

tural problem to discuss." *Permitted* to be worked would be a more faithful statement. It is evident that Free Trade, and the absence of minimum prices and bounties, are decidedly *not* the cause of agricultural depression.

Mr. Ford's Economic Lesson.

Mr. Henry Ford, of Ford Autocar fame, has endeavoured to set an example as an enlightened employer by paying to the employes in his Detroit factory a minimum wage of \$5 a day and sharing profits with them. On the authority of the head of Mr. Ford's Sociological Department, Mr. Boyd Fisher, of the Executives Club of Detroit, has made the following statement:—

Within one week of the announcement of the Ford Profit-Sharing Plan, the value of real estate in Detroit has jumped \$50,000,000 or the value of the expected distribution for five years. The main result of the Ford \$5.00 a day plan, is that living expenses have so increased in Detroit that the working man receiving \$5.00 a day, finds that he cannot live as well as he could before the introduction of profit-sharing on \$3.00 a day.

In other words, Detroit's land monopolists are depriving Mr. Ford's workers of what he aimed to give them when he increased wages. It is precisely the same as what happened at the Deptford Victualling Yard, as explained by the late Lord Goschen, at the time (1899) First Lord of the Treasury, in his reply to a deputation that was demanding increased wages. He said:—

"If the position of the labourers at Woolwich and Deptford was as described, it was rather due to sweating landlords than to the rate of wages. The wages had been raised 20 per cent. in the last ten years, and house rent 50 per cent. It was constantly the case in these districts that the increase of wages only led to a larger sum going into the pockets of the landlords, and he was even told that some of the men who were locally the loudest in the cry for justice to the labourers were owners of cottage property who would benefit if the wages were raised."

Detroit, like Deptford and other places, is in the grip of land monopoly, and the land monopolists can take advantage, by increased rent, of every social advance. Their power to do so rests in their power to hold vacant land out of use and force from land users a price which is only limited by their ability to pay. In these circumstances nothing can raise wages; private philanthropy and public charity are ultimately cashed in higher rents; taxation which will prevent land withholding and secure to the whole community the public value it creates is the first and most obvious step in the direction of social justice. Mr. Ford's experience will probably be a lesson to many observers. According to Mr. D. D. Martin, a Buffalo manufacturer, it has not been lost on Mr. Ford himself; "he has declared himself, since making the investigation, a Single Taxer." That is quite natural. What open-minded man could do otherwise?

The CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., reprints the speech delivered by P. Wilson Raffan, M.P., at the English League annual meeting, as reported in our August issue.

Let them not spend their time discussing medicine. Her husband was a doctor, and he said the best medicine was fresh air, good food, and proper housing.—Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon (Aberdeen), at the Friendly Societies Conference, held at Liverpool, 21st September.

A SONG AGAINST POVERTY

O poverty, by thee the soul is wrapp'd
With hate, with envy, dolefulness, and doubt.

Even so be thou cast out,
And even so he that speaks thee otherwise.
I name thee now, because my mood is apt
To curse thee, bride of every lost estate,
Through whom are desolate
On earth all honourable things and wise.
Within thy power each blest condition dies:
By thee, men's minds with sore mistrust are made
Fantastic and afraid:—
Thou, hated worse than Death, by just accord,
And with the loathing of all hearts abhorr'd.

Yea, rightly art thou hated worse than Death,
For he at length is longed for in the breast.

But not with thee, wild beast,
Was ever aught found beautiful or good.
For life is all that man can lose by death,
Not fame and the fair summits of applause;

His glory shall not pause,
But live in men's perpetual gratitude.
While he who on thy naked sill has stood,
Though of great heart and worthy ever so,
He shall be counted low.
Then let the man thou troublest never hope
To spread his wings in any lofty scope.

Hereby my mind is laden with a fear,
And I will take some thought to shelter me.

For this I plainly see:—
Through thee, to fraud the honest man is led;
To tyranny the just lord turneth here,
And the magnanimous soul to avarice.

Of every bitter vice
Thou, to my thinking, art the fount and head;
From thee no light in any wise is shed,
Who bringest to the paths of dusky hell.

I therefore see full well,
That death, the dungeon, sickness, and old age,
Weighted against thee, are blessed heritage.

And what though many a goodly hypocrite,
Lifting to thee his veritable prayer,

Call God to witness there
How this thy burden moved not Him to wrath.
Why, who may call (of them that muse aright)
Him poor, who of the whole can say, 'Tis Mine?
Methinks I well divine

That want, to such, should seem an easy path.
God, who made all things all things had and hath;
Nor any tongue may say that He was poor.

What while He did endure
For man's best succour among men to dwell:
Since to have all, with Him, was possible.

Song, thou shalt wend upon thy journey now:
And, if thou meet with folk who rail at thee,

Saying that poverty
Is not even sharper than thy words allow,—
Unto such brawlers briefly answer thou,
To tell them they are hypocrites; and then

Say mildly, once again,
That I, who am nearly in a beggar's case,
Might not presume to sing my proper praise.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI. (1300.)