

pointing office holders, the Filipinos will have no trouble at all about counting their money, and they ought to be happy. Then the Congressman told me of the good things the party is going to do for the people at the next session, which I will not reveal until I can borrow money enough to pay my rent, or pacify the landlord in some other way.

JACKSON BIGGLES.

THE SINGLE TAX.

Mr. Henry George published in 1879 his "Progress and Poverty." In this he sought to find the reason for the "persistence of poverty amidst advancing wealth." He said that had an eighteenth century man like Franklin or Priestley been able to pierce the future and foresee the mechanical triumphs of the nineteenth century he would have assumed that poverty must necessarily have disappeared like an evil dream. But it remains. The race is disappointed. They have assumed the failure to be temporary: to be due to monarchy, standing armies, defective money systems, tariffs and the like; but the situation exists amidst all forms of government, tariff systems, money and military systems. A common effect must be traceable to a common cause. What is it?

Strangely, the trouble seems to lie in the fact itself of industrial progress, the very object of our admiration and worship. In a new country, crude and undeveloped, the social problem does not exist. Great wealth is absent, but so is intense poverty. A substantial equality reigns. But with progress comes poverty. Behind the palace stands the hovel. Boulevard is balanced by slum; the companion-piece of the millionaire is the proletaire. Where progress has achieved its highest triumphs extremes meet. Why?

The authorities trace the trouble to our productive system. Too little capital, they say, exists; labor is dependent upon capital for a living. If wages are low and men unemployed the reason is that there is not enough available capital to employ them. The solution, then, must be found in our working harder, saving more closely and thus increasing the capital of the community with the hope that labor may obtain a portion of this capital in wages.

The weakness of this explanation is evident when we remember that in the new country where capital is absent extreme poverty is also ab-

sent, and that it is in the city where capital abounds that poverty festers and dark alleys breed the fiercer vandals and more hideous Huns which Macaulay prophesied would destroy our civilization.

The authorities next lay the blame on labor. This, they say, is too abundant. Animals multiply as fast as their food supply will permit; and man is but an animal. However great the annual output of wealth the supply of population will rise to meet it as the volume of a gas expands to fill its confining body, however much the size of that body may be expanded. Poverty thus lies in the nature of man himself, and, unless he can overcome the propensity whereby he increases like the beasts that perish, he must reconcile himself to the conclusion that "the poor we (shall) have always with us."

Like the first, however, this argument will not bear inspection. If men multiplied as fast as their means would permit we could have no comfortable class—which we have—to say nothing of a millionaire class. The little savings would promptly be swallowed up by the new mouths; the millionaire would count his family by the tens of thousands and soon all would sink back together into the social swamp.

Further, the very conditions which economists charge up to an increasing population can be found in their worst form in a country with a diminishing population. Ireland affords the classic example, and the famine-slaughter of millions in India leaves poverty there as gaunt and terrible as before.

Finally, in England, the home of Malthusianism, "in spite of an unexampled increase in numbers, the wealth annually produced . . . per head (during the nineteenth century, has nearly doubled."

If, then, neither insufficient capital nor superabundant labor be the cause let us turn from wealth-production to wealth-distribution. This, the economists have taught, separates wealth into three grand shares—wages for labor, interest for capital and rent for land. Further, one of these Ricardo has taught and George has emphasized tends like the lean kine of Pharaoh's dream to swallow up everything else. It is Rent. Every increase in population, every new invention, every improvement in industry, government, education or social condition tends to raise rent. This increase comes in large part out of the other two shares, wages and interest, as shown by the impoverishment of

labor and the fall in the rate of interest. Progress intensifies this condition. It is as though a great wedge were thrust horizontally through society, splitting it into two classes, a handful of rent-recipients rising ever higher in affluence and an army of producers, laborers and capitalists sinking ever lower under the resistless pressure.

What, then, is the remedy? To abolish rent? No; this is impossible. Rent is indestructible. It must be taken from the land owner and given to the people. This can be done by taxation. The resulting revenues will be so abundant as to make all other taxation superfluous. Further, no other tax is just. Gradually, then, abolish all other taxation, straight and crooked, and absorb all rent by the "Single Tax on the Value of Land." This, the public collection of rent, will break land monopoly, afford employment to labor and capital, release from the cities the pent-up thousands, open the social safety valve and prevent the coming explosion, solve the social problem, establish distributive justice and make possible the Golden Age.—Prof. Thomas Elmer Will, in the "Multitude."

DISINFECTION VERSUS VACCINATION.

In the April (1902) Arena, the editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, offered editorially the following interesting and suggestive account of "How Cleveland Stamped Out Smallpox."

Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is unquestionably the bravest, strongest, most sanely progressive and fearlessly true municipal chief in America to-day. He has achieved victories for honest economic and social government in the face of the most powerful and determined opposition, and the only reason that his victories have not been more sweeping and state-wide in influence has been due to the almost invincible influence of corrupt interests long entrenched in power and waxing great through injustice and at the expense of the people. The true statesmanlike qualities that mark Mr. Johnson's public work are as conspicuously illustrated in his wisdom in selecting men to assist him in municipal duties as in his magnificent personal fight made in the interests of juster social and economic conditions, and in his efforts to call American citizens back to the democratic ideals that are the hope of free government.

A striking illustration of this keen discernment in the selection of men charged with the most weighty re-

sponsibilities is seen in his choice of a head for the health office of Cleveland. Through the happy selection of Dr. Martin Friedrich, Cleveland to-day enjoys an immunity from smallpox while other cities are filled with the dreaded disease, and armies of physicians and boards of health are vainly trying to cope with it through vaccination. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of Dr. Friedrich's victory. He has opened the way for the stamping out of this scourge without running the risk of sowing the seeds of the disease or corrupting the blood and endangering the life of the people. His method is strictly scientific and in perfect alignment with twentieth century thought, and, if promptly acted upon by other municipalities, not only will smallpox be controlled, but there will be a marked diminution of the ravages of other "germ diseases." So significant is the victory for science, so important and far-reaching is its promise for cities threatened with smallpox epidemics, that, in conformity with the settled policy of the The Arena to keep abreast with the best progressive thought of the period, we requested Dr. Friedrich to furnish us with the full and authentic data as to his method of procedure and the results that have followed its inauguration. In reply he has kindly prepared the following important statement for The Arena:

"It affords me great pleasure to state that the house-to-house disinfection freed Cleveland from smallpox. Since August 23, 1901, to this very hour of writing, not a single case has originated in this city, but seven cases were imported. The disease raged here uninterruptedly since 1898. We relied upon vaccination and quarantine as the most effective weapons to combat it, but in spite of all our efforts it doubled itself every year and was in a fair way of repeating the record of last year, as in 1900 we had 993 cases, and from January 1st to July 21, 1901, the number amounted to 1,223. On this date I was called to take charge of the health office, with 17 cases on hand. I had been in the city's employ ever since 1899, and it had fallen to my lot to investigate and diagnose most of the cases of smallpox that occurred in Cleveland. During that time I observed that, after disinfection with formaldehyde of a house in which we had found smallpox, never another case could be traced to this house. On the other hand, vaccination had given us many untoward symptoms. Frequently it did not 'take' at all. One-fourth of all cases developed sepsis in-

stead of vaccinia. Some arms swelled clear down to the wrist joint, with pieces of flesh as big as a silver dollar and twice as thick dropping right out, leaving an ugly suppurating wound, which to heal took in many cases over three months. Finally four cases of tetanus developed after vaccination, so that the people became alarmed, and rightly so.

"I laid these facts before Mayor Johnson and proposed to stop vaccination entirely and instead of it disinfect thoroughly with formaldehyde every section of the city where smallpox had made its appearance; also to give the city a general cleaning up. The mayor not only consented to my plan, but also gave me all aid needed. I formed two squads of disinfectors, preferring medical students for the work. Each squad consisted of 20 men, with a regular sanitary patrolman at their head, and each man was provided with a formaldehyde generator. Thus equipped they started out to disinfect every section of the city where the disease had shown its head, and every house in this section, no matter if small pox had been within or not, and every room, nook and corner of the house, special attention being paid to winter clothes that had been stored away, presumably laden with germs. It took over three months to do the work, but the result was most gratifying. After July 23d seven more cases developed, and the last one August 23d.

"In order to give you an adequate idea of what we did here to get rid of smallpox, I have to mention the investigation department, consisting of physicians who were thoroughly familiar with every phase of the disease. They were day and night at the disposal of the health department. They had to investigate every suspicious case in town, and whenever they found a case of smallpox they asked the patient the following questions:

"Who visited you during the last two weeks?"

"Whom have you visited during the last two weeks?"

"Have you been at any public meeting during that time, and who was present, to your knowledge?"

"Where do you work?"

"Where do the children attend school?"

"Where does your family attend divine worship?"

"This information obtained, they started out to all the indicated addresses. They asked the foreman, preacher and teacher for all absentees during the last month from shop,

church, or school, and then visited the house of every one of them. They 'phoned their findings to the health office, and disinfectors with formaldehyde generators were kept ready to follow the steps of the investigators and disinfect where there was the slightest suspicion of an exposure to smallpox. Along with this the regular sanitary police force was given orders to make a house-to-house canvas to tell the public to clean up their yards, barns, and outhouses, and abate all nuisances that could be found. As a result of it Cleveland is now free from smallpox, and from the worst infected city it has become the cleanest."

The results of Dr. Friedrich's campaign of disinfection confirm the recent observations of Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs, M.R.C.S., of London England, who in a recent number of the Medical Brief says: "Smallpox is generally conceded to be a filth disease, propagated by a definite microbe, which, like the microbe of tuberculosis, typhoid fever and diphtheria, flourishes and spreads in unsanitary, overcrowded areas. Any treatment to be effectual would have to be preventive as well as curative."

Dr. Knaggs, although he has for many years practiced vaccination, inclines to the belief that the wedding of the profession to vaccination has proved unfortunate in that it has served to prevent the same concentration of thought by experts and scientific physicians, on smallpox that has been given to diphtheria, typhoid fever, "and other analogous scourges of mankind for which vaccination is not an accepted form of treatment." This physician has great faith in the efficacy of sulphur in time of smallpox contagion. He makes the very significant observation that "it is known to be absolutely impossible to vaccinate a person successfully who is taking sulphur, or even onions—a vegetable that is very rich in sulphur constituents."

If persons taking sulphur are immune from the effect of vaccine virus, might not this powerful enemy of germ diseases also fortify them against the germs of smallpox? This certainly is a thought worthy of consideration, especially in the light of further evidence that Dr. Knaggs advances from numerous recognized authoritative sources in England, Scotland, Canada and elsewhere, where sulphur, administered externally in ointment and internally, first in glycerin and later as sulphurous

lemonade, has proved most effective in drying up the smallpox pustules and causing them to fall away without a particle of pitting, while its administration has also greatly modified the severity of the disease.

The observations of the English scientist and the practical demonstration of the American physician suggest a method of attack that we believe will prove effective in controlling if not in entirely stamping out smallpox during the next few decades. Both aim at attacking the disease by eradicating the microbe with powerful germ destroyers; and, moreover, the procedure is strictly rational, scientific and in harmony with the best progressive thought of the age. Dr. Friedrich has done far more than deliver Cleveland from the scourge of smallpox; he has given the world one of the most important object lessons in the practical value of sanitation to be found in the history of modern science.

THEY WERE PACIFIED.

For The Public.

Away in the sea-girt islands
In the land of the rising sun,
Where the feathered songsters warble
From morn till the day is done,
Where the gorgeous tangled festoons
Of vine and bud and flower,
Drape all the land and the forest grand,
Where the graceful bamboos tower—
Fair Freedom came for a day to dwell
In that sweet enchanted bower.

She lifted aloft her banner;
She planted a Christian state;
And added it to the nations
To grow both strong and great—
A beacon light in the ocean blue,
At the heathen's very gate.
And the sore distressed, by Spain oppressed,
No longer for justice cried,
For their hungry hearts and their thirsty souls
By Freedom were pacified.

But from over the calm Pacific
The growl of the dogs of war
Was heard from the western free-land
By those sunny isles afar.
In the name of God and freedom,
And Christian charity,
They strewed the land—the invading band—
With the wrecks of liberty.
"Now yield to foreign sovereignty,
To Columbia free," they cried;
"For not till ye bow to the alien yoke,
Shall your land be pacified."

Then up arose God's freemen—
Sons of a dusky hue—
In defense of home and country,
In the might of manhood true.
From the gently flowing Pasig,
Creeping by Manila's wall,
And from Talarac's weeping willows,
To Malolos ere the fall,
From Calococan to the mountains
That rim in Laguna de Bay,
To the bosom of the forest
In the island of Panay,

Their lives they gave; but the crimson
wave
The oppressor ne'er satisfied.
To make of the land a wilderness,
Was the way they pacified.

And there went forth an edict
From the mighty man of war,
To burn the towns, and the people slay
On the island of Samar—
From the innocents of ten years old,
E'en to threescore years and ten.
And the west-land free, that would cause
the knee
Of a brother to bend, in pride
Proclaimed to the cruel waiting world
That the island was pacified.

Weep for the island's helpless—
The lame, the halt, the blind,
The new-born and the dying,
What succor could they find?
If from the burning dwellings
They were borne, 'twas but to meet
The flashing steel and the Mauser's peal,
In the glare of the burning street.
Stricken with awful terror,
In vain they for mercy cried,
By shot and shell, by fire and sword,
Weak and strong were pacified.

And just on the edge of the city,
In a fragile nipa cot,
Reposed the aged grandsire
And the grandam, dreaming not
Of the cruel fate awaiting
Ere they wake to sleep in death.
The morning broke amid flame and smoke,
And silently, side by side,
Two little mounds of ashes lay,
And old age was pacified.

Away from the burning city
A mother in wild despair
Fled, clasping her babe to her bosom,
While a bullet rankled there,
Till her life-blood stained its forehead
And matted its dusky hair.
Away from the burning city
She turned to the ocean strand,
And there at the lonely midnight
Sank down on the wet sea sand.
Then, with a cry of anguish
To the Christ who was crucified,
With a prayer for the babe on her bosom,
The mother was pacified.

And the babe on mother's bosom
Wailed through the livelong day—
Wept out its desolation,
Till the light had passed away.
Then, in the gloom and shadow,
Mid the sighs of the rising tide,
The babe on its mother's bosom,
By hunger was pacified.

Over the ruined landscape
Wild shouts on the stillness rise—
"Three cheers for the starry banner!
For Old Glory that proudly flies!"—
Over a subject people
In the isles of the eastern sea,
Where the brown man gave his life to save
For his children a country free.
But the Christos veiled with horror
His face in his mantle white,
And shuddering turned from the banner,
Where the beautiful stars of light,
Now set in a field of blood,
Had gone out in the clouds of night.
And the Nazarene's followers meek
Mocked at the crimson tide,
Nor heeded the crown of thorns
Nor gazed on the wounded side,
But waded in human gore
Till revenge was pacified.

Weep, O stricken Visayas!
Weep, sea-girt isles afar,

From the sun-kissed hills and the vine-
clad vales
Of Luzon to lone Samar.
Weep for the day when tyrants
With Christian charity
Marched through the land with an armed
band
To assimilate the free.
Not till the tears of ages
By our Father's hand are dried,
Will thy sons, denied their freedom,
Be finally pacified.

REBECCA J. TAYLOR.

An admirable life of our king has been issued by Religious Bits. It shows how by sheer perseverance our illustrious monarch worked his way up from being mere prince of Wales to his present exalted position. A more encouraging present for a child it would be difficult to imagine.—Punch.

BOOK NOTICES.

"COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE."

Very few living writers have a style so clear and interesting as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and he has never written anything clearer and more interesting than this little book of less than a hundred pages, "Commonwealth or Empire, a Bystander's View of the Question" (Macmillan). It has already been briefly noticed in these columns; but its timeliness, its calmness of judgment, its friendliness of criticism, its breadth of view, and its importance as a contribution to contemporary discussion, are such that no one who reads it and sympathizes with his, the author's evident purpose in writing the book, can fail to persist in wishing to extend the knowledge of it among intelligent readers.

No difficulty will be found in finishing the book after it is once begun, and anti-imperialists are to be congratulated upon adding to their bibliography a work of permanent literary value.

No one could possibly be found better fitted for preparing such a work than the author. He is not a citizen of the United States, yet he knows the history of the country as intimately as any man living. His political "History of the United States, 1492-1871," apart from any question of agreement with all his views, is an acknowledged masterpiece of historical summary.

His insight into the modern politics of the country is shown on the first page of the

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