rights and interests will best be secured by calling upon each who holds land to contribute to the rates in proportion to the value of the land which he holds, whether he uses it or not, and by unrating all buildings and other improvements. Such conditions would be to the advantage of those who develop the natural resources which they hold, and those who hold natural resources without developing them would soon be induced, by the pressure of the land value rate, either to develop them themselves or to transfer them to others who would develop them.

Effects of a Land-Value Rate

In almost every case the pressure would secure that result. It is no answer to suggest that, if a landowner is willing to forgo an increased return from the land in order to keep it in his own hands, he would not be induced to alter his policy by a land value rate. As every investor knows, there is a great difference between the relinquishing of profits and the payment of "calls." In the case of withheld land these "calls," if on a land-value basis, would be more substantial than they are now, and would increase with any increase of the land-value. They would make the landowner consider, not whether it is worth his while to dispose of the land which he is not using, but whether it is worth his while to keep it unused. From the business standpoint it would not be worth his while to keep it unused unless its market value were increasing more rapidly than the increasing amount of the relinquished returns and the rate-payments, calculated as accumulating at compound interest at, say, three per cent.; and, in practice, the land value would never increase as rapidly as that, particularly if the gradual increase of the land-value were accompanied by a gradual increase of the land-value valuation and the land-value rate.

Further Considerations

Thus the rating of land-values would practically settle the question as regards the "accommodation land" in and around our towns, and any other land which is being kept back for the present with a view to obtaining a higher price in the future. With the bringing of such land into the market, the prices and rents of lands would simply tumble, and the people would have access to the land on easier terms than ever before. In some cases, of course, land is kept from use, not so much for purposes of gain as for the position and prestige associated with proprietorship, and the strength of custom. But custom will yield to circumstances, and the position and prestige of proprietorship will become less when the economic power of the landed over the landless has been sapped by the rating of land-values. It should always be remembered also that the rating of land-values and the unrating of improvements are bound up together. The one will open the land to the people; the other will give free course to its development.

Considerable numbers of Norwegian farmers have been emigrating recently from the State of Washington to Canada, says Reuter from Ottawa. Representatives of 50 families totalling 400 souls have selected land close to the existing Norwegian colony at Balf, near Edmonton.—DAILY NEWS, October 17th.

THE FALL IN REAL WAGES

By the late Mr. Arthur Chamberlain

That real wages have fallen during the last fifteen years, and that they have fallen much more than the Board of Trade figures show, I think there can be no doubt. The few trades the Board of Trade selects for its comparisons are not by any means indicative of the fortunes (or misfortunes) of the great mass of wage-earners. The cause and the remedy are, I venture to think, quite clear. In the first place, I put on one side the increased gold production, because it is only in a very small degree responsible for the rise in prices; and I do not attribute it in any degree to a general rise in the prices of materials used in manufacture. In my experience, which covers all the metal industries and some others that might be described as chemical, I don't say there have not been some rises, but these have been more than balanced by greater economies in use. The average figure of percentage of material to total cost has not gone up.

The real explanation of the rise in commodity value is this: The merchants and manufacturers, pressed by various causes, one of the most important of which in recent years has been the oppressive nature of the Income Tax, have set themselves to obtain a *quid pro quo* by raising prices, and thereby increasing gross profits. Price-agreements have certainly been on the increase, but even without any definite agreement there has been a censensus of opinion that competition was being carried too far. This accounts for the fall in real wages, and this might be met, so far as the present condition is concerned, by bringing the facts clearly before both the masters and the men.

Employers, as a rule, do not want to deal unfairly with their men; but I have found that very few, even of the employers, and, certainly, hardly one of the workmen, are accustomed to consider wages in connection with the price of commodities. Most people to-day would say that men were well off—that their wages were higher than ever before, and that no rise was justified. If the case were properly put, and if the Trade Union leaders were thoroughly to explain the position to their people by meetings and discussions in every local centre, they would understand that they had a moral right and real claim to such a rise in money wages as would at least make them equal in commodity value to the wages of, say, ten years ago. I doubt if the men are at present aware that they have such a claim. In the same way I feel convinced that, if the case were fairly put before the employers, the great majority would be willing to give a general advance to all trades, though not, perhaps, a special advance to a single trade.

This is one way—I should call it an artificial way—but there is a second and a better, because a more natural and more permanent way. It is this: to free the land—to enable the agriculturists to have access to it. A small holding of one acre and upwards, according to the position and value of the land, means an addition of at least three shillings a week to the agricultural labourer's present weekly earnings. This would diminish the present exodus of the countryman into the town, and would increase the demand of the country for the products of the town. We should have, then, two natural forces at work increasing wages—namely, the smaller supply of competing labour from the country, and the larger demand for factory products by the country. The result would be inevitable. Without the machinery of strikes and lock-outs, wages would be bound to rise, because employers, having a larger demand for their products and a smaller supply of labour, would compete among themselves for such labour as was available. The machinery to produce this result is simple, an imperial tax on the capitalised prairie value of the land, and, at the same time, local taxation withdrawn from the products of industry and of man's labour, and

replaced by a tax raising the same amount on the prairie value of all land. In both cases I mean a tax on all land, whether urban or agricultural, whether owned by the State or by local authorities, or by private individuals.

To sum up, my points are these: attention is repeatedly called to a most important fact showing an unreasonable inequality in the distribution of business earnings. The usual explanation is that of the wicked capitalists and employers, who have by concerted action out-bargained trade unions, whose members are in consequence discontented and depressed. I, on the other hand, do not think that any bargaining has taken place, and I think the urban population is far too much interested in football to be discontented or depressed about anything else. I deny that the depreciation in real wages is known or was known, as a subject of bargaining, either to men or masters, and I point out two methods by which it might be redressed, if the labouring classes could be induced to interest themselves at all in the matter.

Finally, I strongly advise the use of the second method as being more general in its action and more permanent in its results, and dependent as it is on political rather than trade pressure, free from the violence, the sufferings, and the want so often associated with great trade movements.

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN"

A Miner's Sermon

(Written for the Gold Fields News)

By Mather Smith.

I have a child—a son. He is eighteen months old, and his future already worries me. He has a most unselfish disposition, evidently a remarkable instance of atavism, but I must see that environment and early training conquer the pernicious influence of heredity. When he has a piece of cake he shares it with the dogs; if he has sweets he offers others some. This pleases his mother, but fills me with anxiety, as, unless I hurry up with his education, I can foresee that his future life will be a hopeless one.

I have started already, and I know that I have started badly. I got him a pair of rabbits and he watches them intently. When they are fed, they share and share alike and neither tries to take more than it wants. The silly things, I must get rid of them at once and try to get a pair of jackals!

I also made a little aviary and have a few birds in it. He watches them too. They fly down, eat what they want and then fly, chirping, up again. Is not this a bad example to the child? I do wish one of them would get on the seed-tin and keep the others off. I'd teach him to admire that bird!

I must teach him, as he gets older, to annex the other children's cake, &c. I must tell him that when he lends his top he must get it back with two or three marbles as interest. If he responds to my teaching he may rise to any height. He may even attain to the dignity of a title.

At present, in his silly little half-conscious way, he seems to have extraordinary ideas. He does not beg for food—he demands it as a right.

The day isn't half long enough for him to see all the wonders that the Almighty has given for (as he imagines) his benefit. He takes nothing for granted, but wants to inquire into everything for himself. He seems to think, the silly little chap, that he has as much right to his share of God's earth as anyone else. What a shock he'll get when I tell him that he was born too late. That all the seats at the Master's table are marked with a large "Reserved." That the All-Merciful and All-Just ceased providing for such as him long before he was born. That he will have to beg of his fellow-men for permission to obey God's curse—"to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." That in his Father's House the many mansions are all locked up. And that he will have to buy, if he can ever manage to save enough, what he at present thinks is his by right of birth—a share of the earth.

I wonder why God made him so silly; but then He seems to have endowed all the babies, even the black ones, with these funny ideas. I wonder why He made them think they know more than we do, we, with our wisdom, the accumulated wisdom of the ages.

"*Verily I say unto you whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a litlte child shall in nowise enter therein.*"

Noord Kaap, Sept. 23rd, 1913.

"HENRY GEORGE"

By Francis Adams

I came to buy a Book. It was a shop
Down in a quiet narrow street, and here
They kept, I knew, these socialistic books.
I entered. All was bare, but clean and neat.
The shelves were ranged with unsold wares; the counter
Held a few sheets and papers. Here and there
Hung prints and calendars. I rapped, and straight
A young Girl came out through the inner door.
She had a clear and simple face; I saw
She had no beauty, loveliness, nor charm,
But, as your eyes met those grey light-lit eyes
Like to a mountain spring so pure, you thought:
"He'd be a clever man who looked, and lied!"
I asked her for the book. . . . We spoke a little. . . .
Her words were as her face was, as her eyes.
Yes, she'd read many books like this of mine:
Also some poets, Shelley, Bryon too,
And Tennyson, but "poets only dreamed!"
Thus, then, we talked, until by chance I spoke
A phrase and then a name. 'Twas "Henry George."
Her face lit up. Oh! it was beautiful,
Or never woman's face was! "Henry George,"
She said. And then a look, a flush, a smile,
Such as sprung up in Magdalene's cheek
When some voice uttered Jesus, made her angel.
She turned and pointed up the counter. I,
Loosing mine eyes from that ensainted face,
Looked also. 'Twas a print, a common print,
The head and shoulders of a man. She said,
Quite in a whisper: "Henry George! That's him."

Darling, that in this life of wrong and woe,
The lovely woman-soul within you brooded
And wept and loved and hated and pitied,
And knew not what its helplessness could do,
Its helplessness, its sheer bewilderment—
That then those eyes should fall, those angel eyes,
On one who'd brooded, wept, loved, hated, pitied
Even as you had, but therefrom had sprung
A hope, a plan, a scheme to right this wrong,
And make this woe less hateful to the sun—
And that pure soul had found its Master thus
To listen to, remember, watch and love,
And trust the dawn that rose up through the dark:
O this was good
For me to see, as for some weary hopeless
Longer and toiler for "the Kingdom of Heaven"
To stand some lifeless twilight hour, and hear,
There in a dim-lit house of Lazarus,
Mary, who said: "Thus, thus He looked, He spake,
The Master!" So to hear her rapturous words,
And gaze upon her up-raised heavenly face!