

from an underfed youngster whose widowed mother is trying desperately hard to keep him straight.

"They were all dressed in black, and they poured water over 'em to make the electricity work better."

"They sure died game," was one sentiment to which all agreed, for didn't every newspaper in New York announce that fact in glowing headlines? These and many other gruesome facts had fixed themselves firmly in their impressionable minds.

These boys were exceptionally keen, ambitious and clean-minded, a few of them wage earners, most of them in the public schools—a club formed by the union of two gangs from rival streets, now welded together with a fine club spirit. The basket-ball championship won the previous week, the club's annual play now only a few days off, the debate of the evening, were all overshadowed tonight, for the gunmen had been electrocuted, and the details of their death must be firmly impressed on the minds of each one.

What is responsible for the fact that thirty-five boys, all under sixteen, should wish to rise to their feet to pay homage to four men whose crime their keen sense of right and wrong would naturally condemn under normal circumstances?



AND YOU?

For The Public.

"What would you do," asked the Idealist, "if you were Czar of Russia?"

"I would abolish monopoly of land, for that is fundamental," said the Reformer, "and then resign. What would you do?"

"I would first resign and then teach the people to abolish monopoly of land, the same as now," answered the Idealist. "But what would you do, Teacher?"

"I would use the throne to show the people that they were oppressed by their system of monopoly and by their Czar. Then I would not have to resign."

BOLTON HALL.



WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

For The Public.

In tropic climes, they say, to obtain a comfortable living, one needs but lie upon one's back in the sun (or shade, as suits one's uttermost desire), and let the luscious dates fall into one's open mouth—all providing available oases have not been monopolized by the "Interests."

Civilization goes the desert one better. Countless labor-saving devices, mechanical contrivances in every branch of industry, great and small; a wonderfully extensive "division of labor"; an unbelievably vast, though simple, system of distribu-

tion and exchange (yet in its infancy)—all these have so multiplied the powers of man, that one, to live in luxury, needs but lie upon one's back in the sun (or shade, as suits one's uttermost desire), press a button, and the most delicious viands will be conveyed automatically into one's eager mouth—at least such might be almost the case except that the oases have been monopolized by the "Interests."

HARRY W. OLNEY.



IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE.

Paper read by Francis W. Garrison before the Browning Society of Philadelphia.

No human law can endure unless it be firmly based upon the decrees of Nature.

What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of eternity,

To which her judgments reverently defer.

Imbued with this spirit, Singletaxers seek the Divine will in the laws of nature, content to recognize therein the nurse, the guide, the guardian of our hearts, and soul of all our moral being.

The natural right to life and liberty is infringed by many human laws, but none is more fundamentally disturbing than that which permits the private ownership of land; for land is the source of all wealth, and access to it on terms of equality is essential to the enjoyment of life and liberty. We have set up an inequality which has thrown the whole system out of gear, and is responsible for many of our social perplexities.

Not only does land monopoly interfere with the production of wealth, but, by making rent a landlord's perquisite, it forces government to resort to taxation, and renders the distribution of wealth unnatural and arbitrary.

Rent is the price paid for the exclusive use of natural advantages, and it ought to be contributed to the common fund to offset society's surrender of these advantages to individuals. But this public value has been turned to private uses until it is said that "Baer has the hard coal, Weyerhauser has the forests, Rockefeller has the oil, Morgan has the iron, and we thank God that the sun is ninety-four million miles away."

Upon examination it will be seen that the Singletax—or the public appropriation of ground rent—is not a tax at all, but rather a readjustment of property rights in harmony with the laws of nature and a fulfillment of the command, "Render ye unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." By taking social earnings for social purposes, we shall leave everyone in free possession of his individual earnings.

The landowner today is in the position of the slaveholder a generation ago, and must be pre-

pared to pay the penalty which nature exacts for the infringement of her laws. Thoreau relates how the Pilgrims assumed the ownership of a large tract of land on Cape Cod to which no one laid claim. But after many years, an Indian appeared, "who styled himself Lieutenant Anthony." He claimed it, and of him they bought it. "Who knows," adds Thoreau, "but a Lieutenant Anthony may be knocking at the White House some day? At any rate, I know that if you hold a thing unjustly, there will be the devil to pay at last."

The statesmen of our time are all at sea because of the irrepressible conflict between Capital and Labor. They are at sea with a compass that cannot work, because of obstructions. The compass of trade is competition, which regulates prices in obedience to the natural law of supply and demand. Fenced away from the natural source of wealth, laborers are forced into idleness and destructive and unnatural competition. The demand for labor is artificially restricted, and the supply increases automatically, spreading misery in wider and wider circles. "What profits it to the human Prometheus," said Huxley, "that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the earth and the air obey him, if the Vulture of Pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?"

The Conservation movement and the New Freedom of President Wilson advance with confident step upon the secondary bulwarks of monopoly, only to see, looming ahead, the citadel where the owners of the earth lie entrenched behind statutes of their own devising. But the laws written by landowners will be revised by the common people, who are beginning to grasp political power after their long and painful struggle.

. . . free thoughts, like lightnings, are alive;
And in each bosom of the multitude
Justice and truth, with Custom's hydra brood,
Wage silent war.

It must be borne in mind that the adoption of the Singletax does not imply fresh burdens, nor even the substitution of one kind of burden for another. All but landowners now pay ground rent in addition to taxes. The removal of taxes from industry, and the freeing of natural resources, will result in increased business activity and will tend to make the demand for labor catch up with the supply, thereby raising wages and adding to the purchasing power of the laboring classes. Land speculators alone stand to lose, but while they form a comparatively small class, it is the most powerful class of modern society, comprising the men whose ownership of the earth has made them well-nigh independent of their fellows, and deified them in their own eyes and in those of the unthinking public.

The instinct which makes man a tax-hating ani-

mal is as deeply imbedded in his nature as the love of liberty, which is the fruitful germ of human progress. The millennium will not arrive with the substitution of rent for taxes, but until this step is taken, the road to freedom will remain closed and bolted, and the deadly struggle between Monopoly and Labor, between the tax-eating and the tax-paying classes, will continue.

Rest not in hope want's icy chains to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice.



THE DESERT.

For The Public.

Among the peoples of the earth, of every race or clime, only the Arab walks the Desert without fear.

Only those who share its dangers
Comprehend its mystery.

The awful Desert, "red in tooth and claw."

Its enigmatic and mocking face, its threatening and wizard eye, its brooding and fearful silence, its sobbing and ghost-filled solitude, its desolation, its endlessness, its burning sands, and the ceaseless beat, beat, beat of its never-to-be-tamed and tempest-tossed heart puzzles and perturbs the mind, and only he who responds to the lilt and thrill of danger will answer its challenge and go alone upon its sand. The coward looks, shrinks, stops, and turns in fright away.

The tawny-hided Desert crouches watching—

What one sees, however, is not the real Desert, but the Desert masked—masked in terrors. The awful mask it wears when from its side it would drive the small, ignoble soul. For the Desert hates a coward, and buries him low in her storm-swept sand. But to its lover the Desert is tender and warm, calls him from far away, and lulls him to sleep in its arms,

And plays a tune with subtle fingering
On a small cither full of tears and sleep
And heavy pleasure that is quick to weep,
And sorrow with the honey in her mouth.

The Desert has a lure and a call for the brave, and the danger loving soul will listen and follow its voice. Go alone upon its sand, go on and on and on till he hears the beat of its wild heart. Then, in reverence, he will pause and wait. Soon, from whence he knows not, he will hear a voice, not harsh, but soothing sweet in siren strains, musical, and very sad—the angel voice of Love.

Fine sounds are floating mild about the earth.

He hears and half-understands the words—veiled, oracular, and shrouded in mystery, and they touch his soul

With one brief hour of madness and joy.