

that belief happens to be worth money to them, they on their part ought to respect those who lose money by refusing vaccination. Money, of course, is dross; but it is a proof of sincerity to be willing to pay it. And we are sacrificed to a theory—for facts are against vaccination, and every one of the arguments which used to be relied on has broken down under examination, and has broken down in a not over creditable way. The medical defenders of vaccination now fall back on authority, and ask how unlearned and ignorant laymen dare to have an opinion of their own as to whether their blood is contaminated by the injection of diseased matter. But ignorant as we may be, we are not so ignorant as not to see that the arguments for compulsion knock each other down. Nor are we so unobservant as they suppose us. It is not necessary to study medicine to see through their grand fundamental fallacy—the decline of smallpox on the introduction of vaccination. It is true that as soon as vaccination came in, smallpox went out, so to speak. But this learned profession, trained to observe and to deduce from observation, forgot to tell us that something else went out, too—inoculation for the smallpox. They also forgot to mention that the abatement took place 40 years too soon for vaccination to take the credit of it. It is as though we ceased to sow a certain weed, and then attributed its disappearance to some patent dressing not applied till 40 years later. We are also able to see that their own belief in the protective power of vaccination dwindles and dwindles—of course, this demands more frequent vaccination.

It is by mis-statements, suppression of cardinal facts, concealment of statistics, tampering with death certificates, and naked demands of blind trust in a profession which is always setting up new theories and discarding old ones, that this particular theory maintains itself. On a theory, contradicted by historical facts, by experience, and by common sense, homes are broken up, and promising young careers are ruined. They reason in a circle, they beg the question, they ply us with Tenterden steeple, and they send us to prison, and close the doors of employment against us. When shall we realize that a very different degree of certainty and a very different style of argument can alone justify a majority—even when it is a majority—in coercing a minority? And this is not so much a majority as a

profession, and the more vaccination is discredited by facts the fiercer grows the persecution, until the law itself is openly set at naught, and the persecution is not even legal!

EXPULSION OF THE BRITISH.

An article of extraordinary interest recently appeared in *The Guardian*, of Manchester, England. The article was written by the Hon. Rollo Russell, and was entitled "The Expulsion of the British." It is no more nor less than a severe arraignment of the present system of land tenure in England and, what is more unusual, it is also a frank acknowledgment that the present system is the source of a large number of the appalling national ills from which the English people are now suffering.

Several years ago a bill was enacted into law in England furnishing a legal method whereby parish authorities could provide small land allotments for country laborers. At the time this measure was under discussion, statements were made by most distinguished Englishmen that there was no demand for such allotment and that the men would not take them as a gift. Subsequent experience has demonstrated that the demand for these allotments was far greater than could be supplied, and wherever a home acre was offered at moderate rental, it was quickly snapped up. As Mr. Russell very clearly sets forth, the land laws of Great Britain are the most exclusive and antiquated now existing in Europe, and the desire of an English laborer for a piece of land can rarely be gratified. "He is effectually expelled from his own country."

Of course, the primary cause for the condition which Mr. Russell bewails lies in accumulation of land into large parcels under individual ownership and the creation of a tenantry class which, even to this day, lives largely under conditions which prevailed in the days of the feudal barons. The English workingmen complain, and are calmly advised by English landlords to emigrate. The emigration figures for Great Britain show most conclusively that this advice is being quite generally followed, and that the most desirable and energetic laborers of that country are getting away from it as fast as they can. It is significant, also, that these people are not emigrating to any country where land conditions are similar to those which prevail in England, but invariably direct their footsteps towards those parts of the earth's surface where it is possible for the

ambitious and industrious man of small means to secure a freehold.

In England, therefore, it is almost impossible to secure a few acres of ground on a freehold or even on secure tenure, with or without a cottage, or even the facilities for building one. Homes are thus practically prohibited. The hindrances in the way of cottage building are found in the custom of low rents, low wages, the landlord's liability for repairs, and the desire of a majority of the landlords to preserve wild game free from disturbance by human activities. For these reasons, it is not only the lack of facility for purchase of ground which interferes with the building of homes, but in rare instances is it possible to find either landlord or tenant who will build for rent under such conditions as make it worth while for the tenant to consider himself as permanently established in a home.

The contrast to this condition is found in France, where few villages exist in which the laborer has not a choice of plots of land in his immediate vicinity. The small farm is there available and appreciated, and in every part of the country not only small properties but good markets are abundant. "The French population remains on the land, self-supporting, secure, creating in almost every small town, and even village, a full supply of home-grown food. Many a commune provides for all the ordinary wants of life, grain, vegetables, fruit, meat, milk, wine, fuel, building materials and clothing. This equality of opportunity and common prosperity in ownership keeps millions of workers in the country and adds greatly to the permanent wealth, health and strength of the nation.

"The land system of France may be shortly described as a system of family ownership, for properties, large and small, are by law divided among families. The French peasant, though poor, would never think of exchanging his rights for the position of the English laborer, who has no field, no garden, no home of his own, who only works for hire and may any day be ejected."

The strength which the small landholding gives to a nation is shown not only in France but everywhere in the world it is prevalent. In Germany, for instance, the ease with which land can be bought and sold is held by the greatest German economists to be socially and politically the mainstay of the nation. The German govern-

ment itself offers inducements to small settlers to buy farms and remain upon them for life in security. In Belgium, Switzerland and in Holland the success of small cultivators and the easy methods of transferring small farms has been set forth by the best writers of those countries, and is held as the greatest source of strength to the government and the nation. Quite recently a certain large area in Holland, which was formerly barren, has been converted into what is now practically a garden supporting hundreds of cultivators, each making a good living from one or two acres. Such a situation as this will be paralleled when the United States government enters into a full realization of the reclamation work now under way in the West.

A curious feature of this subdivision of large land holdings into small plots is the sudden increase which is given to values. Land which, when included in a large estate, hardly yielded an amount sufficient to pay the taxes upon it, when subdivided among a lot of people compelled or desirous of making their living therefrom, has always jumped in value, at times even a hundredfold. What this means to the community, to the state and to the nation, as well as to the individual, it is not necessary to explain. It is self-evident. Even in England examples of this are not lacking. In the Channel Islands the land laws are very similar to those which prevail in France. The people are prosperous, the islands are intensely cultivated, and the conditions generally afford marked contrast to those prevailing in England. In recent years an attempt has been made in England itself. These efforts do not extend over a large area, but the results have been in every way satisfactory where, as Mr. Russell says, "an effort has been made to escape from the mortifying control of the feudal proprietor."

There is a widespread British prejudice against small holdings or small proprietorship, individual or co-operative. English economists talk of the exodus from the country to the city as though it were something beyond the control of artificial conditions. English agriculture has been in a state of depression for many years, notwithstanding the fact that it has been proved that intense and intelligent cultivation of the land results in a profit of from \$50 to \$250 per acre.

This land problem, as it exists in

England, is one which faces every civilized country in the world, either now or in the future, unless most radical measures be adopted to prevent the accumulation of land in a few hands, and ways and means be always provided whereby those who are able and willing to buy and cultivate one acre can secure the same as easily and under as favorable conditions as the man who is able and desires to purchase a thousand acres.—James Davenport Whelpley, in Maxwell's *Talisman* for Oct., 1905.

THEY WERE GOING ON YOUR PILGRIMAGE.

From "I've Been Thinking," by Charles Battell Loomis. New York: James Pott & Company, 1905.

A plutocrat, an aristocrat, a scientist and a pugilist found themselves traveling together. They were all of a size, each one was inclined to be arrogant, and while they were outwardly polite to each other there was not a man among them who did not look down upon the other three.

And a proletariat walked afar off, beneath the contempt of any one of them.

In the course of their journeyings the four entered into a great building devoted to trade and full of men of business, who as soon as they saw the plutocrat began bowing to him and asked him to come and take the highest seat. "For," said they, "you began with one cent and now you have a thousand millions."

The aristocrat sniffed, the scientist sneered, and the pugilist snorted, but there was no doubt of it that if every dog has his day the plutocrat was now having his.

But the proletariat walked afar off, beneath the contempt of any one of them.

After a season they left the hall of the men of trade and traveled to an antique Colonial mansion, which they entered. And here the aristocrat took precedence, and, while the other three were treated with civility, it was he to whom the honors were paid. "For," said one, "his line runs back for many generations, traced in the bluest blood."

And the plutocrat said: "Why, I can buy him out."

And they bowed the plutocrat out.

The pugilist jeered audibly at the family pretensions, and he also was asked to go outside.

The scientist sneered to himself, but he was suffered to remain, for an an-

cestor of the aristocrat had been a patron of a scientist of the fifteenth century, and there was a tradition in the family that it was quite the proper thing to condescend to science.

Now the scientist was plainly bored at the rigid etiquette and ceremony of the place, and after a time he rejoined his companions, who were waiting outside, and in a little while the aristocrat came out also, being of a restless temperament and loving travel.

But the proletariat walked afar off, beneath the contempt of any one of them.

It so happened that in their travels they came to a university, and all four entered it.

And now it was the scientist who was honored and was invited to a chair, the chair of learning. Whereat the pugilist openly scoffed.

And he went out—with undergraduate help.

For in those days pugilism had not been recognized as one of the fine arts.

And the plutocrat said: "What's the matter with my giving a million dollars to this institution? I guess my name will then last as long as that of the scientist."

But he was not a good guesser.

The aristocrat said: "I understand the reason for these honors to our good friend the scientist. What a pity the fellow has not blood as well as brains."

And the proletariat walked afar off, beneath the contempt of any one of them.

After a time they took up their travels again and came to a great stadium where games and trials of strength were in progress. And it was free to all in honor of the birthday of the ruler of that country. Yes, even the proletariat was there!

The pugilist had begun to swagger as soon as he had come in sight of the stadium, and when the multitude saw him they let forth great cheers, and said: "Make way for the only champion!" And he took a seat of honor, glad that his three companions had lived to see this day.

But the scientist drew back in disgust and marveled that the world should worship brawn.

As for the plutocrat, he said: "I could give every man in this crowd a thousand dollars and never notice it."

But he didn't do it.

The aristocrat was once more in his element, and he proceeded to patronize the pugilist and took him off to introduce him to some of his titled friends.