

public generally, and to give every one a trial and a chance to explain, before being put behind prison bars. We only put them in prison when a further penalty is necessary. We believe that "A little prevention is better than any cure."

To say the Golden Rule Policy has proven a success, is putting it mildly. Its results have been even beyond my expectations. The policy has not only decreased the number of arrests, but has increased the number of arrests of real criminals. It has resulted in driving from the city practically all those whose livelihood depends upon swindling and robbing, and those who remain are under such close observation that it is almost impossible for them to operate successfully. Complaints have reduced accordingly, and there has been less real crime and property stolen than in many previous years.

We now experience "crimeless" and "arrestless" days. It is the result of our work in trying to make better citizens of petty offenders. It is the ideal condition at which we are aiming, and we are fast reaching the goal. We have encouraged and not discouraged men. We have been consistent; we have insisted on the police exercising all the powers conferred upon them by law, instead of allowing a political judge to make votes by discharging prisoners, and blackmailers to extort money from them. All that sort of business has about ceased.

We have discarded artificiality. We have acted sensibly and reasonably, and declined to take advantage of the predictions of inexperienced rich and poor. We do our own thinking, with no effort to accord with the belief or disbelief of anyone; but we court everybody's criticism or suggestion. We have placed ourselves in a position to make the supposed offenders, their relatives and friends, *our friends*, instead of our enemies. This policy will put the American policeman in the position he should occupy. He is *first and best judge*, although we have found that "*he who hopes to improve the world must first look to be reprov'd.*"

I might say that this Golden Rule or Common Sense Policy has been carried through with few or no mistakes, nor has a single member of this department had suit brought against him, or been threatened with the same in his official capacity—a record heretofore unknown.

A year ago I informed you that I believed my policy would succeed. Now I assure you that it is a success, and that many other persons believe in it. We cannot create an earthly paradise, for there will be violations of law until the end of time, even as there were such violations at the very beginning of the existence of the human race. But never in our time in the City of Cleveland will we go back to the old system of throwing human beings carelessly into jail, as has heretofore been the custom the world over.

Police repression has accomplished great things for the City of Cleveland and its population, and all without any new legislation; nor would any new legislation be necessary to carry this policy into general effect throughout the United States

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LLOYD-GEORGE ON THE LAND QUESTION IN BRITISH POLITICS.

Principal Parts of the Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Limehouse, as Reported by the London Times of July 31, 1909.

A few months ago a meeting was held not far from this hall, in the heart of the city of London, demanding that the Government should launch out and run into enormous expenditure on the navy. That meeting ended up with a resolution promising that those who passed that resolution would give financial support to the Government in their undertaking. There have been two or three meetings held in the city of London since (laughter and cheers), attended by the same class of people, but not ending up with a resolution promising to pay. (Laughter.) On the contrary, we are spending the money, but they won't pay. (Laughter.) What has happened since to alter their tone? Simply that we have sent in the bill. (Laughter and cheers.) We started our four Dreadnoughts. They cost eight millions of money. We promised them four more; they cost another eight millions. Somebody has got to pay, and these gentlemen say, "Perfectly true; somebody has got to pay, but we would rather that the somebody were somebody else." (Laughter.) And then they say, "It is not so much the Dreadnoughts we object to, it is the old age pensions." (Hear, hear.) If they object to pensions, why did they promise them? (Cheers.) They won elections on the strength of their promises. It is true they never carried them out. (Laughter.) But they say, "When we promised pensions we meant pensions at the expense of the people for whom they were provided. We simply meant to bring in a bill to compel workmen to contribute to their own pensions." (Laughter.) If that is what they meant, why did they not say so? (Cheers.)

We propose to do more than raise pensions. We are raising money to provide against the evils and the sufferings that follow from unemployment. (Cheers.) We are raising money for the purpose of assisting our great friendly societies to provide for the sick and the widows and orphans. We are providing money to enable us to develop the resources of our own land. (Cheers.) I do not believe any fair-minded man would challenge the justice and the fairness of the objects which we have in view in raising this money.

But there are some of them who say that the taxes themselves are unjust, unfair, unequal, oppressive—notably so the land taxes. (Laughter.) They are engaged, not merely in the House of Commons, but outside the House of Commons, in assailing these taxes with a concentrated and a sustained ferocity which will not allow even a comma to escape with its life. (“Good” and laughter.)

Well, now let us examine it. I do not want you to consider merely abstract principles. I want to invite your attention to a number of concrete cases and fair samples to show you how these concrete illustrations—how our budget proposals work.

Let us take first of all the tax on undeveloped land and on increment.

Not far from here not so many years ago, between the Lea and the Thames, you had hundreds of acres of land which was not very useful even for agricultural purposes. In the main it was a sodden marsh. The commerce and the trade of London increased under free trade (loud cheers), the tonnage of your shipping went up by hundreds of thousands of tons and by millions, labor was attracted from all parts of the country to help with all this trade and business done here. What happened? There was no housing accommodation. This part of London became overcrowded and the population overflowed. That was the opportunity of the owners of the marsh. All that land became valuable building land, and land which used to be rented at £2 or £3 an acre has been selling within the last few years at £2,000 an acre, £3,000 an acre, £6,000 an acre, £8,000 an acre. Who created that increment? (Cheers.) Who made that golden swamp? (More cheers.) Was it the landlord? (Cries of “No.”) Was it his energy? Was it his brains (laughter and cheers), his forethought? It was purely the combined efforts of all the people engaged in the trade and commerce of that part of London—the trader, the merchant, the shipowner, the dock laborer, the workman—everybody except the landlord. (Cheers.)

Now you follow that transaction. The land worth £2 or £3 an acre ran up to thousands. During the time it was ripening the landlord was paying his rates and his taxes not even on £2 or £3 an acre. It was agricultural land, and because it was agricultural land a munificent Tory Government (laughter) voted a sum of two millions to pay half the rates of those poor distressed landlords. (Laughter, and cries of “Shame.”) You and I had to pay taxes in order to enable those landlords to pay half their rates on agricultural land, while it was going up every year by hundreds of pounds from your efforts and the efforts of your neighbors. Well, now that is coming to an end. (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

On the walls of Mr. Balfour’s meeting last Fri-

day were the words, “We protest against fraud and folly.” (Laughter.) So do I. (Great cheering.) These things I am going to tell you of have only been possible up to the present through the fraud of the few and the folly of the million. (Cheers.) In future those landlords will have to contribute to the taxation of the country on the basis of the real value (more cheers) only one-halfpenny in the pound! (Laughter.) And that is what all the howling is about.

But there’s another little tax called the increment tax. For the future what will happen? We mean to value all the land in the kingdom (Cheers), and if land goes up in the future through the efforts of the community the community will get 20 per cent of that increment. (Cheers.) What a misfortune it is that there was not a Chancellor of the Exchequer who did this 30 years ago. (Cheers and cries of “Better late than never.”) Only 30 years ago, and we should now have an abundant revenue from this source. (Cheers.)

Let me give you a few more cases. Take a case like Golder’s-green and other cases of a similar kind where the value of land has gone up in the course, perhaps, of a couple of years through a new tramway or a new railway being opened. Golder’s-green is a case in point. A few years ago there was a plot of land there which was sold at £160. Last year I went and opened a tube railway there. What was the result? That very piece of land has been sold at £2,100 (“Shame”); £160 before the railway was opened—before I went there (laughter); £2,100 now. So I am entitled to 20 per cent on that. (Laughter.)

Now there are many cases where landlords take advantage of the exigencies of commerce and of industry—take advantage of the needs of municipalities and even of national needs and of the monopoly which they have got in land in a particular neighbourhood in order to demand extortionate prices. Take the very well-known case of the Duke of Northumberland (hear, hear), when a county council wanted to buy a small plot of land as a site for a school to train the children who in due course would become the men laboring on his property. The rent was quite an insignificant thing; his contribution to the rates—I forget—I think on the basis of 30s. an acre. What did he demand for it for a school? £900 an acre. (“Hear, hear.” and “Shame.”) Well, all we say is this,—if it is worth £900, let him pay taxes on £900. (Cheers.)

Take the town of Bootle, a town created very much in the same way as these towns in the east of London—purely, by the commerce of Bootle. In 1879 the rates of Bootle were £9,000 a year—the ground-rents were £10,000—so that the landlord was receiving more from the industry of the community than all the rates derived by the municipality for the benefit of the town. In 1900

the rates were £94,000 a year—for improving the place, constructing roads, laying out parks, and extending lighting and so on. But the ground landlord was receiving in ground-rents £100,000. It is time that he should pay for all this value. (Cheers.)

A case was given me from Richmond which is very interesting. The Town Council of Richmond recently built some workmen's cottages under a housing scheme. The land appeared on the rate-book as of the value of £4, and being agricultural (laughter) the landlord only paid half the rates, and you and I paid the rest for him. (Laughter.) It is situated on the extreme edge of the borough, therefore it is not very accessible, and the town council thought they would get it cheap. (Laughter.) But they did not know their landlord. They had to pay £2,000 an acre for it. ("Shame.") The result is that instead of having a good housing scheme with plenty of gardens, of open space, plenty of breathing space, plenty of room for the workmen at the end of their days, 40 cottages had to be crowded on the two acres. If the land had been valued at its true value that landlord would have been at any rate contributing his fair share of the public revenue, and it is just conceivable that he might have been driven to sell at a more reasonable price.

Now, I do not want to weary you with these cases. (Cries of "Go on!") I could give you many. I am a member of a Welsh county council, and landlords even in Wales are not more reasonable. (Laughter.) The police committee the other day wanted a site for a police station. Well, you might have imagined that if a landlord sold land cheaply for anything it would have been for a police station. (Laughter.) The housing of the working classes—that is a different matter. (Laughter.) But a police station means security to property. (Laughter and cheers.) Not at all. They demanded for a piece of land which was contributing 2s. a year to the rates £2,500 an acre! All we say is, "If the land is as valuable as all that, let it have the same value on the assessment book (cheers) as it seems to possess in the auction room." (Cheers.)

There is no end to these cases. There was a case at Greenock the other day. The Admiralty wanted a torpedo range. Here was an opportunity for patriotism! (Laughter.) These are the men who want an efficient navy to protect our shores, and the Admiralty state that one element in efficiency is straight shooting, and say "We want a range for practice for torpedoes on the west of Scotland." There was a piece of land there. It was rated at something like £11 2s. a year. They went to the landlord, and it was sold to the nation for £27,225. And these are the gentlemen who accuse us of robbery and spoliation! (Cheers.)

What we say is this—"In future you must pay one-halfpenny in the pound on the real value of

your land. In addition to that if the value goes up, not owing to your efforts—though if you spend money on improving it we will give you credit for it—but if it goes up owing to the industry and the energy of the people living in that locality, one-fifth of that increment shall in future be taken as a toll by the state." (Cheers.)

But they ask, "Why should you tax this increment on landlords and not on other classes of the community?" They say, "You are taxing the landlord because the value of his property is going up through the growth of population with the increased prosperity of the community, and does not the value of a doctor's business go up in the same way?" Ha! fancy comparing themselves for a moment!

What is the landlord's increment? Who is the landlord? The landlord is a gentleman—I have not a word to say about him in his personal capacity—who does not earn his wealth. He does not even take the trouble to receive his wealth. (Laughter.) He has a host of agents and clerks that receive for him. He does not even take the trouble to spend his wealth. He has a host of people around him to do the actual spending for him. He never sees it until he comes to enjoy it. His sole function, his chief pride is stately consumption of wealth produced by others. (Cheers.)

What about the doctor's income? How does the doctor earn his income? The doctor is a man who visits our homes when they are darkened with the shadow of death; his skill, his trained courage, his genius bring hope out of the grip of despair, win life out of the fangs of the Great Destroyer. (Cheers.) All blessings upon him and his divine art of healing that mends bruised bodies and anxious hearts. (Cheers.) To compare the reward which he gets for that labor with the wealth which pours into the pockets of the landlord purely owing to the possession of his monopoly is a piece of insolence which no intelligent community will tolerate. (Cheers.)

So much for the halfpenny tax and the unearned increment. Now I come to the reversion tax? What is the reversion tax? You have got a system in this country which is not tolerated in any other country in the world, except, I believe, Turkey (laughter)—the system whereby landlords take advantage of the fact that they have got complete control over the land. They let it to you for a term of years. You improve the building but at the end of 60, 70, 80, or 90 years it passes away to the pockets of that man who never spent a penny upon it. Well, that is the system, and the landlords come to us in the House of Commons and they say: "If you go on taxing reversions we will grant no more leases." Isn't that horrible? (Loud laughter.) No more leases, no more kindly landlords. (Laughter.) With all their rich and good fare, with all their retinue of good fairies ready always to receive

(laughter)—ground-rents, fees, premiums, fines, reversions—no more, never again. (Laughter.) They will not do it. You cannot persuade them. (Laughter.) They won't have it. (Renewed laughter.) The landlord has threatened us that if we proceed with the budget he will take his sack (loud laughter) clean away from the cupboard, and the grain which we all are grinding to our best to fill his sack will go into our own. Oh! I cannot believe it. There is a limit even to the wrath of an outraged landlord. We must really appease them; we must offer some sacrifice to them. Supposing we offer the House of Lords to them. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Unless I am wearying you (loud cries of "No, no"), I have got just one other land tax, and that is a tax on royalties. The landlords are receiving eight millions a year by way of royalties. What for? They never deposited the coal there. (Laughter.) It was not they who planted these great granite rocks in Wales, who laid the foundations of the mountains. Was it the landlord? (Laughter.) And yet he, by some divine right, demands—for merely the right for men to risk their lives in hewing these rocks—eight millions a year!

Take any coalfield. I went down to a coalfield the other day (cheers), and they pointed out to me many collieries there. They said: "You see that colliery there. The first man who went there spent a quarter of a million in sinking shafts, in driving mains and levels. He never got coal. The second man who came spent £100,000—and he failed. The third man came along and he got the coal." But what was the landlord doing in the meantime? The first man failed; but the landlord got his royalties, the landlord got his dead-rents. The second man failed, but the landlord got his royalties. These capitalists put their money in. When the scheme failed, what did the landlord put in? He simply put in the bailiffs. (Loud laughter.) The capitalist risks at any rate the whole of his money; the engineer puts his brains in, the miner risks his life. (Hear, hear.) Have you been down a coal mine? (Cries of "Yes.") Then you know. I was telling you I went down the other day. We sank down into a pit half a mile deep. We then walked underneath the mountain and we did about three-quarters of a mile with rock and shale above us. The earth seemed to be straining—around us and above us—to crush us in. You could see the pit-props bent and twisted and sundered until you saw their fibres split. Sometimes they give way, and then there is mutilation and death. Often a spark ignites, the whole pit is deluged in fire, and the breath of life is scorched out of hundreds of breasts by the consuming fire. In the very next colliery to the one I descended, just three years ago 300 people lost their lives in that way; and yet when the Prime Minister and I knock at the door of these great landlords and say to them:

"Here, you know these poor fellows who have been digging up royalties at the risk of their lives, some of them are old, they have survived the perils of their trade, they are broken, they can earn no more. Won't you give something towards keeping them out of the workhouse?" they scowl at you. We say, "Only a ha'penny, just a copper." They say, "You thieves." And they turn their dogs on to us, and every day you can hear their bark. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

If this is an indication of the view taken by these great landlords of their responsibility to the people who, at the risk of life, create their wealth, then I say their day of reckoning is at hand. (Loud cheers.)

The ownership of land is not merely an enjoyment, it is a stewardship. (Cheers.) It has been reckoned as such in the past, and if they cease to discharge their functions, the security and defense of the country, looking after the broken in their villages and neighborhoods,—then those functions which are part of the traditional duties attached to the ownership of land and which have given to it its title—if they cease to discharge those functions, the time will come to reconsider the conditions under which land is held in this country. (Loud cheers.) No country, however rich, can permanently afford to have quartered upon its revenue a class which declines to do the duty which it was called upon to perform. (Hear, hear.)

They protest against taxation of the land, and they do so by saying: "You are burdening the community; you are putting burdens upon the people which they cannot bear." Ah! they are not thinking of themselves. (Laughter.) Noble souls! (Laughter.) It is not the great dukes they are feeling for, it is the market gardener (laughter), it is the builder, and it was, until recently, the small holder. (Hear, hear.) In every debate in the House of Commons they said: "We are not worrying for ourselves. We can afford it with our broad acres; but just think of the little man who has only got a few acres!" We were so impressed with this tearful appeal that at last we said, "We will leave him out." (Cheers.) And I almost expected to see Mr. Pretyman jump over the table and say, "Fall on my neck and embrace me." (Loud laughter.) Instead of that, he stiffened up, his face wreathed with anger, and he said, "The budget is more unjust than ever." (Laughter and cheers.)

Why should I put burdens on the people? I am one of the children of the people. (Loud and prolonged cheering, and a voice, "Bravo, David; stand by the people and they will stand by you.") I was brought up amongst them. I know their trials; and God forbid that I should add one grain of trouble to the anxiety which they bear with such patience and fortitude. (Cheers.) When the Prime Minister did me the honor of inviting me

to take charge of the national exchequer (A voice. "He knew what he was about," and laughter) at a time of great difficulty, I made up my mind, in framing the budget which was in front of me, that at any rate no cupboard should be bared (loud cheers), no lot would be harder to bear. (Cheers.) By that test, I challenge them to judge the budget. (Loud and long-continued cheers.)

BOOKS

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

True Detective Stories. By A. L. Drummond, former Chief of the U. S. Secret Service. Illustrations by Louis F. Grant. Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Detective fiction has a fascination for most readers. Even those who affect contempt for this kind of literature unless it bears the signature of a detective fictionist of high degree like Poe or Gaborieau, are not perfect proof against the tales of almost any old sleuth.

But detective fiction is altogether different from detective reality. It is as unreal as any other game with a dummy adversary. When the author controls the circumstances of the pursuit, he can indeed raise excitement to fever pitch and gratify expectations in the outcome; but after all it is fiction, fiction, fiction.

In Drummond's true stories of detective work, there is no effort to make the excitement greater in any story than it was in the actual experience of which the story is a record. Nor does the detective always win. As it is in real life, and not as it is in detective fiction, the pursued in these stories escape when circumstances are favorable, and the pursuer loses his quarry when in hard luck. But the stories are quite as interesting for all that, and ever so much more satisfactory as glimpses of underworld civilization.

The author's preface tells of his sensations in going back in mind over the road of a long and busy life to recall the events that make up his collection of stories. Not to him alone, however, do the stories revive curious memories of a long ago. Many of the persons who figure in them have long since died—officials, criminals, lawyers, witnesses, judges; but some are left to indulge in the reminiscent recreations of old age. To more than one of these survivors, Mr. Drummond's unexaggerated little histories of skilful professional crime and acute secret service operations, will ring up the curtain on a moving picture of real dramas in which they themselves played real parts a generation or two ago.

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As a mark is not set up for the sake of missing the aim, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world.—Epictetus.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—**Mors et Victoria.** Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York and Bombay. Price, \$1.20 net.

—**The Book of the Farmers' Republic: The Strength of Union, the Vitality of Individuality.** Not copyrighted; not patented. Published by Pioneers of the Farmers' Republic, Somerville, N. J.

—**A Review of the Resources and Industries of Washington.** Published under authority of the Legislature for Gratuitous Distribution by the Bureau of Statistics, Agriculture and Immigration. 1909. Public Printer, Olympia, Washington.

—**First Annual Report of the City of Des Moines (under the "Des Moines Plan").** Compiled by the auditor under the direction of the superintendent of the Department of Accounts and Finance. For the fiscal year ending March 31, 1909.

—**Capital. A Critique of Political Economy.** By Karl Marx. Volume III. **The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole.** Edited by Frederick Engels. Translated from the First German Edition by Ernest Untermann. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. 1909.

The Ethics of Progress; or, The Theory and the Practice by Which Civilization Proceeds. By Charles F. Dole, author of "The Spirit of Democracy," the Ingersoll Lecture of 1906 on "Immortality" at Harvard University, etc. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price \$1.50 net.

PAMPHLETS

"The Quantity of Money."

In a pamphlet bearing this title, Henry Rawie (Harrison Building, Columbus, Ohio) makes a further elaboration of the economic principles set forth in his "Distribution," reviewed in *The Public* at page 1147 of the tenth volume.

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A Fairhope School.

A prospectus of the "Comings Memorial College of Organic Education" for boys and girls at Fairhope, Alabama, under the principalship of Mrs. M. L. Johnson, unfolds an interesting plan for stimulating the development of childhood through self-prompted creative ability.

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An Economic Ritual.

Bearing the imprint of the Pathfinder Publishing Company (District of Columbia) there lies upon our table an attractive economic ritual with this title: "Digest of the Natural Laws of Society for use of the Academy of the People's Commonwealth." In spirit and form the influence of the Masonic ritual is obvious, and in substance the economics are what Henry George popularized. To those who like the secret society idea of inculcating doctrines and drilling members in their understanding and use, this pamphlet should prove of marked service.