

## Taxes

I KNOW of three new metal trade industries that Lorain lost within the past 90 days by reason of Ohio tax laws.

All conditions were perfectly satisfactory in the way of labor and shipping until the attorneys for these concerns figured up their state and local tax bills.

Two of them then went to Erie, Pa., and the other to Huntington, Ind.

Just as I have said before: Not very many new industries are going to locate in Lorain or Ohio with our tax laws as they now stand.

Price taxes right over the state line in any direction and it will be seen exactly what I mean.

As an inducement to locate here in Lorain I do not favor a reduction in taxes to new industries unless the same reductions were given industries already here.

It is just as important to keep the industries we now have as to get new ones.

The reason there is a muddle in Ohio tax laws is a quarrel between the real estate interests, manufacturers and public service corporations as to which will stand the burden of taxation—one trying to shift taxes to the other.

But in the fight the real estate interests are just cutting off their noses to spite their faces, while neighboring states are getting our industries, population and wealth.

These three new industries that Lorain lost within the past 90 days would have employed in all about 400 workers. And figuring three to a family and about 300 in the way of store clerks and others in service to these workers and their families why, this would have meant 1,500 additional total population to Lorain.

This would have added one million five hundred thousand dollars to the land values of Lorain, the way most economists figure it—there being \$1,000 in land value for every unit of population.

It seems to me that the real estate interests could well afford to consent to a slight increase in the assessment on their land value and to a reduction of taxation upon industry, if by so doing they could add industry, wealth, population to the community and in turn increase the selling and rental price of their real estate.

If you are a small property owner and do not see how this would be absolutely to your selfish interest, show this editorial to your lawyer, doctor or preacher—any of them will figure it out for you.

—DAVID GIBSON in *Lorain (Ohio) Journal*.

“A TARIFF war is like a race in armaments. Nations double their land, sea and air forces, and find at the end that their relative positions remain the same. All that has been done is to burden themselves with vastly increased expenditure. It is just the same with tariffs.”

—PHILIP SNOWDEN.

## The Disinherited

I N our opinion this is the greatest poem extant on the land question. Do our readers know who is or was Vorley Wright?—EDITOR, LAND AND FREEDOM.

1

I saw a million rabbits  
Where a thousand men might be,  
Yet a bent and ancient husbandman  
Was the only man to see.

And amazement leaped to a question  
“What manner of land is this?—  
Voiceless and vermin-ridden,  
Empty and man-forbidden,  
Where the field hath forgotten the harvest,  
And the furrow forgotten the plow.”

(The face he turned was a Viking face,  
His hair was white as the white sea-mew,  
And his eye was a Viking blue.)

“I remember the time, m’marster,  
When the countryside was filled  
With flock and herd and folk, sir,  
And a mort o’ the soil was tilled;

But the lords o’ the land dwell elsewhere,  
And the rents were racked and short,  
So the land was leased to a millionaire  
Who coveted it for sport.”

“And where are the folk, O ancient friend,—  
The heritors of toil,  
Who clogged with their impoverishment  
The profits of the soil?”

“What comes o’ the birds, m’marster,  
When the breath o’ the winter blows!  
Some o’ them live and some o’ them die,  
And nobody counts or knows;  
An’ many a man’s turned vagabond,  
And many a woman worse;  
Many a young un’s over the sea,  
To be shut o’ the landless curse;  
And the old, they wait in the poorhouse  
Their turn in the parish hearse.”

2

I saw a hundred gentlemen  
Where a million men might be,  
Yet gentlemen and serving men  
Were the only men to see—  
Save one of a tattered raiment,  
Who quickened his steps from me.

But I flung out a word and checked him:  
“What blight-bitten land is this?—  
Wasted and weed-perverted,