

THOMPSON'S POINT: A SUMMER RESORT ON SINGLE TAX LINES.

(For the Review.)

With the continuous and rapid growth of our cities, both large and small, the multiplication of our factories and population, the wear and tear on the nervous and physical system as a result of the strenuous pursuit of fame or gold—but more often of a bare living—comes a growing need for rest and recreation.

With exasperating fidelity to detail there is conjured up in the memory a vision of a little lake nestling among the hills of old New England. A gentle wind fans the flow and wrinkles the cool water. Lounging in a hammock, one looks out over the water at the foot-hills and mountains in the distance. The sun is slowly sinking in the west and the stillness that precedes a summer's night is fast approaching. The air seems charged with a soothing, subtle tonic. Everywhere there is rest and peace. Rest for the weary body, peace for the perplexed mind.

The great majority instinctively long for such a retreat as this, and the lakes and ponds of New England offer many such.

It is a fact, however, that the most desirable locations for summer cottages and camps are fast being pre-empted.

Already the shores of our most beautiful lakes and ponds are very largely taken up and to quite an extent by land speculators. Every year it is becoming more and more difficult for a man of moderate means to secure a suitable location for a period of rest.

If this is true now, what of the future? Are the most desirable locations along the shores of the lakes and ponds of New England to be accessible only to those who possess wealth? If present methods of dealing with this matter are to be continued the answer must inevitably be yes, for the number and extent of such locations will never be any greater than now, while it is possible to conceive of the United States supporting a population many times in excess of its present number.

It seems to me that in justice to future generations this matter should be taken up and dealt with from the standpoint of the greatest good to all.

As an example of what can be accomplished even under present social conditions the policy of the town of Charlotte, Vermont, in dealing with the resort known as Thompson's Point, situated on Lake Champlain, may be interesting and also instructive as pointing to the method of dealing with this problem that might be adopted by other local communities and with equally good results.

Thompson's Point adjoins the town's poor farm and was formerly a part of it.

The property came into the hands of the town about 1848, but it is only within the

last fifteen years that it has been used to any extent as a summer resort, although before that time, such was its natural beauty, that it was a place much frequented by the townspeople as a picnic ground.

About fifteen years ago there were many who desired to secure lots on which to erect permanent cottages for summer use, and very wisely the town decided that, instead of selling these lots outright, they would rent them.

Accordingly a survey was made, and the Point divided up into goodly sized lots, and a rental of ten dollars a year for each lot decided upon. The plan was successful and the wisdom of this decision abundantly justified by the much greater income that the town now enjoys over what it would have received from a sale of the property.

In rentals the town now receives about \$450 a year and the lots are not yet all taken. In addition to this the Point furnishes an excellent market for the products of the town's poor farm.

Many of the cottages are handsome residences, and among these is the cottage of Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court. A great many of the cottages are owned by parties who use them only a part of the season and these have no trouble in renting them the balance of the season when they so desire. The great beauty of the scheme to a Single Taxer is, of course, that it follows to a certain extent the lines laid down by Henry George, and no doubt to this also may be attributed the democratic spirit that prevails at the Point. As time goes on the land will increase in value and the income to the town will increase accordingly. Even now some of the lots that were first taken, being more desirable than others, should command a higher rental and this is a point that will, no doubt, be taken up by the town authorities later. At present the rent is the same for each lot.

J. F. COWERN.

ENFORCED PEACE.

(For the Review.)

The report for Thursday, October 6th, of the 13th International Peace Congress, held in Boston, was headed in the leading daily, "Would Force Peace." It was a clever comment by the reporter on Andrew Carnegie's proposition for stopping war immediately. Carnegie's letter to the congress proposes the most extreme war measure possible for the obtaining of peace, that of slavery. He says, "Suppose, for instance, that Great Britain, France, Germany and America, with such other minor States as would certainly join them, were to take that position (binding themselves to settlement of all disputes by arbitration), prepared, if defied, to enforce peaceful settlement, the first offender, if there ever were one, being rigorously dealt with, war

would at one fell swoop be banished from the earth."

This has an exact parallel in the proposition of the father who took his son to enter Sunday school and thus directed the teacher, "If he don't get his lesson you just tell me. I'll lick it into him!"

How that boy must have loved the Bible, "licked into him" by his zealous father! And how those lesser States will love the bonds of "peace" in which they writhe in the iron grasp of the Great Powers!

But let us not ourselves make war upon Mr. Carnegie while we are testifying to the need of a peace interior to the external form of it. Therefore, let us realize how he came to make such a singular proposition. He probably gave way to that extremely human tendency to be carried off one's balance by enthusiasm for some longed-for condition, forgetting that the mere external has absolutely no power for good without the presence of corresponding underlying causes.

Such enforced peace would result in the bondage and consequent inevitable oppression of the weak nations by the strong. War, in freedom, horrible as it is, is a mild hell compared with bondage made peaceable by force. Every person or people has a Divine Right to self defense, and no abuse of that right can make slavery a virtue. The word "peace" is desecrated by giving it as a name to such a condition. The picture rises involuntarily in one's mind of the horrors of the situation of a little nation, oppressed by the united powers, unconsciously often, because those powers will be absorbed in arranging their own affairs to their best possible advantage, and the little nation will not be able to lift a hand in self defense. Have we not seen enough of such oppression to warn us against its systematic perpetuation throughout the earth?

Much more to the point are the words of the British workingman, Pete Curran, to the Congress: "War is caused by greed of territory." Every Single Taxer knows the truth of that, and it gives us a new impetus for work. Much more has been written and said of national and individual benefits of the Single Tax than of the international. Now the time is ripe to press that aspect of it, and it will further the knowledge of the lesser ones. Arbitration is in the air. Ten treaties in ten months have been made. More are about to be concluded. This kind of peace may come much sooner than we have anticipated. It will be a step onward, but it will soon result in enormous injustice unless it can go further. International peace, with special privileges to the few, will soon cease to appear even as peace and will become a new form of slavery. Internationally, the world must establish itself on the rights of all men to use of the earth, before international peace can be anything

but a new name for larger special privileges. Now is the time for Single Taxers to spread abroad this truth.

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THE RIVER.

(For the Review.)

One day a young man came to my banks and gazed at me for many hours. From the clear waters I reflected the high banks of both my shores. My strength was flowing in shining profusion over the pebbly bars like the red blood through his veins. Many years ago I cut a channel through the high ridge so that I might be harnessed by a dam from shore to shore to do the work that I knew to be my destiny. Would this young man recognize my strength? The savages were disappearing. Their birch bark canoes lay tangled in the drifts. I was glad, for I knew that they would never open the gates of destiny for me. I saw no hope in their stolid faces, but this young man was of a new race. The discipline of centuries of civilization was in his face. I called to him in a hundred voices, and at last I saw the gleam of recognition in his face. He humbly asked: "May I build a dam here?" "Just as well as not," I replied. "Construct your dam and wheel and I will never tire. I will grind corn for all your people."

I gloried in my work. The task was never hard for me, I could have turned a dozen wheels as easily. I thundered over the dam night and day to attract others. The young man builded a beautiful home and I was glad, for I believed that others would now follow his example, but in vain I beat the flood into foaming breakers over the dam to attract them. Many times I saw them look wistfully at the falling waters and at the home of the mill owner only to see them turn away with disappointment written on their faces.

The mill owner was no longer humble, and the human light in his eyes gave way to sinister gloating. He destroyed the boats that the boys launched on the stream, and sometimes I saw him drive them away. I grew angry. He put strange signs along the river bank, and great strong men would turn away when they saw them, and boys would hide when he came near. I saw him enclose vast tracts of land with his fences. What necromancy did he employ? Why did his fellow men fear him? I could not understand. Sometimes I saw strong bearded men near him. Men who were his masters in will, intellect and strength. Surely they would break the strange power he held over the new race, but his strident voice always drove them to defeat. Sometimes it was only a battle of eyes, but always he won.

A great city grew near my banks, but he