

tion in the municipal sphere in Queensland and in New South Wales where it has proved wonderfully successful and when it is extended to the State and Federal spheres, and the iniquitous system of privilege to local manufacturers known as "Protection" is done away with, the foundation of modern DEMOCRACY will have been securely laid, international wars will be a thing of the past, and humanity will have entered upon the greatest period in history since the appearance of man. But we in Australia are far from being anywhere near that state as yet. When the Australian workers abandon the strike, which has cost them millions of pounds during the last few years and left them worse off than before; when they cease regarding capital as the enemy of labor, and recognize that both capital and labor are mutually interested in the work they perform; when they give a fair days' toil for a fair day's pay, instead of dishonestly going as slow as they possibly can; when they get rid of the undemocratic principle of compulsion whether applied to arbitration awards, preference to unionists, joining unions, or even to the minimum wage; when in short, the Australian workers completely change their present attitude on almost every conceivable subject, and concentrate their attention on the one thing that matters—how to re-establish their long-lost rights in the land—then, but not till then, will AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY stand a chance of coming into its own.

—PERCY R. MEGGY.

An Amusing Autobiography

THE following amusing autobiography is that of our friend, Edmund Vance Cooke. Mr. Cooke is no mean poet—indeed he is a sort of composite James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, with an original touch of his own. His poems have been very widely copied, and are deserving of the vogue they have secured. But let Mr. Cooke tell his own story in his own amusing way:

"I was born Somewhere-in-Canada in the year of —— (deleted by censor). Place of interment not yet determined.

I had one father and one mother, and while I was yet in long clothes I brought them with me to the United States. At that time I was unable to write or speak the English tongue, though my father was an Englishman, tracing his ancestry back to his ancestors, and my mother was a Canadian of Irish, Scotch, French and other allied strains.

I finally settled in Ohio, overlooking the fact that I was not eligible to the presidency, and led a blameless life until the age of 12, when I began to write for publication. At the age of 14 an editor (name withheld at the request of his family) sent me a check for a contribution, and from that time I have never faltered in my downward career. Since then I have published a dozen books which have

won the enthusiastic approval of my publishers and myself.

Among these books are "Chronicles of the Little Tot" and "Impertinent Poems," the original poems of which first appeared in the pages of The S—E—P— (name of magazine withheld at the request of George Horace Lorimer); and I have also written many better poems which have been rejected by the same publication.

I early discovered that I was a more appreciative reader of my own writings than anyone else, and hence I have been reading them to whomever would pay the admission fee for over 20 years, unflinchingly facing audiences in every state of the Union except Nevada, there being no audience room in that state small enough to accommodate the total population.

Aside from reading my own writings in public I have no other bad habits. I do not even play golf.

In politics I am a Single Taxer and consequently I have few supporters in public office and my opinion of them is usually worse than that.

In appearance I am a vanishing blond and I wear my clothes well. My shoes are just as well-worn as my clothes.

My favorite composer —— (name deleted by rival) and my favorite author I have already mentioned.

When I began my career I was a poor young man and now I have a wife and three children.

Owing to the Hooverization of white paper and printer's ink, my full name and titles are not given here, but the rest of it is Edmund Vance Cooke."

The Libertarian Suspends Publication

THE *Libertarian* which was published for three years at Greenville, South Carolina, and which bade fair to be representative of the liberal thought of the South, has suspended publication. It is a distinct loss.

The special Henry George number of the *Libertarian* was an achievement which reflected credit upon Messrs. Burbage and Bridges. Through the assistance of the Schalkenbach Fund numbers of these bound in stiff covers were placed in public libraries of the country. Copies of the Henry George number may still be secured of the publishers.

The former editor of the *Libertarian*, Mr. Ernest Bridges, writes us under date of July 21: "Do not suppose that because the magazine is no more there has been any decline in my enthusiasm for the Henry George movement. I am still young—36 years—and so clear is my insight into the message of George that I am almost oppressed with the sense of responsibility to do my utmost for the cause. Whether the victory is won in my time or not, I have resolved to do my part."

Two men take tribute on a busy spot;
One holds a hat, and one—a vacant lot!—HORATIO.