

mission objects to others entering the field. The objection is natural, of course. We all object to competition in our special line of business. However, it is not easy to understand why the commission should entertain objections at all. It has, as Chairman Quan reminded the objector, "no right to grant exclusive privileges." It is probably expedient, on police grounds, that projectors of motor bus lines should be required to register their enterprises. They propose to operate vehicles for hire on public highways. . . . But a motor bus is not like a tram car. It requires no special track which is more or less of an obstruction to other vehicles. It is just another wagon in the street. It adds to general wear and tear of the pavement, and that is all. The advent of the motor bus is regarded with hope by the long suffering straphanger. It is evident that not many more tram cars can be run on the existing tracks in the loop. But motor buses can run anywhere. So why not give all the motor bus projectors a chance? Let them see what they can do. The supply will not be in excess of the demand. Let them have an equal field for their exertions. The fittest will survive.



How to Secure Respect for Law.

The Star (San Francisco), January 9.—Laws will be respected by all right-minded persons when the laws are respectable. Authority will be respected generally, and by the great majority of the people, when it does not trespass upon human rights. When the laws and authorities are democratic, there will be no complaint of any widespread disregard of and disrespect for them.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

TO A TRAIN ANNOUNCER.

For The Public.

Peal forth melodiously, clear-throated Cryer,
 Each magic name; fill the tense, crowded room
 With golden tones! Out where huge sheds engloom
 The day, the steeds of steel on Mail and Flyer
 Impatient wait, and with loud blasts respire.
 I pause enrapt, and while your voice's boom
 Rings out, bell-like, the distant Towns assume
 Forms wondrous fair, in visions you inspire:
 Not longer merely Capitals of Trade,
 Great throbbing Centers where unceasing strife
 Is waged for favor of the monarch Gold,
 But in the processes of Time remade,
 As man himself, they stand, their sordid life
 Grown beautiful, beneficent, high-souled.

—CHARLES H. WINKE.



THE SAME BRAND

For The Public.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee — Deutschland
 über Alles and Rule Britannia.

CHRISTINA BARKER.

HOW NEMAHA SETTLED IT.

For The Public.

In a wonderful country, we will name Nemaha, there are 10,000,000 acres of land. It contains fertile valleys of farm land; great forests of pines and hardwood cover the hills; waterfalls appear in its rivers and beneath the rough lands imbedded in the earth are gold, silver, copper, coal, iron and stone.

Years ago by conquest, by Government grant, and by payments of small sums, a certain man, whose name was Felix Monopoly, came into possession of this vast tract. The laws of the land gave him full rights, as owner, to do with all these natural resources what he pleased.

One day there appeared before Felix Monopoly two men by name William Capital and John Labor.

Said Mr. Capital to Mr. Monopoly: "We have come, Mr. Labor with brain and brawn, I with money and tools, to develop these vast resources of this State. It has little value as it lies. We wish to fill these valleys with prosperous farmers—we will send men into the earth in mines that we may have steel to build railroads, implements and machinery; that we may have coal for fuel, that gold may be provided for coin and exchange. We wish to fell the appropriate trees of the forests and build them into homes and cities. We will build great power plants at the waterfalls. A great and prosperous people will have their existence here in a high state of civilization and intelligence."

Mr. Monopoly heard their stories and replied: "I own this land—I have deeds for it. The Government protects me in my rights; it is my partner in holding this land to do with it as I please. I do not choose that you, Capital and Labor, shall have it. I might, however, consider its lease to you for a period of years for a consideration."

Capital and Labor agreed to the lease but did not want to pay in solid cash the amount Monopoly asked. They argued: "These natural resources are given by God to all men for their uses," but the Government had given Monopoly dictatorship over this land of Nemaha and he demanded certain terms. A lease was therefore drawn and signed by Capital and Labor.

Felix Monopoly left his land, meaning the soil, the forests, the mines, the water power and the natural resources, his 10,000,000 acres, to John Labor and William Capital and went on a long and extended journey to foreign countries.

Under the mutual hands of Capital and Labor, as if by magic, the land began to blossom as the rose. The mines yielded forth the rich minerals and precious ores. Homes were built and cities flourished by the river sides. Railways, ships of commerce, and electric conveyances were constructed and used to transport the plentiful products to the markets of the world. Population came.

While the value of land was low, wages and interest were high, but lo, the time came when the terms of the lease expired and Mr. Felix Monopoly returned to demand higher rewards.

The increased population made an increase of desire for the land. Where one wanted a tract in the beginning, now hundreds wanted to use it, hence the value was increased many fold. Every baby born, every immigrant coming to the land to live increased its value.

Mr. Monopoly saw this and demanded as the price for renewing the lease this full increase and value. Did he not own the land? By virtue of his ownership, was he not entitled to the gains in value made solely by the community—by the people?

William Capital and John Labor concluded that he was, and, though "it didn't look right," they agreed to a new lease at a greatly increased rental cost.

Monopoly again went away and this time became an officer of the Government, gave large charities and built up a great political machine with thousands of followers and beneficiaries through which he expected to perpetuate this system of government by which he so greatly profited.

Prosperity flourished in Nemaha until population became so numerous that there was not enough available land—for the price was so high, much of the land was held unused and there was more than one man for every job. Heretofore, there had been more than one job to every man.

It was seen that the land was increasing astonishingly in value; that the cost of living was also getting higher and higher, that wages and interest were comparatively low and it was necessary to form labor unions which employed costly strikes to force through demands for sufficient wages to meet social demands.

Anxiety and restless discontent began to be felt in the land and John Labor conceived the idea that William Capital was getting the best of the partnership. From fierce arguments quarrels ensued until Capital and Labor were in actual war at one another.

Monopoly and his henchmen were seen to live in lavish wealth, while haggard poverty stalked through the land. These henchmen of Monopoly were sometimes so intimately connected and associated with Capital that Labor mistook them for Capital's friends, when indeed they were his enemies.

It is likely that revolution, destruction and death would have been the ultimate end in the land but one day Intelligence wrote a book—he called it "Progress and Poverty." He presented a copy to William Capital and one to John Labor. The book was so simple in its truth, so plain in its statement, so sound in its logic and indicated the cause and cure of the trouble so clearly that Capital and Labor were ashamed of their disagreement

and the havoc they had done each other. They saw that as the simple and easy way to help the poor is to "get off their backs," so the surest way to get universal justice is to destroy Privilege.

So the people of Nemaha passed a law, for fortunately that land was under a government *by the people*. It provided that all men should be protected in the possession of the land and all other property; that all the products of Capital and Labor, through their industry, should be exempt from taxation; that all government revenues should be derived from rental or community made values of Natural Resources or Land.

They agreed to allow Mr. Felix Monopoly to possess the Land of Nemaha if he wished but that he must pay the full price for the full worth of the Privilege.

So now the People of Nemaha own their own homes and possess the land on which their homes stand. The Public Treasury receives from the users and developers of the mines, the forests, the waterfalls, and the land the value of the privilege. Mr. Felix Monopoly has gone from the land forever. John Labor and William Capital receive the full benefit in interest and wages of their outlay. They are no more at war; increasing industries require all their time and attention. Vast wealth is produced and shared by all who work—and there is work for all. The incentive to work has increased a thousand fold. The people are at peace with themselves and their neighbors and are prosperous and happy. Not only are they devoted to the farms and marts but the Fine Arts and "Keen-Eyed" Sciences flourish. A great and noble race is evolving—physically strong, mentally capable. Culture and enlightenment are reaching high accomplishments and this vigorous race is approaching the state of the Idealist's dream—Brotherhood of Man and Harmony with God.

GEORGE DODD CARRINGTON, JR.



TO A FINISH.

Henri La Fontaine.

(Belgian Senator and President of the International Peace Bureau.)

This is the unanimous cry of the belligerents! In Germany and in Austria as in France, in England and in Belgium, this cry goes forth with a rare misunderstanding of what it means.

A fight to a finish! To the finish of what? Of militarism, will be the answer. But nobody reflects on the terrible sacrifices, the frightful massacres, the unheard-of ruin that this answer implies. Day by day the journals of the Allies repeat, with an enervating and disgusting monotony, a wearisome anthem like a litany: "Along the whole front a huge battle from the Swiss frontiers to the shores of Flanders, no notable change