

RESPECTABILITY'S DISADVANTAGES.

An extensive owner of city real estate was called upon at his office one morning by a stranger, who asked him:

"Is this Mr. Philpot?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"You own the property at 575 Bumblethorpe avenue, I believe."

"Yes."

"I am told you are trying to sell it."

"I am."

"I should like to buy it, if your price is reasonable enough."

"May I ask who you are?"

"I am Prof. Goodkind, of the university. I have bought the place next to No. 575 on the south for a residence, and, to be frank, I don't like the kind of tenants you rent your house to. I wish to buy it and select my own neighbors."

"No, sir!" answered the owner of the property. "That puts a different aspect on the matter. I don't care to sell the place now. I shall keep it, and raise the rent on the ground that the neighborhood is improving."—The Youth's Companion.

THE EFFECT OF A TAX ON LAND VALUES.

The farmers and small home owners have everything to gain by a tax on land values and nothing to lose. Under its operation all classes of workers, whether manufacturers, merchants, farmers, bankers, professional men, clerks, mechanics, farm hands or other working classes, would as such be totally exempt. It is only as men own land that they would be taxed; the tax being not in proportion to the area, but to the value of land. And no one would be compelled to pay a higher tax than others if his land were improved and used while theirs was not, nor if his was better improved or better used than theirs.

As it is now, we use a man for improving his property. If he builds an addition to his house that his family may be more comfortable, or to his barn that his stock may be protected from the weather, we send the assessor around, and raise his taxes, fine him for doing that which is praiseworthy and beneficial to himself and neighbors. On the other hand, if he neglects his property, allows his fences to go to pieces, his house to become shabby and dilapidated, neglects his crops and allows the weeds to spring up and go to seed to the injury of himself and neighbors, the assessor reduces his taxes—rewards him for his laziness and shiftlessness.

A tax on date trees, imposed by Mohammed Ali, caused the Egyptian felahs to cut down their trees and greatly reduce the revenues.

If we wish to reduce the number of saloons we tax them heavily and forthwith their number is reduced. When dogs become too numerous and your sheep suffer, we raise the tax on dogs and they begin to grow scarce, and that is just the effect of a tax on houses and farm improvements and every other product of the industry of man. It makes them scarce and harder to get. But a tax on land value has just the opposite effect. It cannot reduce the quantity, but it makes those who are holding it put it to some use, and it makes it easier to get.

It would check the investment of money in land unless the land was wanted for use, for no one could afford to hold land out of use. This would stop land speculation and the sums of money invested in idle land would seek investment in productive industry, in manufactures, and this would give employment to the idle in the cities and a market for the products of the farmer.—Frank H. Howe, of Columbus, O.

INVERTED FABLES.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT-TO-BE.

"Now," said the Big Buck Deer to his eldest born, "I will show you a sight that you never saw before, and I am so proud of that I feel like walking around on my hind legs all the rest of my life."

"Why!" said the fawn, "it is a man, as I live!"

"Yes," said the fawn's proud parent, dragging out the carcass from behind a tree, "and now, like a little good deer, run and get me my sharpest knife, while I skin him and prepare his head as a dining-room ornament. And shall I tell you how your papa did such a brave deed? Then listen, my son. This morning, in company with my faithful bloodhounds, I tracked the man through the forest, drove him into the lake, having first ascertained that he was unarmed, and then, as he was swimming about almost exhausted, I put forth in my canoe and shot him at leisure in a nice vital spot where it wouldn't show."

MORAL.

"But, papa," said the fawn, "the man had no chance at all against your skill and science. I don't see anything brave or to be proud of."

"But you will," said the Big Buck Deer, "when you get to be as big as I am."—Life.

A HERO OF PEACE.

There is an elevator boy in Philadelphia, William H. Platt, whose clear and simple bravery, exhibited in the line of every-day duty, is worthy of highest praise. Shortly before noon Saturday the five-story building at 18 South Broad street, undermined by excavations for an annex to be built by the Pennsylvania Railroad company, collapsed and fell. The 20 tenants of the building escaped, and owe their lives to this elevator boy. He noticed a big crack in the side wall of the building, gave the alarm, and the occupants of the building fled to the street. When young Platt noticed the crack in the wall, at 11:10 o'clock, he notified the trustee of the endangered property, Mr. Simpers, who at once consulted the foreman of the excavating laborers. "No danger," said the culpably careless foreman. But Mr. Simpers was not satisfied, and notified Chief Hill, of the city's bureau of building inspection. Then the trustee and the elevator boy visited each of the tenants and warned them that the building was unsafe. Five minutes later, and 20 minutes after the boy saw the danger, there came a crash. Of what followed the Philadelphia Press tells:

The bulk window on the first floor had fallen streetward, and South Broad street was alive with an excited mob. "Run for your lives," shouted the elevator boy, and in a second the elevator was full of people. "I'll come up for you again," shouted Platt, reassuringly to the others, as he and the car shot downward. Twice more did he make the ascent, and brought persons down. Then, just as he started skyward again, the big crash came. The boy never faltered. The elevator shaft is independent of the main structure, and Platt pushed the lever to the left, and the car shot toward the fourth floor. Mrs. Gow, James Martin, Mrs. Shubert and Miss Ruprecht were there, and Platt helped them into the elevator. Bricks and mortar were falling about them, and the car was swaying frightfully from side to side as it shot downward at express speed. Not one of the occupants of that car expected to reach the ground alive. Passing the second story a big piece of timber hit the elevator with battering force, and glanced off into the debris. The car landed with a thump in the basement, and apart from a severe shaking up, the occupants were none the worse for their thrilling experience. They made their way to the street, thoroughly scared, but absolutely unhurt. Just as the building collapsed—at 11:30—Inspectors Supplee, Gillingham and Button, who were sent by Chief Hill to examine into the safety of the structure, arrived at the opposite side of the street. The building crashed in as the three inspectors were making their way toward it.

A keen and plucky boy that, whose fine exploit need be qualified nowhere. It is to be said for heroes of peace that they leave a good taste in