through the method of land value taxation, we shall be spared much of the heart-searching that is attending the readjustment process in older countries.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

RICHARD COBDEN.

Apostle of Free Trade: 1804-1865.*

Pure-hearted Hero of a bloodless fight!
Clean-handed Captain in a painless war!
Soar, Spirit, to the realms of Truth and Light,
Where the Just are!

If one poor cup of water given shall have
Due recognition in the Day of Dread,
Angels may welcome this one, for he gave
A nation bread!

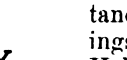
His bays are sullied by no crimson stain;
His battles cost no life, no land distress'd;
The victory that closed the long campaign,
The vanquish'd bless'd!

No narrow patriot bounded by the strand
Of his own Isle—he led a new advance,
And opened, with the olive branch in hand,
The ports of France,

Charming base hate of centuries to cease,
And laying upon humble piles of Trade,
Foundation for that teeming reign of Peace,
For which he prayed.

This the sole blot on which detraction darts,
Willing to make his rounded fame decrease;
That in his inmost soul, and heart of hearts,
He worshipp'd Peace.

But One bless'd peacemakers long years ago;
And since, in common clay, or stately vault,
Seldom has Hero rested, stained by so
Superb a fault.



JIMMIE'S INFANT INDUSTRY.

Charles Johnson Post in Everybody's Magazine for September. Illustrated by the Author. Reprinted by Courteous Permission of the Editors of Everybody's.

"Wuthless—o' course he's wuthless if he won't work! Now, Ma, there's no use in talking—I don't intend to be the fool father of a rich man's son—at least not any more." With a dexterous movement the old man flapped his morning paper open and with one blow of his palm smote it flat with the financial page uppermost. "More coffee," he ordered over his shoulder curtly.

A butler, silent, scornful, automatic, moved through noiseless grooves; and from the other end of the breakfast-table Ma kept on, heedless of the old man's dictum of finality.

"Why, Pa, I don't see how you can act so—you've got money enough for all of us. Let the boy enjoy himself."

The old man grunted from out of his coffee cup, with his eyes still glued to the market reports before him. "Let him learn to make money like I did, so's he can take care of it when I'm gone—that'll be enjoyment enough."

The ample form with its placid curves rippled in a spiritless indignation at the other end of the table. "It ain't fair, Pa," she urged peevishly. "Here he is just getting on with real nice people and invited all around—house-parties and such, and clubs and all that—and now you're going to make him come down to your stuffy old office every day!"

This was a gross libel on the old man's headquarters; a whole floor had been remodeled by a fancy architect in an ascending scale of opulence that culminated in an inner sanctuary with fluted columns, padded floors, and silk rugs—a place where everything had been carved, woven, painted, or designed to special order. It looked expensive, and thereby satisfied the old man's only esthetic sensibility.

Dispassionately he grunted as he pushed the empty cup away. "Jim's going to learn to work," he announced flatly. "Tell him to come down to the office at five this afternoon. If he don't come, his allowance is cut in half. Not before five o'clock, though. I'm busy." He shoved his chair back from the table and jammed the paper in his pocket. "Don't forget to tell him about his allowance—he'll come."

"His allowance—oh, Pa!" The silk and lace morning gown fluttered in an agony of agitation. "Why, he hasn't enough as it is, and I was just going to ask you—wait a minute—wait a *minute*, Pa—" But with a final snort over his shoulder the old man had disappeared, and from the distance came a further series of puffings and gruntings that marked his struggles with his overcoat. Helplessly the fluttering laces and silk settled back.

The thumb of Destiny had been turned down, and the doom of a regular and vulgar daily toil was about to descend on the son of the house.

Down-town, late that afternoon, the old man sat alone in his carved and padded sanctuary. Thirty stories below, the haze of the evening was already settling, softening the roof-tops of the distance and leaving in delicate contrast the purple cañons of the intersecting streets. Before him, on a littered desk with the area of a billiard-table, four clocks bearing enameled signs—London, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—marked the hours with a mechanism as silent as the passage of time itself.

As the New York clock indicated a quarter of five he had dismissed brusquely the last conferee

*From an old leaflet of the Cobden Club.

and then apparently lost himself in staring idly over the mellowing lights of the great city. The smooth-shaven, heavy jowls and the lean lips were as immobile as ever, yet at intervals the old man's eyes traveled across to the little clock that was slowly counting out the minutes of the New York day. And one of the heavy-knuckled hands covered with the loose, parchment skin of old age abstractedly fondled an unlighted cigar that would ordinarily have been half consumed by this time.

A muffled buzzer sang at the side of the desk, and a second later a faded little secretary appeared. "Your son is outside, Mr. Gorem."

"Send him in," ordered the old man curtly. He swung around at the desk, lighted the cigar briskly, and began shuffling among the scattered papers. "Prompt—maybe he's got the goods. He ought to have—from me, anyhow. Or maybe he wants the allowance," he added grimly to himself. "On time, hey?" He looked up as his son entered the room. "Ma told you what I wanted you for?"

The younger man nodded as he lighted a cigarette. "Said we needed the money—I'm getting a big boy now—time to go to work, put my shoulder to the wheel, and all that sort of thing," he answered flippantly.

The old man snorted. "Well, made up your mind what business you want to go into, hey?" he asked.

"Well, Dad, I've come down to talk it over. But you know I've no taste for business—what need, anyway? You've got more money than you or the rest of us can use. Of course," he went on seriously, "if we were like most families and you needed me, why, you know, Dad, I'd pull along in the yoke with you like all possessed. But as it is, I don't feel that I'm a shirk."

"You won't be a shirk, Jimmie—you've got my blood in ye—and it's time to begin. I've got some pride o' family, and I made my own pile myself—I've got the pride of wanting to see my son do what I've done, and with a better chance at the start than I had—peddlin' tinware. In the next place, there ain't room in this country for a man that won't work, whether he's one of these rich hoboes or just an ordinary poor one; and then, for another reason, I don't intend to be one of these fool fathers of rich men's sons, spending the dollars they don't know the value of."

"But you've made enough, more than enough, Dad—you can't use what you're making now," argued Jimmie.

"That's not the point," retorted the old man harshly. "A man's what-d'ye-call-it, hey?—destiny, that's it, destiny—is work—and work is anything from peddling bananas or tinware, like I did, to bossin' from the top o' the heap, like I'm doing now. My money's going to give you a better chance to choose than I had—now then, what ye going to have, hey?"

It was a crisis for Jimmie, but Jimmie did not know it; for, like most crises, it looked very commonplace. A score of times Jimmie had escaped with audacious ease; this was merely another time, probably.

"From any one else, Dad; that would sound like an invitation to have a drink. But if I've got to choose right off, it's only fair to begin at the bottom and peddle bananas as you suggest," said Jimmie gaily.

The old man leaned forward grimly. "All right, selling bananas it is; I'll take you at your own word. And," he added bluntly, "if you go back on it now—well—"

"The banana business!"

Jimmie recognized, a trifle late, that he had really passed a crisis. In the momentary whirl and adjustment of ideas, an impossible picture arose in his mind of a young man and a two-wheeled cart piled high with sprawling yellow fruit. "Oh, I say, Dad, that's only a joke!" he exclaimed.

"Joke nothing! Or if it is, it's your joke, ain't it? You make a wish, just like a story-book, and here I am like the fairy godmother that makes it come true—like that!" He cracked his big knuckles in illustration.

But the harshness died out of his voice as he went on: "Why, Jimmie, son, I don't care what it is you're in; but I'll put you at the top o' the heap. You needn't worry about pushing a cart through the streets—I did that, or pretty much that, when I started. But you'll start right—big business, modern ideas, and all that sort of thing. Bananas! By gad, I'll show the world what the banana business ought to be!"

He punched a button under the rim of the big desk, and the faded little secretary popped into the sanctuary. "Fix up a room for Jim outside somewhere. Put a desk in here for him till it's ready." The faded secretary slid noiselessly out.

"Jim, you'll come down-town with me mornings after this. Your business at first will be to sit tight—mostly to stop, look, and listen, as the railroad signs say. You can go up home now and tell Ma that your salary will be what she thinks your allowance should be—now that you won't have time to spend it."

Jimmie accepted the state of affairs with an easy adaptability, though still a trifle dazed at the swiftness with which events had crystallized. "All right, Dad! Hooray for the banana business if you say so—this automatic choice is a great load off my mind. Want me to go home by way of the docks and pick up a few bargains in left-over bunches?"

"You don't know enough," retorted the old man curtly. "I don't reckon you know enough about business to start anywhere but at the top." His face hardened in abstraction for an instant.

"If anybody cares enough to know, you might

say that you're the secretary to the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company."

Jimmie whistled. "Swell name that, Dad! When I can reel out an offhand inspiration like that, I'll be qualified to sit among the big guns, too. After this I'll never be able to look a banana in the eye without taking off my hat to it."

The old man's harsh features softened again, and he walked across and laid his heavy-knuckled hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Why, Jimmie, son, there's no greater world to conquer than that of modern business. You've got brains—ain't I your father?—and with me back of you we'll found one o' these financial what-d'ye-call-'ems—destinies, no dyn-*ast*ies—that's it, dyn*ast*ies. I'll show you. Tell Simmons I want to see him," he concluded abruptly as they reached the door together.

Before the old man had returned to his desk, Simmons, the drab little office secretary, was again at his elbow. "Mr. Jim said you wished to see me, sir?"

"Yes, everybody gone? Well, call up Griscom and tell him to meet me at the club this evening; important. Get Foote on the wire—tell him to be there, too."

Griscom was chief of the old man's staff of permanent counsel, and Foote was his chief consultant on legal matters of importance. Big-boned, gaunt, and taciturn, after Gorem's own pattern. Foote had risen by the sheer force of a cold and powerful brain from the shady twilight zone where he had been the chief legal bulwark of a long-dead political gang, until he was now almost a symbol of adroit legal and intellectual ability. The old man had once remarked—it was the nearest he ever came to a compliment: "Foote don't waste any time telling me what the law won't let me do; he shows me how to go ahead and do it!"

As Simmons withdrew, the old man dropped into his chair and began to think. His cigar went out; absently he drew another from the drawer and as absently lighted it. The city below him veiled itself in the amethyst twilight, and little lights pricked the depths like stars from an inverted heaven; his eyes saw nothing; time, space, hunger, all were forgotten while the agile, shrewd old brain tested swiftly shifting plans.

This banana project was the sudden result of a domineering nature and a peevish impulse. It was new, untried; his friends would regard it as freakish; yet there was never a thought of change: The banana business for Jim it must be. He had dealt with the great staples—steel, mines, traction, railroads, and once a venture in a textile consolidation. The perishable commodities that needed quick markets were, to him, an unexplored field. Yet he knew the principles that had made his success in other fields, and never for a moment did his faith in his own powers falter. Besides, this appealed to him because it was the beginning for Jim.

Jim's beginning—He thought of his own: the dull, deadening battle with poverty; then the slow rise with others as humble as himself until chance gave him a sudden lift. But it was not until the war that his first really big strike had come. The old man recalled his first partner, now long dead, and their start in army contracts; how first a slight change was made in the contracts and then how, observing the possibilities, they had schemed and maneuvered to get them still further changed. It had cost money, too; but it was worth it—getting the specifications altered to easier conditions after the contract was awarded.

That was long ago, and it was very raw work, but it had given him the tip; some special privilege—illegal, legal, or natural—that was the point. Once that was attained, no commercial genius was needed to bring in a flood of dollars. Given a monopoly, and no brains were needed to make it profitable. He had dealt in monopolies and special advantages—privileges—governmental and private, tariffs and rebates, and monstrous fortunes had followed.

He had no politics, although he would have denied this angrily; and he always proclaimed his party label with unction. Whatever ideals his party might have had, he had for decades met it on the common ground of—"business is business," and the establishment of a profitable business the chief end of man. "Business is business" had indeed served him as a bill of rights and a creed of humanity.

Jimmie's entry into business rapidly absorbed him. He had faith that Jimmie had brains; but the brains would take time to develop. And meantime he had no mind that Jimmie, his son, should have his name linked with failure. But how to put the banana business on a fool-proof basis—that was the problem.

At first he had thought of organizing an expanding chain of stores with their own wholesale distributing warehouses. With the heavy financial backing for which he would be the sponsor, it could control the trade after the field had been cleared in a relentless war of competition. But there was no iron-clad monopoly in this; competitors could spring up again and could not be permanently controlled. It would be neither profit-tight nor fool-proof. It would require a commercial genius at the helm, and he had no illusions; Jimmie was not that.

Then the old man's mind turned to controlling the source of supply. A vision arose of a fleet of steamers plying to the tropical ports that were established centers of banana shipments; but there would be nothing to prevent other steamships from competing. Or, if a monopoly *was* established, there would be nothing to prevent other tropical countries from developing the banana trade, and this again would make that most undesirable thing—competition.

No, it would not do. He could not monopolize the world's output of bananas, for the tropical banana belt girdles the world. . . . His thought was suddenly illuminated, and he broke into a raspy chuckle somewhere down his throat.

He pulled out his watch; it was too dark to see the hands, and he turned on the desk lamp. As he saw the hour he grunted: "Must be getting old when I can't think any faster than that!" A minute later he was in the elevator and dropping past the thirty doors that streamed up from the street level.

That evening he met Griscom at the club. Later, they were joined by Foote, and the three conferred late in one of the upper rooms, where they were nominally busy with dummy bridge. And the next morning the wheels began to turn, with Jimmie gravely watching each revolution.

New offices blossomed on one of the lower floors of the tall office-building, and a corps of clerks and draftsmen was detailed therein. Long arrays of filing devices and tabulating systems lined the walls, and presently the head draftsman began to report up-stairs to Jimmie and the old man with bulky rolls of blue-prints, on which were irregular patches of colored areas, with marginal notations. Maps accumulated, and more devices were installed to file them. A dozen stenographers were kept busy with subsidiary correspondence, and the chief filing-clerk from up-stairs came down and organized a system for filing and tabulating vast numbers of reports of temperatures, high, low, and mean, together with rainfalls, barometric readings, and general meteorological data.

Up-stairs the old man sat with his hand on the throttle; real estate men from the big centers came and went by his private entrance in a steady succession, and a score of confidential satellites flitted in and out. A special legal department was formed and was kept busy drafting or scrutinizing title deeds and options on vast areas of abandoned farms and other land throughout New England and the Middle States. And Jimmie, faithful each morning at his desk in the old man's sanctuary, grew dizzy in the maelstrom of shifting, whirling energy.

A trivial incident had been the foundation on which the old man had built the scheme. A little perfunctory notice in a daily paper had caught his eye some days before his interview with Jimmie. It briefly stated that from the Botanical Gardens two bunches of bananas had been sent to the patients of the tuberculosis hospital on the East River. They had been grown under glass, he read—but they had been grown in the United States! Later, when he thought over the banana problem on the evening after the interview, this recurred to him—*they had been grown in the United States.* It could be done; there was the proof—he would found a great American industry!

One night some weeks later, the old man pressed a button and a powerful group gathered around the long directors' table in the private room of his up-town club. There were a couple of New England senators and a few congressmen from scattered but reliable constituencies, and the remainder were representative of the heavy-caliber, substantial business interests. On each chair lay a printed pamphlet—the charter, as it stated on the cover, of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company; folded within was a blank for stock-subscription pledges. Attached by a wire clip was a typewritten statement, headed: " For the Daily Press."

Jimmie sat at the old man's right near the head of the table. His name was printed in the pamphlet as one of the incorporators of the new company, and today he was to take an active part. He was to read a few typewritten statements, as befitted the potential secretary. As the faded Simmons ushered in the last expected magnate, Jimmie's father rapped on the table with his knuckles.

"I reckon most of you gentlemen know the purpose o' this meeting—at least in a general sort of way," he announced, "so that we can get together on some of the details. I won't take up any more time now except to say that I'm backing this proposition to the limit. It's the best project I've ever handled, and if we all stand together on it there's more profits in it than we've ever made before.

"Another thing; Jim here is to be the secretary—and there's a lot o' room in it for some more sons and relatives, and I guess that'll come in handy for most of you, anyhow. You've read the copy of the charter of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company; it's to raise bananas on the waste lands in New England, and it's drawn so that we've the power to run anything from a dago boarding-house to a pipe-line. Jim, read that statement that's been written for the newspapers, and then if there's no objection we'll send it out."

Jimmie arose with his mimeographed typewritten copy in his hand, and read:

Experiments made in the past few years in the growing of bananas under glass in the Botanical Gardens of New York have demonstrated conclusively that it can be done. A new field is thereby opened to American industry. Two bunches were recently presented to a local tuberculosis hospital in triumphant conclusion of these experiments.

No more important field for a great national industry has been opened up than that which lies in the development of this tremendous and proven opportunity. Not only will it solve the question of the enormous areas of abandoned farms and cut-timber tracts throughout New England and the Middle States, and thereby give employment to thousands of workmen, but it will react throughout the country and stimulate every industry that is related to this great development of the American home-

grown banana. This is obvious when it is considered that millions of feet of glass will be required for the vast areas of greenhouses, that thousands of tons of structural steel will be needed for the frames, and vast quantities of paint and putty to finish their construction; also, in the line of accessories, there are the boilers and heating pipes, the brick and cement, and the enormous demand for coal that will bring prosperity to all these trades.

The Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Company proposes to begin on a moderate scale and at the end of the first year to have one hundred thousand acres of these abandoned and cheap lands under glass, and to expand this acreage as rapidly as possible. It is safe to say that no industry that has been undertaken in this country in the last half century has held such tremendous possibilities of profit and prosperity as lie in the growing of the American banana. It is only natural to expect that our Government will lend its protection to such a vital national enterprise.

Jimmie laid down the typewritten page, and the old man handed him another. "This is the engineers' report. Read it, Jim. No, not all of it; just the summary—I've marked it."

And Jimmie read:

As the result of the above-mentioned experiments (the two bunches grown in the Botanical Gardens) it becomes a simple matter to arrive at the total production on the basis of the first year's operations, i. e., a basis of one hundred thousand acres under glass and planted to bananas. It is proposed to use the latest methods and intensive cultivation, and therefore the banana trees should be planted ten feet apart each way. This will give an average of four hundred banana trees to the acre, or a total of forty million banana trees. Allowing only one bunch of bananas to the tree and also figuring but two hundred bananas to the bunch, there would therefore be grown for the first year the total of eight billion, or eight thousand million, bananas.

At a profit of only one cent each, which it is proposed to add to the cost of growing and marketing, they would produce a net profit of eighty million dollars! Should the proper political and trade conditions be secured, a profit of two cents each may be considered, which will, of course, increase the dividend to one hundred and sixty million dollars for the first year. The banana will bear the first year, under proper conditions.

Jimmie sat down; his part in the meeting was now over. His father leaned forward impressively and spoke:

"I want to say that those last figures on the profits are wrong." He paused as if to note the effect. There was none, for that highly sophisticated group knew the old man too well to be startled by anything except a loss; and he never lost. "They're wrong," he continued, "they're too small. It will cost, roughly, fifty thousand dollars an acre to put the land under glass. In order to make a return of ten per cent on that investment it will be necessary to add six and a quarter cents to each banana above the cost of production. And there'll be nothing to stop us making it more—within reason, of course."

The head of the Sheet Glass Trust rattled his copy of the charter and looked over his glasses fussily.

"Six and a quarter cents apiece for a banana, Mr. Gorem, is a pretty high price, even if it is extra fine and hothouse grown. They're six for a nickel generally around my office—sometimes less." He was a thrifty man of noted thrifty habits, and a quiet smile went around the group.

The old man cracked his knuckles cheerfully: "Six and a quarter cents apiece!—Who said six and a quarter cents apiece! I said six and a quarter cents above the cost—net profit—and probably more. I propose, Mr. Parkinson—and gentlemen—that our first crop shall sell for *thirty* cents apiece! It'll cost twenty-one cents each to grow 'em—can't be done for less under glass."

A gentleman in a white waistcoast leaned forward interestedly; he was the Consolidated Steel Trust.

"I take it," he remarked, "that you have, Mr. Gorem, of course considered the question and the relation of the present supply of bananas from the tropical countries? They are quite ample, and quite cheap, I believe?"

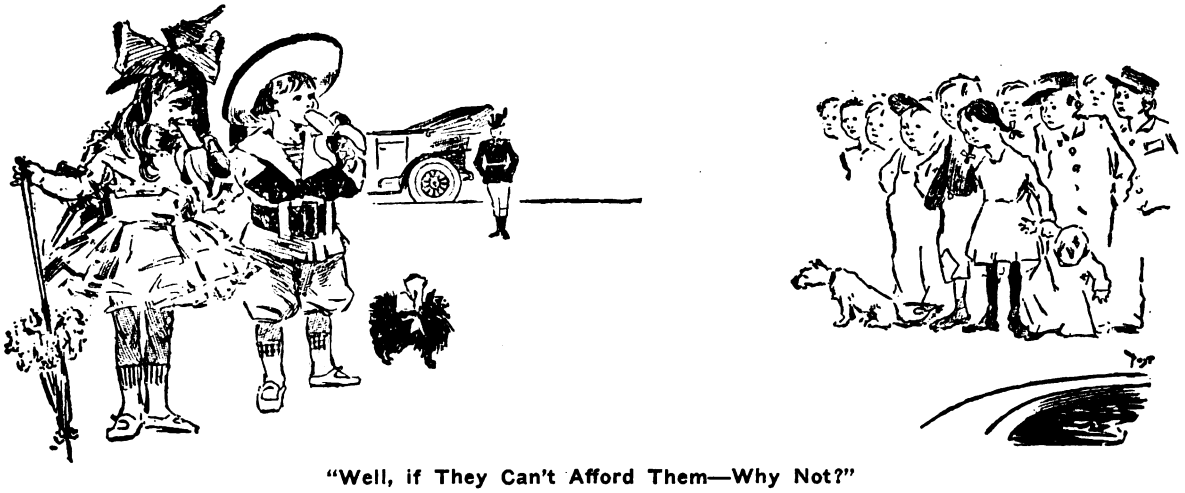
"Yes, I've considered it," returned the old man, "and I don't propose that another banana shall be landed on these shores. What's a tariff for, hey? Ain't it to protect American industry and capital, hey? *I propose to have it made as dangerous to bring a banana into the United States as it is to forge a check, commit bigamy, or smuggle a petticoat!*"

It was the president of the Consolidated Woolen and Textile Trust who chuckled dryly from the lower end of the table. "I follow you all right, Gorem, but isn't it a trifle, so to speak—ah—drastic? Thirty cents a banana—phew!"

"Well, if it is," retorted the old man indignantly, "it ought to interest you good and plenty. If you textile people can get rubber arctics tariff-taxed as woolen goods and then get a duty on them of forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent additional, this ought to be right in your line. If there's anything more drastic or fantastic than that, it ain't in my banana proposition!" He prodded the table with a big forefinger in emphasis. "*Forty-four cents a pound* on woolen clothing is more than I'd have the nerve to ask for a tariff on bananas, let alone that sixty per cent additional that you fellows put through!"*

The other leaned back good-humoredly. "Oh, that's all right, Gorem, I guess. It can be fixed for bananas, too, probably. Let's hear a little

*The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Tax Law of 1909 taxes woolen clothing at forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent additional, and rubber arctics have been included in that classification.



"Well, if They Can't Afford Them—Why Not?"

more. This begins to sound pretty good already."

"If Mr. Gorem will allow me," spoke up the gaunt, saturnine chief consultant at his left, "I will run over this scheme briefly as it has been worked out and as it relates to our common interests."

The old man nodded, and Foote went on:

"Our charter, as you note, is extremely broad. It will take a large amount of capital, and Mr. Gorem agrees to finance the enterprise; it is also desired that you co-operate. Besides your assistance, there is a large amount of European capital that stands ready to come in as soon as we can secure a proper protective tariff on bananas. Such a tariff will of course settle the question of competition and make our market iron-clad. In fact, the foreign banks stand ready to take up heavily the bonds of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company.

"We propose to place the contracts for these greenhouses and their equipment entirely with you representative gentlemen. Incidentally, I may point out that on the strength of these very profitable orders you will be enabled to make an extra issue of stock; to put it bluntly, add a little water."

The little group nodded appreciatively.

"Also, the moment these heavy orders become public, your water will become instantly a good, digested security. Of course the success of this project depends on the passage of an adequate tariff act, and I need not suggest that at first our united efforts must be centered in that direction. Our political party has been pledged for years to this great principle of protection for our American industry in every line, so that we can confidently look to it for support now, as in the past."

The senators and the congressmen nodded an indorsement. A little desultory discussion followed, and then the company was formally organized, its laws were adopted, the officers elected, and the little blanks, now filled in with pledged subscriptions, were passed over to Jimmie, in his official capacity, to file.

After the last magnate had departed, Jimmie turned to his father, who was standing before the onyx fireplace and rubbing his big-boned hands together in the way that Jimmie knew denoted perfect satisfaction.

"I say, Dad, at thirty cents a banana a lot of people will have to give up eating them, won't they?"

"Well," said the old man good-naturedly, "if they can't afford them—why not?"

Jimmie thought of the office- and messenger-boys with their lunch of frankfurter and banana topped off with a spoonful of "hokey-pokey"; also of the typewriters in his own outer office who brought their lunch in a paper, with the banana as the final effect. He could not help thinking that they could just afford them *now*.

Shrewdly the old man divined Jimmie's thoughts. "Jimmie, son, don't get swept off by any sentimentality over individual cases. One's got to think o' things—big things—as a whole. Why, son, the minute I float that foreign bond issue abroad and the money's deposited here to the credit o' the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company, the per capita wealth of this United States will be increased over one hundred dollars a head, man, woman, and child! Think o' that wealth, hey!—ain't that national prosperity? I tell ye, Jimmie, the Big Business men here are the country's greatest benefactors. What difference does it make even if fewer bananas are eaten by them that can't afford them, hey, if those that can, pay more for them? Isn't there more money in circulation? Ain't that prosperity? Bananas cost more; more money in circulation; more prosperity—don't that stand to reason, hey?"

"I see," said Jimmie. "And the higher we sell

bananas, the higher wages we can pay, so that the prosperity gets distributed?"

The old man chuckled abruptly. "Don't be foolish. You just pray for a proper tariff to keep bananas out o' the country, and immigration and the natural birth-rate 'll take care o' what wages we pay—that's the natural state o' man in this world—competition."

"Still, Dad, it's kind of tough on those that can't afford bananas, isn't it?"

"Business is business," returned the old man briefly. "When you go, tell Ma I'll be home early," he added significantly, and Jimmie took the hint and left.

With a score of able influences at work, it was not long before visible signs of the new business could be noted. The special Sunday editions of the daily papers throughout the country began to display blurred halftones showing typical abandoned farms and desolate stretches of burned timber tracts with their blackened, sprawling ghosts of dead trees. Interspersed were imaginative drawings of vast greenhouses, the whole enclosed in a decoration of palm leaves and bananas. Later, the Sunday specials became more definitely informative; they were crowded with comparative statistics in a sugar-coated form—a ragged peon holding a bunch of fruit with a diminutive Uncle Sam gazing longingly at it. This was the present. The future showed the comparative size reversed, while a prosperous, square-capped workman clasped the avuncular hand across a colossal banana. Occasionally the magazines drifted into the field, emblazoned with banana half-tones.

Rapidly sentiment roused itself on the great issue of a national, American banana and the inevitable prosperity that would follow the properly tariff-taxed fruit.

In the rural districts farmers' associations indorsed the banana and its protective tariff. In those same districts justices of the peace, road supervisors, school boards, poundmasters, and constables were elected—and occasionally defeated—on this burning issue of a national industrial patriotism. It was not long before the sentiment for the American banana seemed to spring from the very bosom of the people and merely to be reflected in the pages of the daily press, from the stalwart metropolitan journals on down to the little country sheet with its "patent insides."

The tariff must be revised; a tariff tax must be placed on the foreign, tropical banana that would effectually prevent its competing with the proposed national project; no longer could the country submit to the demoralizing effects of the exotic, pauper-grown fruit. The demand was specific, insistent, and there was no doubt that Congress would be forced to take up the question in response to the popular will.

When Congress met, the old man called Jimmie into his room. "You might as well go over to Washington a spell," he remarked. "Things are going all right, but it won't do you any harm to look on—and learn, maybe."

So Jimmie packed up and hied him to Washington and sat through the slow hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the lower House, the first preliminary. Foote was there, in the background, but marshaling the forces. Many of the faces Jimmie recalled from the memorable meeting in his father's office weeks before. These men were experts in trade and industry, and were cheerfully bearing witness before the committee to the benefits of an adequate tariff on bananas. The amendment to the existing tariff act would place a tariff tax of thirty-two cents apiece on each banana—this amount having been decided upon as sufficient to afford the ordinary leeway.

It was a foregone conclusion that the bill would be reported favorably out of the committee, as finally it was.

Then came delay, though the bill was advanced as rapidly as possible on the House calendar. Its advocates knew that a few chronic malcontents might oppose it on the floor, but its passage was assured; in the main it was recognized by its party sponsors as an opportunity for some oratorical efforts that might come in handy back in their home districts.

When the Banana Bill, as it was popularly known, was moved, a flood of minor oratory broke forth. Faithfully Jimmie followed it from his seat in the gallery. It was the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee who was to make the closing speech. When it was known that he would speak, the old man himself came over and sat next to Jimmie. It was Jimmie's own business that was being launched; it was the old man's last project—he knew it; and to have this foremost orator speak in this case was, in a way, like his delivering the salutatory for the opening of Jimmie's career in commerce. Therefore the old man was on hand.

The chairman began with a review of the history of this country; he read the minds of the early fathers of the Republic and praised their transcendent wisdom. Those first early taxes on imports, he explained, were but the indication of the finger of Providence in our destinies.

"In those early days of struggle, Mr. Speaker, our country was poor; they dealt thriftily in small figures and had but faintly grasped the full principles of national prosperity. And I call the attention of the House, Mr. Speaker—and also of that small, unpatriotic minority who oppose progress and prosperity—to the indisputable fact that our country is more prosperous today than it was then; I further emphasize the fact that our tariff taxes were small then and are greater now. Never was the relation between the tariff and prosperity more clearly evident.

"As we have increased our tariff taxes, so has

our welfare thrived. Our great West, our vast natural resources, our inventive skill, and our industry—what are these but tributes to the genius of the tariff tax! Standing before the solemn altar of History, I say to you that those qualities do not make prosperity. It is the tariff.

"In past decades of timid tariff taxation it used to be apologetically stated that the foreigner paid the tax. We are a proud people, Mr. Speaker, and today we meet the issue squarely and say that the foreigner does not pay the tax! With a proper pride and self-respect we pay our own taxes—we ask no one to pay them for us. We have taxed ourselves rich and, as new fields of prosperity are pointed out to us by the great captains of industry, we should be proud of the opportunity to put our shoulder to the wheel of taxation.

"It has been alleged that this tariff on bananas will raise the cost of the banana to the American people. What of it! Is it to be said that an American is ashamed to buy expensive things—he, the highest paid worker on the globe! For this argument of cheapness I have the least patience. As that great statesman, President McKinley, when discussing this same tariff principle during his brilliant career, said that 'a cheap coat makes a cheap man'—so do I say with all the fervor of my cause that no less does a 'cheap banana make a cheap man!'

"This bill which we report has been drawn by experts; it has been drafted on that vital tariff principle enunciated by President Taft—that a just tariff tax is one so levied as to equal the difference between the cost of production in the United States and the cost abroad, plus a reasonable profit for the American manufacturer. The Tariff Board has been of inestimable assistance in this matter, so that the tariff asked for is exact. As is well known, the cost of raising bananas in the tropics is trivial, and we therefore ask for a protective tariff on bananas of thirty-two cents apiece—the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, plus the reasonable profit."

The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee continued in a masterly protection address too long to reproduce. Then in a hushed silence he delivered the peroration:

"I see, Mr. Speaker, as in a vision, the now barren lands and stumpage of New England covered with sparkling acres of glass—greenhouses from horizon to horizon and topping the snow-clad hills of those now bleak States. Under the vast glass roofs, and in those artificially humid groves of fragrant bananas, I see thousands of happy American working men singing at their labors; in their near-by homes a multitude of happy hearts throb with joy for the blessings brought by the home-grown, all-American banana.

"As against that inspiring vision I see the present; the banana of today, a cheap, pauper-grown fruit from a cheap, pauperized foreign country. A negro in a ragged pair of breeches and a tattered shirt—or no shirt at all—and with a machete in his hand, living in a wretched palm-thatched shack and working for less than half a dollar a day! That is the man who is growing bananas for a freeborn American people! No American will accept such a wage or such a life—nor can he compete without an adequate protection against this pauper fruit.

"Under the shadow of those Stars and Stripes that proudly floated from Sumter to Appomattox, and in the great name of our free people, I ask you to pass this bill and give justice to the American banana!"

As the speaker took his seat amid a wild scene of tumultuous applause, a mob of eager hand-shakers surrounded him.

The old man turned to Jimmie.

"Come on, Jimmie—no use waiting any longer. It's all over; the Senate'll pass it without debate, and you're launched in business at last, son, and it's profit-tight and fool-proof. Bringing a banana into the country from now on'll be a criminal offense, and you can make money as long as you don't have to sell bananas at over thirty-two cents apiece."

The next year the old man took his first vacation, and Jimmie slipped gradually into the sole control. Then the old man took his Final Vacation, and Jimmie was at the helm. Being, as the old man had felt, no fool, he continued to make monstrous sums of money from the banana business.

But if he had been a fool, the profits would have come in automatically, just the same.

BOOKS

PROTECTION IN AUSTRALIA.

Adam Black, Miner. By Albert Dawson. "The Daily Herald," 117 Grenfell St., Adelaide, South Australia.

This little book of eighty-eight well printed pages comes to us from the Single Tax League of South Australia. It contains sixteen chapters, written in the form of letters from Adam Black, miner, to his son, Jim, a blacksmith. Jim, in his letters to his father, asks questions as to the meaning of the stock Protectionist phrases, such as "Providing employment," "Protecting the workers against pauper labor," and "Encouraging local industries." Thanks to his fund of common sense, these questions don't trouble the senior Black—he's thought them out "sitting on a slab of coal, during smoke-o down in the mine." He discusses these and a hundred and one other Protectionist fallacies with a soundness, raciness and