

rents in this city would be to drive many thousands to the small cities and towns in the vicinity; with the result that landlords would find themselves with empty buildings on their hands if they tried to get twice their present rent.

If it were true, as you seem to assume, that the landlords of this city have an absolute monopoly of buildings in which our people must live and do business, they doubtless could advance rents in proportion to increased taxes, but fortunately this is not the case. And if the people were wise enough to abolish the taxes on buildings, which tend to discourage the construction of more flats, stores and factories, and to tax only the value of the land, the landlords would lose the partial monopoly which enables them to secure exorbitant rents.

F. C. LEUBUSCHER.

MACHINE MAD.

(For The Review.)

By ARTHUR H. DODGE.

I.

In the trade-union headquarters where I am writing one might easily imagine himself to be in a Socialist hall. On the table in front of me is a copy of the *New York Socialist*, on another table the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, while scattered about the room are several copies of the *Appeal to Reason*. Nearby two Socialists are silencing an unbeliever. After twenty-five years passed in the labor movement I have seen many unbelievers silenced by Socialists, because the latter always know something of political economy, while the average trade-unionist knows nothing. Did you ever hear a Socialist defend a protective tariff?

For years Socialists have controlled the economic thought of trade-unions the world over. This is as it should be, for the disciples of Marx have made splendid sacrifices in order to educate the working classes along economic lines.

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During the last decades ambitious country boys, desirous of learning mechanical trades, have drifted away from orchards, fields and streams into our large cities. The text books studied by these boys deal exclusively with tools, machinery, steam, electricity, mathematics and mechanical drawings. When they become journeymen they read the *Scientific American* and other journals devoted to machinery; and often at the theatres see melodramas depicting the evils of child labor in factories.

Wheels and cogs, looms and spindles are closely interwoven with these

lives. Socialists demand the nationalization of the tools of production. What more natural, then, than for machine workers to wish a share in the machinery that they create and operate.

II.

Are only the Socialists machine mad? Has not machinery come to be one of the gods that all progressive people worship? This is largely due to the rivalry for commercial supremacy between the United States, Great Britain and Germany. Extensive manufactures are dependent upon much complicated machinery. And yet, if one hath eyes to see, there is another problem, the real problem, back of all the whirring, clanking machinery, the blazing furnaces and molten metals, and the longer we look the more plainly it is to be seen.

Iron and copper, coal and oil—what are these in their final analysis but raw material, and what is raw material but land? It is absurd to talk about controlling the machinery of the nation, until we have learned to control the raw material, out of which every cog and wheel must be fashioned. How much more sensible, instead of placing an income tax on "vast aggregations of wealth," to first tax the sources of these accumulations—land of all kinds. For it is the power to withhold from use the fountain heads of wealth that makes monopoly so impregnable.

THE PERPLEXED PROFESSOR.

(For the Review.)

By NICODEMUS.

The late Phillips Brooks on one occasion assisted an intoxicated man to his home.

When they had arrived at their destination, the man in his cups said to Mr. Brooks, "I wish you would tell me your name."

"Oh, Never mind my name," replied Mr. Brooks. "Just call me Paul."

"Say, Paul," replied the stranger, "did you ever receive any reply to the letter you wrote to the Corinthians?"

After the manner of Mr. Brooks, I am compelled to say, "Never mind my name, just call me Nicodemus."

As professor of Economics in the College of Imoma, I am expected to guide a number of students in the study of that beautiful science which deals with our social relationships and our economic methods. But, alas, instead of being allowed to follow freely the truth wheresoever it would lead, I am hampered and fettered, and expected to adapt my teaching to the economic prejudices and superstitions of the patrons and supporters of the institutions.

When I was a youthful student, we used to repeat with great gusto,