

perhaps the man for whom the particular service is performed does gain that much. But whatever he gains somebody else must lose. It is trite—so trite as almost to offend the Senate—when I repeat that the government has no money with which to perform these services at a loss, and whatever the government does somebody must pay for the doing of. Either the person for whom it is done or the taxpayer for whom it is not done must bear the expense.

A readjustment of the "second class" system upon the basis of cost, would doubtless necessitate an increase of the present cent-a-pound rate. But do periodical publishers or their readers really desire a subsidy? Do they really want to get something for nothing? Let us not believe it until they tell us so in unmistakable language.

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An inevitable result of putting periodical postage upon the basis of cost would be a speedy reduction of cost. For the great leak in the Post Office Department now is not the necessary cost of transmitting and delivering "second class" matter; it is the railroad "graft", which is unfairly charged to the "second class" system. This "graft" is now under the protection of "subsidized" newspapers. Withdraw their subsidy, place periodical postage on the basis of cost, divest the Post Office Department of its irresponsible powers of discrimination, and the great newspapers and magazines would no longer be silent about the postal "graft" of the railroads.

All subsidies are demoralizing as well as oppressive, and the postal subsidy to periodicals is no exception. There are no fair grounds on which it can be defended. It should be abolished. All periodicals should be placed upon an equality as to the postal service, and the basis of this equality should be postal in character and not censorial either in effect or possibility.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ENGLAND.

Chester, June 2.—Yesterday afternoon we went three and a half miles up the Dee, in a little open steamer, to Eaton Hall, one of the houses of the Duke of Westminster. After a walk through the glorious park I stood in front of the so-called Golden Gates, and looked at the splendid mansion, stretching its magnificent front perhaps a hundred yards, with a chapel and its noble clock-tower at the far end. The chimes of 28 bells rang as I stood there at four. Behind me, away from the gate stretched as far as the eye could see a broad avenue bounded by the ancient oaks and beeches of the park. In front, between the gate and the Hall, stands a very striking equestrian statue, by G. F. Watts, of Hugh

Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror, to whom that arch-thief gave immense holdings in this region. It is well that Hugh the Wolf is there—a fitting type of the whole predatory breed. "Inherited Robbery" could be written across all the gates to Eaton Hall, and yet the legend of the Duke's Arms reads, "Virtus non stemma," virtue not pedigree.

Walking up from the river on my return, I fell in with a workingman and asked him to have a glass with me. We went into a small room, about five by ten, with heavy old benches around the walls, and touched a bell. The bar proper, in a room about the same size, was across a narrow entry, and from behind the bar came a tidy young girl to take our order of scotch, costing 4d for the two. The drinks are brought measured in two glasses, and a jug of water already stands on the table. Each of us had our pipes, which I filled with Virginia tobacco, and in this way I was able to hold my companion for a good talk. He was not a regular drinker, and indeed one sees no evidence of excessive drinking here. But of course there is more here, as everywhere, than there ought to be. "It's the misery," my friend said, "that mostly drives to drink." And so we discussed the vicious circle of misery and drink, drink and misery. I wish I might have taken down his whole conversation and his manner of speech. He was born in Chester, and has always lived here, has a brother somewhere in the States, he did not know where. I told him where we had just been, and how magnificent it all was. "They do say, sir," he said, "that the Duke has 164,000 acres, besides his rents in London." And then, after a little leading, he asked, "Don't you think, sir, it's a shame and a wrong, sir, for one man to have so much land? Why, sir, you can drive seven mile one way and five mile the other without coming off his land. But, sir, what's the use of talking about it." I reminded him that many were beginning to think that there was a good deal of use in talking about it. But he shook his head, saying, "Not in my day, nor yours, sir." He was a cab driver, made 15s a week, not counting uncertain tips, and paid 6s a week for "rent and coals." He had voted the Conservative ticket until the last election, when he gave his vote for the Liberal candidates. Chester itself was Conservative until the recent landslide for the Liberals.

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I went to the early service in Chester Cathedral yesterday morning, and made one of the congregation of seven. There were three American ladies present who came over in the steamer with me, so that Chester was represented by three other ladies, one of whom wore the garb of some sisterhood. Two clergymen officiated and went through the whole service, reading both the lessons, and omitting nothing. The cathedral is most interesting, rich in relics and carvings, especially the wood-carving of the choir. Parts of the cloisters are literally mouldered away. The baptismal font is said to date back to the 6th century. But all these things can be found in the guide-books and encyclopedias. Some of the ancient mural tablets are amusing; one of them closes with this pious injunction, "Readers, he has left a chasm which if you are possessed of ample means you wou'd do well to occupy."

Well wrapped in overcoat and rug against a biting north wind, on the seat with the driver, I had a delightful drive this morning through Saltney six miles to Hawarden, the home of Gladstone. We passed the chapel at Boughton, where the great man and persistent churchman frequently read the evening service, and on through Hawarden village to the church, which is full of Gladstonian associations. The view from the churchyard across the moor and the valley of the Dee towards Chester is most pleasing. The new and the old are mingled: at your feet the ancient tombstones, to the right long rows of splendid old trees, to the left the tall chimneys of great shipbuilding works, and near-by the new walls of a new grammar school. The main entrance to Hawarden Park is not far away, and the drive through the park passing near the house is charming. On the green in front preparations were going on for the coming celebration of the coming-of-age of Gladstone's grandson. The driver told me that near the same spot he had seen Gladstone stand on the stone wall in front and speak to thousands. On our return drive we passed the Church of St. Mary without the Walls, built, it is said, by the winnings of one of the Duke of Westminster's horses.

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There has been little in the local papers about Michael Davitt's death, except in a labor paper which I found in an off shop. Many columns have, of course, been given to the attack on the King of Spain. An editorial in one of the papers, entitled "Glitter and Gloom," seems worth quoting. After properly lamenting the attack, the writer says:

On the other hand, we may be grateful to this madman (seeing he has missed his aim) for helping to dissipate the gorgeous unreality which has enveloped these wedding scenes. We have all talked and written as though King Alfonso were the Spanish people and Madrid Spain; as though a monarch had merely to find an agreeable mate to render his people prosperous and contented; and as though it were enough that a capital should be amused for a day with a new sensation. The King and Queen of Spain have something more to do than to ride in mahogany coaches, deck themselves in costly dresses, and smile through a tedious ceremonial. . . . The outrage has a significance for us if it shows us that gold and glitter are not the only nor the most impressive things in the world. There is an under world supporting all this pageantry. There is a problem of poverty and hunger and misery in Spain which eludes the courtly scribes of yesterday but does not escape the scrutiny of a colder day.

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It may seem strange to send a letter from Chester without speaking of its most interesting ancientness, its old walls, its old buildings with their many historic memories, its memorials of Roman, Celt, Saxon, and Norman. But, as I have said, all these things can be found in the books. At one corner of the old wall stands a tower bearing this inscription, "King Charles I stood on this tower Sept. 24, 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." Let us hope that as the towers of this old wall once looked upon the undoing of a bigoted Stuart, so may they some not-too-distant day look upon the undoing of the long-surviving bigotry of English landlordism. As you look out from King Charles's tower, the massive splendor of Chester Cathedral stands close behind you. Will it help the new revolution? It is

a great question. The Dean's red hood shone gorgeous at the early service; it would be most interesting to know whether the learning which it betokens includes a knowledge of "Progress and Poverty."

J. H. DILLARD.

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FAIRHOPE.

Fairhope, Ala.—With a population of only a few hundred, Fairhope is one of the most interesting and progressive towns in the South; and it is unique among all the towns in the United States because its promoters and most of its public spirited citizens are pronounced opponents of the institution of private property in land. In fact, the main object in establishing the town has been to demonstrate by example the feasibility of Henry George's ideas.

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Fairhope had its inception more than twelve years ago, in an organization at Des Moines, Iowa. This organization, "The Fairhope Industrial Association," was incorporated under the laws of Iowa in 1894, for the purpose of establishing a single tax colony. Ten years later the organization received a charter from Alabama under its present name of the "Fairhope Single Tax Corporation."

At first a membership fee of \$200 was required to raise a fund with which to purchase colony land. The fee has since been reduced to \$100. The principal originators of the enterprise were Alfred Q. Wooster, Ernest B. Gaston and James Bellangee, and Mr. Gaston has from the first been the leading spirit.

After several months' investigation a committee on site recommended Baldwin county, Ala., where options on different tracts were secured; and in November, 1894, several families, coming as colonists from Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio and Pennsylvania, arrived at Battles, a small village on the Bay, a few miles south of Fairhope. About half of the party withdrew before a site had been selected, but others soon took their place.

The first tract taken, comprising about 150 acres, extended some 2,800 feet along the Bay and varied in depth from 2,000 to 2,600 feet. This tract cost about \$6 an acre. Options on adjoining lands were secured at about \$1.25, and later these also were purchased by the company. Additional purchases were made from time to time, and recently the corporation received a gift of 2,200 acres of contiguous land, making the total land holdings of the corporation about 4,000 acres.

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The gift of 2,200 acres mentioned above, was made by Joseph Fels, senior member of the firm of Fels & Co., manufacturers of Fels naphtha soap. He made the gift without other restrictions than such as are embodied in the constitution of the corporation, for he is a firm believer in the value of this experiment as a demonstration of the advantages of common ownership of land.

Mr. Fels has for several years been visiting Fairhope, and has kept in close and sympathetic touch with its workings and been in many ways an efficient adviser and supporter. His interest was