

lators or rich landowners, whenever they can be persuaded that the reform means a lessening and not an increase of their fiscal burdens, the political success of the natural tax is assured.

The results here reached by theoretical considerations were discovered by Thos. G. Shearman, and published in that epoch-making work, "Natural Taxation." Shearman, however, reached his results by the entirely different method of a comparison of the yields under the land tax, of city and farm values, as taken from actual statistics.

As to the importance of a scientific valuation of farming-land values, the writer is in substantial agreement with Professor Commons's article, "The Single Tax," which appeared in the Public for March 21, 1908.

Platteville, Wis.

R. B. BRINSMADE.

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## THE SUPREME COURT OPENS ANOTHER BACK DOOR.

For The Public.

Jones: "Who would have thought Smith would have committed a cold-blooded murder? I'm awfully sorry for his family. They're nice people. It'll be the end of his poor mother when they hang him."

Brown: "They won't hang him."

Jones: "Nonsense! He's confessed the whole thing. I should like to know what could save him."

Brown: "Well, I'll tell you. There's been a new Supreme Court decision which upsets all we thought we knew of legal principles."

Jones: "Indeed! What is it?"

Brown: "I'm no lawyer, but I think it's something to the effect that if the punishment for the infraction of a State law is so severe that people will not break it for the sake of testing its constitutionality, the highest tribunal in the land will pronounce against it."

Jones: "You can't have that straight, for that would be the same as saying that States must make their laws sufficiently attractive to criminals so they will break them. Not only this, but if your statement were correct, the rights of statehood would be a pricked bubble."

Brown: "I can't help that. I'm giving it to you as I got it, and I haven't given you the most unbelievable part of it either. My informant told me that the case which drew out the decision was one where, although the defendant already had infringed the law, it was held to carry a penalty so severe that he would not dare to break it as a means of testing its validity. This is a bit too much for my credulity, and I think I really was misinformed in that particular."

Jones: "Yes, I guess so, and in the other particulars too. Such reasoning wouldn't convince

a squad of anarchist-hunting policemen, let alone the highest tribunal of the land."

Brown: "Maybe not; I didn't say anything about *conviction*. The fact remains, however, that Smith's lawyer expects to prevent the hanging of his client by a Federal injunction, restraining the State from carrying out the death penalty, on the ground that death is so severe a punishment that men cannot be induced to murder in order to test the constitutionality of the law."

Jones: "But Smith has *already* murdered, and he admits it."

Brown: "Ah, yes, but he didn't do it till he did it, and couldn't test the law till he tested it, and couldn't know the result till he found it out."

Jones: "I can't understand what all that has to do with it."

Brown: "Well, then, you have the chance to write a dissenting opinion, which won't so much as move a grain of sand upon the beach. Besides, if you really understood this decision it might make an anarchist of you and cause you to have your "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" forcibly removed from your library."

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## THE DAY OF OPPORTUNITY.

Portion of an Address Delivered by William Lloyd Garrison Before the Reform Club, New York, April 14, 1906.

While we have been tender of the interests of tariff beneficiaries, more solicitous to avoid disturbing them than to safeguard the rights of a victimized people, privilege has entrenched itself, dominating trade, finance and government. It is no weakling. It laughs at molycoddles and sentimental reform. It is united and compact. Fair words rebound from its hide as peas from the skin of a rhinoceros. No weapon can be too powerful to assail it.

Outspoken free traders, often rebuked for severity of speech, are finding comfort and amusement in protection utterances. Many an abolitionist, charged with intemperate language, was forced to explain that Isaiah and Jeremiah were alone responsible for it. The much-cautioned free trader has now the privilege of saying without reproach that "this graft masquerading as protection extorts from every man and woman a sum belonging by right to the purchaser," for they are the words of Mr. Miles of the National Association of Manufacturers. What was once rash to whisper it is now the fashion to shout.

Plain Speech Demanded.

Therefore, it becomes us to cultivate straight thinking and plain talk. We should discard the term "tariff reform" because slippery and evasive, not to be used when words are half-battles. Since the British protectionists have adopted the same cry to dissemble their purpose, it is doubly dis-

credited. In both countries it serves to shelter the enemies of commercial freedom. The only efficiency of American tariff reform has been to block the way. We may reform habits and character, but not theft, arson or murder.

For what end is the protective system of graft fastened upon the nation? That we may have honest service rendered to the people? The tariff is not a soil out of which honesty grows. We cannot say of its product that "honor rooted in dishonor" stands. It is dishonor rooted in ignorance and credulity, a rank weed overrunning the land.

#### Where the Revenues Go.

The whole burdensome system of protection yielded to the government, the past fiscal year, two hundred million dollars less than the sum squandered on war expenditure alone, army, navy and pensions. Every dollar raised from the necessities of the people through the suppression of natural industries and the artificial support of wasteful ones, has been flung into the great cauldron of war, whose poisonous fumes stifle the humanity, the common sense and the Christianity of the nation.

The tariff revenue inequitably extorted from American consumers is but a fraction of the vastly greater sum taken by the tariff beneficiaries, according to my protection authority, Mr. Miles—a total graft of ten billion dollars since the enactment of the Dingley bill. It staggers even the free trader to conceive the human woe caused to the people of this country by such a diversion from the pockets of labor to those of plunder.

A party that presented such an indictment against its opponent, pressing it earnestly upon the intelligence of the voters, could sweep the country. The victims do not understand it. When spoliators largely control the sources of public information and the organs of opinion, how easy to deceive and befog! We need an army of reformers with the power of explanation and the patience to endure, with no ambitious motives and the courage to speak the truth though it blisters and burns. Only crusades of enlightenment avert revolutions of force, for which the danger signals are now set.

#### Weathercocks Veer with the Wind.

Of little account is that zeal that flames up before election, only to die down to the socket when the votes are counted. A nation's progress is not discerned by the historian from the puppets who gain place and power, but from the thought and impulse of the sluggish common people. When the sufferers realize the facts and move, the weathercocks veer with automatic precision. Whoever expected Cannon and Dalzell to be piously mentioning the need of tariff reform? The tendency of the under forces determined, the programs of the magnates matter little. We shall see some present magnificent schemes shattered. If one believed that the imperial forecasts of tem-

porary rulers, possessed by the demon of imperialism and spectacular fleets, could be realized, there would be reason for despondency, but "things refuse to be mismanaged long," said Emerson, and a time-call on national mismanagement is overdue.

Paradoxical as it is to have the English free traders anathematizing a proposal which to our tariff reformers is the summit of aspiration, the British course is based on reason and experience, ours on a sentimental fallacy. When did the camel of privilege ever get its head into the tent without its body following? For us to exclude the body and graciously leave the head, is to insure the beast's readmission. Years may be spent in the gradual reduction of duties, but a criminal mania for big navies, a single manufactured war-scare, a reckless two billion dollar congress, each or all may, in a twinkling, pump up the tariff to the inflation point. Our fixed demand should be, "No revenue from indirect taxes!" They are a sluice-way to protection. More than that, they postpone the day when national resources will no longer be replenished from impoverished industry, but drawn solely from the taxation of privilege—a sufficient fund for any just government.

Felicitously did Lord Cromer, at Manchester, express his respect for avowed protectionists, sailing under true colors and inviting a good, rough-and-tumble fight; and his dislike of tariff reformers, who reminded him of pirates under the guise of merchantmen, capturing a prize before running up the Jolly Roger and scuttling the ship. Let us free ourselves from cant and embarrassing associations if we are earnest in the struggle.

#### More Than a Question of Party Supremacy.

Without exaggeration, we face an epoch dramatically historical. Its issues are more comprehensive than those involved in the civil war. Thoughtful observers are comparing the impelling forces of to-day with those of the last fifty years of the Roman republic and the earlier years of the empire. It is not a question of party supremacy confronting us, merely involving a change of officials and laws which can easily be reversed when public opinion demands. We are in a region of larger issues. The survival of republican government is in the balance, and confirmation of bastard imperial policies is urged upon the people of the United States. It is a question of class rule against the people's rule. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!"

Measured by years, it is not a far cry to the Cleveland days; measured by events, the distance seems a century. Never before has the vast power vested in the President been so arbitrarily exercised; never has the unconsulted nation been committed to such momentous departures from its avowed principles; never has the control of the legislative branches been so concentrated—in the Senate by the trusts, in the House by the despot-

ism of the Speaker and committees. Never have so many important questions been decided by the bare majority in the Supreme Court. And this is not a record of Russian methods.

I do not wander from my text. The genesis of these departures from democratic ideals is found in the tariff-mother of trusts, whose progeny the government threatens while it dare not touch the prolific source. To such a monstrous size has the tiny tariff-bounty for infant industries grown! It overclouds the land.

We need to recognize the forces against which we contend. It is no holiday affair, no simple struggle of a campaign. It is "a death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word," certain to shake the nation to its depths. It is a contest not to be lightly entered upon, and involves sacrifices and sufferings, ever the price of liberty. Yet the outlook is not without its consolations. Our strongest allies unexpectedly come from the party of protection, to my mind a more hopeful recruiting ground than that of their opponents.

#### Losses That Are Gains.

Losses from our ranks occasioned by an upright attitude are turning into substantial gains. Men scorning to trifle with great issues are not tempted to join movements water-logged with doubt and irresolution. When floaters are eliminated they are more than replaced with adherents worthy of the cause. At hand is an untouched reserve of conscience unavailable while the flag of expediency flies at the head of the reform procession. Summon it, and we unlock a fountain of moral strength and passionate enthusiasm. When liberty seemed dead and the democratic experiment a failure, the shot at Sumter effected a resurrection, revealing a latent sentiment all unsuspected till multitudes rushed in defense to offer life, fortune and sacred honor.

The same conditions surround us. What the anti-slavery agitation did to prepare the country for the uprising, long years of tariff agitation and recent trust exposures have done to equip us for the impending crisis. Again party names are meaningless, bewildered members responding to bugles from the opposite camp. Whichever organization triumphs, a loosening of party ties is the logical necessity. Disintegration is active and separating lines are vague.

#### Hopeful Indications.

The day of opportunity is dawning, although the farthest-sighted man is unable to forecast fast shaping events. The factors are many and mixed, but that, even after a deeper plunge in the mire of materialism and false glory, we shall emerge on real democratic ground, it were fatal to doubt. The leader, able to reflect an epoch, to discern the latent moral forces, and to judge at their true value the obtrusive clamor of the subservient, is yet to appear. Whoever he be, across his path

lies the dragon of protection. May he be champion enough to welcome the conflict. But as sure as civilization shakes off its pests for a fresh advance, the prophecy of Ernest Crosby will be realized, that "the ruins of our custom houses will seem to our descendants as monstrous a relic of barbarism as the amphitheatre for gladiatorial shows and contests with wild beasts."

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### MUTTERINGS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

I believe in Darwin's theory,  
That the fittest shall survive;  
For it answers well the query,  
Why you pull and let us drive.

When you turn to know the reason,  
Why you walk that we may ride,  
That were anarchy and treason;  
Nothing else was ever tried.

Science says that we are stronger  
Than the dreamer, with his dreams.  
Science says our heads are longer  
Than the broader ones with schemes.

Science says that men are many,  
Most of whom will draw but blanks;  
So to each we throw a penny,  
And receive his humble thanks.

Science says that facts and figures,  
Be they even dry as dust,  
Ought to satisfy the diggers,  
Each to take his humble crust.

We shall count as blackest schism,  
And shall use our utmost tact  
To denounce each cult and ism,  
Not in harmony with fact.

In the struggle for existence,  
They are winners in the strife  
Who can show the least resistance  
To a sordid, selfish life.

Facts are facts, and scorn your fiction  
That now strives to look afar,  
Without capital's restriction  
Ties its wagon to a star.

We will give you work and wages,  
With free books to read to boot;  
All excepting doubtful pages,  
That contain forbidden fruit.

You may have a vine-clad cottage,  
If you'll pay the landlord's rent;  
There enjoy your mess of pottage,  
With your birthright we're content.

— F. Finsterbach.

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"Willie, when we're grown up we'll marry, won't we?"

"Sure we will, Gracie!"

"Only you'll have to ask me about a dozen times, 'cause when I'm a big girl I'm going to be modest, and painfully shy, and awfully hard to suit."—Chicago Tribune.