

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE POOR.

A Bandit used to rob the peasantry, so that when they began to starve, they appealed to him for charity.

Said the Bandit: "I will give you nothing; you are poor because you are thriftless. If you were industrious and honest," said he (as he lifted a sheep), "the country would be richer (and I could make more). You waste your goods (so that there is nothing to steal). My Associated Charities inform me that you waste even the bones of your meat; and then we all suffer hard times."

"But, Sir," replied the Peasants, "you yourself throw away even the legs, and eat nothing but the tenderloins."

"I can afford it," said the Bandit, "because I do not have to work for my living; you Lower Classes would better pray to heaven for prosperity, instead of troubling me with your preposterous discontent."—"The Game of Life," by Bolton Hall.

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GOVERNOR FOLK ON HENRY GEORGE.

A Letter from the Hon. Joseph W. Folk, Published in the *Johnstown Democrat* of Sept. 1, 1906.

Henry George was a real Democrat.

When told that one of his theories was not a panacea for all social ills, he replied: "It is not; but freedom is."

This marks the mental calibre of the man. Never for a moment did he lose sight of the one great ideal that formed the guiding purpose of his life, and never was a life more peculiarly consecrated to that great purpose.

With the instinct of a genius he searched out the truths of all creeds and systems, exposed the fallacies that have supplied a mask for despotism in every age, and defended with all the power of his great intellect the simple proposition that what is right can really injure no one, and that what is wrong can never benefit.

To expose the false and uphold the true; to adhere to what he believed to be right without regard to whether it was "good politics" or "bad politics"; to love justice for its own sake, without fear of punishment or hope of reward; to stand forth ever boldly in freedom's foremost battle-line, striving and struggling ever forward along the way that leads to life and light—this was the sublime mission of Henry George.

He was, in very truth, "the friend of man."

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TOLSTOY IN 1906.

From an Interview with Tolstoy at His Home, Told by Mrs. Louise Maude in the *London Tribune* of August 25.

He seemed much depressed by the lies told by all the political parties, and by the false promises they had made to the people, in their efforts to win the election.

"They have promised the peasants what it is impossible to grant," he said. "And, if it were possible, why should the peasants again form a separate class, and be the only possessors of land? Why

should not a bootmaker or a nobleman have the use of land if he needs it? If they really wish to do something, why don't they adopt Henry George's scheme?"

I replied that people in Moscow said that the peasants would not be content with that scheme and would not understand it, and asked whether Tolstoy thought they would.

"Yes," he replied, slowly, "I think many of them would. Some to whom I explained it understood it perfectly, and quite approved of it."

"That is well," I said, "for many educated people don't seem to understand it at all, and think they would lose their little farms and gardens if Henry George's scheme were adopted."

Tolstoy laughed. "Yes," he said, "I have spoken to people who, when I advised them to read Henry George, told me they had done so and quite understood him; yet they complained that 'it is not fair to tax people for the labor they put into the land.' And still they pretended to understand Henry George!"

"Well, at least you have now got some freedom of the press in Russia. That is something," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, rather doubtfully. "Yes, that is something." But he did not seem very ready to make even this small admission to the utility of the reforms from which so many in Russia hope such great things.

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LITTLE CARETAKERS.

From the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* of September 26, 1906

"Say, lady, what's this here disease, anyhow?" piped a childish voice at the elbow of one of the attendants at the Anti-Tuberculosis Exhibit.

Bare-legged and dirty, his thin little face unnaturally old, the ten-year-old owner of the voice stood waiting for an answer. Beside him, looking equally uncared for, was a brother two years younger. Briefly the attendant explained, wondering how much the children could understand of the white plague and its cure. The little spokesman's face grew even graver as he listened.

"I guess my pa's got it, sure," he announced. "He coughs somethin' fierce. My mother, she's dead. There's five of us. Two younger'n him," and he nodded toward the eight-year-old. "There's a woman in the front of our home cooks for us. Pa, he works in the shops."

"Take this to him," and the attendant handed the child one of the league circulars giving simple rules for consumptive patients. "You want to eat good food. Don't drink coffee, either. Drink lots of water."

In the swarm of visitors the two little fellows were lost sight of for a time; then they reappeared. "Say, we do drink lots of tea. Can we have hot water?" was the anxious query.

The next day it was the eight-year-old who came, leading a younger brother of five. With unchildlike gravity they went from room to room, peering at every exhibit and stopping now and then to ask an eager question of their friend of the day before. "Keep your windows up," she told them. "Have all the air you can."

Yesterday afternoon the two little fellows were