

its logical result of taking under public administration all businesses which require the grant of any special right or privilege.

We have already started on this road, and made considerable progress. In many cities the water supply is a public business; in some cities gas and electric light are manufactured and furnished by public authority; in many cities of Europe and Australia street railroads are owned and operated by the public. Why not go on in this direction till there shall be no more private property in special grants or franchises, and till all business requiring such grants shall be carried on by the municipalities?

Under present conditions the adoption of this policy would require the taking over by the public only of the water, gas, electric light and power supply, the telephone and street railroads. The evils which a great many timid people fear, as likely to arise from enlarging the scope of the functions of municipalities, are trivial in comparison with the evils which are inseparable from the present system.

As long as the great rewards which these monopolies offer to private enterprise are possible, your industries will be hampered, your politics will be corrupted by bribery and fraud, and your people will have to pay unnecessarily high prices for these kinds of service, and they will be subjected to daily and hourly inconveniences and vexation, owing to the poor quality of the service.

I would not advocate any disregard of existing rights, or any confiscation of existing property. It would be no violation of existing rights for cities to erect their own plants and to compete for the business as they could readily and successfully do with the present private owners.

It would be no violation of existing rights for cities to use their tax powers so as to compel the present private owners to bear the same proportion of public burdens, according to the value of their property, including franchises, which owners of other kinds of private property have to bear.

It would be no violation of existing rights, where the power has not been bartered away, for the cities or the states to regulate fares and rates of compensation, so as to make them yield only a fair return on the actual investment made, rather than upon a fictitious capitalization, based mainly upon franchises or special privilege values.

In short, municipalities ought not to hesitate to do what private per-

sons in business do as a matter of course. They should respect the grants which they have made according to their true limits, but, doing this, they should take advantage of every right that is left to themselves to get rid of the present system and substitute therefor a regime of public ownership and operation. When this has been done the first long step will have been taken toward progress in taxation, for there will be an object lesson in the abolishment of special privileges.

Out of municipal ownership may come free street cars. There is no fundamental reason why the cars should not be a part of the streets that are furnished free for the use of all if the municipality can afford it. With property paying its just taxes the municipality can afford it.

Street cars may be considered in their relation to the municipality to resemble the elevators in a modern building, free to all who have occasion to use them because they are the property of the municipality and in the nature of an improvement in the sidewalk, just as the elevator is an improvement on the stairway. It is in its relation to the single tax system that I see the greatest good in municipal ownership, holding, as it does, the promise of a firm and vigorous step to that goal.

SOCIAL REGENERATION PROCEEDS NOT FROM GENEROSITY BUT FROM RIGHTEOUSNESS.

We reprint the following article by the Rev. Charles Frederic Goss, from the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune of May 20, 1901, because it vividly portrays a false tendency with reference to rich men. The article would have been all the better, had it shown, what the truth is, that in our social life there are empty many "stools," and that the true reason for discontent is not that a "lucky" one here and there peacefully uses his "stool" while others impatiently await their turn; but that the "lucky" ones have marked all the empty stools "taken," and most of the impatient horde behind the latter are never to have a turn. It is not the "luck" of the thing, but the unrighteousness of the system that allows it, that makes the true cause of complaint. The monopolization of empty stools cannot be remedied by individual goodness or generosity; the only fundamental remedy is social readjustments made in obedience to righteous concepts.

SNAPSHOTS AT DAILY LIFE.

When Kohlsaat opened his "quick lunch" restaurant in Chicago, the patronage was enormous.

Pushing your way through the crowd at the door, you would see one man on each stool, and from two to three others standing behind him wait-

ing for his place. As you took your position in line, your emotions would be worth your careful study.

We will suppose that you are No. 3, hot, tired and hungry, but endowed with a little humor and possessing a fair amount of the milk of human kindness. Your first emotion will be one of intense appreciation of the absurdity of the situation. You will smile amiably as you watch the eager, jealous faces of the rear rank and the complacent expressions of the men at the counters.

By and by you will get a little tired, and you will think it takes that fellow in front of you an unconscionably long time to eat; but you will say to yourself: "Poor chap, he is probably very hungry, and I hope he is enjoying his lunch."

At last he rises, and No. 2 takes his place. In spite of yourself, you begrudge it. "I wish to goodness I had gotten in ahead of him," you mutter under your breath. He gives his order deliberately, and eats as if he had eternity to do it in. You now begin to get hot under your collar. "If I were in his place," you say to yourself, "I would have a little consideration for the man behind me."

A few moments pass, which seem like years. You stand on one foot, then on the other; look at your watch; threaten to leave and go somewhere else; denounce the quick lunch system as a fraud; begin to whisper to your neighbor mean insinuations which you intend the man on the stool to overhear; vow solemnly that when your turn comes you will keep the golden rule.

At last, the brute rises and you drop into his place. Presto veto! Your feelings are all changed. There is as much difference between the man behind the stool and the one on the stool as between the batter in the pan and the cake on the griddle.

The instant you are seated you begin saying to yourself: "I'll get even with these selfish pigs that have kept me waiting so long, now! (You forget that they are gone.) I have earned my dinner. I don't propose to have those greedy wretches behind me spoil its enjoyment. Let them wait; I did. My digestion is not the best, and if I eat too fast I shall be sick the rest of the day. Hurry up, waiter. Bring me an egg omelet, a cup of coffee, buckwheat cakes and strawberries and ice cream."

Having delivered your order, you turn round, give one contemptuous glance at the wild beasts who are grinding their teeth behind you, and

settle down to your ease, as if there never was another empty stomach in the world besides your own.

Ah, gormand, it makes a heap of difference who is on that stool. Perhaps you do not see through this little parable of mine. Neither did David through that of Nathan when he told him about the little ewe lamb, until the prophet looked him in the eye and cried aloud: "Thou art the man!"

And so art thou, and so am I, for I have but described the emotions of my own soul.

They have burned in your heart a thousand times in crowded street cars, churches, music halls and art galleries. We are all alike—good, generous and unselfish until we get hungry and tired, and drop into an easy chair.

But this morning lesson is a unit; it is a single bullet and not a scattering charge from a shotgun. It is meant for the grumblers and kickers who denounce the rich and the prosperous. Now mind! I do not like this present system of political economy any better than the most discontented man in America. I, too, believe the times are out of joint, and that we are drifting perilously near, if not rapidly toward, the shoals of a plutocracy. These vast aggregations of wealth are an ominous symptom in our national life. If we cannot devise some peaceful method of rendering them impossible, they are more than likely to produce catastrophic changes.

But I want to make this point: There isn't one man out of ten thousand who stands in the fourth and third and second rank behind the person on the stool who will not think and speak and act exactly as he does when he gets his place.

The loudest howls of criticism and discontent come from the ranks who are farthest from the counter. Hordes of hungry, needy people land upon our shores or are spawned in our great cities who see men and women reaping rewards of industry or eating the fruits of good luck and curse them bitterly—until they begin to accumulate a little property or inherit a fortune of their own. Then all is changed. They, too, grow selfish, indifferent, brutal.

Select the loudest mouthed demagogue you can find—the man who howls the most vociferously about the cruelty and injustice of capital—and make him boss in his department; or give him stock in the concern; or make him a present of a little house and lot, and "an hundred to one" he forgets before sundown the miseries of the men below and behind him.

This does not prove that the folks with their knees under the table are to be excused or admired. It is not right for them to feel so, just because it is "human nature that they should." It is brutal, and it is pagan—which is worse.

But it does prove that the deepest trouble is in "human nature," and that you must get the individual heart changed before the millennium can come.

If all the hard-hearted rich men should get out of their chairs to-night the poor men who got into them would be almost as hard-hearted to-morrow. You think not? You do not know yourselves. And, more than this—the most transcendent genius which the evolution of humanity can produce could not devise a system of economics which cannot be perverted to just such selfishness—until we can eliminate the brute and tiger from our personal characters.

It is true that good systems help to make men good; but they only help. They cannot do it alone. It is always and everywhere a question of individual, decision and determination. Unless we want to be unselfish all the political economists and all the theories and all the systems in the universe cannot make us so. This is just a simple lesson of charity.

Do not be too hard upon the man upon the stool. Remember that he has probably been just what you are, and you would probably be just what he is in his place—unless—

Unless, by a self-surrender that is radical and eternal, you give your heart and life to God and humanity.

If you have not consciously and deliberately and solemnly done this, every one who knows human nature at all will smile ironically at your protestations of what you would do in the rich man's place.—Charles Frederic Goss.

"Th' smartest man in my day at th' colledge iv th' Sacred Heart was a la-ad who used to come to school with half a dozen biled potatoes in an ol' newspaper an' sawed wood all avenin' to pay fr' his larnin'. Any-thing that boy larned, he larned, ye bet. Ivry line iv Latin he knew rip-risinted a stick iv wood an' belonged to him. 'Twasn't borrowed at th' back dure iv a millyonaire. He knew more thin anny man I iver see, an' he's now at th' head iv wan iv th' best little wan room schools in Du Page county."—Mr. Dooley (F. P. Dunne) in Chicago American.

TO LABOR.

Shall you complain who feed the world?
Who clothe the world?
Who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power,
The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand,
Your strong right hand,
Your skilled right hand;
You hold the whole world in your hand—
See to it what you do!
Or dark or light,
Or wrong or right,
The world is made by you!

Then rise as you ne'er rose before,
Nor hoped before,
Nor dared before,
And show as ne'er was shown before,
The power that lies in you!
Stand all as one
Till right is done!
Believe and dare and do!
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Joseph Rend was telling a little coterie of men at the Great Southern hotel a funny story recently narrated to him by Gov. McCorkle, of West Virginia. A colored man was telling a white friend about another negro who owed him two dollars and absolutely refused to pay the debt. The creditor dunned and dunned him, but all to no purpose. Finally the creditor went to his white friend, who is a lawyer, and poured his tale of woe into his ear.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refused to pay you, what reason did he give?"

"Well, boss," said the colored man, "he said he had owed me dat money fo' so long dat de interest had dun et it all up, and he didn't owe me a cent."—Columbus Dispatch.

Mr. Holmes—There was a junkman here yesterday and I told him to come to-morrow.

The Collector of Antiques—Then it is fortunate I came to-day.

Mr. Holmes—Yes, indeed. I swan! You people must hurt the regular junk business!—Puck.

"I see the constitution, after all, does not follow the flag."

"Well, I shouldn't think it would want to."—Life.

"Papa, what is a syndicate?"

"My son, it is a body of human beings entirely surrounded by money."—Life.

A gentleman one day saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics.