

nings Bryan, and Sir Horace Plunkett. The most important feature will be an experience discussion of the actual problems of social-center development as they are being met in various cities, towns and rural communities. [See vol. xiv, pp. 1114, 1121.]

—At a mass meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union in Albert Hall, London, on the 17th, the policy of extreme militancy was indorsed. And thereupon Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence withdrew from the organization. The separation was not unfriendly, but it deprives the organization of "Votes for Women" as its organ, the paper being owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel have consequently started another paper, "The Suffraget." [See current volume, page 922.]

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## PRESS OPINIONS

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### Science and Idealism.

Chicago Record-Herald (Rep.), Oct. 9.—Science in the period of its youth was lusty and a little shrill; it occupied itself largely with negation. It has long since passed through that phase; it has now entered upon the phase of affirmation. And only in this latter phase has the truth about science become obvious to every one—that its basis has always been highly idealistic.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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### AN OFFERTORY.

For The Public.

I bring to Thee, O Christ my King,  
This most unworthy offering;  
Thou gav'st Thy precious life for me,  
These paltry coins I give to Thee.  
If only offerings justly earned  
Were taken—mine might all be spurned.  
Thine eye doth see each inward part—  
My hands unclean, my selfish heart;  
Not praise I merit—only blame.  
Accept, O Christ, my humble shame.

SPENCER J. HALL.



Tyranny always follows the lines of least resistance. Encroachments upon rights of free speech and free assemblage which we have looked upon with indifference because they were for opinions which to us seemed false or hateful, we have suddenly found applied to ourselves. Here is repeated again for us the warning of which all the histories of liberty are but the record. The outposts of our rights are to be found in the maintenance of the rights of the least of our brethren. The more odious they, the more do we need to keep our lamp of vigilance trimmed and burning for their defense. It is through the weak gate of our uncared-for liberty that the despot will steal upon us.—Henry D. Lloyd in "Mazzini, and Other Essays."

## THE ROBBING OF LAND.

The October Land Values Says That the Italian Funny Paper L'Asino (The Ass) Thus Treats of the War in Tripoli, in a Dialogue Held By an Italian Soldier and Farm Laborer, and an Arabian.

Arabian: What harm have we done you, since you are coming here to attack us?

Soldier: We are coming here to seek new land.

A.: Won't your own land do?

S.: Our own land? We soldiers have no land, you know. It belongs to the masters—the princes, the lords, the baronets and other grantees, and they let large parts of the country lie waste and wild. No, we have no land, and many of us are forced to go to America in order not to starve to death.

A.: Consequently, it is because you cannot get land in your own country, you will take our land from us.

S.: (Is struck by that conclusion, and keeps silent.)

A.: Allah is great! If he will now let you gain the victory and if you take the land from us, what use is it to you?

S.: (smiling melancholily): To me? The land is of course to be sold to people in no want of money. From whence do you think I should get the money?

A.: Then, it is the Italian farmers who are to buy it?

S.: The farmers? They are just as poor devils as we.

A.: But, by the Prophet's beard, who will be the owners of the land?

S.: The lords, of course, because they alone are in the possession of money.

A.: Thus the same men who let your own land lie waste?

S.: Exactly. We farmers and laborers have nothing but our own arms.

A.: Allah is great, but that is beyond my understanding. Then it is not for your own sake you and your friends are coming here to take the land from us. It is in order to procure still more land for those masters, who do not even cultivate the land they already are in possession of. I beg your pardon, my friend, but only the *camels* are just as sly as you and your comrades.



## THE TALE OF MILLION DOLLARS

And Why He Left the Town.

Written by Alfred D. Cridge. Illustrated by J. W. Bengough. From the Oregon Journal.

When Mr. Million Dollars sought a lodging in the town, a cheery Million Dollars, intent to set-

tle down, to set up factories, employ men, develop things, and do just what the people wanted done



by him, or me, or you, the first man met by Million D. as he went down the street was old Assessor Hasbeen, and sullen was his greet. "If you come 'round these precincts with buildings and their stuff, I'll fine ye good and plenty; I've warned ye. That's enough."



"But, friend," said Mr. Million D., with a smile upon his face, "I like the prospects hugely, I'll build up the whole place. I'll put up mills and factories, build roads; and homes galore will rise on every avenue between the hills and shore. I'll raze your shacks and shanties and load your wharves with trade; I'll put up towering business blocks, plant homes in every glade. All that I ask is freedom to employ and be employed; I'm sure to see me everyone will be most overjoyed."

Then rose Assessor Hasbeen in majesty and might. "Come if you dare," he shouted, "and I'll fine you day and night. I tax men for improving; I tax 'em if they use; I tax them if they beautify their cottage with a rose; I tax them if they clear or till; I tax them all I can; I tax the cottage

and the mill; I jump on every man who seeks to use or beautify, to weave, to build, or toil, who tries to employ others on or underneath the soil."



Then Mr. Million Dollars turned, not intent on a fight. "I'll find some other place," said he, "where intellects are bright. I've heard of new Vancouver, a city on the Sound, where things men build are welcome, and they only tax the ground. Victoria and a dozen towns don't kick me in the face with old Assessor Hasbeen when I come around the place. There I can live in peace and hope and help mankind to rear homes and up-build commerce; I need not linger here."

The people came to welcome him, they urged him hard to stay. "We need thee every hour," they called. "Oh, please don't go away."



"Assessor Hasbeen drives me off," then Million Dollars said. "Threatens to fine and punish me," and straightway from them fled.

"What have you done?" the people cried, as Million Dollars went. "You blithering fool. To get him here we have big money spent. We've advertised and boosted; orated and whooped; and

now these towns he mentions have got right in and scooped away from us dear Million D., while others of his tribe are sure to follow him up there, they give him such a bribe. Why did you act so surly? Why did you work your jaw?" To this Assessor Hasbeen cried, "You know it is the law."

"The law be hanged," yelled Hustler; "it must be out of date. What's the use of boosting if old Hasbeen slams the gate right in the face of every man, come early or come late?"



Then up rose Doctor Common Sense, truth shining in his face. "Let's change the law; it's foolish to thus wall up the place. Assessor Hasbeen turns them back as fast as men can come. We do not always see or know the mischief he has done. Laws are made for people, not people for the law, and we can make laws over when we find out what they are. Take off these foolish fines he lays on everything we do; abolish all these burdens on our backs for revenue. Tax



land on its just value; let labor's product free, and then will Million Dollars come with many more

to see, and show his brothers openings for enterprise and thrift, and wharves will rise upon these sands where only seaweeds drift; our barren lands be homesteads, nature open up her store, workers no longer idle and always work for more."

From the long deluded people came loud cheering and applause, while with Initiative they quickly changed the laws. A Graduated Tax was laid upon the big estate, the higher the land value the higher was the rate. Small holdings are exempted from this just and special tax, while for all labor values are no burdens on men's backs. This justifies the home being built, breaks up the idle grants, gives hope to every worker as he builds, or delves, or plants; makes wildernesses blossom with happy homes galore and little children play in joy where once their toil was sore.

Many a Million Dollars dropped off to see and stay; thousands of prosperous workers went singing on their way. Shirkers and Idlers hustled, for they had to use the land and earn their bread by labor of the head or of the hand.\*



\*Information furnished as to the whereabouts of thousands of such Million Dollars driven from, past and through Oregon by our absurd Hasbeen assessors and taxation laws. Write to Alfred D. Cridge, 225 Worcester Building, Portland, Oregon. Read the graduated land, privilege and income tax measure before the Oregon people to be voted on November 5, 1912. Copies sent on request.



Young Wife: "But that's very expensive, especially as it's in season, isn't it?"

Greengrocer: "Well, madam, it is and it isn't, as you might say. What with the French gardening and what not, the vegetables that used to be out of season are in, and them that is in is out, owing to the demand for the others."—Punch.