worldly possessions: one two-horse load for all which was owned by half a dozen families, most of it merely the cast-off clothing and abandoned utensils of the Americans.

The farmer used to go down to the Indian settlement and visit with them, picking up a few of their words, urging them to send the children to school. His wife gave medicine to the sick babies. Some of the neighbors laughed, and said that they were liable to catch some sort of contagious disease from those low-down Indians. One man spoke to the farmer's wife, saying that, though she meant well, she was foolish; if one of the Indian babies died they would say she poisoned it, and might do something dreadful. "It isn't at all safe," he declared.

The farmer had a way of speaking to or about his Indian neighbors in exactly the same tone that he used when he addressed the wealthiest rancher in that whole valley. In fact, he stopped that same big land owner one afternoon as he drove past.

"Jack," he said, "I wish you would get this medicine for Wawa's little girl, and have the druggist charge it to me."

"Who in thunder is Wawa?"

"Why, that nice Indian woman that limps a little. It's her sister that does washing for your wife, you know; it's her younger brother that you set the dogs on last year because he was in your cherry trees."

The big rancher drove off, laughing, laughed half way to the village, told everyone that the farmer had gone daft about those Indians; but he got the medicine, and even drove up to the farmhouse with it.

However, he told the farmer's wife when she thanked him: "Why do you do so much of this, anyhow?"

"Because I like all of them," she answered. "I think those Indian women are really better than I should be, brought up under the same conditions."

"You like them?" he asked. "Just the same as white folks?"

"And why not?" she replied.

"Because—because—they are nothing but Indians," he said. "They don't care a darn for you, except for what you give them." And so he drove off.

A few weeks later the farmer's son was very ill, and word went around that he was likely to die. The servant came in to say that all the Indians were outside the garden fence, so the farmer went out to see what they wanted. There they sat on the ground, in silent rows, men, women and children.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"No'tin, 'tall," said one. "We wait. Hope he boy get well. You all same Indian man. You wife all same Indian woman. You boy all same Indian boy."

All night long the Indians waited, sleeping on the ground by the fence, till at sunrise the father and mother came to thank them, and to say that now the white man doctor pronounced their son out of danger. Then the men and women, rising, spoke as with one accord, calling the farmer and his wife by their first names—a thing which they had never before done.

"Dat ver' good, John," one said. "Bye, John! Bye, Mary!" And so they went back to get breakfast in their wickiups.

The plain farmer, who came in some degree from Quaker stock, turned to his wife and fell very easily into the Quaker speech.

"Mary," he said, "now thee can better understand William Penn and his Indian neighbors. They will call us Mary and John as long as we travel together through life. Thee and me belong to their family now. So does our little John. But no one else will ever hear them use our first names in public. They have too much native dignity for that."

"You can have all the wind-fall apples in my orchard," said the farmer to the Indians one morning. A few weeks later, passing the huts, he heard the sound of blows; an Indian woman was whipping a boy: "No more you shake John's apple tree, make apple fall. Dat all same big cheat."

"How gentle and sweet-tempered they are," said the farmer's wife to her husband one night. "They tell me about all sorts of curious and interesting stories and traditions; they ask me very hard questions, too. The last one today was this: 'What for white man no use all he land?'

"I tried to explain that. They came right back at me: 'What for he law no say if white man leave good land sheep-field, no plow, no use, he no can have?'"

"By George!" exclaimed the farmer, "that would have pleased the Prophet of San Francisco!"

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE LIBERAL FORWARD POLICY

Explanation, Through the London Daily Express of June 29, 1912, of the Basis of the New Issue in British Politics.

From several sources more or less inspired comes the information that the Government is formulating a radical policy of land reform on the lines of the taxation of land values, to be put before the people in the near future. In view of this, interest is naturally aroused as to what is exactly the principle of the taxation of land values and what its advocates claim would be the result of the application of the principle.

By "land values" we mean the values which

most plots of land have, apart from any structure or improvements in or on them. In other words, land value denotes the unimproved value of land itself, as distinguished from any additional value due to the expenditure of labor or capital upon it.

Land values arise from the universal need of mankind to make use of the free gifts of nature—the land and the stores which it contains. They vary according to the natural advantages attaching to different pieces of land, and according to the need and ability of the population to make use of these advantages.

To be more precise: the unimproved value of any plot of land—whether urban or agricultural, whether it has minerals or stone beneath it, or water on it—depends first on the degree of its superiority to the worst land in use, and, secondly, on the numbers, energy and ability of the community.

It is unjust that unimproved value of land, which is created by the community and required for public uses, should be appropriated by private individuals. From this injustice numerous evils flow, which would disappear if taxation were levied according to the unimproved value of the land.

Public revenues have now to be raised by taxes and rates on the processes, products and earnings of industry. The result of such taxation is that industry is hampered, earnings are diminished and the commodities are made scarcer and dearer.

For example, the present local rates, so far as they are levied on the value of buildings, restrict the supply of buildings and increase their cost. Under the present rating system the use of land is taxed; but land, however valuable it may be, if it is not used, is not taxed. The result is that landholders often find it advantageous to withhold land from uses to which it could be put with advantage to the community. The development of fresh districts and the full utilization of the old, which are matters of vital importance to a growing population, are thus delayed and prevented.

In particular, the present rating system, which exempts valuable land from taxation if it is vacant, and imposes heavy burdens on new premises as soon as they are occupied, is the chief cause of the prevalent lack of house-room, with its attendant evils of overcrowding and high rents. In general, while taxation is not levied according to land value, landholders are enabled to set up a kind of land monopoly, which hinders the normal development of the community; the price to be paid for the use of land of all kinds is artificially inflated; a powerful privilege class is created whose principal interest is to secure the largest possible profit at the expense of the rest of the community; the natural opportunities for labor and production are restricted, and earnings, in spite of all increase in productive power, tend to remain at the bare subsistence level.

If we taxed land according to its unimproved value, the natural outlets for industry would be more freely available to labor and capital. Landholders would no longer be encouraged to keep back some land from use and enabled to exact inflated prices for other land. The production of wealth—of buildings and all other material commodities—would be stimulated.

If urban and suburban land were taxed on its true unimproved value, irrespective of the use to which it happens to be put or not to be put, the iron girdle of land monopoly which now confines every large town and industrial center, every village and hamlet, would be broken through, and we should have more and cheaper dwelling houses, shops, offices, warehouses and factories. If rural land were taxed on its true unimproved value, greater facilities would be granted to cultivators, allotments and small holdings would be more numerous, and the land would be used in ways more advantageous to the workers.

If mineral and stone-bearing lands were taxed on their true unimproved value, whether they happened to be worked or not, mining industry would be stimulated and its products cheapened. A further stimulus would be given industry by the concurrent remission of the taxes and rates which are now levied in the processes and products of industry.

As land comes to be more fully used and the restrictions and penalties on industry are removed, wages will correspondingly tend to find their level as the fair and full return for exertions. When fair conditions prevail, labor will freely and naturally be applied to land so as to yield the greatest total produce, and that total produce will be divided in just proportions between rent and wages.

When the landowner's monopoly power is destroyed by the taxation of land values we shall have free bargaining, which will produce just contracts, without any need for the State to regulate the terms on which we may live and work.

BOOKS

THE SINGLETAX EXPOSED.

Single Tax a Fallacy. By E. B. Silvers. A Refutation of the Theory of Single Taxation as Announced by Henry George. Special low price edition. Price, 50 cents. Convention Publishing Co., Kansas City, Missouri. 1912.

Mr. E. B. Silvers has had the misfortune to write a book. "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book!" said a great man of antiquity.

In this book, Mr. Silvers elaborates the strange idea that taxation originated in the proposition that each citizen ought to contribute equally to the support of the government; in other words,