

fellow to choose from, other things being equal, you'd hire the sober one, wouldn't you?"

"Sure thing."

"The sober man would be practically without competition, wouldn't he?"

"He would with me."

"And you'd have to pay him better wages than if the others weren't lushers?"

"I think so."

"Well, now suppose the others spruced up, and became prohibitionists, you'd have 21 men to choose from, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"In a game like that you'd get your man cheaper, wouldn't you?"

"Y-e-s, I guess so."

"And there'd be 20 sober men, instead of 20 drunkards, looking for work?"

Mort discovered his cigar had gone out and had a hard time relighting it. Horace playfully punched him in the ribs and told him to "play ball." "Well," he said, "I don't see how your single tax would help matters any. Besides, I am not so sure you are right on the question of wages. An English statistician named Giffin, estimates that workmen now receive from 50 to 100 per cent. more money wages than 50 years ago, although the yield for capital is less now than it was then."

"The single taxer might agree with the statistician's figures," replied Horace, "but not with your conclusion. With modern machinery it is possible now for a man to produce from 10 to 50 times as much as he could in 1860. According to Giffin he gets from 50 to 100 per cent. more. If the return to capital is less now than then, where does the rest go?"

"Search me."

"Well, there are only three factors in production—land, labor and capital. If labor and capital don't get the increase, ain't it a cinch that it goes to the owners of land?"

"According to that, only the farmers are better off now than in 1860."

"Aw, chestnuts! Can't you ever get it through your block that farmers ain't the only land owners? If a man offered you a piece of land 100 feet square, for \$10,000, would you ask him if it was good grazing land?"

"No, I suppose not," laughed Mort.

"You remind me," continued Horace, "of a Cleveland priest who, in discussing the single tax question a

short time ago, said: 'Land owners in this country are chiefly farmers, and the farmers are certainly not crushing us down.' Now a Cincinnati sausage could do better than that. Ten acres of land in the heart of Chicago is worth more than all the farming land in Illinois; yet this chump couldn't see that a tax on the value of land would affect anything but farms."

"Well," said Mort, "to sum it all up, you admit that labor gets nearly twice as much now as it did in 1860, and you claim the increase goes almost entirely to the owners of land values."

"That's right."

"And what you want is to tax these values to the exclusion of everything else."

"Right again."

"What good would that do?"

"Make it unprofitable to hold land out of use."

"How would that help a coal miner?"

"Why, Mort," said Horace, rising from his seat, "there is only about 100 times as much coal land out of use as in use; if the unused coal land was thrown open, the miners could work it and keep all they produce."

"Wouldn't that be pretty tough on the present mine owners?"

"Yes, dearest, it would be real naughty," replied Horace, laying his hand on Mort's shoulder. "The miners would soon be potatoes au gratin with mine owners."

"You mean persona non grata."

"Something like that," replied Horace, as he locked arms with Mort.

And we drilled into the dining car, and did things to the meal that Mort bought.

M. J. FOYER.

George Francis Train sat one spring morning in Union square, New York, as was his custom, surrounded by children, to whom, contrary to his attitude toward adults, he was always affable and agreeable. On the outside of the group surrounding Mr. Train stood a small colored girl looking wistfully at the white children who were receiving all his attention and hearing his wonderful tales. After they had dispersed and Mr. Train was alone the black child advanced timidly and said to him: "Do you love children?" Looking at his questioner in some surprise, Mr. Train admitted that he did. Then in a low voice she said: "I am a child."—Chicago Chronicle.

## LIVE WELL.

For The Public.

Weep not! For weeping only wears  
The courage of the heart.  
Bring lightest laughter to the cares  
That only seem to smart.

Live well to-day, to-morrow knows  
None of our rosy dreams.  
Find in your hedge the fairest rose—  
As fragrant as it seems.

Live well! Live all, love all you can,  
Your day is short, at best.

Live honestly whatever plan  
Your heart may come to test.  
No palsied purpose will succeed—  
Oh, let your passion give  
To life the fire it may need  
To nobly love, and live.

Be brave! To love or live your part  
None other can fulfill.  
Keep truly tuned your ready heart  
To find each sweetest thrill.  
And if you pray, oh, let it be  
A living prayer you give  
That leads you always to be free  
To bravely love and live.

GEORGE E. BOWEN.

"It was in this cell," said the guide, "that the duke was walled up and left until he starved to death."

"Or, in other words," remarked the visitor, who was a free trade politician from the United States, "the duke was killed by too much protection."

G. T. E.

"Are any of your prisoners anarchists?" inquired the curious visitor.

"Well," answered the penitentiary warden, "if the modern definition of the word anarchist is true, if an anarchist is a man who wants liberty, I think that nearly all of my prisoners are anarchists."

G. T. E.

## BOOKS

### THE SOCIAL UNREST.

What constantly strikes one who knows anything of social problems and the social unrest is the ignorance of employers and capitalists in regard to these questions. They know in a vague way that there is considerable discontent among wage-earners. They cannot glance through the daily papers without knowing this much. Many also have some intimate knowledge of the nuisance, inconvenience and losses of strikes, which they generally attribute to the troublesome walking-delegate or to some unreasonable element among the workmen. But of the imminence of any great problem, and of the thoughts and aspirations and determinations of the great body of wage-earners, they are wilfully and wofully ignorant.

For such this book by Mr. John Graham Brooks, *The Social Unrest* (Macmillan Co., \$2), is one of the best ever written. It would be a good idea for some patriotic philanthropist to establish a fund for distributing copies

to all persons worth a quarter of a million or more.

"The perpetual astonishment of the student is," he says, "that business men know so little of those organs of opinion into which the wage-earner puts his most earnest and most honest thought." He quotes a member of the London county council, visiting this country, as saying: "I have found the pick of your labor leaders far better instructed upon all sides of the labor controversy than business men." The author gives, for example, an instance showing that workingmen understand the policy of watered stock, a subject which business men, with their heads in the sand, seem to imagine to be still a sort of esoteric mystery, not understood of the people. The fact that knowledge of this kind is common among wage-earners, and that employers are ignorant of the fact that so many wage-earners are thinking and thinking intelligently on all such questions are signs of the times which it is indeed well to have noted in a book that seems destined to have a large circle of well-to-do readers.

I have dwelt on this feature of the book because this seems to me to constitute its most important service. But there is very much in it that will prove interesting to all students of social problems. Mr. Brooks writes in a very instructive and interesting way. He has much information to give, and gives it with clearness and simplicity. He gives us valuable information especially as to the real opinions of people about social problems. He found that "most men do not put their deepest opinions into print, or state them before the public." So he set himself to ascertain these deepest opinions by private intercourse, and these opinions, together with much scholarly research and many thoughtful comments of his own, he has given us in this book.

And yet, from one point of view, the book is disappointing. The reader is at times tempted to feel that the author has not himself always put his deepest opinions into print. He sometimes seems to be on the point of coming to some important conclusion—and somehow shies off at the critical point. There is a well-known textbook of economics, used extensively in universities, concerning which we have heard that some irreverent person has offered a reward for the discovery of a single conclusion between its covers. It would certainly be going much too far to speak thus of Mr. Brooks's book, for he certainly leads to some conclusions; but his conclusions are not clear and definite in regard to vital questions that go to the root of the social unrest, or else they are rather negative than positive. There are a good many "ifs" in the book.

"If," says Mr. Brooks, "the follow-

ers of Henry George are right in holding that the present forms of private land ownership constitute the supreme evil, they are justified in insisting upon 'the question' and upon 'the remedy.' The socialist who adds to the George evil the private control of the 'means of production' raises new complications for which a simple formula is more difficult. If the socialist has become confessedly 'opportunist,' the simple formula, for theory and its application, is still more inadequate." If it is not an "if," then it is in some such expression as "according to this view" that the conclusion rests.

The most positive conclusion in the book seems to be that unions must be recognized, that labor is more effective under such recognition, and that between representatives of the union and representatives of the capital there must be established fair working rules to govern employers and workmen for a definite term. This, with an undefined, conservative "socialism that is safe, if we do our duty," may be said to be the author's nearest approach to a solution of the social unrest.

There are three incidental points which we owe Mr. Brooks a debt of gratitude for emphasizing:

First, after speaking of the former opportunity of self-employment by taking up government land at a nominal price, he says: "Now that the public domain has been disposed of, this special avenue of possible chances is shut. For the first time in our history, the population turns back upon itself."

Secondly, in the exceedingly valuable and timely chapter entitled "Socialism at Work," he shows that rampant European socialists have frequently quailed before their own propositions, and have tended to become conservative, whenever they were really confronted with the chance of the responsibility of carrying out the socialist platform.

A third important fact which he emphasizes is that "education" and waiting for "changed human nature" are not a sufficient answer to the demands of the social unrest. "When," he says, "education is used as a stop-gap to every proposal, we shall, if we are intelligent, make objection. The hoarsest commonplace ever used against reforms has the same character, 'You can't do anything until you have changed human nature.' What service this ancient saw has done from age to age against every hint of abuse to be overcome!"

In his introduction, Mr. Brooks says: "In these studies that have to do with the vastness and complexity of human society and its reorganization, the craving for literary and scientific graces has left a great deal of our printed sociology chillingly empty of result." Certainly a great deal of our

printed sociology is chillingly empty of literary and scientific graces as well as of result. Mr. Brooks's present contribution to this class of literature does not lack the former qualities; and it will, I believe, have a most stimulating influence in arousing the earnest attention of many minds to the pressing need of heeding the social unrest, and of seeking its cause and its cure.

J. H. DILLARD.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

—God's Children; a modern allegory. By James Allman. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. Price 50 cents. To be reviewed.

—Fuerbach; the Roots of the Socialist Philosophy. By Frederick Engels. Translated with critical introduction by Austin Lewis. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. Price 50 cents. To be reviewed.

#### PERIODICALS.

The Nebraska Independent (Lincoln) having with its Henry George edition successfully inaugurated its plans for making of itself a paper of national scope and influence, is now conducting an Independent School of Political Economy as a regular department of the paper. Another department is an open forum for Single Taxers, in which that subject is to be debated by contributors.

The Nation of May 21 has an editorial combating Commissioner Ide's declaration that there should not yet be any talk of independence for the Filipinos. "There are some words," says the writer, "which, spoken in connection with the lives of people, have an irresistibly tonic and stimulating effect, and have done more to advance civilization than all the exchanges of the mart." Attention is called to Judge Ide's tribute—"The individual Filipino makes an excellent citizen, being peaceful, law-abiding, mindful of his own affairs, and considerate of others." J. H. D.

The Irish World (New York) of May 9 contains the address of Wm. O'Brien delivered at the recent Irish Nationalist convention held to consider the Wyndham measure for land purchase. A headline in the World tells the whole story. "The Irish will have to pay an extravagant indemnity to get back their plundered lands." In an able leading editorial the World shows that the claim of heavy financial sacrifice by the British taxpayer is an impudent statement, and that every dollar of the loan—principal and interest—is to be paid by the Irish purchasing tenants. Whoever pays, one thing is certain, the landlords get the money. J. H. D.

Mr. James L. Ford has an interesting and instructive article in the May Pilgrim on the Old-Time Journalist. Incidentally the great changes in New York life are brought to mind. "A Rip Van Winkle," says Mr. Ford, "awakening to-day from a twenty-years' sleep would find a great deal to wonder at besides the things I have mentioned. He would find a degree of extravagance and luxury such as he never dreamed of in all the years that he was asleep." It would be hard to find anywhere a more serious arraignment of the shallowness into which the American rush is bringing American civilization than in the writer's impressive remarks on the changes in Journalism. J. H. D.

Frances Power Cobbe, in her striking article on Woman Suffrage in the May number of the Contemporary Review, speaking of Queen Victoria, says "she was (quite indisputably) a first-rate statesman." One may question this proposition without interference with the argument, for she was certainly as first-rate a statesman as most of her masculine predecessors, and probably did less harm than any of them. Miss Cobbe enumerates the long list of famous women rulers, and then indignantly asks: "Where can be found any plea of justice for excluding our whole sex from the very simplest and smallest of political rights, when in that field at all events we have been proved to possess at least equal faculty with men?" J. H. D.

The Independent (N. Y.) begins a leading editorial with these words: "It is an interesting development of the political situa-