

ments. Against the protectionist nostrum, which in presence of a negative policy might mislead the ignorant and self-interested section of the people, we put a practical suggestion for a small tax on land values—a tax at once fair, just, equitable, carrying with it a minimum of sacrifice to the individual and a maximum of benefit to the nation.

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THE SINGLE TAX IN NEW ZEALAND.

From a Speech Made at Grey Lynn by the Hon. George Fowlds, New Zealand Minister of Education, During His Recent Campaign for Re-election to the New Zealand Parliament.*

All present recognize that when I joined the Ministry I had to subordinate some of my ideas to those of the Government. The single tax is not the policy of the Government, and therefore can not be the issue of the election, but I do not propose to let misrepresentations of the single tax pass unnoticed.

My opponent has said that a number of poor people owning allotments valued at £120 would have to pay £5 a year if the single tax were brought into operation. I am prepared to accept his figures as correct.

But does not single tax mean one tax, and all other taxes abolished? Did he tell you that? (Cries of "No.")

It is estimated that under the present system the taxation per head of the population is £6 per annum. If you were to add the profits which the importer and the retailer has to add on for the amount paid in customs duties, and the increased price which is put on many goods manufactured in New Zealand on account of those duties, then the £6 is very much under the mark. It is probably double or at least half more. The owners of most of these allotments are married, and, estimating the average family at five, the taxation must be £30 a year under the present system. Do you believe there would be a single elector who would not be willing to pay one single tax of £5, and have the balance remitted? (Laughter.)

Twenty-five pounds would be left as a surplus, and in five years that surplus would pay the cost of their allotments, and thereafter leave them in possession of a pension of £25 a year for the rest of their lives.

My opponent, moreover, has declared that he is not in favor of doing away with the system of rating on unimproved values. That is wise, especially in Grey Lynn, where the people live under the system and approve it. (Applause.)

*Mr. Fowlds was re-elected by an increased majority of 800 (p. 851).

BOOKS

A FAIRY-TALE.

Abdallah, or The Four-Leaved Shamrock. By Edouard René Lefebvre-Laboulaye. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The story is a translation from the well-known French of Laboulaye. Little need to tell it. Foster brothers in their desert boyhood, the base Egyptian Omar and the noble Bedouin Abdallah, go their separate ways in adult life, to meet only in fateful misfortune for both. Abdallah, the pride of his pious mother, has grown in wisdom and grace to leadership among his brave tribesmen. Omar, the rich city merchant's only heir, has lived solely for self and power and gold. As his father before him bribed judges and rulers for monopoly of trade, so Omar, cornering the market and raising the price of wheat to the starving, gluts himself with the power of possession. Abdallah's ambition has been to find the four scattered leaves of the shamrock which Eve plucked hastily when leaving the Garden of Eden and lost forthwith. The dramatic discovery of each leaf—copper, silver, gold, diamond—marks the stages of Abdallah's character-growth toward perfection.

These two men love the same woman. Abdallah fairly wins her; Omar sulks and plots revenge. In that vengeance both die—Omar in shame and hatred, Abdallah in the supreme joy of self-sacrificing love.

To re-read a favorite fairy-story and to find within it a perfect picture of modern commercial graft, of one-man monopoly, of destroying greed, is an annoyance perhaps. But that annoyance is turned into keen pleasure over another picture therein—the effect of freedom and space, of boundless land and the open sky, upon a people's character.

The fascination of the story, the sweep of its action and the beauty of its expression, carry the reader away to the fairy-land of Justice. Through the Oriental atmosphere of pious Mohammedanism and passionate romance, of brave deed and treacherous plot, is seen a familiar and lovely vision—the spiritual triumph of the good and pure over the evil and base, of the beautiful and true over the ugly and false.

ANGELINE LOESCH.

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That which is not good for the swarm, neither is it good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

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A new railway was being made, and, the design