

petition as an effective check,—not against production in this country, but against the intolerable and extortionate greed of those who criminally combine to control the markets of 90,000,000 people. That was the kind of revision which the changed industrial conditions demanded; the kind of revision the people understood they were to get; the kind of revision the Republican party promised; the kind of revision the Republican candidate for President pledged again and again during the campaign. . . . The kind of revision demanded, promised, accepted, voted for and decreed at the polls has not been even partially complied with.

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The Czar Has Come and Gone.

The (London) Nation (ind. Lib.), August 7.—But the sound which still echoes in the ear of the world is not the cannon of warships saluting our apprehensive guest in our guarded waters. The really English feature of this visit was the open letter to Sir Edward Grey which it called forth. Drafted with tolerance and moderation of phrasing, yet unflinching in its statement of fact, this document, which appeared in the world's press on the day of the Czar's arrival, set forth the sombre facts about the present state of Russia—the hangings, the courts martial, the banishments of untried suspects, the abominations of torture and ill-usage which make an inferno of the Russian gaols. The facts are familiar to our readers. They were drawn avowedly from Prince Kropotkin's pamphlet, which, in its turn, was based mainly on Russian parliamentary documents. Had such a document come only from a handful of political Ishmaels, it might have been disregarded. But it was signed by over two hundred of the names which carry force in the world of free or Liberal opinion—the Bishops of Birmingham and Hereford, Canons Barnett and Scott Holland, nearly all the Nonconformist leaders, Lord Courtney, some eighty Liberal and Labor members of Parliament, including, under both heads, men who commonly shrink from rash action and whirling words, more than thirty university professors and men of science, including Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Muspratt and Professor Osler, and a group of literary men, with the rather unexpected name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at their head.

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William Allen White.

The (Independence) Kansas Times (ind.), July 30.—William Allen White, of Emporia, is a writer whose fame has covered his own land and reaches into every other where the English tongue is spoken, while his income from his pen is said to be not less than \$1,000 a month. And yet he publishes the only daily and one of the two weekly newspapers in Emporia, and the only daily in Lyon county, and neither of those periodicals has a circulation much in excess of 2,000 copies. This, too, notwithstanding he has as a collaborer in the production of those papers, such a poetic genius as "Walt Mason." There are scores of newspapers in this country with ten or twenty times the circulation of White's whose editorial writers are unheard of and their income is but a fraction of his.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE PERFECT HYMN.

For The Public.

I flew through space and sped afar,
Illumined on by star and star,
And reached the heavenly gate.
I asked no questions at the portal;
I simply said, "I am a mortal
Who's left the earth of late."

The warden parleyed, mild though grim,
"Come, sing to me a perfect hymn,
If Paradise you'd win."
I sang him, "Nearer, God, to Thee;"
He smiled, and almost turned the key.
"Lead, Kindly Light," I sang with heart;
He joined me with celestial art,
And so I entered in.

D. E. C.

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TOM JOHNSON'S FIGHT FOR A FREE CITY.

Editorial in *LaFollette's Magazine* for August 21.

The defeat of the Schmidt franchise in Cleveland on the 3rd was a defeat for Tom Johnson. It does not remove Mr. Johnson from the ranks of the potent workers for the general good, but it is a defeat, and a stinging one. He has had defeats before, and has rallied from them. He will rally from this. His fealty is pledged to a cause far higher and nobler than that of mere success. He has gone on in pursuit of the vision of a free Cleveland, owning all its public utilities, and taking all public values for the public good. He has spent himself for this, and not merely for three-cent fares. If he has forwarded the larger cause, his work is a success. Indeed it is a success whether or not he has forwarded it; for he has been true to his own inner promptings, and has fought the fight. No one who has done these things has failed.

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Johnson has never had a fair chance to win. He found the city organized against him, and he beat the local gang. He found the State Government organized against him, and he carried the fight into the politics of the State. He found the courts, from the city tribunals up to the Supreme Court, organized against him, and one victory after another was snatched from him by injunctions, "ripper" bills, and the like. At one time every city charter in Ohio was invalidated by the litigation waged to keep Johnson from winning the streets of Cleveland for the people of Cleveland. He has beaten his enemies time after time; but the corporations are so entrenched that the peo-

ple must keep themselves nerved up to the struggle for year after year, and election after election, or the tide for a moment dammed back will reflow and sweep away the work already done.

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The Cleveland people were nerved up for a long time, and stood by their own interests. Their intelligence for a few years seemed almost human. At last at the critical moment, because newspapers threw dust in their eyes, and there were some inconveniences in the street car service, the people balked and threw themselves down in the harness. They were tired. It was easier to drift. The drifting would be steered by the corporations. What was the use? Tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, and weary of the stress of the struggle toward Justice, the people quit—thereby spoiling their own work, not Johnson's.

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It is a great victory for the corporations. It shows the Machiavellian wisdom of their policy of never giving up even when it seems that all is lost. It contains a lesson for the progressives of Wisconsin and all other progressive States. The lesson is this, the corporations are never beaten. They may seem to be wiped out in politics, they may seem to have quit; but they have not. The Government will slip back into their hands the moment the vigilance of the people is relaxed, the moment the issues can be confused. Johnson has had them beaten time and again, but they have never ceased the fight. The people must be as ceaseless in their struggle for the right as the forces of plutocracy are sure to be for the wrong.

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And it does not square with intelligence for the progressive to get tired—for then he ceases to "progress." And, in the future as in the past, it will pay him to watch Tom L. Johnson, First Citizen of Cleveland.

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MR. GOMPERS ON THE BRITISH LAND TAX DEBATES.

From a Description of a Visit to the House of Commons, Written by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

From the Chicago Daily News of August 7.

The bill under discussion was the one that sent the hosts defending vested rights into shocks and shivers—that providing for the taxation of land values. I was much interested in listening to the speeches on the subject, as on many a summer and winter evening in America, through the course of the last thirty years, I have heard the subject more than broached by impassioned single taxers. But as the debate on various clauses of the bill

proceeded it became apparent that the "confiscation" so feared by opponents of this tax is yet many a long day off.

The American system of taxing real estate is in England hardly begun. "Accommodation" land—that lying near built-up districts—vacant and untilled, is here not subject to any taxation whatever. The bill proposes 1 cent annually on every \$5 of its capitalized value! Farm land would pay a small percentage, say perhaps 10 or 20 on its unearned increment, when this has passed 50 per cent beyond its present existing price!

Is it anything remarkable that I was occupied in watching the manner of the statesmen present rather than being absorbed in their matter? I, who had heard the apostles of taxing the unearned increment 100 per cent, every bit of it! The bill is no doubt a good beginning—that is, the taxation of the unearned increment of the land—but I was witnessing a play in which the opposition protested against being "robbed" of the land their forbears either stole or had bestowed upon them through privilege.

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THE BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

From the London Nation of May 1, 1909.

Mr. Lloyd-George is a new man, with a new problem, the financing of social reform on Free Trade lines. As the lives of politicians go, he is at once younger and less highly trained than most of his rivals and contemporaries. He has behind him no prestige of birth or of family history or of a brilliant University career—none of the useful, friendly props which in this most conservative of lands sustain the first trembling essays of its statesmen. He is a fresh type even among our conquerors. He lacks Disraeli's opulent and attractive literary genius; he has no private fortune, like Chamberlain. He belongs to a class almost as near to the people, the actual tillers and workers, as Mr. Burns. And he proceeds from a dependent nationality, not from the central governing race. He is an orator of genuine quality, but up to Thursday night he had only made one speech in the House of Commons that could be called great; a personality of originality and charm, yet owning no large and attached following outside the borders of his own country.

Mr. Lloyd-George's success is indeed an effect of pure genius, exercised in an atmosphere peculiarly fitted and prepared to receive it. The British aristocracy can still boast a Balfour, the English middle classes an Asquith. Mr. George is the first remarkable product of Welsh democracy, of a country where the mass of the people can struggle with powerful possessing forces without being thoroughly depressed and impoverished, like the Irish nation, and without losing natural