think of fighting back. Then Labor learns that there is a hope, a hope of straightening the game, stopping the crooked work, getting what it produces. It discovers its loss first, then it is fired with the determination to stop the losses, and then it learns how to turn the trick. Then Labor wreaths its face in the smile of the sure. The eternal smile, the eternal hope. Such is the awakening of Labor; the battle of Labor. It's a hard battle, but it inspires the hope that is saving the world. It is a glorious fight, a fight worth being in, a fight for humanity and home. Brother Worker, Comrade Worker, you can't afford to be out of it!

Absentee Landlordism.

Farm and Fireside (Agricultural), March 2.—Absentee landlordism seems to us no worse when the landlord lives across the sea than when he is but five hundred miles away or even five miles. . . . A tenant-farmer—whether his farm is owned in London, New York, Chicago, the county seat, or by the man on the next farm—is a tenant-farmer. . . . If he doesn't own it himself, the dice are loaded against him. What is needed in America, of course, is some plan by which every man owns his own land. Failing that, a system of stable and continued occupancy, with an interest for the tenant in the betterments he makes in fertilization and rotations, would be the next best thing. Given these, and where the landlord lives is unimportant.

The Minimum Wage.

The (St. Louis) Mirror (Wm. Marion Reedy), March 21.—Strike and strike and yet again strike is in the news. Everywhere the workers complain of the high cost of living with which wage increase does not keep pace at all. The strikes in progress or threatened are of such proportions that only national governments can deal with them. They can't deal with them solely by repression. Government must try something else, first. There is but one thing to try—first. That is the establishment of a minimum wage. It will have to be tried, since so many people cannot think any farther than that device: but the minimum wage will fail. . . . The minimum wage is only a temporary stop-gap, which will temporarily relieve conditions only to make them worse eventually. There cannot be successful wage-regulation by law, while conditions which the law cannot touch operate irresistibly to lower wages. The best thing government can do is to make opportunity for work for every man. It can do this only by unlocking the land for the use of the people without their paying tribute to owners. That once done, the government can do nothing better than let wages alone. With a job open to everybody, wages will go up everywhere. It will go up because labor will be in demand, and it will not go up at the expense of capital, for with plenty of free labor at work it does nothing but create capital. The minimum wage theory will not work in a world where there is no minimization of monopoly of the only thing upon which labor can be exercised directly or indirectly—the land.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

CHINA.

For The Public.

Ah, light is breaking; mark the Eastern sky.
The rosy dawn gives promise of the day,
And sets its radiant banners floating high,
To chase the dark and gloomy night away.

Oh, light will mean the freeing of the slave
And all of those so many years oppressed;
'Twill forge a tool to dig the mighty grave
Where Special Privilege will forever rest.

Oh, fire the beacon, let a ray of light
Come shimmering o'er the sea to our dear land,
And cheer our workers on to harder fight,
And swell to greater strength our little band.

Ah, working brothers in that far-off land,
You'll forge a golden link in friendship's chain.
When hand goes out across the sea to hand,
Then Henry George will not have lived in vain.

ANNE W. RUST.

THE SPADE GUINEA.

Gilbert K. Chesterton in the London Daily News of March 2.

It was one of those wonderful evenings we have had of late, in which the sky was warm and radiant while the earth was still comparatively cold and wet. But it is of the essence of spring to be unexpected; as in that heroic and hackneyed line about coming "before the swallows dare." Spring never is spring unless it comes too soon. And on a day like that one might pray, without any profanity, that spring might come on earth, as it was in heaven. The gardener was gardening. I was not gardening. It is needless to explain the causes of this difference; it would be to tell the tremendous history of two souls. It is needless because there is a more immediate explanation of the case; the gardener and I, if not equal in agreement, were at least equal in difference. It is quite certain that he would not have allowed me to touch the garden if I had gone down on my knees to him. And it is by no means certain that I should have consented to touch the garden if he had gone down on his knees to me. His activity and my idleness therefore went on steadily side by side through the long sunset hours.

And all the time I was thinking what a shame it was that he was not sticking his spade into his own garden instead of mine; he knew about the earth and the underworld of seeds, the resurrection of spring and the flowers that appear in order like a procession marshalled by a herald. He possessed the garden intellectually and spiritually,

while I only possessed it politically. I know more about flowers than coal-owners know about coal; for at least I pay them honor when they are brought above the surface of the earth. I know more about gardens than railway shareholders seem to know about railways; for at least I know that it needs a man to make a garden; a man whose name is Adam. But as I walked on that grass my ignorance overwhelmed me—and yet that phrase is false, because it suggests something sent like a storm from the sky above. It is truer to say that my ignorance exploded underneath me, like a mine dug long before; and indeed it was dug before the beginning of the ages. Green bombs of bulbs and seeds were bursting underneath me everywhere; and, so far as my knowledge went, they had been laid by a conspirator. I trod quite uneasily on this uprush of the earth; the spring is always only a fruitful earthquake. With the land all alive under me I began to wonder more and more why this man, who had made the garden, did not own the garden. If I stuck a spade into the ground, I should be astonished at what I found there . . . and just as I thought this I saw that the gardener was astonished too.

Just as I was wondering why the man who used the spade did not profit by the spade, he brought me something he had found actually in my soil; a small piece of soil I have recently purchased. It was a thin worn gold piece of the Georges, of the sort which are called, I believe, Spade Guineas. Anyhow, a piece of gold.

If you do not see the parable as I saw it just then, I doubt if I can explain it just now. He could make a hundred other round yellow fruits; and this flat yellow one is the only sort that I can make. How it came there I have not a notion—unless Edmund Burke dropped it in his hurry to get back to Butler's Court. But there it was; this is a cold recital of facts. There may be a whole pirate's treasure lying under the earth there, for all I know or care; for there is no interest in a treasure without a Treasure Island to sail to. If there is a treasure it will never be found, for I am not interested in wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—since I know that avarice has no dreams, but only insomnia. And, for the other party, my gardener would never consent to dig up the garden.

Nevertheless, I was overwhelmed with intellectual emotions when I saw that answer to my question; the question of why the garden did not belong to the gardener. No better epigram could be put in reply than simply putting the Spade Guinea beside the spade. This was the only underground seed that I could understand. Only by having a little more of that dull, battered yellow substance, could I manage to be idle while he was active. I am not altogether idle myself; but the fact remains that the power is in the thin slip of metal we call the Spade Guinea, not in the strong square and curve of metal which we call the Spade. And then I suddenly remembered that as I had found gold on my ground by accident, so richer men in the north and west counties had found coal in their ground, also by accident.

MR. POWTER THINKS HE THINKS

For The Public.

Mr. Powter entered his domicile and slammed the door behind him. Mr. Powter divested himself of his overcoat and hat and threw himself into a chair in the dining-room. Mr. Powter's face wore a portentous frown.

"You seem put out, dear," said Mrs. Powter. "What's the matter?"

"Aw! nothing that you've done," said Mr. Powter, magnanimously. "I ran into that fellow Pointer on the way home, and every time I see him he gets me sore."

"I thought Mr. Pointer a very pleasant man when I met him," said Mrs. Powter. "What do you find wrong with him?"

"Well, you see, he's some kind of an Anarchist, or Socialist, or Single Taxer, or something of that sort," said Mr. Powter, "and when I meet him the doggoned fool is always trying to tell me what's wrong and how to fix it. It happened we were each reading the same paper. 'Did you notice this?' says he. 'What is it?' says I. 'Here's a grocery firm say they pay $59,000 rent in 1910 for a place that cost them $30,000 in 1900. What do you think of that?' 'Why, I think it shows Little Old New York is a great place,' says I. 'Very true,' says he; 'but don't you think it concerns you? Who's getting that extra $29,000, and why?' 'Well, the landlord's getting it,' says I. 'Of course he is,' says he; 'but why?' 'Because he owns it,' says I. Now, with anybody else that would have settled it, but Pointer is such a persistent pest that he won't lay down when you have him beat. He just turns toward me with that conceited smile of his—and, by the way, that's the one thing I hate in man, woman or child, that know-it-all conceit—well, he turns toward me and says, 'But what did he do to make it worth twice as much?' I could feel my gorge rising, but I answered civilly, 'Well, what in blazes did he need to do? He just let it come.' 'Precisely so,' says Pointer; 'but if he didn't do anything for it, didn't earn it, why should he have it?' "

"Why, that seems reasonable," said Mrs. Powter. "I have often heard you say that no man is entitled to more than he earns. You seemed positive enough about that when one of your clerks asked for a raise, and you told him that when he showed he could earn it he would get it."

Mr. Powter glared at Mrs. Powter. Mr. Powter's face reddened and the corners of his mouth drew