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

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refinement and care for culture, like the English workingmen. He is therefore something rare, and even unique, in our statesmanship—middle class without a touch of snobbery, a lawyer without legal preciseness, an idealist and nationalist with the governing instinct and the gift of compromise and management—a man in whose making neither the Church nor "Society" nor the Universities nor the great money-making interests have had any share, but whom none could describe either as a fanatic or an "idealogue." To men thus born and constituted political life in such a community as ours naturally presents itself as something of the adventure that court life was to the young D'Artagnan. The next few months and years of Mr. Lloyd-George's life will inevitably reveal whether it has also been conceived as a large and fruitful enterprise.

Mr. George's early struggles in Welsh tithe wars and burial scandals may seem small and narrow in comparison with the sheltered experiences of our ruling youth. But they hardened him and kept him true, not only to his people, but to a mass of feelings and experiences which are the necessary stuff of British democracy. Much of our modern political tissue is soft; Mr. George's is tough and firm to the point of hardness. It was to his almost unsupported initiative that British Nonconformity owed its first powerful and decisive reappearance on the Parliamentary stage since the generation which knew Bright and Miall and Richard. And, curiously enough, it was through him, a lawyer without a strictly commercial training, that Mr. Chamberlain's ideas of "business" statesmanship first bore useful fruit. On the whole, the member for West Birmingham's tenure of the Board of Trade was as barren as Mr. George's has been fruitful. A more placable and flexible spirit, and a diplomacy quicker in the turn, gave him an advantage over the imperious Radical of the eighties. But power over a bargain is, after all, only an illustration of freshness and directness. These are the qualities which our governing classes most lack, and which it is the business of their successors to supply.

Mr. George has the reputation of having the nimblest and most resourceful mind in the Cabinet. Thus is democracy, with its essential idea of calling the whole available brain of a nation to its service, justified of her children. Mr. George's subtlety and quick brilliancy of temperament have been put to more than one interesting test. When he had to meet the railway directors of Great Britain, he found them unalterably fixed in the notion that they would never, no never, concede formal recognition of the men's trade unions. Some politicians would have battered at this closed door, and broken their strength against it. This was not Mr. George's way. He had his own plan, and he had imagination enough to see that if he carried it, recognition and peace would both, in effect, be secured. Accordingly, he turned the directors' flank with the quite unexpected proposal of a scheme of arbitration. Before this Napoleonic strategy, their grand army, elaborately drawn up to meet an assault that never came, melted away. Rumor has it that the Admirals found Mr. George a not less skilful antagonist than the railway directors, and an equally persuasive handler of a situation when peace was worth the making.

Mr. George has both the faults and the virtues of the newcomer. Life has given him few chances of acquiring the critical power, the balance and breadth of mind, the wide knowledge of the processes of life and action, which Lord Morley, for example, possesses. He must think problems out in the terms of the hour or not at all. To the slow and the timid, life presents few or no opportunities; to the bold and quick-minded, it presents them every hour. But tried by the standard of fidelity to purpose, the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not fare ill. He has done well for Wales and for British trade, and if he has time and opportunity, he will lay the foundations both of democratic finance and of a large scheme of industrial assurance. An adaptive and fertile mind, receiving readily, and rich also in personal suggestion and expedient, Mr. Lloyd-George, like Mr. Churchill, has set an example of accessibility to skilled opinion which even Mr. Chamberlain, the first truly democratic head of an internal department of British Government, never attained. All parties, all sides, are heard today at the Exchequer and the Board of Trade as they have not been heard before. The workmen's representatives often criticise this Government; from which of its predecessors have they received so much individual attention, so large and so proper a share in administrative work? Mr. George's mind lacks something of the finish and exactness of the Prime Minister's; its strength lies more in its originality and adroitness, the way in which, gathering up the threads of controversy from a hundred contributors as it goes along, it weaves them into new and attractive patterns. Officials may have shaken heads over the Chancellor's unorthodox ways of work, the "sketchiness" of some of his views, but they have not been able to slight or to brush aside the clear, strong, and not easily cowed intelligence behind them. It remains to be seen to what strength and capacity for large generalization and construction he will attain when office, and the self-confidence awakened by familiarity with the springs and methods of Government, have matured and enlarged his powers. Rapid worker as he is, the time and toil he has given to the preparation of his Budget compare with the monumental labors which went to the building up of Sir William Harcourt's scheme for the reform of the death duties.

Mr. George has surprised all men by the way in which he has grown up. Everybody knew him to

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be an orator of fire and highly communicable force, a wit, a master of fighting tactics, an observer of more than the outside of politics, a close, brilliant, and never purposeless debater. Friends and foes recognized the courage which neither difficulties nor perils, nor the superficially imposing forces in English life, could daunt. No quality is more needed for the government of men, and none is rarer. From the lures of idleness and vanity which English society offers to the talented, Mr. George has always been free: a silken net would never restrain so impatient a spirit. It was natural to him to retain the simple habits of the son of a Welsh yeoman, to remain a Welsh Dissenter—which is not at all the same thing as an English one. A still deeper strain of spiritual faithfulness unites him to his early home and to his native land. In the entrance hall of his house in Downing Street hangs, in reminder and testimony of an irredeemable debt, the portrait of the uncle, Calvinist minister and working shoemaker, who brought him up, and with whom he maintains a daily correspondence. Whatever his precise development may be, his future is, by personal taste and choice, owed to the mass of the people, to working and commercial England. He is essentially middle class, with an imaginative bent; he will do the work of the "industrials," and will not lose touch with Labor, either in sympathy or policy. But he will always think of the country as commercial, and here and there he may be tempted to make Government and business run closer together than the Free Trade doctrinaires might approve. Lack of the rich preparation for life which England offers to a handful of her most favored children during their first twenty-five years may sometimes limit his powers, and make Mr. George ask native wit to furnish what knowledge and experience must supply. But here lies the temptation of all adventurous temperaments. Genius is, after all, a rarer gift than the best finished talent; and genius certainly waved her wand over the cradle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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Now Dives daily feasted and was gorgeously arrayed,
Not at all because he liked it, but because 'twas good for trade.
That the people might have calico, he clothed himself in silk,
He surfeited himself in cream, that they might get the milk,
He fed 500 servants that the poor might not beg bread,
And had his vessels made of gold, that they might get more lead,
And then, to show his sympathy with the deserving poor,
He did no useful work himself that they might do the more.
You'll think that this is very strange, but then, of course, you know
It was a far off country, and a long, long time ago.

GOLD MINES IN CITIES.

As Described by Harrison L. Beach in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia, June 26, 1909.

The great mass of the people are no more able to purchase centrally-located business property than they are able to buy outright a fully-developed and dividend-producing gold mine. The man of small means may, in some of the cities on the Pacific Coast, acquire an interest in this kind of property, but in the majority of the larger communities he is prohibited by the necessary size of the primary investment. The number of investors in central business property is decreasing from year to year—and this in the face of the fact that it constitutes not only the safest, but the most permanent investment that can be found.

A guaranty of the security of an investment of this character is evidenced in the truth that the value of the centrally-located business property in the twenty-seven leading cities of the country is about equal to that of all the railroads in the United States. All of these railroads have been at the outset enterprises to be established. They came into being through the courage of their projectors and the persistence of their stockholders. The business property, however, has reached an equal valuation by itself through the necessities of the people. Any investment that stands upon such a foundation must be safe, for the excellent reason that as long as the people exist they will have necessities.

The assurance of the permanence of the investment lies in the fact that centrally-located business property rarely, if ever, loses its character.

The central square mile of London, which produces mercantile profits greater than the total of the seventeen largest cities in England, excluding London, has remained fixed for more than one thousand years, and shows no sign of impending change. It will remain what it is so long as London stands.

The original city of Paris occupied an island in the Seine. It was, of course, physically impossible that this small spot could contain the commercial activities of a large and constantly-growing city, but for centuries the business center of the country has been around that island. It has always been, and bids fair always to be, the commercial heart of France. In Berlin, St. Petersburg and Brussels the business centers have remained unmoved for centuries.

In the United States, although history is much briefer, the same steadfast tendency has been manifested. That part of the city of New York settled prior to 1661 is still the center of the commercial and financial energy of the nation. Business, it is true, has spread beyond it; but the old center

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