

the search for taxes that might be imposed without affecting the vested interest which has treated the rental values of land, as private property. That fraud has now been exposed; the people have learned that the annual rental value of land is created by them and belongs to them in their corporate capacity, and they are determined that the legislators who represent them shall take possession of it and thus relieve them from all other taxation. By giving an immediate legal sanction to this popular desire legislators will rectify the two most terrible wrongs, and remove the two most woful curses of humanity, namely, robbery by means of taxation and robbery by means of rent, for these are the cause of almost all the evils which afflict mankind.

SYDNEY, Aus.

DR. HORACE FLETCHER'S NEW PANACEA FOR POVERTY.

(For the Review.)

By EDMUND CORKILL.

This latest cure for social ills looms up as a plan to reduce living expenses by thoroughly masticating food so that it may be more easily assimilated and at the same time reduced in quantity with advantage to nutrition and the pocket of the consumer. As a constituent of this remedy the Dr. has included a little mental science which he assures us will materially assist in the cure. How all this operates will appear as we proceed. Those who, like the writer, have read Dr. Fletcher's book "The A. B. Z. of our own Nutrition," will know that it is an interesting and instructive work, very necessary in these days of rush and hurry, when the lunch counter takes the place of the dinner table, and the feverish anxiety to get rich quickly leaves men little time to pay due regard to the laws of nutrition. As the writer was interested in this book he was pleased to be introduced to the author at his apartments in the Phipps Model Tenements, 31st St., New York, and gladly accepted an invitation to one of the genial Doctor's talks on Nutrition, and to take part in a practical lesson in food mastication. The reader may probably recall an amusing test often used to provoke mirth at evening parties in which a number of gentlemen competed in the somewhat difficult game of chewing and swallowing a dry soda cracker—the one who got rid of it in the shortest time being the winner. The Doctor's lesson was similar to this with the important difference that the object was reversed, the one who made the half cracker last the longest being the winner—so to speak. The writer not being an expert at the game was simply not in it, and very soon had nothing to do but to watch the doctor and his pupils, with bowed heads and solemn faces, quietly—as it were—chewing their cud just as naturally as the cows do.

So much for the lesson, which was followed by a brief address in which Dr. Fletcher gave a revelation of the occult possibilities of his theory of nutri-

tion in relation to social economics that was—to one listener at least—truly startling. So long as the Doctor confined himself to the *modus operandi* of his aid to nutrition he went along smoothly, but when he branched off into the devious path of sociology it was evident that he had gone out of his way.

Yet no one, save the writer, seemed at all surprised when he made the announcement that he had just accepted an advisory position in a movement including in its membership some millions of catholics who were to bind themselves to put his theories into practice for the purpose of improving their health and *abolishing poverty* from their midst!

As the Doctor had not previously hinted (as far as the writer knows) at the tremendous possibilities as a cure for poverty hiding in embryo in his unpretentious theories, it was quite in order to be surprised at this information. But the quite apparent indifference with which the news was received plainly showed that neither the Doctor nor his pupils realized the real import and comprehensive scope. Think of the possibilities and all they imply. That the human rats who burrow in the slums should be enabled to *eat* their way out of their miserable holes. That all these years we have been swallowing the germ of social redemption in the modest package of chewing gum—and did not know it.

That all these years we have been talking of social salvation when we ought to have put in an *i* and made it *salivation*—and we did not know it. That the tobacco chewer when expectorating was wasting the essential element of the redemption of the race—and he did not know it.

That we have been growling at tough steaks and hard crusts when these were all the time calling into exercise the indispensable effort in the work of social betterment—and we did not know it.

Impressed by these and similar considerations, is it to be wondered at that the writer left the room with a heavy heart—asking himself why he had been spending years of his life in bothering his brain with such complicated subjects as—the land question—the Single Tax—etc., when he might have got the germ of the whole matter for a penny in the Stolwerk Slot machine.

But the more seriously we examine the Doctor's proposed cure for poverty the more does it savor of the soup kitchen and charity. It does not touch the *fundamental cause* of involuntary poverty. This is why the Doctor makes no provision for those who have *nothing to masticate*. In the nature of the case his remedy cannot reach the worst cases. It is not a specific for *starvation*. It can only operate where there is food to eat and is especially applicable to cases where there is food enough to *waste*. To the man out of work who has neither food nor means to get any—of what use can lessons in mastication be? Further—even in those cases in which the poor might be able to save a little by the economical eating of food, it is probable that there would be no permanent benefit except to the landlord. As a rule the cost of rent is determined by the ability of the tenant to pay. We had a convincing illustration of that fact in our own city and suburbs during the so-called period of prosperity that collapsed so suddenly

about a year ago. On the strength of that prosperity rents were materially advanced. The landlord saw his opportunity to force an increase of rent on the plea that the increased prosperity enabled the tenants to pay it. Now if Dr. Fletcher's theory put into practice, appreciably reduced living expenses—which it must be able to do to cure poverty—is there any doubt as to what the landlord would do when he learned the fact? Judging from past experience he would certainly raise the rent to the limit of the tenant's ability to pay, and when the advance in wages is ten per. cent. and the increased cost of food is from 30 to 50 per cent. the prospect of poverty being cured by mastication looks somewhat discouraging.

The philanthropy that contents itself with trying to make the unjust conditions which burden the poor *more bearable*, is not in the line of true progress and cannot permanently benefit the race. All such movements must ultimately fail and pass into the limbo of foolish and worn out schemes invented by mistaken philanthropists to make weak-kneed charity do the work that can only be done by stern and robust justice. Dr. Fletcher in his enthusiasm for his excellent ideas on nutrition, has simply put the cart before the horse. Would it not be wise for him to join forces with those who are striving to get back to the land with its boundless opportunities and thus abolish poverty by the only means that will do it? Under conditions where there could be no monopoly Fletcherism would flourish because labor being freed from all restrictions, food would be plentiful and there would be plenty of time in which to masticate it, and there could be health and happiness for all.

THE QUEER THEORY OF GEORGE HENRY.

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE ROMANCE.

Meanwhile the carriage rolled through well paved streets presenting an animated appearance of business. The Professor watched the hurrying pedestrians with much interest—a kaleidoscopic variation of intelligent faces and well-dressed figures. As they passed one of the fashionable shops the visitor gave vent to the sudden exclamation, in an intense whisper, “By the great law of Ricardo, what a beauty!” Courtesie smiled in an amused fashion. “Keep your heart well guarded, my friend!” he said, “the ladies of our city are well nigh irresistible!” He had duly noted that the apparition which had caused the great economist's emotion was that of a very handsome young lady, who had just emerged from the establishment. “I do not think I have