

become intolerable, and the eyes of the millions are watching for the dawn of a brighter day.

"Knowing the ruin that the hydra-headed iniquity of land monopoly has wrought in a few short years in this fair land, you go now to witness its baleful work in those old lands where it has so long held sway. But wherever you may be we know that your voice and pen will ever be on the side of justice—simple justice for all mankind; and with hearty good wishes for your health and happiness, and in the hope that you may return ere long with ripened experience to aid us in our struggle for the right,

We are, dear sir, for the Anti-Poverty Society,

G. Grey, President,

Adam Kelly, Vice President."

A REMINISCENCE.

(For the Review.)

A few years ago I met a gentleman who had just returned from a trip to Italy. He was well known to literary fame, an able and interesting writer, a keen critic, well versed in history, literature and philosophy. I congratulated him on his safe return from the old world, and told him with what interest I had read his descriptions of the scenes and conditions he had witnessed, especially the terrible poverty only too evident in that classic land.

"There is one subject, however, which you do not seem to me to view from the right perspective; that is taxation. I would like very much to have a few minutes conversation on the subject," I remarked to him.

"Very good," he replied. "I am home every morning."

I did not wait for a second invitation, but appeared promptly at his beautiful home, surrounded by an extensive lawn, and after the old country fashion, enclosed by a wall.

After the usual greeting, he asked me what I wished to say.

"I want to call your attention to this fact," I replied: "The general population of this continent has doubled every twenty-five years while the urban population has doubled every ten years, till now, some of our cities rival the largest cities of the old world. If, therefore, one of my ancestors had acquired a few acres of land in New York a century ago, with every increase in the population he could claim from the occupants a greater and greater rental, and if that land had come as an inheritance to me, I could collect a thousand dollars ground rent daily for the occupation of each acre, provided the land was well situated. Now, if the same conditions continue another century, it must eventuate in this: those who produce nothing will get nearly everything, while those who produce everything will receive almost nothing."

"But," he replied, "you call the landowners thieves and robbers."

"I beg your pardon, professor, you never heard me use such an expression, and you ought to know that I never would use such language. The land owner is not to blame, it is the system that is wrong."

"Well," he said, "I heard one of your advocates use that language."

"What have I to do with that?" I replied. "The very best cause may be damaged by bad advocacy."

With that he reached to get a copy of "Progress and Poverty" which was lying on the table near by.

I knew his old tricks in controversy; therefore I determined not to be caught that way, so I remarked: "Never mind Henry George; he had his own method of arguing. I have come here to call your attention to a tremendous fact."

"I am glad to see that you are repudiating your leader," he remarked. "But do you intend to take every kind of unearned increment? The unearned increment on wheat as well as on land?"

"The unearned increment on wheat," I exclaimed, "All the wheat in the world will be consumed in less than a couple of years, while the land of the city of London was there when Caesar invaded Britain, and the value has continued all these intervening centuries, and is higher today than ever it was before."

"But, how are you going to distinguish between the value of the land and the value of the buildings," he inquired? "It is only where you have buildings that the land has any value."

"In a certain sense," I replied, "you are correct. It is in the cities that the value rises to the highest figures, and we cannot have cities without buildings; but there is not an hour in the day that the real estate agents, the inspectors of loan companies and insurance companies as well as the assessors of the city are not distinguishing between the value of the land and the value of the buildings."

"Well, but what does all this amount to? The value of the land is a mere trifle."

"Excuse me, professor," I replied, "Some years ago a man left this country with a pack on his back, peddling nick-nacks, till he reached a small settlement called Chicago. There he bought two hundred acres of land for a hundred dollars. Within ten years he sold one hundred acres to a railroad company for a hundred thousand dollars. The other hundred he kept for his children and children's children, and there is not an acre in that estate today that is worth less than a million dollars, a total of a hundred million dollars, if not five times that amount,—an income of five million dollars yearly. Surely you should hardly call that a trifle."

"Oh, well," he replied, "We find just such differences in nature. There is the mountain and there is the mole hill, the lofty tree and the shrub."

I cannot describe the peculiar feeling with which I looked at him. Was

I talking to an anatomy without a soul? Was this a being destitute of moral judgment? I felt that I could continue the conversation no longer.

"Well, professor," I replied, "Let me call your attention to this fact: There is not a builder who lays a brick, but we increase his taxation for so doing, and there is not a woman who stitches a garment, but we add to her taxes for every stitch she draws."

That professor was a man of great benevolence, devoting much of his time and his fortune for the welfare of the unfortunate. In his writings he had denounced the vices of plutocracy; but he had his mental limitations.

The gentleman was the well known writer, Goldwin Smith.

W. A. DOUGLASS.

LORD FAT PURSE.

My lord Fat Purse was a very good man,
 He had houses and lands galore;
 And with each new day he had some new plan
 For aiding the needy and poor.
 He gave to the churches; he gave to the homes;
 He gave to the tramp by the way,
 Yet the terrible curse in the land grew worse,
 And the poor grew poorer each day.

My lord Fat Purse was troubled and sad,
 That his thought and toil seemed vain.
 "But I do what I can," said this very good man,
 "To ease the want and the pain.
 'Tis the will of heaven that some shall be rich
 And many be poor, I see—
 I can do no more than give from the store
 That a just God gives to me."

Yet acres and acres of fertile soil
 Lie idle under the skies,
 While my shrewd lord waits and holds his estates
 'Till prices in land shall rise.
 Deep in the breast of those acres broad
 Which are selfishly grasped by one,
 Lies wealth for many—free gifts of God,
 Like the wind and the rain and the sun.

Food in the ocean and food in the soil—
 Free gifts from a hand Divine.
 And who dare hinder the fisher's toil
 Or say, "Lo, the sea is mine."
 Ah, my lord Fat Purse, no wonder the curse
 Of poverty hangs like a pall,
 When you hold by fraud the lands which God
 Has meant for the use of all.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.