

its many fruitful paragraphs, full of beauty and instinct with poetry.

Although a book of helpfulness for mothers it is really a plea for the larger life of the child. The same receptivity of mind to the philosophy of freedom that made Mrs. Mills a Single Taxer makes her an eloquent advocate of freedom for the child-soul. She is under none of the modern delusions that afflict the many writers who treat of this subject; she knows that the false economic adjustments of society make most of our social relations false and unnatural. The opening paragraph discloses this knowledge, and it is worth quoting in this connection:

"It has never occurred to human nature to take the best of its best things in earnest—Peace, Marriage, Homemaking, and Motherhood. In olden times it frankly cast them out and trod them under foot. Then it thought, one day, how fine would be the mingling of pretty talk with its real estimate of them. It tried it and liked it, and has kept on, even down to now. So the vocabulary is a queer mixture. The messenger from Mars must find it puzzling to make connection between Hosannahs for "Peace on earth" and Hurrahs for war among men, all in the self same breath. He must turn dizzy at the sight of "holy marriage" as a butt for jokes in funny papers and conversation. He must be curious to know why a mother is a queen and a slave; and all these medleys he may take back to his Martian children to show them what queer minds the folks have on the planet they call Earth."

The time comes when the mother must answer the child's question as to why papa goes to the city every day, and here for the first time our author touches upon our economic system in the same spirit and with the same philosophy that animates the rest of the work.

"Here another revelation awaited you. You had not thought before of the industrial system as more than man's contrivance for the making of the family living and a fortune. That it had anything of God's great purpose in it was a new idea. Now with those earnest child-eyes looking into yours, the question that arose in your mind was startling. Is business nothing but a universal grab bag, a street boy scramble for the pennies God has thrown? And is the normal method of its being done a jostling and a pushing and a grasping of all the fist can hold, and shoving it greedily into one's coffers?"

And with the question comes the revelation:

"Papa's business was no longer a contrivance planned by him for getting money for yourselves. It was a part of a great organism which, from its very nature and in spite of the deformity into which man's greed had twisted it, was inherently a service of every man to all and all to each. It

was worthy to be scanned by the innocence of the child, and to be entered into by the manliness of man."

There are many passages of equal significance in this little volume, but the chief charm of the work is its originality, its suggestiveness and the calm serenity of its philosophy. A thoughtful introduction by Mrs. Hannah Kent Schoff, President of the National Congress of Mothers, fittingly precedes these illuminating chapters.

J. D. M.

*A STORY OF A "LAND BOOM."

Most of our readers know of J. Herbert Quick, once mayor of Sioux City, Iowa, and known as an active worker for the Single Tax cause. They will be glad to welcome a novel by ex-Mayor Quick, that is of sterling value as a story, and tells, unobtrusively, its own moral. It differs from most reform novels in that its author lets the story itself convey the lesson. It is therefore distinctively not of the class of didactic fiction that makes as a rule such dismal reading.

This is not a Single Tax story in the sense that the Single Tax is even mentioned. The author is too excellent a literary artist for that. A more blundering craftsman would have wound up his story with a dissertation on economics, and thus have spoilt all its force. Yet few will read it without having their minds irresistably impelled to the conclusion that the author has lanced to the quick the sore of civilization, that the forces that make for the destruction of society and the brutalizing and dwarfing of every finer instinct are indicated with a strong and sure touch.

The history of this land boom ends in a tragedy, the darker features of which are merely hinted at. Through it all runs the thread of a love story that will heighten its interest to many readers. The characters stand out with some distinctness—General Lattimore, Captain Tulliver, and Elkins, the last the hero of the romance.

There are many quotable passages. General Lattimore, the Union soldier, who was at no time deceived by the fictitious prosperity of this boom town, and Captain Tulliver, whose opinions are a survival of the traditions of a pro-slavery South, and who is none too acute a reasoner on any subject indulge in this interesting colloquy.

"In the midst of forests, suh," went on the Captain, "we had our mansions not inferior to this—each a little kingdom with its complete wo'ld of amusements, its cote, and its happy populace, goin' singin' to the work which supported the estate."

"Yes," said the General, "I thought when we were striking down that state of things that we were doing a great thing for that populace. But now I see that I was

*Aladdin & Co., A Romance of Yankee Magic. By Herbert Quick. Price, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. City.

only helping the black into a new slavery, the fruits of which we see here, around us, to-night."

"I habdly get youah meaning, suh."

"Well," said the General, looking about at the little audience. "Well, take my case. I have got some pretty valuable grounds down there where I live. When I got them they were worthless. I could build as good a mansion as this or any of your ante-bellum Alabama houses for what I can get out of that little tract. What is that value? Merely the expression in terms of money of the power of excluding the rest of mankind from that little piece of ground. I make people give me the fruits of their labor, myself doing nothing. That's what builds this house and all these great houses, and breeds the luxury we are beginning to see around us; and the consciousness that this slavery exists, and is increasing, and bids fair to grow greatly, is what is making men crazy over these little spots of ground out here in the West. It is this slavery—"

"Suh," exclaimed the Captain, rising and grasping the General's hand, "you have done me the favo' of making me wisah. I nevah saw so clearly the divine deeree which has fo'eo'dained us to this opulence. Nothing so satisfactory, suh, as a basis and reason foh investment has been advanced in my hearing since I have been in the real-estate business."

This is real humor, but how many men are of like mind with this unteachable Captain of the late Confederacy? J. D. M.

L. S. Dickey & Co., of 79 Dearborn Street, Chicago, have published in neat pamphlet form, Mr. Louis F. Post's essay, "The Prophet of San Francisco." This is a brief and admirable summary of the principal events in the life of the "prophet," which epithet "flung in derision by the Duke of Argyle has clung with honor" to Henry George. It is a brief history of the man and the movement with which that name is associated. It is admirably calculated to create in the mind of the reader a desire to know more of both. The last few pages are occupied with some of the more notable press opinions which greeted the appearance of "Progress and Poverty" twenty years ago. Copies may be had at 20 cents each with discounts for larger quantities.

That indefatigable worker in the cause, Sylvester Malone, publishes a pamphlet containing Dr. McGlynn's great speech "The Cross of the New Crusade," delivered in 1887. This is one of the classic addresses of the movement, and the pamphlet is appropriately printed and bound. A speaking half-tone portrait of the great priest occupies the frontispiece. Copies will be sold at fifteen cents each—the proceeds to be devoted to the McGlynn Monument Fund. Address Sylvester Malone, 220 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Among the bibliography of the movement for the quarter is a notable little brochure—a beautiful specimen of the art preservative of arts—"Justice the Object; Taxation the Means," the address delivered by Henry George in Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, Feb. 4th, 1890, while on his way to Australia. It is printed for private circulation by Robert Brooke Blakemore, Fargo, North Dakota, and prefaced with a few words from the publisher. Mr. Blakemore has passed—to slightly paraphrase his own words—from a conviction of the visionary, impractical and untenable character of Mr. George's propositions to an acceptance of the Single Tax and the dedication of his life to its advancement.

"Hide and Seek with the Customs" is an interesting article in the *May Century*. It is an account of the many methods adopted by people of various stations in life to defraud the customs. It ought to make interesting reading for a protectionist. The writer is unsparring:

"As one of the big ocean liners was working into her dock not long ago, a lady stepped up to a friend and said:

"Do you see anything green about me?"

"No, replied her friend," why?

"Oh, nothing; only I have a silver tea set hanging under my skirt."

"That woman had no intention of smuggling. That is a vile infraction of the law which only the distinctly criminal commit. She was merely intending to evade the customs. She was in much the same frame of mind about it as the civilian who went with the allied troops on their famous and profitable march through the forbidden city of Peking. As he drew near the guard on his way out, he said to his companion:

"I wish I didn't have to go so near the sentry."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because, unless I move with such caution as to give me away I positively clank."

"Many persons hate and despise the customs. It is a relic of barbarism, a creature of inquisition, a blood-curdling iniquity, and all that" says the author, and then he adds this delicate thrust:

"The wide range of anathema and vituperation is all insufficient to fit the case, and only a man who has voted for protection all his life, and finally finds out by this experience one of its ways of working, can rise to proper heights in its description."

In the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appears an article entitled "The Ethics of Taxation," by Winthrop Daniels. He gives an admirable characterization of present methods in the opening paragraph, part of which we quote: "Despite its historical identity with early taxation, we may no longer designate as taxation the habit of