

forestalling the land, so as to saddle industry with an everlasting and irredeemable mortgage.

With this monumental contradiction, dredging harbors and then blockading them, fighting for trade and then fighting against trade, protecting the rich from competition and then overwhelming the poor with the most intense competition, seeking abundance and then imposing penalties to keep people from abundance, professedly protecting industry, while actually subjecting industry to the extortions of land speculation and the everlasting and increasing tribute of ground rent, Canada is developing as rapidly as possible, not a civilization of Christian brotherhood and equity, but a civilization after the style of the old world—palaces with their unearned luxuries at one end, and slums with their horrors of degradation at the other.

FABLES OF NOMANSLAND AND ITS SOCIAL PROBLEM

By AN INTELLIGENT CHIMPANZEE.

Translated from the Original Monkey Language by the Garner Method.

(For the Review.)

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

Continued.

Fable XII.

THE MISSING LINK AND THE ISLAND.

In the Community of the Monkeys there was a Missing Link, who gave himself airs on the ground that he was more Man than Monkey. To vindicate this claim he was in the habit of aping the manners and customs of Humanity, and in imitation of what obtains amongst men as the system of Landlordism, this Creature took possession of an Island not far off the coast. It was a fertile Island and well stocked with Cocoanut trees, and here the Missing Link took up his solitary abode. He had a very good living, though of course he had to work for all he got. Thus he continued for a time in the enjoyment of his estate. At length a great fire in the forest drove many hundreds of monkeys to the shore, and to escape the flames they were obliged to take refuge on the island. This calamity to the monkey tribes proved a rare piece of good fortune for the Missing Link. He was now a Landlord in the strictly human sense, and he accordingly quit work. It was no longer necessary for him to gather cocoanuts or do any other species of labor for his own support. As owner of the Island the new comers had to submit to his conditions if they desired to remain; their alternative being to go back to the mainland, which, however, was now destitute of food for them. The value of the cocoanuts on the Island suddenly went up and the Missing Link had nothing to do but gather in what in Human Society is called the "unearned increment"—

unearned, that is, by the owner. In other words, he grew wealthy on the toil of the other monkeys who were obliged to pay him, as rent, all the cocoanuts they gathered over and above such a supply as would barely keep them alive and in working condition. In the course of time the injustice of this arrangement became manifest, and at last a daring Chimpanzee arose who went about declaring that the Island had neither been made by nor for the Missing Link, and that he had no more natural right to it than any other monkey. This dangerous radical was duly captured and drowned in the Sea, and at last accounts the inhabitants of the Island were enjoying increasing poverty, while its owner was revelling in the most gratifying progress.

Fable XIII.

THE ASS COMMISSION.

A certain section of Normansland was governed by the Asses. Here as elsewhere the signs of increasing poverty were manifest. The Rabbits, for example, were reduced to the extremity of living in crowded and ill ventilated warrens, and could scarcely keep themselves in existence. Indeed, as a matter of melancholy fact, their young died by thousands every summer for want of nourishment. The Government, taking note of these things, determined to find out the hidden cause of the distress, if possible, and to that end appointed a Statistical Commission, composed of expert Asses, to make a thorough investigation. The Commissioners accordingly visited the Rabbit quarter and spent a long time in collecting statistical information as to the numbers of Rabbits in each warren, their age, place of birth, length of tail and ears, number of meals per day, quality and quantity of food, etc. Particular attention was given to the matter of food, and the experts took pains to secure samples and analyze them in a scientific manner. The precise quantity consumed per diem by each Rabbit was thus discovered, and its exact power of sustenance determined. It need hardly be said that the expert Asses took no note of the fact that nearly all of what the Rabbits could scrape together to live upon was taken by the Groundhogs who owned the air and sunlight in the vicinity. This consideration (though it might go a long way to solve the problem they were working on) was too small a detail for the experts to notice; so in their report to the Government they gave it as their deliberate and scientific opinion that the distress of the Rabbit community arose chiefly from their depraved taste for bananas and other foods of low flesh-making quality, and their vicious habit of throwing away skins.*

Fable XIV.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE DOVES.

The sad condition of the Mud Turtles so worked upon the feelings of the

*See Report of Commission appointed by Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, to investigate the New York tenement district. Prof. W. O. Atwater, dietary expert, director; Mr. Chas. D. Woods, assistant. "The main cause of poverty * * * was that weight or bulk was what was sought in food rather than nutrient value." (Extract from Report.)

Doves that at length a number of these pure hearted and disinterested birds determined to desert their pleasant groves and warm nests and take up their dwelling permanently in the marshes where the Mud Turtles lived, in order that they might by precept and example raise the latter to a noble and better life. Every animal and bird in Nomansland praise this grand self sacrifice of the Doves, and there is no doubt that many of the Mud Turtles appreciated their labors and profited by their good work. "Yes," commented the Raven, wagging his wise head,—“such conduct is certainly beautiful, and worthy of all praise in this age of selfishness; but the Mud Turtles can never be really raised out of their squalor until they are granted their natural right of free access to air, sunlight and water, which are now owned by private speculators.

Fable XV.

THE INTELLIGENT MONKEY AND THE FLEAS.

“This whole question of Poverty,” said a highly cultivated Monkey, addressing an interested audience seated upon the Ethnological branch of a tree of knowledge, “is simply a question of the survival of the fittest. The land question, or air, or sunlight, or water question, has nothing to do with it whatever. What we need to do is to just direct the natural law of selection, that is to say, help nature to get rid of the unfit. In short, we must improve the race by careful breeding. To show that I am not talking mere theory,” he went on, “let me call your attention to these fleas I have here. I have given flea-culture special study, and this is the result. I venture to say you will not find an unfit flea in the lot. Please step up and examine them.” At this the Monkeys crowded around the speaker, and with learned and serious looks, examined the fleas, which he displayed upon a broad palm leaf. “They are certainly a finely bred lot,” was the general verdict. “But, sir,” said a critical looking Ape, “er—you feed ‘em, I suppose?” “Certainly,” replied the flea-culturist, “of course I feed them; that is an essential part of the process.” “So I suppose,” said the Ape, with a queer grin. “It occurred to me that the very finest bred and fittest race of Critters in the world, of any species from Tadpoles up to Monkeys, couldn’t ‘survive’ long without food. So you see, professor, your fine scientific theory won’t work until you first insure an opportunity for life—which means free access to things necessary to support life, land, air, sunshine, water, etc.” Whereupon the company dispersed.

Fable XVI.

THE MINNOWS AND THE PIKE.

The Pike was swimming leisurely through his estate one day when he came upon a colony of Minnows. With the urbanity which often distinguishes human landlords, he entered into conversation with his tenants, expressing the hope that they were prosperous and happy, and incidentally alluding to their good fortune in being permitted to live in such clear and wholesome

water. "Yes, your lordship," replied the Chief of the Minnows, "we are no doubt greatly favored. But I regret to say we are by no means prosperous. After paying the water-rent and paying our dues direct and indirect to the State, we have little enough left. Indeed, my lord, to tell the plain truth, we are, as a colony, on the verge of starvation, and things seem to be getting worse instead of better with each accession to our numbers." "Well," replied Lord Pike, sternly, "I don't wonder at it. The reason of your poverty and distress is perfectly clear—You drink too much. Your habits in this regard have, in fact, given rise to the proverbial saying—drink like a fish. What else can you expect but poverty?" "We don't drink as much as the Pike family, who seem comfortably off enough," replied a venturesome Minnow, "and the woodchucks, our neighbors, who are famous for their abstemious habits but have to pay air-rent to the wolves, are as poor as we. How do you account for that? We have the feeling my lord of being exploited." "You are insolent," cried the Pike, "You need a little dose of the Malthusian doctrine!" so saying he made a dash amongst the Minnows and swallowed several hundreds, thus in a providential way aiding in preventing population from outrunning sustenance.

Fable XVII.

THE MONKEYS AND THE COCOANUTS.

A community of Monkeys came over into Nomansland from the effete East, having heard that an abundant living could be had in the new country. They found that there was just one cocoanut tree in the land, however, though it was large and fruitful enough to support an unlimited number of Monkeys. They took possession, accordingly, and were getting along most prosperously, when one day an Orang Outang came along, and in a voice of thunder demanded to know what they meant by living on his tree. To prove his property rights he produced a title deed, and then ordered the Monkeys to pay him for all they had taken and vacate the premises. "But, sir!" cried the Monkeys, "to vacate the tree means death to us. As to its being your private property, we quite supposed trees grew naturally and that cocanuts were intended by the Creator for the whole Monkey family." "I am not discussing natural laws," returned the Orang Outang, with full irony,— "I'm talking of the laws of Nomansland, an entirely different thing. Still, I don't want to be hard on my fellow creatures, and I don't mind letting you remain on my own conditions." "Which are—?" queried the Monkeys, apprehensively. "Which are, that you shall hand over to me nine cocoanuts out of every ten you gather, and that in addition you shall do all my chores for me. I am going to lead a life of ease befitting the position of a landlord." So the Monkeys submitted. What else could they do?

Fable XVIII.

THE RENT CONFERENCE.

The Skunk, the Badger, and the Squirrel met one day and compared notes

as to the law of rent for the use of air, which in that part of Nomansland was owned by the Wild-cat family. "I pay no rent at all," said the Badger, "as I live under ground and use very little; but then, on the other hand, living where and as I do, I can produce nothing beyond what will barely keep me alive." "I," said the Skunk, "am in a somewhat better position. I use air of a very inferior quality, as you know. If we call brother Badger's product one, then mine may be called five, and I pay four for rent." "And I," said the Squirrel, "use the very highest quality of air, and may say, metaphorically, that I am at the top of the tree. My product is 20., but my rent is 19." "It would seem, then, on this comparison of notes," said the Badger, "that the law of rent is that the Wild Cat takes all beyond a bare living!" "Precisely so," added the Squirrel, "and that the animal that uses the best air, and accordingly produces the best living, is really as badly off as the one that uses the poorest air in use at all." "Quite so," rejoined the Skunk, "in other words, whatever the quality of the air and whatever the product, all above a bare living, and margin enough to induce the animal to go on working, goes to the owner of the atmosphere. It's pretty tough!" "So it is," said the Squirrel, "but it may console us to know that the law of land-rent amongst the lords of creation, known as Men, works in precisely the same way."

Fable XIX.

THE COMMON MICE AND THE WHITE MICE.

The Common Mice got up a strong agitation against the White Mice over in the Rodentia District. It appears that some shrewd and enterprising members of the latter class had taken to keeping what they called Departmental Stores, in which every line of goods that Mice could possibly need was sold at prices with which the smaller dealers could not compete. The consequence was that many of the Common Mice, who kept their smaller stores, were ruined, and so got up the agitation with a view to having the disastrous work of the White Mice stopped by force of law. Their pet idea was an Act to impose heavy taxes upon any Mouse who had more than two Departments in his business. At length the matter came to an issue, and a Deputation of Common Mice waited upon the Premier of the Government, the Hon. Brer Rabbit. After listening patiently to their representations, the honorable gentleman said: "I cannot grant your request. It is no part of a Government's function to interfere with legitimate business or trade. Your complaint amounts simply to a complaint against cheapness, and cheapness is in itself a good thing. It would be an outrage on the general community of Mice to pass a law to compel dearness, and that is in effect what you demand. I refuse your petition." "But what are we to do, sir!" cried the petitioners. "I do not know," frankly replied the Premier, "but I do know what I have said is sound and true. I can do nothing for you. Cheapness is a blessing, I am quite certain of that. How it happens that in this case, so far as you shop

keeping Mice are concerned, it acts as a Curse, I do not know. That is a question outside the limits of practical statesmanship." "Excuse me Sir," said a studious looking Mouse, emerging from the rear of the assembly. "I think I can explain the puzzle. Cheapness is a curse in this case because when it drives small shopkeeping Mice out of business they have nothing to fall back upon—cannot employ themselves at other things and so make a living. What is it that bars the way? Find that out, and remove the obstacle, and you have solved the riddle." "All quite true. What a long-headed Mouse you are—as well as long tailed," replied the Rabbit, ironically. "Perhaps you'll oblige by mentioning what that obstacle is, since you appear to know." "It is the private ownership of Natural Elements which are never meant to be private property. It is the fact that the air and sunshine are held by the Porcupines, who demand rent for their use. But for this every Mouse here could make a living for himself without having to ask favors of the government or to beg for work from other members of our community." The Deputation then withdrew.

THE SINGLE TAX AND THE GEORGIAN PHILOSOPHY.

(For the Review.)

BY E. I. S. H.

Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" and replies that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

With all due deference to the immortal poet, we submit that though the rose might smell as sweet under some repulsive appellation, yet such appellation would be a distinct hindrance to a closer acquaintance with roses.

It rarely happens that a reform movement rejoices in a name that is at once so inoffensive, and yet so full of meanings, that is so consistent with, and descriptive of the movement it designates as "Single Tax" is of the plan proposed by Henry George for securing land-values to the people.

"Single Tax," says some body "Oh, I suppose you are an expert on taxation; well what is your opinion about a tax on wheel barrows?" You explain that you believe in a tax on land-values, and the intelligent enquirer at once knows that the Tax being "Single" cannot extend to wheel barrows or any other thing.

"Are you a free trader?" is answered at once by the declaration "I am a Single Taxer," which lets your questioner know that you cannot possibly favor a tariff on more than *one* commodity at any rate, and when he discovers that the one thing you propose to tax is land-values, he knows at the same time that you cannot support "protective?" duties.

"Single Tax" at once denotes absolute free trade, while the word "free, trade" has come to denote to the popular ear, a tariff not so different in kind