

of pity, sympathy and brotherhood, the absence of which would mean the wreckage of humanity. The formalist stands by the exact fact, the healthy man stands by the larger human claim. And why? Because the very value of truth-telling is necessarily related to a larger good as means to end. The existence and perpetuation of slavery being in no sense a larger good but a necessary evil, becoming worse and worse the more it extends, the general cause of humanity cannot be served by any mere formal adherence to an exact fact about a slave. It would be idle to pretend that the social conscience is perverted by any such lack of correspondence between statement and fact as obtained in such a case, because every one knows that falsehood is not the habitual bent of nature of the people who help the slave to escape. Such people are, as a matter of fact, among the most truthful of mankind; but they refuse to make a mock sacrifice at the shrine of evil; they refuse to save even their own consistency and reputation for veracity at the expense of a human being's dearest interests. A similar moral problem might arise before any of us. A robber wants to know where the treasure he seeks is secreted, a murderer wants to track down his victim, a scoundrel desires to blast the reputation of our dearest friend—are we to aid by a rigid adherence to statement of literal fact? Have we no higher conception of what we owe to the world than that? The really vital question for us is as to our general bent of disposition, our philosophy of life. If we are habitually neglectful of truth, even in its minor aspects, we shall suffer inwardly; there will be taken from us even the little that we have, and the outer darkness will be our portion. But in the conflict of moral judgment which occurs not seldom in this strange and puzzling world, we may depend upon it we shall never lose if general love to man and reverence for justice become our supreme standard of habitual conduct.

A LESSON FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney, New South Wales, Sept. 10. —I find the platform adopted by the Illinois state democratic convention demands "municipal ownership and control of all public franchises and all other natural monopolies which of right belong to the people."

This, no doubt, seems a radical demand to the people of Illinois, because it is new and strange to them. No

such demand is necessary in New South Wales. This colony owns every mile of her railroads and, though the country is sparsely settled, transportation charges are less than in New York. They are one-third less than in Illinois and about two-thirds less than anywhere in America west of the Missouri river.

New South Wales covers an area of 310,700 square miles and has a population of 1,300,000, yet one may travel on her railways in a Pullman car for two cents a mile—seat in the Pullman included, berth extra. There is not a state in America where railway service is so cheap.

The only town in New South Wales with any street railways worth mentioning is Sydney—population about 500,000. Four-cent fares prevail throughout, except in some places where they have two-cent fares and a few cases where the fare is six cents for very long distances.

Sydney owns its own railways, waterworks, telephone system and lighting plant. Telephone service costs about one-fourth of what is charged in Chicago. New South Wales owns its telegraph system. The prices charged for messages are about the same as in Illinois, which is about one-half the price charged in the sparsely settled far west. The price charged in New South Wales for telegraph or railway service should really be compared with the prices charged in the far western states in America, because this country is so sparsely populated.

The people of New South Wales would no more think of delegating to private parties the right to operate their railway, telegraph, telephone or street car systems than they would think of letting to private parties the exclusive control of their thoroughfares. Yet in Illinois when it is proposed to make these natural monopolies public property the voters are no doubt horrified. But the difference in politicians between New South Wales and Illinois is also noteworthy. This may for the most part be attributed to the fact that there are no beneficiaries of special privileges for legislators to feed on—there is no gas trust or railway ring to buy votes here.

Another important feature of New South Wales politics is the fact that any man may run for office without compromising himself with a lot of ward heelers and tuppenny politicians. There are political parties here, but no nominations for office are made. If a man wants to run for office he merely presents a petition signed by 20 electors and his name is put on the

ticket. This ticket does not mention whether the candidates named are of one party or another. He then presents to his constituents the ideas he stands for and tells them how he will vote if elected.

Nor are the ballots counted by politicians, but by civil servants, who are otherwise engaged when elections are not on.

No political jobs are to be offered the supporters of successful candidates in this country. When the government needs help in any of its departments it merely advertises for them just as a merchant does. Once a man is engaged in any of these departments he holds his position until he resigns, is discharged or dies. No one is engaged or dismissed because of his political affiliations. Men are promoted from time to time as vacancies occur, just as in any mercantile establishment.

If there be people in Illinois who think the demand made by the democratic party for public ownership of natural monopolies is a radical proposition that is unworkable let them come to New South Wales, where, with a population much smaller than that of Chicago, scattered over a territory larger than that of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan combined, transportation charges are lower than anywhere in America, while politics is clean enough to satisfy even so immaculate a body as the Civic Federation.

The people of New South Wales boast that they are the freest people on earth. In no other country in the world is politics so free from corruption or the people so free from extortionate charges by monopolies, or have so many liberties which can be traced directly to legislative action.

One thing that impressed me as quite remarkable when I first came here may be witnessed on any Saturday or Sunday afternoon at what is called the Domain. The Domain is a large park right in the center of the city and is devoted exclusively to free speech. As many as 30,000 people gather in the Domain on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon and listen to all sorts of orators give expression to different ideas. One orator will be explaining to his audience the teachings of Christ, while a few steps farther on some fellow will be trying to prove there is no God; the next fellow is preaching socialism and the next is advocating the single-tax doctrine formulated by Henry George.

Thus the common people of Sydney have a public forum where they meet and exchange ideas without let or

hindrance; there are no police officers present, none are needed, as the meetings are quite orderly.—M. J. Foyer, in Chicago Chronicle.

Warren E. Russell, of Massillon, O., tells me of a little incident that recently occurred when Judge Day, late secretary of state, and Gen. Coxe were passengers in a Pullman car on the Pennsylvania railroad. It is well known that these two gentlemen, as well as President McKinley, are residents of the same county and well acquainted. Of course no one among the home folks takes Coxe seriously, and he is the object of considerable chaffing wherever he goes. At the time mentioned Judge Day and Gen. Coxe were the center of a little group of acquaintances who were discussing the conduct of the war, when the general, rising from his seat, stretched out his arms toward the judge and said in a loud voice: "In the march of the commonwealers I gave my army enough to eat, which seems to have been more than you have done for yours."—Chicago Record.

If I send my students to pursue further studies upon subjects to which I have introuped them, I must send them to receive the benefits of endowments from the hands of a besotted philanthropy, drunken and sated with the wine of life pressed from the crushed and exhausted millions who feed the modern industrial wine press. By merely preaching the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount in their churches, nay, by merely reading it on one occasion without note or comment, I have been the means of depriving able and noble men of their pulpits and livelihoods, because of their economic dependence upon the few rich men who control the organization of their churches.—Prof. George D. Herron.

Rewards for the colored soldier! Medals and monuments are easy honors, but a more kindly appreciation of the fitness of the race for places of trust will be the guerdon of justice. No racial prejudice exists when the colored man stands shoulder to shoulder with his white brother to face a common enemy.—M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Times-Herald.

What is the great thing the church can do for the individual to-day? It ought to give him a new motive for righteousness. The old motives have gone. What we call the outbreak of crime at this time is caused by the fact that the old individualistic motives that used to lead men to be moral and pure have gone, and the new motive has

not yet come with power to take its place. It is the business of the church to emphasize the social motive for individual righteousness, and to give men such a moral impetus as never sprang from the old idea of trying to save their own souls, and go to heaven when they died. The world will see a marvelous change when the church confesses that she has a mission not only to the individual, but in behalf of the individual.—B. Fay Mills.

TOM SAWYER ON THE COAST.

For the Public.

Tom Sawyer, as you recollect
(You've read Mark Twain's droll story?),
Was a chap of genius, wit and tact,
Who achieved a widespread glory.
You'll recall that his whitewash task that day
He got performed by proxy,
By pretending it was simply play
To his chums—the rascal foxy!

Tom lately moved out to the coast,
And soon was known as a "waxer"
In the cause that is now his pride and boast—
He's a Croasdale Single-Taxer.
He found there a faithful little band,
Whom he joined—for he was no shirker—
Teaching man's natural right to land
As the gospel for the worker.

But he saw that the task was hard and slow,
Like that whitewash job of old.
Then he said to himself, in a flash:
" 'Twill go!
I'll work the same game so bold!
There are campaigns on in these two states,
And I'll have the whole dem.-rep. chorus
Singing 'Henry George,' and, by all the fates,
They will do our whitewashing for us!"

And he worked the scheme—he actually did,
In a way as fine as tissue!
And the single tax is no longer hid,
But is now the burning issue!
I'm telling no fiction, like Mark Twain;
These are facts concerning Sawyer—
Or if Tom hasn't done this thing, why, then,
'Tis the work of some cunning lawyer.

For the facts are just as I state them here;
To-day the whole coast is howling
The Single-Tax—and we needn't care
Who first set the ball a-rolling!

J. W. BENGOUGH.

The persistent assumption that sheer economic might, with the inequalities and miseries it brings, is in accord with natural law, is a piece of academic bluff, a wanton abuse of science, that will no longer faze the people. The economist who thus persists has only to keep on saving his job long enough to lose it forever, and make permanent the moral disgrace into which his science has deservedly fallen.—Prof. George D. Herron.

In Antwerp, Belgium, there is a municipal cab service, and a citizen who lives in the central region of the

city can buy a commutation ticket for \$20 a year that will enable him to call a cab or a herdie at any hour of the day or night, and go anywhere he wishes, as many times a day as he chooses. If he lives in the outskirts of the city the price varies from \$20 to \$30 a year.—Commonwealth.

A REVISED VERSION.

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying of Algerians,
There was lack of woman's nursing,
Also of medicine,
food,
doctors,
tents,
clothing,
and pretty
much everything
else that
might have
been dictated by experience.

—Life.

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