

portunity to produce. Land is that opportunity. Rent is not earned by those who now get it. The fact, however, that rent can be collected by those who own valuable land leads men to buy vacant land that seems likely to be in demand in the future and hold it against occupation and use by others, waiting for the rise in price contingent upon this anticipated increase in demand. If the bulk of rent (ground rent) were taken in taxation it is obvious that the incentive to speculation in land would be gone, and that under such conditions no sane man would buy land save to put it to use; and as there are not enough people to actually use to its legitimate capacity more than a small portion of the land, it follows that the source of supply from which all life draws its sustenance would forever remain open, offering to honest labor that share of wealth which is its equitable and natural reward.

There are matters which people can attend to in their collective capacity better than they can individually. Government is a necessity of civilized society. To exist government must have a revenue. To get a revenue we must tax one of the funds into which production is divided. Public revenue must be drawn from either rent or wages. There is nothing else in existence that can be taxed (unless, perhaps, the foreigner). To tax wages is to add to the cost of living; is to make men cheap. Not to tax wages is to leave to men the natural reward of their toil; is to make men dear. Not to tax rent (properly, land value) is to invite land speculation; is to make land dear. To tax land value is to destroy speculation in land; is to make land cheap. All production is primarily divided into rent and wages; if this be true, it follows that the higher one is the lower the other must be. A low-priced man is the necessary corollary of high-priced land.

The art of government of the strenuous sort is to so adjust taxes that they will fall on wages (for the benefit of laborers, of course), and to tax rent but little. This is the basis of monopoly. In the United States for every dollar of taxes collected from rent wages is held up for ten. In support of the federal government rent pays nothing. No landlord, as a landlord, pays one cent to support the United States government. All of the expense of river and harbor fakes, credit mobiler and whisky steals, star route holdups, embalmed beef, Cuban post office bookkeeping, disappearing guns, Carnegie armor plates, useless

navies, Philippine butcheries, Annapolis dudes, West Point toughs and court jesters; the whole thing, root and branch, is saddled upon wages. It is a good thing—for the rent collectors.

Henry George moved to change the system. Many enthusiastically second his motion. And those who are strong of sight perceive the growth of his thought in the march of events. For in the often reiterated assertion that the evil of trusts is in the monopoly, not in the combination, the idea of Mr. George is expressed. In the widespread demand for municipal ownership of monopolies, but not for flour mills, etc., the distinction made by Mr. George is adhered to.

In short, three roads along which society may attempt to move present themselves to-day:

The first is further monopoly, privilege—imperialism.

The second is further regulation by the state of private industry, declining individual liberty—socialism.

Avoid these, and no matter what may be attempted, aid and comfort will be afforded the movement for which Henry George lived and for which he died, the single tax on land values—democracy.

The sphinx of fate sits at the parting of these roads and asks its question.—John Z. White, in the Chicago Record-Herald of May 19.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A letter from Frederic Harrison in London Daily News of May 30.

My friends urge me to send you a letter about the "Return of Farm-Burning, S. Africa (Cd. 524)," but I doubt if you would print anything which could fully express my own feelings on studying it; and I know that this incident is merely part of a far larger whole. However, if your readers would care to understand something of "the panoplied hatred" with which my friends and I regard this very brutal episode in an infamous war, I will put our case before them in plain words. I am neither "Little-Englander" nor "Pro-Boer," nor "cosmopolitan crank," but a patriotic Englishman, who does not think his country's greatness needs to be eked out with more Klondikes and Ugandas, and refuses to applaud every folly and crime into which demagogues in office may contrive to delude the nation.

The official return has disclosed a barbarous, vindictive, systematic attempt to terrorize and crush a brave enemy in arms, by devastating a coun-

try which it was found impossible to conquer, by ruining the homes of soldiers with whom we were waging war, and by exposing their wives and children to misery and want. This was a violation of the recognized laws of civilized war, and was expressly forbidden by The Hague conference. It was especially infamous when resorted to against an honorable body of citizens who were defending the existence of their country. It was insane folly in the case of a people whom it was designed to incorporate in the empire, who had actually been proclaimed as our own fellow-countrymen.

It was a policy so degrading in plan and so revolting in its consequences that any honorable soldier would have been justified in declining to undertake such butcher's work. But our commanders, accustomed to wholesale slaughter and devastation in warfare with savages in Asia and in Africa, and unaccustomed to fight with any men of European race, were found willing to act on it. And ministers at home were found willing to palliate it with cheerful indifference and evasive sneers. Both soldiers and ministers may count on this, that their names will live in history with those who ordered and executed the barbarities of the Thirty Years' war, the devastation of the Palatinate and the dragonnades of Louis XIV.

Barbarities of the kind became only too probable when our rulers entered "with a light heart" on a war to conquer and crush one of the toughest, bravest, most independent races in the world, and gayly announced that "not a shred of independence" would be left to men of proverbial courage and obstinacy, who for many generations have faced death, famine and the extremes of suffering in order to live free—and especially free of the hated British bondage. When the swindlers and braggarts told us that a little show of force would cow these Dutch farmers, that, even if war did result, it would be over in a few weeks, and would only cost a few millions, when they entered on one of the most formidable wars of the century with ignorance so laughable and arrogance so blind, it became clear to all who knew the history and nature of the Boer and the physical conditions of the task, that ghastly ferocities would be resorted to, and that our British name would be dragged down from each meanness and atrocity to still lower depths.

The horrible side of this war to us who retain some feeling for the honor

of our country is that the nature of the task to which we were committed made violent and unlawful measures almost inevitable. To conquer and annex two free and proud nations of European race and most stubborn nature is an outrage which has never been attempted since the partition of Poland. Considering the vast extent of the land, the physical difficulties of the task, and the superb fighting qualities of the patriots, it was an undertaking of extreme peril. Since they were of the same race, language and traditions as the Afrikanders of our own colony, it made civil war and rebellion almost inevitable. And yet, to fail in sight of mankind, after all our Quixotic braggadocio, would be intolerable humiliation. Accordingly they set their teeth, prepared "to fight it out to a finish" by whatever means, flinging to the winds considerations of public law, humanity and the good name of England. Men curse in their hearts the law of nations, and sneer openly at the farce of The Hague. And women of the governing class do not blush to say that "what is wanted is more cruelty." The horrible part of this war, I say, is that it has brutalized public opinion, made public men desperate and has unsexed the women whom they pervert.

The nation has been hoodwinked by an elaborate fabric of calumny and falsehood. The "Boer conspiracy to drive us out of Africa" is mere promoters' bounce, like the tales about "payable gold." It was invented by Rhodesian agents, and sent home by their gullible tool in Cape Town. The story of "Boer armaments" prior to the raid has been proved to be false. The myth that the war was "inevitable" is only true in the sense that the Crucifixion was inevitable. Everything is "inevitable" if fools will persist in their folly, and he that is unjust "will be unjust still." The war was inevitable in this sense only, that there were men resolved, in pursuit of their own ends, to spread blood and ruin far and wide. The pretext that nothing but war could decide "whether Dutchman or Briton should be master in South Africa," means only that the British were bent on crushing the Boer. It was a mere pretext for conquest. By what law of God or man was it "inevitable" that the Briton should dominate all South Africa? The Dutch were the majority; they were planted first in the soil; they were the only race which could thrive in the veldt; they were Afrikanders, bred and born in the land, not immi-

grants, passing prospectors, contractors, carpet baggers come out to make a pile. Why is it a law of nature that these men should be made the masters of the settled Afrikander population?

The origin of the war is the old struggle for "ascendancy"—just the claim of the Orange Protestant minority in Ireland to bring to heel the Catholic native race. The Orangemen, who are British by race and interest, claim the whole power of Britain to back them that they may dominate the native Irish majority, looking on themselves as the advance guard of the English conquerors. We all know what this malignant claim of "ascendancy" has cost England and has cost Ireland for centuries. In South Africa the same strife has gone on for a century, under more inflamed conditions. There the native-born majority is not only of different religion, of different race, but, is separated by their own language, their ancestral law, different habits of life, but, above all, by long traditions of independent nationality. For these reasons, it is a far more desperate undertaking to trample down the Boer race than it has been to bring into subjection the Catholic population of Ireland. But into this stupendous folly, into this abominable crime, the British adventurers in South Africa have induced our government to plunge. They rigged the political market, they gave "commissions" to leading politicians, they hired the press in Africa and at home, they poured out on the public ear a torrent of calumny and sensational falsehoods; they organized a foul act of piracy; they bullied and blackmailed the "department;" they made the representative of the crown their creature.

This responsible governor of a self-governing colony stooped to play the part which some noble chairman of a rotten company performs as the figurehead of a board of guinea pig directors. He behaved as an Irish viceroy would behave, if he made himself the grand master of the Orange faction, hounded them on to insult, misrepresent and attack their Catholic fellow-subjects, and personally labored to bring about a civil war. He mouthed out rhetorical abuse of the government with which he was sent to negotiate; he insulted and defied the constitutional ministers he was bound to consult; he resorted to his old journalistic epigrams to mislead and irritate people at home; he concealed from them the feeling of the inhabitants of the colony he governed; he deceived his chiefs at home

by false accounts of the perils before them and of the means of compromise at hand. And when he saw the possibility of a peaceful issue to the imbroglio he had fanned, he took care to make a settlement impossible and war the natural result.

War, indeed, did result; and it is only one of the same electioneering tricks to pretend that the Boers began it. When they saw the empire armed, and heard the open menaces of the official dispatches, their invasion of Natal was a mere strategic move, as a man threatened by a gang of armed burglars might give the first blow to protect himself. And now, when a wasting and savage war has gone on for nearly 20 months, with no visible result except the slaughter of myriads of men, the waste of 150,000,000, ruin, devastation and famine broadcast over the very country we pretend to call part of our empire, and deadly hatred planted in a race of men that never forgets, whom we pretend to call our fellow-citizens—now we are asked to join in the mock triumph of the author of all this shame and confusion, of this ghastly anarchy and never-dying source of future strife. This worst enemy of his country, this contriver of incalculable ruin, is called away from the chaos into which he has plunged his colony, to receive the honors of a victorious soldier. Let us not join in this squalid electioneering farce, the same kind of advertising trick by which bold tradesmen try to rouse a boom in their tea, or their wines, or their wines, or their miraculous soap.

Not only are we being ruined, humiliated and made odious as a nation, but we are being made the laughing-stock of the world. This grotesque fooling for party ends is transforming us into a race of blackguards. The disgusting orgies of Mafficking and carnivals were encouraged and financed by politicians and advertising tradesmen. They were blessed by the clergy of that church which assures us that "God made war." Soldiers who have violated the law of nations, and have left the field of their so-called conquests a scene of chaos and confusion, swept by incessant and aimless fighting, are hailed as if they were the saviors of the country. Generals who have suffered humiliating defeats, over which the civilized world has made merry, vapor about at bazars and garden parties as heroes and Heaven-born commanders. No one denies the splendid courage shown by our soldiers, officers and men alike; nor do we fail to honor the patience, cheerfulness and

tenacity of all who have borne the heat and burden of this long and cruel day. But to swagger over the deeds of men who have done their duty as English soldiers always have done, to shout about the world with this immoderate bluster over a campaign which, considering the petty enemy and their narrow means, has been one long tale of rebuff, disappointment, miscalculation, disaster and perpetual "regrettable incidents," including more British soldiers taken prisoners than ever happened in our long history before—this, I say, is more like the tone of the Hooligans out Mafficking than of the Englishmen who beat Napoleon and saved Europe.

It makes me tingle when I witness these blatant Bardolphins in their carouses, got up by politicians with an eye on the ballot box. Our men are brave, and resolute, and enduring. Yes! But what are the Dutch farmers, old men and boys together, who serve under Cronje and DeWet? Has not Lord Kitchener slaughtered men in North Africa as well as in South Africa as brave as the men he commands? No one doubts that our men are worthy of honor. But are honor and glory and admiration due only to one side of this long and sanguinary war? What disgusts sensible men is all this larrakin shouting over the very disasters and blunders and failures that they inflict on our name. One would think that a viceroy has only to plunge his province into unutterable ruin by fanning civil war, by making peace within it impossible for a generation, to be received with the honors our fathers accorded to a Clive or a Lawrence. And a general has only to "fall into a trap," to lose his guns, to sacrifice brigades in unsuccessful "frontal attacks," to be regarded as if he were a Nelson or a Wellington.

"The war is now over," we are officially informed week by week by commanders, ministers and their friends in the press. We look on these brazen untruths with alarm, for it is thought to be the prelude to some new policy of rage and barbarism. But all is not "over." We are not "over" the deadly blow all this has struck at the empire, the ruin and chaos it has spread through South Africa, the blood-poison it has infused into public opinion, nor the stain on English honor in the sight of the civilized world. There is another thing, too, which is not yet "over." And that is the nationality of the Boer republics, which I believe are not yet crushed out forever—which, as a patriotic Eng-

lishman, I trust never will be crushed out forever.

ONE SMALL AND ONE LARGE.

One small and one large, and I saw them engaged
 In a marvelous wonderful fight,
 And the weight of the men was as one to ten,
 In the scales of resource and might.
 And the little man fought for his country and home,
 And for all that a mortal should pray,
 And the larger man fought, as he said he ought,
 To teach him a better way.
 And a wonderful part of this marvelous strife,
 Was the number of lengthening years,
 That the little man stood, as a patriot should,
 Unconquered by wounds or fears.
 And the on-looking multitudes, strange to relate!
 Uttered nothing but jibes and jeers
 At the little man's strife for his home and his life,
 And they gave to the larger one cheers.
 And yet there were some in the on-looking throng
 That pitied the smaller man;
 And they said that his cause under heaven's high laws,
 Was just in its purpose and plan.
 But the time came at last as the sad years past,
 When the little man gasped for breath,
 And when blow upon blow at length laid him low,
 In the motionless calm of death.
 Then the multitudes shouted, how strange!
 Aye, how strange!
 When all was over and done,
 That the strong man was right in the wonderful fight,
 Just because he had mastered and won.
 And they chid and denounced the lone few of the throng
 Who had even the courage to say,
 While the little man bled and the field was red,
 That the right is the better way.
 And yet, thanks to God! the lone few, though they knew
 That the weak man must lose in his stress,
 Still said and still say that the only true way
 Is the pathway of righteousness.
 And still they adhere to their overtures clear,
 That encounters for conquest should cease,
 And that ever as now should earth's stronger ones vow
 That theirs is a mission of peace.
 —Henry Slade Goff, in Farm, Stock and Home.

AT NIAGARA.

Casey—There's th' big power-house yez might have hear-rd tell av.
 Kelly—An' phwat's it for?
 Casey—Phwat's it for? Phwy, yez great ignoramus, yez, that's phwere th' power comes from t' kape th' falls sploied wid wather.—Puck.

There are always more early birds than worms.—Atchison Globe.

MR. DOOLEY ON OPPORTUNITY.

As the pote says: "Opporchunity knocks at ivry man's dure wanst." On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' iver afterward it wurrucks f'r him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it knocks and runs away, an' on th' dures iv some men it knocks, an' whin they come out it hits them over th' head with an ax.—F. P. Dunne, in Chicago American.

"Papa, what is firmness?"

"The exercise of will power, my son."

"Well, sir, and what is obstinacy?"

"The exercise of won't-power, my son."—Puck.

Greene—They say that Senator Keener is on the make. They even go so far as to say that that new house of his was given him in payment for his vote.

Gray—It puts me all out of temper to hear such slanders. It is as far as possible from the truth. I know all about it. It was this way: Some people who were interested in a certain bill bet him that house that he would vote against the bill, and he didn't and won the house. That was all there was about it. The idea of Keener's being open to bribery!—Boston Transcript.

Wu Ting Fang may criticise Christianity, but he must be careful what he says about the administration.—Puck.

The teacher of a Sabbath-school class approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and asked his name. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie for short; but my maiden name is James." —Woman's Journal.

Chicago Man—To be perfectly candid, politics are rotten with us and I suppose they are with you.

Boston Man—On the contrary, politics is rotten with us.—Puck.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Problem of Worry," solved by Herman Kuehn (Chicago: N. B. Irving, 70

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