

ed?"—and are they not needed every day, everywhere?

If the parent be wise, he will surely see that nothing will be worth more to the child all his life than the disposition to look on the bright side, to think kindly, to seek the good and to speak cheerfully. In actual practice does anything help more to put one forward in the way of life than such a disposition? And the disposition can be learned. And this is the fine work of the Sunshine university.

You may know algebra and keep grumpy; you may know physics and harbor evil thoughts of your neighbors; you may know Latin and still go hunting for faults in each other; you may speak French and still say spiteful things, but you cannot do these things if you have caught the spirit of the school of Sunshine.

MUSICAL LINDSBORG.

According to Frederick Innes, the band master, Lindsborg, Kan., is entitled to rank as "the most musical town in the United States." Having declared this to be a fact, Mr. Innes says: "In the effete East I would be mobbed for making such a statement, but it's the truth. Lindsborg, numbering 2,000 souls, plastered over a monotonous prairie landscape, with wheat fields all around it; Lindsborg, a typical, long-whiskered Kansas town, is the only music center worthy of the name that this country boasts. It's soaked in music. It's music mad. Surprised? I never was more surprised in my life. If you were to find a man-eating tiger waiting on table in a grill room, you could not be more surprised than I was when we struck Lindsborg, Kan."

Mr. Innes says that when his company arrived at Lindsborg the entire population was in waiting at the depot, and adds: "The baggage man at the depot was whistling the 'Messiah.' The bus man was humming a bit from one of the Wagner waltzes. The bell-boys at the hotel were singing the 'Parsifal' motif over and over again. I couldn't make it out at all. The hotel was not to my liking, but it was the only one. The first thing I did was to go to a national bank to cash a check. I got into conversation with the cashier and complained of the hotel. 'I wish you would stay at my house,' the cashier said. 'You will be more comfortable there, and my wife and I would enjoy having you with us. We are both musical. My wife is a harpist, and I play the first

cornet in the Lindsborg orchestra.' I accepted the invitation gladly and from my host and hostess I learned all about Lindsborg. There is a college there—Bethany college, they call it—which has a large music department. Everybody in the town has graduated from the college at one time or another and all have taken the course in music. They have a chorus in Lindsborg of 698 voices. Not bad for a 2,000 town, eh? Yes, and they have a big orchestra, too. Every year they give a big music festival. They generally sing the 'Messiah.' This year they decided to go in for a bigger festival than usual; that's why they sent for us. That night's programme was a musical revelation to me. I have trained many choruses, bigger ones than the Lindsborg, but never in my life had I heard such singing. They sang all four parts with a good quartet. A third of the town was on the stage, the rest were in the audience, with a liberal sprinkling of farmers. I never heard such thunderous, spontaneous and sincere applause."—The Commoner.

SINGLE TAX PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

From the Passaic (N. J.) Daily Herald of Aug. 4. See The Public of Sept. 3, 1904, p. 346.

Considerable progress is being made in Germany toward the ideal of the land tax. Land value taxation is growing in favor throughout the empire, and 140 communities have resorted to taxing land according to its value for local purposes.

The German communities are better off in this respect than American communities. Whenever a German town makes up its mind to raise its local revenues by means of a tax on land values it has no constitution to amend or to evade. It can simply adopt that idea and go ahead.

Breslau, a city of 250,000 population, was among the very first to adopt the plan, and the results have been salutary in discouraging the vacant lot industry and in promoting all other industries. Formerly Breslau got a revenue from all its vacant building lots of \$2,160. Under the new system its vacant lots pay a tax of \$63,200. The burden on homes has been correspondingly relieved.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, like our own Cleveland and Chicago, has a radical mayor, and progress there has been rapid and thorough. Dantzig, after a bitter fight, was won in June by the land value taxers; and other cities are

expected to follow in due course as the agitation continues.

Dortmund has been under the new system for over six years. The Dortmund House and Ground Owners' society and house owners in general declare in favor of the new system, and say they would not think of going back to the old. "The ground value tax," writes a member of the society mentioned, "hits mostly the speculators in building sites." And this is what it is designed to do. This is its merit. It kills speculation in land, and tends to free opportunity for the employment of labor and capital in improvements.

The Prussian minister of the interior states in response to an inquiry, that "no Prussian community has been reported at this office as having gone back to the former plan." This shows that in at least 140 progressive German towns the land value tax has brought such results as to satisfy the people concerned of its superiority over the old system.

It appears to be only in the United States that the hands of the people are tied. Everywhere else, in Germany, in Scotland, in New Zealand, in Natal, in Australia, the people are free to make experiments in taxation if they choose. They can try out a new idea, and then abandon it if it fail to prove its value under test. But in this country, where a constitution does not bar the way, a court stands ready to head off any proposed experiments. But even in the United States the sentiment in favor of taxing land value only for local revenue is growing, and in due time the bars will have to yield.

THE WORLD-PEACE AND OUR OWN PEACE.

A portion of the speech of Bolton Hall at the Shaker Peace Convention, held at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1905.

There are two kinds of peace, the peace which is external and the peace which is internal; the world-peace and our own peace.

The world's peace can come only when the world is ready for it; when the spirit of love has so entered into men's minds that they are incapable of war, incapable of unkindness.

But this does not mean that you and I are to settle down and wait for the coming of that time. If we do this we shall lose our own peace now, and "it will not be our millennium when it comes."

We must consider the causes that keep men apart, and we must try to throw

down or at least to look over those walls of partition. Ignorance which separates the minds of nations, tariffs which separate their material interests, militarism, and everything that tends to make a division, must be done away with. Above all things we must destroy the system of monopoly arising out of our patent laws, our money laws, our license laws, our taxation laws and especially our land laws.

Man is primarily a land animal; on the land and by the land he lives, and without land not. Under conditions natural to man (that is, to the spiritual man), conditions of harmony, the earth will "bring forth abundantly to satisfy the desire of every living thing." This is not poetry, but a statement of sober facts. As Prince Kropotkin says, no man yet knows the capacity of a single yard of earth.

But it is necessary first of all in order that the earth may bring forth at all, that men should be allowed to get at the earth, whether in order to cultivate it, or to dig minerals out of it, or to work on its surface, or to build houses on it.

We have allowed a system to grow up owing to which it is impossible for an ordinary man to live except by giving to another a portion of what he produces for the mere right to occupy a part of the earth, or else by taking for himself from his brothers such a portion of what they produce.

This must be done away with; whether it be done away with individually by the Shaker system of communal possession, or by a cooperative commonwealth, or by taxation of land values, is not of so much importance. When we see the thing must be done, we shall see a way of doing it; until we do see it, it is impossible for any of us to do it alone. All that we can do is to work to lift up the ideal—to show that it is not the divine will that some of mankind should starve while others are overfed—that it is possible as well as conceivable that all should dwell not only in peace, but in plenty.

But if we do this and while we are doing this, each one may enjoy the internal peace when he has come into harmony with his surroundings, when he has become so much a part of them that it is impossible that there should be a conflict between them and him. This was the peace of which Jesus spoke when, having clearly failed as far as it is possible to fail in his mission, deserted by his few followers, a felon already condemned, he said nevertheless, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

THE DOLLAR MANIA IS THE NATION'S CURSE.

A portion of a sermon delivered on the Sunday previous to the Fourth of July, at the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Ala., by the pastor, the Rev. Quincy Ewing, as reported in the Birmingham Age-Herald of July 3, 1905.

Has the faith of the founders of the republic in the heroic highmindedness of its citizenship been fully justified down the generations to our day? Did they really succeed in establishing a nation whose great ideals would be forever dearer to the individual citizen than his own private gain and good in conflict with them? The passion of the founders was liberty and justice; on these they staked their hope of success for their grand venture. They believed that with liberty and justice the twin guiding stars of the great body of citizens, the largest and highest welfare of each would be assured.

What is the most conspicuous passion of their successors, the inhabitants of this land, to-day? I hesitate to answer the question with a dogmatic declaration, but regard for truth seems to demand that so it should be answered, and the answer given in one word is Money. Surely no impartial and infallible observer of society and citizenship in these United States at the present time could aver that the mass of the people are as certainly interested in anything else—liberty, justice, art, science, literature, religion—as they are in the piling up of dollars; and not to satisfy their legitimate needs simply; not to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, or the best things of life, but rather just to have money, just to be rich, just to enjoy the consciousness of possession and the power that goes with it—power, not to do good things, particularly, but just to do things, whether good or bad! As the late Senator Hanna is reported to have said of our greatest dollar-genius, with an income calculated to be over \$2,000 for every hour he sleeps or wakes—"money-mad, money-mad! Sane in every other way, but money-mad"—so, with modified emphasis one is moved to say that thousands of American citizens, sane in every other way, are in this year of grace money-mad!

And the frightening fact is, not only that there are thousands money-mad, but thousands apparently determined to gratify the insatiate hunger of their madness, even through heartless robbery of their fellow citizens, or despicable treason to the nation itself. One of the commonest words in con-

versation to-day is the word "graft." It is heard on the street, in the clubs, the drawing-rooms, the offices, the trains—wherever men congregate. The newspapers and magazines are full of the word itself and revelations of the thing it stands for. "According to these magazines and papers," remarked a young man to me the other day from his hospital cot, "It looks as if pretty nearly everybody had gone to stealing!" The time is past, if it ever was, when charges of financial corruption in high places could be fairly ignored with a sneer at yellow journalism. Too many charges have been recently made, and too many made good in journals that are not yellow, and too many have driven the individuals against whom they were made across the Canada frontier, or on longer trips—to say nothing of grand jury indictments and petit jury convictions. Within the last year several of our leading multi-millionaires, at the head of the country's most powerful corporations, have been repeatedly published throughout the length and breadth of the land, by a fellow millionaire, as thieves and scoundrels; and they have seen fit to meet no specific accusation with specific proof of its falsity—the easiest of things to do, in this case, if falsity there were. The law of the land, criminal and civil, has its penalties for the libeler. But the accused gentlemen have failed to invoke the law, and their failure to do it can be understood only on the ground that before the bar of justice they couldn't play successfully the role of plaintiffs. It isn't human nature at this date for one very rich man to endure patiently the outrageous slings and arrows of another very rich man, just to maintain his dignity of character, knowing as he does that his decency of character is being doubted or denied wherever his name is spoken!

Nay, that isn't human nature as common sense interprets it!

How long ago was it that a bishop of this church gave public credence to the rumor that the clergy of his diocese were not free to denounce civic corruption and at the same time save their salaries? There were so many grafters and boodlers, direct or indirect, renting pews in the Rhode Island churches—renting pews, and helping to pay for the benefit of the Ten Commandments said in a surplice!

It is still fresh in the public mind, the offer of the merchant prince of Philadelphia of millions to the city for a franchise, and the refusal of his offer. The city's guardians and the peo-