

do so at a profit while maintaining these properties as sound . . . and very "tangible" . . . assets.

Except for the absence of the display, the foregoing is a literal quotation from the ad. The italics are theirs and the separated "full points," too. And why "tangible" is in "quotes" I give up, unless it be to infer that there is nothing "tangible" about land as an investment, except that upon it some form of labor will be applied in the production of wealth. But we are assured that these investors do not intend to use these lands in that way. Miller & Lux will help them "to get experienced farmers" whom the said investor can "farm." So there you have it. Yet some "innocent" like myself might ask, if the "experienced farmer" farms the farm, and the investor farms the farmer, to whom will go the wealth which the "experienced farmer" farms from the farm, if not alone to the farmer of the farmer of the farm?

LAURIE J. QUINBY.

## Single Tax And Cuspidors

JAMES MICHAEL CURLEY, as Governor-elect of Massachusetts, was being interviewed by a *Boston Globe* reporter. The occasion was one of note in that James Michael had just defeated the offspring of the Hamiltonian Federalists in the rock-ribbed Republican State of Massachusetts in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four. The victory was doubly sweet because "Jim" had also, just a few weeks before, soundly trounced his own Democratic party in its attempt to relegate "Jim" to the limbo of "also-rans." The Rooseveltian New Deal constituted the top, bottom and sides of "Jim's" campaign, morning, noon and night: the New Deal was vindicated and James Michael was victorious. Massachusetts, long noted as the State of mind—as the home of the Cabots and the Lodges—as the seat of the Harvard Preparatory School for all who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven—had swallowed the New Deal, hook, line and sinker.

It is customary for newspaper reporters to ask Governors-elect, Mayors-elect and Town Constables-elect, to reminisce. The procedure lends an Horatio Alger atmosphere to the news-story which customarily features successful elections to public office. It inspires all boot-blacks and newsboys to go and do likewise; if this procedure was not faithfully followed our nation would soon be sadly lacking in Presidential, gubernatorial and mayoral timber, and what a plight THAT would be!

So "Jim" Curley reminisced.

'Twas back in 1898, m'lads, when "Jim" shoved off into the slippery sea of politics. His twenty-four years found him with the oratorical ability of the customary City Councilor candidate limited to a five-minute vocabulary. His political partner, Tom Curley, had an eight-minute vocabulary. Any platform performance which

extended beyond these sidereal limitations found both Jim and Tom speechless.

These budding statesmen 'ad aspirations (as the Englishman says) and wished to stage a two-hour rally. What to do about it? Luckily they had heard a long-winded soap-box orator energetically expound the marvels and panaceas pertinent to the Single Tax. What the subject was all about—what it meant—didn't matter. The Single Taxer could talk—and how! He was the solution to Jim's and Tom's two-hour dilemma. So-o-o-o, the Single Taxer was invited to be the piece-de-resistance at the rally. Listen, now, to Jim's own description:

"It was a hurly-burly meeting because our opponents had first hired the hall. But they had not paid for it, though they had moved in their liquid refreshment. So we got the hall and their liquor and we were first there. There was a fight but we held the hall and all that went with it.

"But while our Single Taxer was speaking one of the enemy hurled a heavy steel cuspidor. I saw it and jammed him (the Single Taxer) down in his chair just as it flew over his head to take out the window, casing and all. He wouldn't finish his speech."

End of quotation.

Gadzooks! Single Tax was killed, at its Bay State birth, by a lowly cuspidor hurled by a cuspidorian. 'Twere better so, m'lads, otherwise the New Deal would never have seen the light of day, and Jim Curley would never have had excellent campaign material against the profound mentality of the Harvardian offspring of the Cabots and the Lodges, and Jim Curley would never have been the Governor-elect of our State of Mind. Cruel fate can, indeed, be kind at times.

Query: If one cuspidor can forestall Single Tax from 1898 until 1934—and if we have one million, nine hundred seventy-six thousand, three hundred and twenty-eight cuspidors in Massachusetts—how long will it be before Single Tax will be adopted in the grand and glorious Commonwealth of Massachusetts?

It is your Deal and political Clubs are trumps.

THOMAS N. ASHTON.

## Wise Words From A Jewish Organ

IF the Jewish National Fund were to collect the full annual rental value of the land which it owns, it would have today at its disposal a larger fund with which to purchase additional land in Palestine, and thus be able to redeem more land for Jewish settlement in the Jewish homeland. In that case, it would not have to be as entirely dependent upon individual contributions as it is today, though of course the Jewish people all over the world would continue to contribute to this perhaps most beloved of Jewish funds and swell its coffers by the pennies, dimes and quarters which are thrown into J. N. F. boxes.

### NOT FULL SINGLE TAX

That the community should collect the full rent of land, since the