Senate when a bill providing that Arizona be permitted to pay the interest on her debt in gold was amended so as to permit payment in lawful money of the United States.

William Astor, of New York, died of heart failure at Paris on the 26th.

There is a report that a third party, based on the Farmers' Alliance, will nominate Senator Teller for President and L. L. Polk, of the Alliance, for Vice-President on the single plank of free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver.

The United States Senate has passed its substitute for the House bill excluding the Chinese. The Senate bill continues for ten years. The law is now in force against Chinese immigration and makes provision for deporting Chinese illegally coming in.

FOREIGN.

According to an official despatch, the President of Venezuela has crushed the revolution.

Anarchists blew up with a twelve-pound dynamite bomb the restaurant in Paris in which Ravachol, the anarchist, was arrested. Ten persons were injured and the proprietor died of his wounds.

There was a dynamite plot to kill the infant king of Spain.

Bishop Lyge of England protested at a discussion in conference against the introduction of the question of socialism, but a subordinate bishop opposed him, and the conference was manifestly in sympathy with the subordinate bishop.

When King Humbert learned that the lower windows of his palace, the Quirinal, were being walled up for fear anarchists would blow up the palace, he had the work discontinued, declaring that the time had not come when the King of the Italian people must fortify his home against them.

PERSONAL.

Charles Hardon was born in Mansfield, Mass., January 2, 1834. He graduated from Amherst College in 1855; studied theology at Andover and Oberlin in 1856 and 1859; was ordained in the Swedenborgian Church in 1864, and preached for that church in Urbana, O., St. Louis, Mo., Peoria, Ill., Mansfield, Mass., Contoocook, N. H., Providence, R. I., and other places for various lengths of time from 1864 to 1880. Since that time he has been engaged in secular work at his present home in Contoocook, N. H. Mr. Hardon became acquainted with Henry George's works through Mr. John R. Waters, of New York, in 1888, and has given most of his efforts since to the dissemination of the principles of the single tax. He is at present editor of the local department of one of the syndicate single tax papers printed at St. Louis, and is the author of numerous sermons, lectures, and tracts treating of religious subjects. He has contributed somewhat to THE STANDARD, the New Earth, and other papers in advocacy of the doctrines of Henry George.



J. Comly Fetter, city clerk of Reading, Penn., a prominent local politician and lawyer, recently declared that the single tax would be the best method for raising municipal revenues.

Governor Pattison has appointed A. B. Farquhar, of York, Penn., executive commissioner for Pennsylvania of the Board of World's Fair managers.

The vote of Congressman Otis, of Kansas, against the free wool bill, makes it extremely probable that his first term in Congress will be his last; while Jerry Simpson's vote, in favor of the bill, has made him stronger at home than ever.

W. J. Atkinson, of the Hand to Hand Club, whose address is Box 197, Chantertown, Md., is still filling orders for the Hand to Hand Club edition of "Protection or Free Trade?" Ten copies of this edition are mailed post paid for \$1 to from one to ten addresses.

Replying to Senator Daniel's plea for David B. Hill, that his public career has been uncontaminated by any charge of corruption, Montague K. Leverton writes from the University of Virginia to the Richmond State, asserting that Hill's public career has been one long course of venality and corruption. And Mr. Leverton proves his charge.

An estate manufacturer of Youngstown, Ohio, who made the mistake of assuming that Billy Radcliffe, one of the best known and best respected men of the State, is a "common fakir," called him a man of one idea, and advised him to drop single tax literature and inform himself by reading "Mill's Wealth of Nations." Radcliffe promptly replied that he had no objection to being called a man of one idea; but, said he, "just reach for me on some other subject if you think my studies are one-sided." "As to reading 'Mill's Wealth of Nations,'" he added, "I'll let you hunt for it, and if you can find such a book read it; then if you still think it is the proper thing for me, you can send it to me and I will read and return it. And I will do as much for you with 'Progress and Poverty,' and then you can pass an honest opinion on it. See?"

There has just been published a very interesting collection of speeches made at a dinner given last December by Walter S. Logan in honor of the Mexican Minister to the United States, which throw a bright light upon conditions in Mexico. Mr. Logan characterizes Diaz as a nation-maker, the Mexican minister speaks of the future of Mexico and its relations to the United States, Professor John Fiske describes the Spanish conquest in America, Herbert H. Logan tells of the reclamation of the North American desert, George Cary Eggleston fervently prays that either "through Democratic free trade, through tariff reform, or through Republican reciprocity, or by some other means," the Americans and the Mexicans may come to trade freely with each other, and Salter S. Clark makes a word picture of the Santa Juliana silver mine of Mexico.

"The Exclusion of the Chinese from the United States" is the subject of an article which the Hon. John Russell Young, late United States Minister to China, has written for the May number of the North American Review.

Charles Robinson, the war governor of Kansas, is about to publish, through the Harpers, a work under the title of "The Kansas Conflict." Ex-Governor Robinson came very near, in 1870, to a joint nomination of the Alliance and the Democrats for Governor. He is an absolute free trader.

Professor F. von Wieser's recent essay on the "Theory of Value," which has been issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, contains a scientific explanation of the abstruse theory of value which is held by the Austrian school.

Congressman William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, in his speech on the free wool bill, said: "A system of taxation correct in principle and just in operation is the final goal and the essential of free government. As we approach such a system we broaden and equalize our freedom; as we depart from it we narrow and make an unjust distribution of that freedom."

John N. Tillard, the indefatigable single tax worker, at Altoona, Pa., has succeeded in making a radical change in assessment valuations in the Eighth Ward in that city. He so thoroughly imbued the mind of the ward assessor with the single tax doctrine that Tillard's own lot, with his neat residence thereon, was assessed three hundred dollars less than an adjacent vacant lot of the same size! This, however, was afterward changed, by reason of the vigorous protest of the vacant lot owner. The Eighth Ward comprises a great deal of unimproved property, and owing to Mr. Tillard's efforts,

vacant lots are now pretty fairly assessed at their true selling value. The results are—lower prices for lots, more sales of lots to improvers, a subdivision of several large buildings, and an increase in building operations in that part of the city. We are sometimes taunted by the over "practical" opponent of the single tax with the assertion that "no one knows how it would work—it has never been tried." But, in fact, wherever we make the slightest approach to the single tax, the result is always good. The speculator gives way to the improver, more buildings are put up, and more men have the opportunity of exchanging their labor for the things they need.

Judge E. F. Fellows, of Indianapolis, is frequently called upon to explain the single tax at public meetings, and he invariably responds in a way that sets his audience to thinking, not infrequently making converts on the spot.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

—James Middleton, of New Orleans, La., writes: As a single taxer and worker in the cause of social progress, I watched with interest the silver controversy in Congress, and though a greenbacker, I viewed the defeat of the Bland bill without regret. I agree with single taxers and free traders that just taxation is by far the greatest issue; but I am not willing, as some seem to be, to ignore all other issues. I am inclined to regard that position simply as a subterfuge of a goldite. I believe so long as taxes are paid in money that the currency question will be intimately connected with tax reform. I am pleased by the defeat of the Bland bill, because I believe the ends sought by the true free silver men, the breaking of the gold conspiracy and the broadening of the basis of our currency, can be accomplished in a much better way.

A bill which proposes to increase the revenues of the owners of silver mines and silver bullion some \$22,000,000 per year, and at the expense of the taxpayers, is a bill to be viewed with suspicion.

I believe that the profits on silver coinage, which at the present price of silver and rate of purchase by government amounts to about \$22,000,000 annually, should go to the taxpayer, and not to the silver monopolists.

There is still an even graver objection, the one made by Mr. Harter, that free coinage would drive out gold, thus contracting instead of expanding the currency, defeating the professed object of the bill to the benefit of owners of silver mines and silver bullion.

The ends which the champions of the people sought in the free coinage of silver were these: to broaden the basis of our currency, to break the gold ring, and to make money easier.

The simple remedy which I urge for their consideration, and for the consideration of all true currency reformers is this: repeal the exception clause, "except when otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract," which is found both in the Bland bill of 1878 and the Coin Treasury Note bill of 1890.

The remedy is simple, yet, I believe, far-reaching in its beneficence.

It will still provide a market for nearly the whole output of the American mines; but it will retain to the people the value of the Government fiat. It will retain gold in actual circulation, because it will give the gold men the value of their gold. It will make all gold, silver, and coin treasury notes full legal tender for all debts, public and private, thus increasing our legal tender currency.

If the almost unanimous decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of *Julliard versus Greenman*, March, 1884, is correct (see also *Randolph on Commercial Paper*, vol. 1., sec. 98), it will effectually break the gold ring conspiracy which is forcing up gold and depreciating all other prices in relation thereto.

It will make us independent of bogus international money conferences, better called conspiracies.

It is the government fiat which makes even gold circulate as legal tender. Remove that and gold would depreciate and circulate only as a commodity.

The government fiat cannot extend beyond the taxing power of the government; hence so far as gold and silver are shipped abroad in settling balances on foreign exchanges, they are estimated as bullion and not as currency.

So far as they go abroad to pay interest and principal of American bonds they go at the valuation placed by the American Government. The price of securities in foreign markets, in the future, as in the past, would be regulated by the laws of commerce.

I appeal to all workers for social progress, in Congress and out, to give these suggestions careful consideration.

MILLIONAIRE AND MENDICANT.

J. K. KILBOURN.

Lazarus sits upon the door step,
Dives sits upon a throne;
Dives dines on bread and beef-steak,
Lazarus takes the crust and bone.
There's a great gulf fixed between them,
Which grows greater with the years;
For harder grows the heart of Dives,
As faster fall the poor man's tears.
In this world one has the good things:
The other takes what he has left.
One fares sumptuously on God's bounty,
While his brother is bereft.
Yet we know God's laws are equal.
Though man robs his fellow-man,
Behind the great white throne of Heaven
We may the form of Justice scan.
Seek we through Divine uprightness
Blessings that the kingdom brings,
For our Heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

TAKING BEECHER'S ADVICE.

The Chicago Times observes that "when it is remembered that 87,000,000 babies are born every year, the extraordinary discrimination of the Astor baby in its choice of parents becomes more awe-inspiring." The late Henry Ward Beecher advised young men to first choose good stock to be born from. The Book of Proverbs declares that the hand of the diligent maketh rich. Not only, therefore, is the discrimination of young Mr. Astor awe-inspiring, but his diligence is all-conquering.

MISTAKE OF THE HUMAN OSTRICH

New York World.

In the discussion in the St. Louis Medical Society over the "human ostrich," in whose remains had been found a collection of nails, tacks, screws and broken glass, one learned physician quoted the opinion of a follower of Henry George to the effect that the freak might have been still alive if he had stuck to the single tack.

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

New York World

Governor Russell, in his able speech in Rhode Island, punctured the contradictory claims of the protectionists with this sharp inquiry : " Do they want higher duties to make lower prices and lower prices to pay higher wages ? "

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

THE STANDARD is a weekly paper of sixteen pages, and is the leading single tax and free trade periodical of the world. Its subscription price is \$3.00 a year, payable in advance.

Standard Extension List for 1892.—To introduce THE STANDARD to new readers, the publisher will receive from persons not already subscribers' subscriptions for 1892 at \$1.00. This offer is *not for one year, but for the period from date of receipt of subscription to the last issue of 1892.*

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CIRCULATION OF "THE STANDARD."

Regular subscriptions received this week.....	15
Extension " " " ".....	50
Total subscriptions for week ending April 25	65
Unexpired subscriptions.....	5,580
Sales, etc.....	580
On hand for future sales.....	150

Total circulation, issue of April 27..... 6,375

For the purpose of enabling regular subscribers to see whether or not their respective States are sufficiently represented in the Extension List, we give the list by States. We make no comment; each subscriber may make his own. The list is as follows:

Alabama.....	6	Mississippi.....	4
Arkansas.....	11	Montana.....	14
California.....	58	Nebraska.....	30
Canada.....	135	New Hampshire.....	15
Colorado.....	41	New Jersey.....	140
Connecticut.....	70	New Mexico.....	15
Delaware.....	13	New York.....	451
District of Columbia.....	42	North Carolina.....	4
England.....	8	North Dakota.....	2
Florida.....	10	Ohio.....	119
Georgia.....	9	Oklahoma Territory.....	2
Illinois.....	109	Oregon.....	70
Indiana.....	24	Pennsylvania.....	161
Indian Territory.....	1	Rhode Island.....	45
Iowa.....	126	South Dakota.....	15
Idaho.....	1	Texas.....	44
Kansas.....	39	Tennessee.....	27
Kentucky.....	13	Utah.....	8
Louisiana.....	12	Vermont.....	7
Maryland.....	6	Virginia.....	18
Massachusetts.....	158	West Virginia.....	9
Missouri.....	84	Wisconsin.....	20
Maine.....	43	Washington.....	53
Minnesota.....	151	Wyoming.....	1
Michigan.....	135		
Mexico.....	2		
		Total.....	2,562

Persons, not now subscribers, who receive this issue of THE STANDARD and wish to subscribe for the year 1892, for one dollar, may do so by forwarding the money to THE STANDARD, 42 University place, New York City.

All such subscribers will receive in addition to the paper, his choice from all of Henry George's works in the best paper bound edition.

The paper will be sent for four weeks on trial to any address for ten cents.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PAINTING AND PAPERING.

ALICE CHITTENDEN.

Fashion is at best a fickle mistress, and the conservative person who paints his house outside or inside only when it is necessary, and not merely because a certain color is the prevailing one of the season, will do well to paint, when he does do it, without any regard to fashion. The eye quickly tires of the cottages in glaring red and yellow, with sickly yellowish brown trimmings and green blinds, which have sprung up all over the country. If you paint your house or paper your walls in perfect taste you will never tire of it. If you tire of a thing quickly you may rest assured that it is not in accordance with true art.

Drive through any suburban village, and notice how you shrink from the sight of a house painted in shades of sickly yellows or pinkish reds just as you do from the flower beds by which such specimens of art are generally surrounded—flower beds in which the vivid hues of the scarlet geranium are mingled with the delicate tones of its dainty pink sister, a combination for which we have no precedent in nature.

On the other hand, how restful is the cottage painted all over with a deep, dark red, possibly still further deepened with umber or lampblack. The blinds may be painted in the darkest shade of bronze green, and whether this house be standing among the luxuriant green of summer or the dun browns of late autumn, or against a gray December sky, it will harmonize with the former or give warmth to the latter. Another advantage of this color is that it wears longer and better than almost any other. In some settings a dark green, so dark as to be almost "invisible," with Indian red trimmings, is a very desirable tone. For a country house white with green blinds will never lose its charm for some persons, and quite deservedly, too.

The toy cottage style of ornamenting with cheap and fanciful trimmings of wood like the embroidery on a child's dress, and of painting this ornamentation in some contrasting color, is to be deplored. Without such decoration the same house

might be attractive by its very simplicity, whereas now it is an object of indifference or derision.

Wall papers are increasing in delicacy of coloring and beauty of design every year, and what is to many of us quite as interesting a fact, in cheapness as well. When ten rolls of paper, which is sufficient to paper an ordinary room, cost one dollar, it is only the thought that it will cost two or three times as much to have it hung that keeps us from purchasing.

If you will exactly follow these directions, you will have no trouble in putting a new paper on yourself. I speak from experience, although I had to gain the experience as I went along. I did not succeed so well at first as I have since done.

If the wall has been papered, wet the old paper thoroughly with a large sponge dipped in warm water, and after allowing it to soak scrape it off with a broad-bladed knife. The next process is the "sizing." Put one-half pound of No. 1 glue in cold water, soak for an hour, set over the fire, pour on boiling water and stir until it is of a thin consistency. If it sticks and scales off when pressed between thumb and finger, it is too thick and more water must be added. This quantity is sufficient for a room 15 by 15, containing two doors and two windows. Apply it with an old, clean whitewash brush. If this sizing is not used the porous walls absorb the paste and consequently the paper loosens. A whitewashed wall must be washed with equal parts of vinegar and water before sizing or the glue will not stick.

Next make a paste with one pound of wheat flour, to which is added a quarter of a pound of powdered alum. This will hang from ten to twelve rolls of paper.

As few houses possess a table long enough, it is best to improvise one by placing a board across two empty barrels. Cut the first length of paper, stretch it on this table, which should be as wide as the paper, even if two boards are necessary, and apply the paste smoothly and evenly to the back, using a house painter's brush. Now double the two ends over until they meet in the middle, leaving the paste inside, and with a long, sharp scissors cut the selvages off; if these have been made to exactly meet, you will have no trouble. Have ready your step-ladder (and here you may not trust to one improvised of a chair and a foot-stool): loosen one end of the paper, and holding

it right side toward you, stick the top to the wall. Be very sure to begin straight with the first piece and after that you will have no trouble. With a new whitewash brush take long, even, downward strokes, brushing the paper smoothly to the wall.

If it wrinkles anywhere, take the two lower corners, pull it up as far as the wrinkles and try again. In fitting the next breadth the only caution to observe is to have the figures match. This may necessitate cutting away some of the paper, and these small pieces may match over doors or windows if you have no border. To apply a wide border you will need an assistant, unless you put it on in short lengths and join it neatly.

As the frieze adds considerably to the expense of papering, you may cheapen it by using a plain felt or cartridge paper cut in three. This paper is thirty inches wide, and will thus give a border ten inches deep. A fair quality may be had for thirty cents a roll of five yards. If a very deep frieze is desired, cut it in two.

One of the freshest and daintiest rooms I know of was lately papered by a home artisan. The side wall shows popples in dull red, with leaves in shades of olive, on a faint cream ground. The flowers have long, graceful stems, and droop as if wind-tossed. It cost ten cents a roll. The frieze was of cartridge paper in old blue, separated from the side walls by a picture rail of pine an inch and a half wide, stained old oak before it was put up.

One simple change that any one can effect (and the best of us long for a change once in a while, provided it be for the better), is the substitution of stained floors for carpets during the heat and dust of summer. Carpets will wear just twice as long if you roll them up and put them away out of the reach of moths for half the year. If a floor is so spotted and soiled that it will not take stain, as suggested in THE STANDARD of April 6th, you can paint it. A wide country hall painted a light yellow is one of the coolest and sweetest of summer sitting-rooms. A dark brown or mahogany red will give better satisfaction for living rooms. After the paint is thoroughly dry give one coat of varnish. This will simplify your Friday's cleaning more than you will believe until you have tried it.

Very pretty rugs may be made by a process of

double weaving from rags of any sort cut and sewed exactly as for rag carpet. These are alike on both sides and very durable. Old ingrain carpet, cut bias about an inch wide, ravelled for a quarter of an inch on either side and sewed together as for rag carpet, can also be woven into very rich looking rugs by most carpet weavers.

Americans have not yet learned to live during the tropical part of their year as natives who live in tropical countries do. We build and furnish our homes for winter, and quite properly, too, but we do not modify the furnishings in summer, as we should do in order to secure the greatest amount of ease, comfort and health.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

"IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT."

Belle E. Smith.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped:
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be laid aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned, to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully—
The eyes which chid me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow:
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel worn:
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged: forgive I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

PARAGRAPHS.

"Papa, I'm getting up a subscription to buy a lovely dollar doll I saw in a window yesterday." "Well, my child, is your subscription nearly up?" "Oh, yes, papa, almost: all I want from you is ninety-eight cents."—Texas Siftings.

Polish is given, not by adding something, but by removing imperfections.—Ram's Horn.

The right kind of a Christian never has to apologize anywhere for being religious.—Ram's Horn.

At the Toll-Gate.—Collector: "What have you got in that cart?" "Half a sheep." "Alive or dead?"—Il Motto per Ridere.

"How much housekeeping money do you allow your wife?" "As much as she asks for." "Does she make it do?"—Die Küche.

"Isn't that bathing-suit a regular work of art?" exclaimed Clara admiringly, as she held up the article in question. "Oh, no," responded Jack: "art is long."—Kate Field's Washington.

"I have met this man," said a lawyer, with extreme severity, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself," and then he paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling court and jury.—Tid-Bits.

The hardest thing to find,
Search everywhere you will,
Is he who had his wages raised
Under Bill McKinley's bill.

Property in land differs in its origin from property in any commodity produced by human labor. The product of labor naturally belongs to the laborer who produced it, but the same argument does not apply to land, which is not produced by labor, but is the gift of the Creator of the world to mankind. Every argument used to give an ethical foundation for the exclusive right of private property in land has a latent fallacy.—Right Hon. Justice Langfield.

Robert Ingersoll Brown: "I've gwine to prove to yo' de fallacy ob yo' remarks. Yo' done say dat de Lawd made every animal an' insect for some use. Now, yo' jess tell me what use am de polecat, sah?" Brother Briggs: "De polecat, sah, has his strong points, sah."—Trenton Town Talk.

The true proprietor of land is not even the existing nation—it is the race, past, present, and future; the earth lends itself to all, and to each, passing from hand to hand, and from age to age, but gives itself to none.—Romane Delaune.

Two young ladies got into an electric car. One was pretty. All the seats were taken. Two young men were sitting together. Said one to the other—in German: "I'm going to give my seat to the pretty girl." The other replied, also in German: "Well, I suppose I must give mine to the ugly one, then." Both young ladies accepted the kindness and thanked the kind young men—in German.—Boston Herald.

Bobbie reaches some conclusions that are original if not correct. He said the other day: "I'm older than my papa or mamma, because my birthday comes before theirs."—Hartford Post.

Arguments brought forward in good faith, no matter how false they may be, have usually some good feeling behind them which should be looked for and respected.—Alice Thacher.

Little Flaxen Hair: "Papa, it's raining." Papa (somewhat annoyed by work on hand): "Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair (timidly): "I was going to."—Clothier's Monthly.

"I want to ask you something. I hope you won't think me too forward?" "Have no hesitation." "I am going to have some handkerchiefs embroidered, and I was wondering if it would be safe to have the initials of my maiden name placed on them."—Truth.

Wickers: "I don't believe there is much difference between genius and insanity." Vicars: "Oh, yes, there is: a heap. The lunatic is sure of his board and clothes."—Indianapolis Journal.

EVOLUTION OF THE HARVESTER.

Harper's Weekly.

The original cave-dweller—dear child of the working scientist—harvested his wheat crop by going out to his field and gnawing off the heads of the grain with his active jaws. The plan had its advantages and also its disadvantages—on the whole our able progenitor longed for something better. Then there arose a thoughtful paleozoic inventor who pointed out that the grain could be pulled up by the roots and the heads thrashed out in the palm of the hand. This satisfied our esteemed ancestor, and matters ran along thus for a few hundred thousand years; indeed, I claim the Working Scientist's privilege to be vague as to years. Let us throw overboard the cave-dweller, for that matter, and come along down to modern times. Let us begin with the sickle, for instance.

You may still find old men who will tell you that they can remember when farmers in this country had nothing but the sickle with which to harvest their wheat and rye. A dozen men worked in single file, and cut the grain with one hand and gathered it on the other arm, stopping every "round" to drink earnestly out of a big jug of New England rum or Pennsylvania whisky. Then came the cradle—a scythe with "fingers" on it—which made the grain lie straight. Many farmers have a cradle yet for corners and odd nooks. With it one man cut down the grain and another bound it into sheaves. Then arose a direct descendant of the paleozoic genius, and invented a reaper drawn by horses. This was in the 30's say. A man drove, and a small boy sat on a low seat and raked off the grain in gables. He was practically the same small boy who used to pull the strings that worked the cut-off valve in the first steam engine. He soon lost his occupation in both instances—in the case of the reaper they invented a mechanical rake. It took five men to follow on foot and bind up what the reaper cut down. Still the farmer wasn't satisfied. So they made him the harvester. Two men besides the driver rode on this, and bound the grain as it was brought up on an endless apron to where they stood. They had an awning over them, and were very comfortably situated. This was in the 70's. Still the agriculturist fretted. Then he got the self-binder, which he has yet, though he is beginning to find fault with it and talks about electricity.

UGLY RACHEL.

San Francisco Star.

Many years ago, in the Cumberland Mountains, near a much traveled road and not far from a stream that seemed to exist in a succession of accidental tumblings, there lived an old man who held natural claims to local distinction, but who was chiefly known for one cause. Simply because he was the father of Rachel Moss. It had often been declared by men of keen judgment and women of unerring taste that Rachel was the ugliest unattractive, indeed the ugliest girl that nature could possibly form.

Old man Moss, Rachel's father, took summer boarders, but the girl never attempted to force her society upon them. When not engaged in the kitchen, or when not shyly picking her way along the tumbling stream, she sat alone in an attic room.

One evening a distinguished-looking traveler stopped at the old Moss house. He was an artist, and at one time dreamed of fame, but the unexpected inheritance of a large estate and the ease which naturally followed, turned his mind from the thoughts of a struggle for a place in the capricious world of art.

One day he caught sight of Rachel. His first impression was a shudder of repulsion, and then, moved by a strange fascination, he sought a better view of her face, which, when gained, made him yearn to place a closer look upon her features. The dinner hour was over, and the boarder sat in the shade of the porch, nodding. The woodpecker, with red bill glaring in the sunlight, tapped on the dead arm of a white oak tree, and a ragged sheep, with her eyes bulging in a melancholy stare, stood in the dusty road. Rachel slyly stole away and sought the cool brink of the hurrying stream. The artist followed her. She had gone some distance up the rugged glade, and, pausing under an over-cup acorn tree, was looking at a wild honeysuckle that trembled under the weight of a humming-bird, when she heard a stone splash in the water. The next moment she had turned to run away, when the artist scrambled out of the stream, whither a treacherous boulder had thrown him, and cried: "Please wait a moment."

She paused, though with painful embarrassment, until he approached, and, half hiding her face, waited for him to speak. "If the water had been deeper I should have had a good ducking," said he. "I am not as dry as a powderhorn, as it is."

"I am sorry you fell in," she answered. "Oh, it doesn't amount to anything," he cheerfully replied. "We live in the same house, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Moss's daughter."

"I didn't know he had a daughter."

"Then you have not heard of me?"

"No. I have heard nothing concerning the family affairs of any one in this neighborhood."

"You have been fortunate," she said, with the merest suggestion of bitterness in the tone of her voice.

"I didn't suppose that anyone could escape hearing an account of my father's unfortunate celebrity."

"Can't you see?" she bitterly asked, throwing aside, with unwonted boldness, her old sunbonnet and exposing every feature of her face. "Don't you see that it is because I am unrivalled in my ugliness? Come, be honest enough to acknowledge that you do see!"

"I confess that you may be without a rival in your unenvied line of distinction, but I can't see why the old man should be held accountable."

"Oh, your honesty is charming," she cried, laughing merrily. "I never encountered such frankness outside a book."

"You know something of books, then, do you?"

"Yes, I have been driven into an acquaintance with them. You must know that amongst ignorant people much depends upon looks. Intelligence counts for nothing, and cultivation is looked upon as a weakness, or rather an insanity. An old school teacher boarded at our house years ago and filled our attic—now my attic—with books. He was kind enough, or tolerant enough, to teach me, and when he died he left me his books. That is, he was unable to take them with him, and as no one else wanted them, they became my property. If I had been passably good-looking, I should doubtless have never looked into them; but as fate is my physion-

misfortune, I was driven to the attic for my own real pleasure. I know but little of the neighborhood gossip, and therefore have but little to say to them. In fact, I'm ashamed to talk to ignorant people."

"I must thank you for the compliment you are paying me," said the artist.

"Oh, you are under no obligation whatever. But, to tell you the truth, I am surprised that I should talk so freely to you, a perfect stranger. I suppose, though, we all have our moods. If I had seen you sooner I should have run away."

"I'm glad you didn't, for I'm in need of your society, although I'm not so very bookish. I have devoted my life to the study of art."

"There you have a decided advantage of me," she answered. "I know nothing whatever of art, except what I have read."

"In that event you know as much as most people; for there are thousands of pretended art critics who do not even read about it. By the way, I have become interested in you."

"Thank you; I will attempt to make better bread after this."

"Come, now, don't guy me; don't make fun of me."

"I don't think I can make anything more of you than you are."

"That's a compliment, or it isn't, I don't know which, but, really, I am interested in you, and have a favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"That you will meet me here every day."

"But I should like to know why."

"I can't tell you now—but I will some other time."

"I can't promise."

"But will you meet me here to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will promise that, but I don't know why."

The artist sat for a time gazing after her and then he gave himself up to meditation. "I will paint her portrait," he had mused while talking to her. "From the very childhood of art down to its unrequited gray hairs to-day, the artist has sought in high and low life the beautiful face that should on his canvas carry his name down through 'all time to come.' Why should not I reverse this order—why should not those ugly features bear my name to generations yet to come? I will win her consent and will paint a true portrait which in comparison shall show 'Nedusa' as a joy for ever, being so truly a thing of beauty."

The next day he was sitting on that same rock when Rachel came. "I don't know why I am so prompt," she said. "In fact, I don't know why I came at all, yet something seemed to be drawing me."

His blood leaped. Fate herself was aiding him. "I should have been greatly disappointed if you hadn't come," he answered. "Isn't the day lovely?"

"Yes, it falls upon the earth like God's benignant smile." He looked up quickly, and wished that he could have thrown her face upon the canvas at that moment. He asked her to name her favorite books, and for more than an hour he sat listening to the passionate praise which she bestowed upon her friends, and at times he fancied himself attempting to paint her words.

Day after day they met under the over-cup acorn tree. The time was in full bloom, and he said: "Rachel, I have another great favor to ask of you, the greatest that I could possibly ask. I want to paint a portrait of you; want to paint you just as you are, so that in after years I can look upon your face and bring up these surroundings."

She laughed. He looked up in surprise. "A miracle has been wrought," she said. "A man has cultivated me for my face alone. Yes, you may paint my picture, for your poorest work can but flatter me; but I shall name the conditions. The picture must be painted here, and at no time must you work on it after I have told you to stop."

"The conditions are satisfactory, Rachel. I will begin to-morrow."

Day after day she sat for him. Sometimes, with his brush just ready to touch the canvas, he would pause and listen to her as if her words were the unexpected wild wood notes of strange music; and sometimes, when she seemed to be inspired with poetry, he would turn away from his work,

and in a tranquil rapture gaze upon her. One day he touched the canvas, and throwing down his brush, exclaimed:

"God in heaven, it is beautiful!" It was the picture of a divine face—the features of an angel. "Rachel," he cried, I have painted your soul! see!" It sprang from the canvas like a burst of light. "Look, girl; I have caught a face fresh from heaven's mould; it is your soul, girl! It is your soul! Look, Rachel! come, will you not look? Rachel!"

He ran to her, and started back in horror. She was dead.

PHOTOGRAPHING COLORS.

Fred. E. Ives.

The carrying out of my new principle involves the production of one negative by the joint action of the red, orange, yellow, and yellow-green rays in definite proportions to represent the red sensation—one by the joint action of the orange, yellow, yellow-green, green, and green-blue rays in definite proportions to represent the green sensation, and one by the joint action of the blue green, blue, and violet rays in definite proportion to represent the blue sensation. This is accomplished by exposing color sensitive plates through light filters, which have been found by experiment in photographing the spectrum itself to transmit only such rays and in such proportion as required for the purpose—the intensity curves in such spectrum negatives to correspond to the curves in Maxwell's diagram. * * * There is no more work in producing a photographic negative containing a graphic record of the natural colors than in producing an ordinary negative. The same device, only slightly modified, also serves optically to recombine the triple photograph, so that in an instrument as compact as a table stereoscope we can insert the flexible transparent triple positive and see it as a single picture in the natural colors. This device, which I call the *heli-chromoscope*, is destined to bring the benefit of this process home to everybody, and will serve also as a striking demonstration of true color theory, of which most people are to-day quite ignorant. The other two methods of carrying out the process after the negatives have been made are by projection with a triple magic lantern and in color prints, which I have already made on glass, but not yet successfully on paper."

A FOOL'S ADVICE.

Eva MacDonagh in Harper's Weekly.

Let us look on the beauties of nature, nor school Ourselves to be happy by rote and by rule; Let us deem the earth fixed, and declare the sun rolls, If you please, with the moon on his arm round the poles;

Let us draw on the skies

No meridian lines,

Nor, straining our eyes,

Seek divisions and signs;

Let the day turn to night without counting its hours,

And the seasons be known by the blossoms and flowers.

O let's not endeavor to fathom the laws

Of motion and matter, nor seek for the cause

Of form and of color; it's useless to care

Why heaven's above earth, if it only is there;

We shall only perceive

The design of the whole

Was the heart to relieve

And to gladden the soul;

Let us live in this world unannoyed, unperplexed, And willingly wait to be wise in the next.

HOW THEY DINE.

New York Sun.

The grasshopper isn't a chicken, although it lays eggs, but it has a gizzard like a chicken, except that the grasshopper's gizzard has teeth—sharp, horny teeth. The butterfly has a most delicate and beautiful little pump inside of it, with which it pumps nectar from the flowers. The patient ox crops the grass all day, but never knows he has been eating until the food he has bolted is fired back at him from his fourth stomach in the shape of the familiar "cud," which he chews, and chews, and chews, standing in the shade, pondering, and whisking flies.

STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

E. Bulwer Lytton.

[Continued from last issue.] I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me; a small footprint—the foot of a child; the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself when we returned. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground-floor—a dining-parlor, a small back parlor, and a still smaller third room, that had probably been appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning tables," said I with a half-laugh, and as I laughed my dog put back his head and howled.

F— coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale, blue, misty outline of a human figure; but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog was now quiet.

"Put back the chair opposite to me," said I to F—, "put it back to the wall."

F— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on my shoulder, just here."

"No," said I; "but we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch them before they frighten us."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms; in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor; a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicating with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place; no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fireplace was a cupboard, without locks, flush to the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards; only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else. We sounded the walls; evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F—, went forth to complete my reconnaissance. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came: it cannot have got locked from the inside, for it is a—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both; some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small, blank dreary room without furniture, a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner, a small window, the shutters closed—not even a fireplace—no other door but that by which we had entered, no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being and no visible place in which a living being could

have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened; we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters, the window looked on the little back yard I have before described; there was no ledge without, nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F—meanwhile was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terror, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But, though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising from the chinks of that rugged floor and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing place. We both saw a large, pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attic. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globe, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished.

We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it, we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in the rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers; there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing, nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen, nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand; just as I was descending the stair I distinctly felt my wrist seized and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring, took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short; they were dated—the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated; but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions

of endearment there was a kind of rough, wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us, unless the dead could come to life." Here was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as—"

I put down the letters and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvelous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself, laid the letters on the table, stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering, and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough, till about half past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus, alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing place, must have got open; but no, it was closed. I then turned my glance to the left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other; I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked around the floor; no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backward and forward. He kept his eye fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose, all his hair bristling and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the streets, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "run! run! it is after me!"—

[Continued in next issue.]

AN ACCIDENT EXPLAINED.

THE BUREAU.

"I understand," remarked the polite reporter to the manager of a railway noted for the unpunctuality of its trains, "that there was an accident on your railway last night."

"Oh, do you?" was the sarcastic reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know anything about it?"

"Only that it happened to the train which was due here at 8:15."

"That train came in to the minute, sir," said the manager firmly.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Of course I am."

"Thanks. That must have been the accident referred to," and the reporter dodged out safely.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN A SURGICAL OPERATION.

Electricity.

One the most delicate surgical operations ever performed in San Francisco was that to which A. Baehm, a patient at the City and County Hospital, was subjected. An endoscope, or small electric light, was thrust into the thoracic cavity, and by its illumination the action of the heart and lungs was plainly visible. Baehm was afflicted with an abscess, which had formed in the pleural cavity and attacked the left lung. He was quickly anesthetized and the inflated breast was exposed to view. A discoloration on the left side showed that the trouble lay under the tissue in that direction, and Dr. Ellinwood began operations at once by making two deep incisions crosswise, from which the blood spurted in streams. Several of the larger blood vessels were necessarily cut, but these were quickly ligatured with Dr. Stillman's assistance. The flaps of flesh were laid to one side, exposing the third rib. This rib was resected for three inches, and when it was cut away a dark and bloody opening was revealed, through which the thoracic cavity and the space between the lungs could be seen. Dr. Hirschfelder inserted the endoscope through the opening in Baehm's breast and the light was turned on, illuminating the interior of the cavity with remarkable distinctness. The heart worked slowly, owing to the effect of ether. The aorta dilated and fell with every heart beat. The lung was also plainly visible. During the one hour and a half consumed in making the operation the action of the heart was distinctly visible, and the unusual sight was the subject of much comment upon the part of the operators and spectators. When the process was completed and every vestige of pus removed, the endoscope was withdrawn and the opening in Baehm's breast closed. The operation was a highly successful one in every particular.

CREDIT FOR 1,000 YEARS.

Kansas City Times.

At a political meeting in Kansas City the other day ex-Governor Crittenden told a story of an old tavern keeper whose fond theory it was that every 1,000 years came the exact repetition of events that had occurred on the same date 1,000 years before. Two graceless scamps, filled with the host's good cheer, sought to weaken his dependence on his theory by saying that they would pay their bill on that day 1,000 years. "No, you don't," he said; "you're the same fellows that were here 1,000 years ago and promised the same thing."

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Quickly destroys Roaches, Flies, Fleas, Moths, Mosquitoes and all other small insects. Send 25 cents to Buck & Rayner, State and Madison sts., Chicago, for a can of it free by mail. Being non-poisonous, it can be used in any part of the house with perfect safety. It always gives satisfaction and is very economical to use.

SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PLATFORM

ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK, SEPT. 3, 1890.

We assert as our fundamental principle the self-evident truth enunciated in the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.

We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part. Therefore, no one should be permitted to hold natural opportunities without a fair return to all for any special privilege thus accorded to him, and that value which the growth and improvement of the community attach to land should be taken for the use of the community.

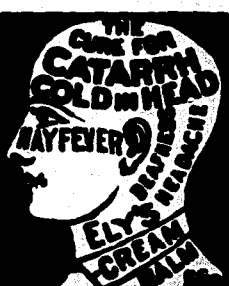
We hold that each man is entitled to all that his labor produces. Therefore no tax should be levied on the products of labor.

To carry out these principles we are in favor of raising

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

—Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils.—It is Quickly Absorbed. See Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 54 Warren St., N. Y.



all public revenues for national, state, county and municipal purposes by a single tax upon land values, irrespective of improvements, and of the abolition of all forms of direct and indirect taxation.

Since in all our states we now levy some tax on the value of land, the single tax can be instituted by the simple and easy way of abolishing, one after another all other taxes now levied, and commensurately increasing the tax on land values, until we draw upon that one source for all expenses of government, the revenue being divided between local governments, state governments and the general government, as the revenue from direct taxes is now divided between the local and state governments; or, a direct assessment being made by the general government upon the states and paid by them from revenues collected in this manner.

The single tax we propose is not a tax on land, and therefore would not fall on the use of land and become a tax on labor.

It is a tax, not on land, but on the value of land. Thus it would not fall on all land, but only on valuable land, and on that not in proportion to the use made of it, but in proportion to its value—the premium which the user of land must pay to the owner, either in purchase money or rent, for permission to use valuable land. It would thus be a tax, not on the use or improvement of land, but on the ownership of land, taking what would otherwise go to the owner as owner, and not as user.

In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded and the only value taken into consideration would be the value attaching to the bare land by reason of neighborhood, etc., to be determined by impartial periodical assessments. Thus the farmer would have no more taxes to pay than the speculator who held a similar piece of land idle, and the man who on a city lot erected a valuable building would be taxed no more than the man who held a similar lot vacant.

The single tax, in short, would call upon men to contribute to the public revenues, not in proportion to what they produce or accumulate, but in proportion to the value of the natural opportunities they hold. It would compel them to pay just as much for holding land idle as for putting it to its fullest use.

The single tax, therefore, would—

1. Take the weight of taxation off of the agricultural districts where land has little or no value irrespective of improvements, and put it on towns and cities where bare land rises to a value of millions of dollars per acre.
 2. Dispense with a multiplicity of taxes and a horde of taxgatherers, simplify government and greatly reduce its cost.
 3. Do away with the fraud, corruption and gross inequality inseparable from our present methods of taxation, which allow the rich to escape while they grind the poor. Land cannot be hid or carried off and its value can be ascertained with greater ease and certainty than any other.
 4. Give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our Union, thus enabling our people to share, through free exchanges, in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions which are the outgrowths of the tariff. It would do away with the fines and penalties now levied on anyone who improves a farm, erects a house, builds a machine, or in any way adds to the general stock of wealth. It would leave everyone free to apply labor or expend capital in production or exchange without fine or restriction, and would leave to each the full product of his exertion.
 5. It would, on the other hand, by taking for public use that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, make the holding of land unprofitable to the mere owner, and profitable only to the user. It would thus make it impossible for speculators and monopolists to hold natural opportunities unused or only half used, and would throw open to labor the illimitable field of employment which the earth offers to man. It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make overproduction impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions blessings to all, and cause such an enormous production as such an equitable distribution of wealth as would give to all comfort, leisure and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.
- With respect to monopolies other than the monopoly of land, we hold that where free competition becomes impossible, as in telegraphs, railroads, water and gas supplies, etc., such business becomes a proper social function, which should be controlled and managed by and for the whole people concerned, through their proper government, local, state or national, as may be.

ADVERTISEMENTS OF ORGANIZATIONS THAT HAVE ADOPTED THE DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES MADE BY NATIONAL CONFERENCE AT NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1890.

For each half inch or less a charge of \$10.00 per year is made for advertisements in this department.

CONNECTICUT.

MERIDEN.—Meriden single tax club. Meets second and fourth Fridays of the month at 7.30 p. m. at parlors of J. Cairns, 72½ E. Main st. President, John Cairns; secretary, Arthur M. Dignam.

SHARON.—Sharon single tax committee. Chairman, J. J. Ryan.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington single tax league. President, Edwin Gladmon; treas., R. J. Boyd; sec'y, Wm. Geddes, M.D., 1719 G. st., n. w.

IOWA.

BURLINGTON.—Burlington single tax club. First Saturday of each month, 805 North 5th st. Pres., Wilbur Mosena, 990 Hedge av.; sec. treas., Frank S. Churchill.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO.—Chicago single tax club. Every Thursday

evening at 206 La Salle st. Pres., Warren Worth Bailey, 219 Lincoln av.; sec., F. W. Irwin, 217 La Salle st., room 722.

SOUTH CHICAGO.—Single tax club of South Chicago and Cheltenham. Pres., John Black; sec., Robt. Altchison, box K. K., South Chicago.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BROOKLYN.—Single tax club. Meets Friday evenings corner Glenwood av. and Vernon st. Pres., Wm. A. McKindrick; sec., A. S. Barnard, 54 Belmont st.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Minneapolis single tax league. Every Tuesday evening, at the West Hotel. Pres., H. B. Martin, Woods' block; sec., Oliver T. Erickson, 2208 Lyndale av., N.

MISSOURI.

STATE.—Missouri single tax committee. Henry H. Hoffman, chairman. This committee is pushing a State single tax petition. Blanks sent on application. It is also forming syndicate for publication of local single tax papers throughout the United States at little or no expense. Write for circulars to Percy Pepon, sec., 513 Elm st., St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS.—Single tax league.—Meets every Friday evening 8 o'clock in Bowman Block, n. e. cor. 11th and Locust sts. Pres. J. W. Steele Sec'y, L. P. Custer, 423½ Connecticut st.

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN.—Eastern District single tax club. Monthly meetings on the first Monday of each month, at 94 South Third street, Brooklyn. Pres., Joseph McGuinness, 133 S. 9th st., Brooklyn, E. D.; sec., Emily A. Deverall.

Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club meetings, third Tuesday of each month at 3 P. M., at 198 Livingston street. Pres., Eva J. Turner, 566 Carlton avenue; Cor. Sec., Venie B. Havens, 219 DeKalb avenue.

OHIO.

DAYTON.—Free land club. Pres., J. G. Galloway; sec., W. W. Kile, 108 East 5th st.

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN.—Single tax club. Cor. Sec., E. D. Burleigh, 13 Willow av. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at 463 Main st., at 8 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—Single tax society. Meets every Thursday and Sunday at 8 p. m. Social meetings second Tuesday, No. 30 South Broad st. Cor. sec., A. H. Stephenson, 240 Chestnut st.

POTTSTOWN.—Single tax club. Meetings first and third Friday evenings each month in Weltsenkorn's hall. Pres., D. L. Haws; sec., Geo. Auchy, Pottstown, Pa.

READING.—Reading single tax society. Monday evenings, s e corner 6th and Franklin sts. Pres., Wm. H. McKinney; sec., C. S. Priser, 1011 Penn st.

TEXAS.

HOUSTON.—Houston single tax club. Meetings every Tuesday evening, 7.30, Franklin st. Jas Charlton, Pres. E. W. Brown, sec. and treas.

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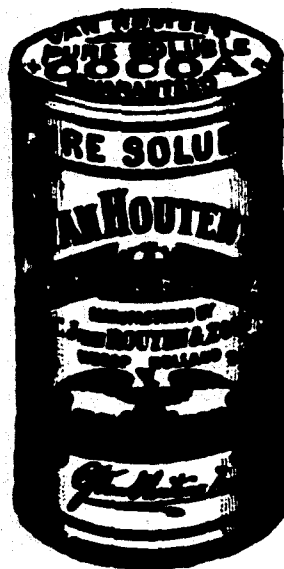
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