

misunderstood. The personnel of the committee must also be such that there will be no ground for lack of confidence in its fairness or intelligence on the part of those who have remedies to suggest.

Should this suggestion meet with your approval, I will be glad to do what I can to furnish the committee with information and feel sure that other Singletaxers as well as advocates of other reforms, will do the same. Your organization will then be in a position at your next meeting, to take definite action in the war against poverty. Yours very truly,

JOSEPH FELLS.

June, 1911.

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THE LAND QUESTION AND THE WHITE PLAGUE.

From a Sermon Preached on Tuberculosis Sunday, April 30, 1911, before the Jewish Reform Congregation of Minneapolis, by Dr. S. N. Deinard, Rabbi.

The ravages wrought by the dread disease against which the modern crusade is conducted, the so-called "White Plague," are well-known to all. Christian Scientists may deny this fact; but people of common sense are too well aware of it. The ruthless foe in the fighting of whom we are all requested to engage is no respecter of persons. He attacks the rich and poor alike. The tuberculosis germ is in the air we inhale, and clings to what we eat and drink and wear and touch.

But how can we successfully overcome this treacherous foe? How can we stamp out the White Plague? It is not enough to provide hospitals and sanatoria, dispensaries and open air schools, for the cure of those already affected, which cure is rarely successful. The question is how to check the spread of the disease, and ultimately to banish it from the habitations of man.

Tuberculosis is bred in places of filth and foul air, of congestion and darkness. The cities' slums, the habitations and work shops of the poor, whether they be labyrinthine tenements or rickety shacks, are the favorite haunts of the tubercular germs. As long as such abodes of misery and squalor exist, there can be no remedy for the dreadful evil.

The problem of all problems, therefore, is the proper housing of the working classes and all other submerged classes of our population. That the poor working people who are generally blessed with large families should have proper homes, modest cottages with plenty of air and light and a little space for their children to play in, is a plain matter of justice. Should not they who build our homes and produce all else we need for our welfare, have decent homes and the necessary comforts of life? But when their present poor hovels become breeding places of disease, a disease that

threatens us all alike, then surely the question of the housing of the poor becomes one of prime importance to all of us. Self-interest, if not interest in the welfare of our fellow men, demands a satisfactory answer.

But this answer depends entirely upon a change of our present system of land tenure. As long as speculation in land is allowed or tolerated, as long as men may acquire large tracts of land and keep them idle, waiting for big profits on them, so long will the housing problem remain unsolved. Mere philanthropy will not solve it. All the treasures of our retired captains of industry will not suffice.

While tuberculosis has its most favorable breeding place in the abodes of the poor, and thence spreads over all sections of the community, it finds its readiest victims among the enfeebled and enervated, those whose vitality is low and who lack the power of resistance. These, too, are generally found among the overworked and underfed poor. We can imagine how delicate girls, working nine or ten hours a day in factory or shop or modern emporium for a wage hardly sufficient for their proper maintenance, and who are afterward called upon to assume the burdens and sacrifices of motherhood, must fall an easy prey to the dread disease. The modern economic stress and strain and struggle produce the same effect on men. I admit that a person's vitality may also be exhausted by dissipation, by the underwork and overfeeding of our rich and middle classes, too. For that they are themselves to blame. But for the overwork and underfeeding of the submerged, society, we, are responsible. We must see to it that economic justice be established in our land, by restoring nature's wealth to the entire nation—God's gifts to all His children. With equal opportunity for all to employ their God-given powers, with free and equal access for all to nature's bountiful storehouse, there will be no submerged class any more. It is this that will banish the dread White Plague, and most other evils that humanity is now heir to, from the habitations of man.

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WHAT REWARD ARE YOU AFTER?

Dr. Frank Crane in the Chicago Examiner of May 9, 1911. Published by Permission of the Examiner.

When Jesus Christ was crucified there was a thief hung upon each side of Him. Somewhere I remember to have read that this is a good sample of what the world is always doing, to-wit: Killing two kinds of persons, those who are ahead of it, and those who are behind it, in the moral procession.

This seems to be true. Two varieties of people go to jail, John Bunyan and Jesse James. We note two sorts of disturbers, Owen Lovejoy and

the chicken thief. We hang John Brown and the murderer of McKinley.

Public opinion is a great thing. The current standard of morality is a queer thing. As we look back over history we can see how it has been rising constantly. Time was when it was no sin to own a slave, to keep several assistant wives, to flog one's wife, to hang a man for stealing a ham, and to burn a young lady alive because she did not believe the accepted creed. We have outlived these stages. We have reached another, and we think a higher plane. But we still are intolerant of all who do not keep step.

A man commits a crime, say murder, or theft, or forgery, or burglary. That means he is away behind the moral status of society. So we lock him up, or take his life.

Another man is ahead of our common position. We call him a Socialist, or a philosophical anarchist, or a Singletaxer, or a Heretic. In any case he doesn't belong. He has separated himself from the general mass. He has moved out alone, or with a few wild companions. Of course we do not burn him, nor crucify him, nor torture him. That is no longer the style. But we do things to him none the less, in subtler ways. We are as cruel as we can be without offending our modern sensitiveness to causing a disturbance. We quietly freeze him out of the club, look him out of the church, hint him out of the family, and back him off the earth as delicately as we can without getting into a scuffle.

The truth then is, if you want to belong you must keep step, morally speaking. Society, your fellow-man, does not ask that you be right, but just as right as they are. If you are below the level of prevalent morality, you go to the calaboose; if you are above it, you go to the social cold storage room.

If you want success, and to get on, and to be popular, and to get elected, you must be an expert in averages. Great political leaders do not follow their personal convictions, but their class convictions—unless they have succeeded in submerging the former into the latter. Those who have a reputation for great sanctity are those who have been able to substitute for their own personal feelings the feelings of the religious world of their time and place.

A man should therefore open well his eyes. No man, said the greatest of teachers, will build a house or go to war without first sitting down and counting the cost. There are two distinct, irreconcilable standards of morality; that which is generally accepted, and your own. On the one hand the zeiteist, on the other the individual human spirit. One cannot serve two masters. One must choose.

Generally speaking, I agree with the common run of parsons and politicians, to-wit: That as

most of us have not sense enough and strength enough to stand alone, it is better to come in, accept the standards and ideas of those about us, and be comfortable, and get elected. It's safer, especially if you are timid. And it's much more profitable. Your organization will look after you, in this life and in the next.

But here's my hand to the lonesome! There are those who simply cannot conform. For some reason the force of individualism within them is too powerful. The main-traveled road is sunny, and there's lots of company, but they cannot resist the lure of the Lone Trail. So they "kiss their love good-by." God knows what will become of them, whether they will be tramps or Tolstoys, whether more akin to Him on the middle cross or to them on the side crosses.

Yet, somehow, O most respectable fellow members, the hope of the world, as its danger, lies among those we blackball. Outside the gates, between the thieves, among the lepers, is the Savior.

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THE INFERNO.

After Olive Schreiner.

Will Scott in *Johnstown Democrat*.

Either in the spirit or the flesh, I beheld a verdant island surrounded by a boundless sea. The outlines of shores and hills and vales, all dim and blurred at first, became gradually distinct, as if coming into the focus of a powerful telescope. There were vine-clad slopes leading up to lofty mountain chains, down whose ravines plunged streams of water clear and cool, while tropic valleys, laden with every grain and fruit and flower that mortal hand has ever won from fertile soil, smiled benignly in the soft light of the rising sun; and on the shore sat a strange being, like an apparition, serenely listening to the thunder of the sea.

"Pray, who art thou?" I asked in timid reverence; nor was I surprised to hear answer promptly:

"I am Pluto, doomed to rule this realm and suffer ennui for ten thousand years."

"And where is this?"

"This is the Inferno," answered Pluto wearily, "the abode of all lost souls from whatever worlds."

"But how is that?" I ventured; "it looks to me like the most beautiful island that I ever saw."

"And so it is," admitted the aged god; "no land was ever more fair, nor a better abode for men or gods, but it is hell nevertheless. The populace here are in hell primarily because of the condition of their minds. They are as if enchanted."

I couldn't understand and so asked meekly:

"Is hell imaginary, then? Are they in hell only because they think so?"