

to judge the goodness of the reason, he would say: "The man who gives the reason shall be the judge himself." Still nobody claimed the dollar, till one night a man said: "I can give a good reason."

"Give a good reason why you should tax a man more for improving land than for doing nothing with it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is your reason?"

"We don't know any better," said the man.

"Here is your dollar."—Bolton Hall, in "Life" for Easter, 1904.

A BIG PROBLEM.

The entire East side in New York is in a state of rebellion against the landlords. This is the portion of the city in which the poorer classes live, and thousands of families are affected by the increased rates. Popular feeling against the landlords is so high that last week a mass meeting attended by more than 2,000 tenants was held for the purpose of discussing the question, and some very bitter speeches were made. Socialist agitators have taken advantage of the situation to prosecute a vigorous campaign in favor of their tenets, and the movement is rapidly gaining adherents. That the matter is serious is admitted by many conservative people, and Charles Sprague Smith, director of the People's Institute, calls for the creation of a municipal commission to inquire into the question of rents and suggest methods of ameliorating the condition of tenants.

The question naturally involves the whole problem of existence. It seems to be a fact that the condition of the common people in this generation is much superior to the conditions which prevailed in earlier times. Wages are higher, and people of the present day possess many more conveniences and comforts than were possessed by their ancestors. At the present moment, however, these conditions appear to be changing. There seems to be a retrogression. The cost of living appears to be increasing more rapidly than wages, and people in all ranks of life, the laboring classes most of all, but not alone, feel the effects. Some prices are high owing to temporary causes, but on the whole the tendency is upward, and it promises to continue.

There ought to be no halt in the steady improvement in the condition of the laboring classes, in which is included the larger portion of the race. If there is to be none, however, some means must be devised to counteract present tendencies. The problem is a great one:

and the situation of the East side tenants in New York shows that before a solution is obtained many are certain to suffer.—Editorial in Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press of April 12.

HOW TOWNS DEVELOP UNDER OUR PRESENT LAND SYSTEM.

An extract from a private letter from a new town in the State of Washington, written under date of March 29, 1904.

One year ago in January last the first house was built here; the forest had just been cleared off. Now there are over 700 houses, six stores, one plumber's shop, one barber shop, two restaurants, one little church; also a school of 67 children (junior grade). All the older pupils for a distance of four miles go to —, where there are seven teachers. Mr. H—, who founded this town, owns all the land around here. He builds houses and sells on the installment plan—\$100 down, \$15 per month—city water, etc.

I began to talk single tax to him one day, and he said: "Why! I have some books on that subject. A friend who believes in it sent them to me. But I am so busy selling land I haven't time to read up the land question."

His office is near our house, and we see a crowd there from morning till night—Sundays especially—all coming to look for town and acre lots. Sometimes he opens up a tract with a big barbecue—roast ox, barrels of apples, bread by the hundreds of loaves, gallons of milk, and so forth, galore. There will be a crowd of 2,000 or 3,000, lots will go like hot cakes, and the next week the houses will begin to spring up.

It is just simply a kindergarten lesson on the land question, to watch developments in H— City, and it shows the hunger people have to own a bit of God's earth and a little home of their own.

The street car company is making a fine thing out of it. It is not the S— Electric that owns this line, but a Boston company, and they are very indifferent about the comfort and convenience of the people, simply because there is no opposition at present.

THE PROTECTIVE ARGUMENT.

"And now, fellow citizens," said the orator, "let me take up another question. They charge our protected industries with selling goods abroad at lower prices than they get for the same goods at home. They taunt us with this as though it were a crime. They challenge us to deny the fact. Why, gentlemen, we do not deny it. We admit it—nay, we boast of it! We glory in it!

"Consider the good we do in thus selling our goods abroad at the lowest possible prices. The poor, benighted pauper laborer of Europe, with wages cut down almost to the starvation point, is thus enabled to get some of the necessities and comforts of life of which he would otherwise be deprived. He could not afford to pay European prices, but he may possibly be able to pay American prices. Our policy, my friends, gives him a chance to live. It makes his unhappy lot a little brighter, tends to reconcile him to his situation, makes him less anxious to emigrate to America. By thus checking an influx of foreign labor to our shores, it diminishes competition here and enables us to keep up the high standard of wages now prevailing in our mines, factories and workshops. Is it not, therefore, a boon to American labor to sell the products of our protected industries cheaper abroad than at home?"

"But they ask, if we can afford to sell goods in Europe, why do we need a tariff to sell them at home. Fellow-citizens, the answer is obvious. We need a tariff to keep these goods from coming back. Just suppose that some shrewd European operator, with hostile designs on American prosperity, should buy an enormous quantity of these goods at the low prices at which we sell them abroad and then send them back and dump them on our shores. What would be the result? American industries would be ruined. Mills, mines and workshops would be closed; millions would be driven out of employment and our people would be on the verge of starvation.

"But, fortunately, there is no danger of this. The size and enthusiasm of the audiences I have addressed in this campaign assure me that the magnificent system which permits us to sell goods at high prices at home and at low prices abroad will not be disturbed."

And when the speaker sat down he received an ovation.—William E. McKenna, in Puck.

TOM L. JOHNSON ON THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

Tom L. Johnson is emphatically and unequivocally not a candidate for the presidency of the United States. He made the announcement last evening and expressed the hope that it would not require repetition at any time during the campaign.

The impression had gone out that the peculiar resolutions adopted at the twentieth district convention Saturday were in the nature of an incipient boom for him, planned and executed by Charles

P. Salen. In these resolutions the candidacies of both Parker and Hearst were repudiated by the convention, and "one who truly reflects the Democratic conscience in both thought and action" was recommended for the "mantle of leadership." This veiled reference was taken by many of the delegates to mean Mr. Johnson, and the resolutions went through with a rush and hurrah.

But if the action was the result of Mr. Salen's zealotry in behalf of the mayor, it is certainly not appreciated at headquarters. In fact, Mr. Johnson is just a little resentful. "It is a positive injury to me to be mentioned in this connection," he said last evening. "I am quite sure that Mr. Salen understands quite as well as I do myself that I am in no sense a candidate, and it is foolish for anyone to believe that the passage of those resolutions bore any reference to me. If I thought they did, Charley Salen and I would fight right there. That's all there is to that."

"To whom do you take it that the resolutions refer?" the mayor was asked.

"To no one in particular, but in general to men who represent the true principles of Democracy. I do not consider that Judge Parker or David B. Hill or Grover Cleveland are in this class. They are imperialists and protectionists and would have the Democratic party as much like the Republican party as it is possible to make it and keep the two distinct."

"How about Hearst? He stands for the principles laid down by the last two conventions, doesn't he?"

"Possibly. But I do not care to discuss Mr. Hearst. I have said that I am not in favor of his candidacy, and that is as far as I care to go."

"Would you object to naming five or six men who come up to the requirements of the standard of Democracy as fixed by Mr. Bryan?"

"There are such men in the country, but I do not care to mention any of them at this time. There is one thing I will say and that is that I do not think the next nominee of the party should come from Ohio. This State has furnished enough presidential timber in the last twenty-five years. We should give some other States a chance. There are some good men in the West, who stand for right principles and have the nerve to put their theories into execution, who would invite the support of every conscientious and thoughtful man in the nation. We do not want a man who is playing hand in glove with the Republican party. We want a man who is a Democrat at heart and is the enemy of everything that tends to defeat or delay

the triumph of the principles of the party.

"They call us the 'radical' Democracy. That's the wing of the party I belong to, the 'radical' wing. But this wing, radical or not, happens to be in strict accord with the real principles of democracy as opposed to the doctrines of paternalism and imperialism. If this be 'radicalism,' then I am 'radical' and trust that I may always remain so. As I have said, the tendency of the Cleveland wing of the party is to drift away from these principles and embrace the very thing to which real Democrats stand unalterably opposed. Cleveland's indorsement of Parker should be sufficient to blast his chances of nomination in any Democratic convention. The Democratic party in its platforms of the last eight years has said for what it stands and to what it is opposed. The party at the convention at St. Louis should select a man who can stand flatly upon the platforms of '96 and 1900, and who measures well up to the requirements of the presidency of the United States. There are such men in the country, but they are not to be found among those who have, so far, been prominently named for the office."—Cleveland Plain Dealer of April 18.

LETTER OF ADVICE AND APOLOGY TO A CHICAGO CRIMINAL.

With apologies to the London Speaker of February 13, 1904, for liberties taken for purposes of local adaptation.

My Dear Ormond: Nothing was further from my thoughts. I had imagined you knew me well enough—and, for the matter of that, all your mother's family—to judge me better. Believe me, no conception of blaming your profession entered my mind for a moment. Whether there be such a thing as "theft in the abstract" I should leave it to metaphysicians to decide; in practical affairs everything must be judged in its own surroundings.

It was not stealing I denounced, or theft—I care not by what name you call it—it was not burglary (to give the matter a technical title); it was lack of judgment, sudden actions due to nothing but impulse, and what I think I may call "the speculative side" of our life.

You have not, as yet, any great responsibilities. No one is dependent upon you—you have but yourself to provide for; but you must remember that such responsibilities will arrive in their natural course, and that if you form habits of rashness or obstinacy now they will cling to you through life. We are all looking forward to a cer-

tain event when Anne is free again; in plain English, my boy, we know your loyal heart, and we shall bless the union; but I should feel easier in my mind if I saw you settled into one definite branch of the profession before you undertook the nurture of a family.

Adventure tempts you because you are brave, and something of the poet in you leads you to unusual scenes of action. Well, youth has a right to its dreams, but beware of letting a dangerous Quixotism spoil your splendid chances.

Take for example your breaking into Mr. Cowl's house. You may say Mr. Cowl was not a journalist, but only a reviewer; the distinction is very thin, but let it pass. You know and I know that the houses of none in any way connected with the daily press should ever be approached. It is plain common sense. The journalist comes home at all hours of the night. His servant is often up before he is a-bed. Do you think to enter such houses unobserved?

Again, in one capacity or another the journalist is dealing with our profession all day long. Some he serves and knows as masters, others he is employed denouncing at about five dollars the 1,500 words; others again it is his business to interview and to pacify or cajole in political combines and the social clubs—do you think he would not know what you were if he found you in the kitchen with a dark lantern?

There is another peril—I mean that of alienating friends. Mr. Cowl is an imperialist of a very unemphatic type, I know; he wears (as you will say) gold spectacles and has a nervous cough, but he is an imperialist. I never said that it was wrong or even foolish to alienate such a man. I said that a great and powerful section of opinion thought it a breach of honor in one of our craft to do it. Do not run away with the first impression my words convey. Believe me, I weigh them all.

There has been so much misunderstanding that I hardly know what to choose. Take those watches. I did not say that watches were "a mere distraction." You have put the words into my mouth. What I said was that watches, especially watches at a Democratic meeting, were not worth the risk. Of course, a hatful of watches such as your Uncle Robert would bring home from fires, or better still such a load as your poor cousin Charles, obtained upon Hamilton day last year, has value. But how many gold watches are there, off the platform, at a Democratic meeting? And what possible chance have you on the platform? Now church and