

From a standpoint of consistency, the most ridiculous part of the whole affair was the admission into the National Progressive Convention as delegates of white women from New York and other Northern States, where, under the laws of their respective States they have not the right to vote, and barring out as delegates to the National Progressive Convention colored citizens from Mississippi and other Southern States, in which States these representative colored men have the right to vote.



Roosevelt on Tariff Protection.

The Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat (dem. Dem.), Aug. 6.—Mr. Roosevelt reaffirms his belief in protection, but he believes in it "as a principle approached from a standpoint of the interests of the whole people and not as a bundle of preferences." Just how he would frame a protective tariff on these lines he does not clearly indicate and we are inclined to think that if he were obliged to produce a working model of such a tariff the result would be disappointing to the "whole people" rather than otherwise, for it is just as impossible in framing a tariff which has any other object than that of revenue to be anything but a "bundle of preferences" as it is to confer a privilege that does not mean privation for some one.



Wilson's Words of Acceptance.

The South Bend (Ind.) New Era (dem. Dem.), Aug. 10.—The speech of acceptance is worthy the careful study of every citizen interested in the welfare of his country, and the student who is searching for political truth will find in it a wisdom, sanity and wide sweep of knowledge that sets it apart from the usual political clap-trap issued in the usual course of political campaigns.



The (Dubuque) Telegraph-Herald (dem. Dem.), Aug. 8.—In his speech accepting the Democratic nomination for President Governor Wilson gives paramountcy to no one issue. He engages in no personalities, he indulges in no partisan harangue. He points as the duty of the nation, of parties, of individual citizens to be guided by the rule of justice and right.



Portland (Oregon) Daily Journal (progressive independent), Aug. 8.—No American state paper has been more radical while remaining sane. No paper has thrown the light so clearly upon the scheme of our national life and national abuses. No paper has more profoundly visualized the causes of inequity and so clearly pointed out a definite plan of solution.



Tainted News.

The Woman's Journal (equal suffrage), Aug. 10.—At the recent newspaper conference in Madison, Wis., a number of editors of progressive papers declared that the news in the daily press is often so

presented as intentionally to convey a false impression. Many examples of this were given, and many examples also of the suppression of news in deference to the wishes of advertisers. Even when the news itself is correctly told, the paper receiving it often caps it with such headlines as will mislead the reader, in the interests of prejudice. A late and flagrant example was the presentation of the action (or rather non-action) of the biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in regard to suffrage. That large class of persons who read only the headlines were led to believe, by the captions in many papers, that the biennial had gone on record against suffrage, when the truth was that the president had refused to let a suffrage resolution be put to vote.



Progress in British Politics.

Land Values (Singletax) August.—The taxation of land values has become the dominant issue in politics and holds in itself the promise of the future. This is proved by the panic which has broken out in the party of privilege and reaction. Tory lords are anxiously questioning the Liberal Lord Chancellor as to whether the Liberal party has adopted the Singletax. At a few minutes' notice Lord Lansdowne was trotted out to do lip service to the Rural League's stale policy of land purchase which has proved so unconvincing. It has become apparent that politicians in all camps can no longer close their eyes to the fact that when the land question is raised the people will listen to no other, and that our solution is the only one which holds the field. Among true Liberals this position is welcomed, and the new campaign which Mr. Lloyd George is to inaugurate in the autumn is looked forward to as likely to eclipse the budget campaign of 1909, and to do more for the relief and well-being of the people than anything since the free trade campaign of Cobden and Bright.



Land and Labour (land nationalization), August.—The government is evidently seriously contemplating further land legislation, and the inquiry committee appointed by Mr. Lloyd George is apparently intended to provide information that should guide the coming proposals in the best direction. Mr. Hemmerde and Mr. Outhwaite have been speaking at Hanley and Crewe as if the so-called "new" land policy of the government were certain to be a strong move on Singletax lines. There are abundant signs that the confident claim referred to has no justification in fact. That the government proposals will include some development of land taxation is quite likely, but this is a very different thing from the Singletax. The Singletax theory finds extremely scant support in Parliament and it has no friend in the cabinet. Its Parliamentary advocates are very able and zealous, but they can be easily numbered on the fingers of one hand. The utterances above referred to have stirred the opposition to question the government as to their intentions. Lord Crewe told them very sensibly that they need not pay much attention to sensation-mongering in the press, and every member of the

government who has spoken on the subject has been very emphatic in repudiating the Singletax. It would be a good day for the opposition if the Singletaxers had really succeeded, as they wished people to infer that they had (the inference being supported by the Daily News and Leader) in diverting the Liberal land reform movement on to Singletax lines, for it would have split and weakened the Liberal party and resulted in their defeat. When the government policy comes to be revealed it is much more likely to be a development of the public ownership of land than will be palatable to the strict disciples of Henry George.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

TO A CLOUD.

For The Public.

O Cloud, thou dreary omen of a weeping world,
Containing tears from lovely goddess' eyes,
And moving with the fearful bolts by dread Zeus
hurled,

Hast thou no pity in thine ugly guise?

Must tears alone be what thou bringst to earth,
No charming gift on mortals to bestow?
Of happiness must thou confess a pauper's dearth,
Possessed of only threnody and woe?

Nay, Cloud, an omen art thou of tears, but, also life;
Thy charming gift is refreshment to the weak;
With happy growth is thy "discordance" rife,
Possessed of all the blessedness we seek.

The rain concealed in blackness, restlessness and
broil,

Potential in its enervating force,
Descending while the fearsome bolts of Zeus despoil
The peace, doth leave vitality within its course.

O ye, who rant of peace and drink nepenthe's bliss,
Deploring truthful pessimistic shrouds;
Ye gain the world, stagnated joy, but these ye miss—
A Hope, an Aim, Electrifying Clouds.

PAUL MAY.



THE DRAMA OF THE LITTORAL.

For The Public.

In Matthew Arnold's "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon," a discussion is conducted by the author and a friend, with picturesque adjuncts, on the comparative merits of painting, music and writing, and the importance of their respective "spheres."

The outcome of the debate, as might have been anticipated with an author at the helm, is that although painting most vividly portrays a single instant of life, and music best conveys the sense of its fathomless depth, yet writing must finally be accorded pre-eminence over them both because it alone can adequately report action and trace a

manifestation of life through all its shifting phases. Movement is adjudged to be in the final analysis of more importance than vividness or inarticulate depth alone.

If this generalization hold true of Nature's more dramatic aspects, there should be no region wherein the writer could more freely rejoice in his privilege of portraying action, than the sea-coast. Painters of our own and foreign schools have of late been dealing, with especial sympathy and vigor, with the dynamic material furnished by assaults of the plumed surf against reef, cliff or dune, the rush of foaming whirlpools between weed-bearded forelands of granite, and all the majestic turbulence of winds and waters under skies radiant with sun or moon, or hung with ominous palls of storm. Modern musicians too have recognized the epic quality of the littoral, and introduced into their compositions with convincing effect the voice of the sea against its boundaries. Shall the writer then lag behind when such wealth of material lies at his disposal, and when, if Matthew Arnold's dialog reaches the correct conclusion, he has the best hope of all the artists to do justice to his themes?

The following descriptions from the Maine coast, are offered to the reader in the spirit in which a painter would show to a friend, in his seashore studio, the records he had committed to canvas from patient and enthusiastic observation of his mighty neighbor, the ocean, in the manifold changes of its moods and aspects. Inadequate in one way or another though each of them is, yet faithfulness to the august reality and the details of the Thing Seen, they all dare claim.

I. The Scourge of the Surf.

The scant morning sunshine is soon overwhelmed before a wind laden with autumnal vapor, and all day the assault of the breakers along the cliffs increases in vehemence.

Rearing ridges poise with the apparent deliberation of a cataract's curve to its full descent, before shattering against the granite bulwarks, where their dissolution conveys a sense of grating wrath under the hiss and booming shock.

Truly there is warning enough of the sternness of universal law, in this visible indignation churning livid in the gloom down the long coast-line.

II. The Coves of Low Tide.

Resting this afternoon on a rock uncovered by low tide, I can scarcely believe that only yesterday all this blue of sea and sky was gray, and these gently breaking waves were ever that leaping, seething confusion.

My boulder couch is so thickly padded with seaweed that it is as comfortable to recline on as if upholstered, and into the coves of its base, and those of the neighboring rocks, enter gurgling little floods from the outer swinging swells, that feel to the farthest crannies.