

millions of dollars that represent nothing but inflated values, and it is neither impossible nor improbable that in this land craze there is now sleeping the germ of such a disturbance.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

"HE MAKETH THE WRATH OF MAN TO PRAISE HIM."

Epilogue of "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great."
By John Masefield.

And all their passionate hearts are dust,
And dust the great idea that burned
In various flames of love and lust
Till the world's brain was turned.

God, moving darkly in men's brains,
Using their passions as His tool,
Brings freedom with a tyrant's chains
And wisdom with the fool.

Blindly and bodily we drift,
Our interests clog our hearts with dreams.
God make my brooding soul a rift
Through which a meaning gleams.

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TO HEAVEN BY PRIVATE CAR.

Bolton Hall in *The Independent* (New York).

"But, Saint Peter," protested the Beneficent Millionaire, "I got *my* money in accordance with the law."

"Yes," said Saint Peter, "You've had the credit of that already, haven't you? What good have you done for the love of Man?"

"Why," said the Millionaire, "my donations to the charities—you have the subscription lists—my endowed Chair of Political Economy, the Dives Hospital, the Dives Library—are these not—?"

"I said for the love of Man," said Saint Peter.

"Well, then, if you say solely for the love of man—why, oh, yes. A widow came to me once in great distress. Her son was her sole support; he was about to lose his place for lack of a pair of shoes. I got her the shoes."

Saint Peter pushed a button and an imp of Satan answered. "Where is the boy—Oh, you're the one. This lad," said the Saint to the Millionaire, "went to the devil because he did not get that place as errand boy. You may have done that for love—but you see you only helped one at the expense of the other."

The Millionaire frowned. "I gave \$100 to my wife for her Flower Guild work," he said.

Saint Peter turned over his book. "Your wife has the credit for that," he said.

"I paid for free ice once," said the Millionaire, "and said nothing at all about it."

Saint Peter looked at the book again, "That

was part of the money you got, by the water works franchise, from the people you gave the ice to, was it not?" he said.

"But the hospitals," pleaded the Millionaire, "and the subscriptions—truly I gave them partly out of kindness. Then the Employment Society that I organized."

"Employment Society," said Saint Peter, "now that's something practical. Did you give the people employment?"

"Well-eh-no," said the Millionaire; "but we found them places."

"Oh," said Saint Peter, "then you only found them somebody else's places—anything else?"

"Well-n-o," said the Millionaire.

"Then you can go to join your friends." Saint Peter opened the gate—the same gate that you would have opened.

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WHY CINCINNATI HASN'T GROWN.

Daniel Kiefer in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of Aug. 23.

There is disappointment in Cincinnati. The census shows a population of only 364,000. The wise men of the city are trying to devise ways and means to make a better showing the next time. Most of them seem to think that the best plan would be to annex as many suburban towns as possible, whether the suburbanites like it or not. If at any time after this has been done any number of people see fit to locate outside of the extended city limits the idea of these wise ones is no doubt to repeat the annexation operation and so on indefinitely. Just what benefit this will confer on either the suburbanites or on 99 per cent of Cincinnati is problematical. The average citizen will have to continue to work as many hours for as little wages after annexation as before. Annexation won't bring another dollar's worth of business to any business man except possibly the lawyer who will draw the annexation ordinance, and the politicians who will handle the taxes.

Why have these suburbanites moved out of the city? It certainly is not because they like to be located at an inconvenient distance from their places of employment and enjoy paying carfare to the traction company for wretched service. Some unthinking ones will say that the city is too crowded. That is certainly not so. There are 35 square miles in the city limits, occupied by 364,000 people, or about 73,000 families. If each one of these families were placed on a lot 25 feet wide and 100 feet deep, they would only occupy a trifle more than one-fifth of the space in the city limits. The majority of families do not actually take up that much room, but live crowded together in the tenement districts. There is plenty of room in the city for all the suburbanites on both sides of the river and for all natural increase for many decades to come. But the trouble is that the owners of

all this vacant space would rather have it remain vacant than let any one live on it on terms that the occupiers can afford to pay. That is why the population that might have been in Cincinnati is in the suburbs.

The vacant land owners might change all this by offering proper inducements to outsiders to come and live on their land, but it is unnecessary to say that the inducements will not be offered. It pays better not to do so under existing conditions. While these lots are kept vacant they are lightly taxed, and as the time goes by will increase in value without any effort or expenditure on the part of the owners. But if any owner should see fit to put a house on his lot his taxes will be increased at once. That is not a very good way to encourage building and enterprise, so it is not at all surprising that home seekers are forced to go outside of the city to find suitable places where they may live within their means.

This condition can be changed and population attracted into the city through a change in the tax law so that all improvements on land and all other products of industry and enterprise will be exempt from taxation. Public revenue can be raised by a tax on land values alone. Then it would not pay any land owner better to hold valuable city lots out of use than to improve them. On the contrary it would be to his financial interest to improve to the fullest extent. That would result in so many new houses that the home seekers could get what they wanted in the city limits on reasonable terms. Then there would be such an increased demand for labor that with increased population would come higher wages and more business.

This plan has been adopted to a greater or less extent in the Canadian Northwest. There in some municipalities improvements are assessed at only fifty per cent of their value while land is assessed at its full value in all of them. In other cities improvements are assessed at only 25 per cent; and in one city, Vancouver, improvements are exempt altogether, and all local revenue is raised by the single tax method. The system has been in effect for a few months in the latter city, a place of 100,000 inhabitants, but has already shown results in stimulating improvements.

Are the people of Cincinnati as progressive as the people of Western Canada? If so, they should take steps at once to secure from the Legislature the necessary authority to adopt the same reform. If not, population will be attracted to more progressive places in spite of all efforts to force people against their will into the city limits through annexation.

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Irishman (after waiting at the theatre entrance for a long time on a cold night): "Shure it's myself wad sooner walk fifty miles than shtand five."—Punch (London).

THE SIZE OF THE WORLD.

It's a little world, my brothers, when you've cause to wish to hide;

Everywhere you turn there's some one who remembers you by name;

You may cross the widest ocean, but upon the other side

There will be somebody waiting who has heard about your shame.

It's a little world, my brothers, for the man who has to flee;

There is not a nook within it where he may in safety rest;

Though he seek the farthest mountain and ascend it stealthily,

Some one there will know the secret he is hiding in his breast.

It's a wide, wide world, my brothers, for the man who walks alone,

With no money in his pockets and nowhere to lay his head;

Where the busy millions hurry he may wander all unknown,

Never hearing a fair greeting or a word of welcome said.

It's a wide, wide world, my brothers, and a dreary, lonely place

For the lad with empty pockets and homesickness in his heart;

Where the thousands hurry past him he will find no friendly face,

Nor discover anybody with a kind word to impart.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BOOKS

INTRODUCING THE UNITED STATES TO THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANT.

Guida degli Stati Uniti per L'Immigrante Italiano. By John Foster Carr. Published for the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1910.

In Italian to the Italian immigrant, the eighty pages of this little book are written with thoughtful knowledge of the newcomer's needs. A few brief statements explaining our national, State and municipal governments, a simple resume of a few of our laws which a foreigner might in ignorance break, a list of Italian settlements scattered over the United States, and a map appended, are some of the conveniences of the guide-book. But most impressively well done is the quiet, clever persuasion, by pictures and open advice and gentle hint, toward an American education for the Italian. The kinds of work open to him, the safe-keeping of his money, the advancement of