RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE VISION.

For The Public.

I dreamed within a world where all was ordered,—
  Suns rose and blazed and set,—as on our earth:
And yet it was a world whose confines bordered
  The plains of dearth.

There ever, even when the day dawned clearly,
  And when the heavens were azure, did there fall
Athwart the light, impalpably yet drearly,
  A thickening pall.

Cold were the winter winds, icily fingering
  The wayfarer in highroad, field, and mart:
Yet colder was the fear of want, and lingering,
  That froze the heart.

And summer heat exacted in its fashion
  From indigent and weak a fiery toll:
Yet fiercer was the heat of lust and passion
  That seared the soul.

Men swarmed in cities and in market places,
  And ceaselessly they bartered, sold, and bought;
But always with a blankness in their faces,
  That stifled thought.

In sanctuaries echoed psalms and psalters;
  With formal lips they prayed for daily bread;
But gifts heaped in profusion on those altars,
  Reeked of the dead.

With quickened sight I watched black figures shifting,
  Entrenched in every citadel of fame;
And sometimes when a veil between was lifting,
  Consuming flame.

Then, as I dreamed, the air was rent asunder.
  Unto the universe a dread decree
Was voiced, like to a mighty trumpet's thunder,
  Deep as the sea:

"Hear thou the doom of God! Thy days are numbered:
  Soon shall they pass as an extinguished beam."
While round me man in dense oblivion slumbered,
  I dreamed a dream.

GERTRUDE COLLES.

LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 7. The Story of John and Mary.

For The Public.

He was a very plain old farmer, with a pleasant-voiced wife. They lived by a creek in California; several families of Indians lived in huts about a mile away up in the foothills. The Indian men could not find much to do, except a little sheep-shearing. Perhaps they did not try very hard; perhaps the Mexicans with whom they worked often had too much cheap wine. But the Indian women went all over the valley, washing clothes for white people; they went about in hungry little groups—several women, five or six children of various sizes, two or three babies tied in willow baskets, and twelve or fifteen dogs. Some of the people would not feed any of them excepting the woman who actually did the washing; some cast food at them unwillingly. This plain farmer brought out sharp hoes and kept all hands busy a while in the garden, leading them himself and talking cheerfully with them until they had earned their dinners. Even the children were thus somewhat taught to pull weeds and to pile wood.

Then the rich rancher who had a title-deed to many thousands of pastoral and agricultural acres, including the worthless rock-pile on which these "beggars of Indians" lived, grew tired of seeing them around; he told them to clear out. The five or six families came to this plain farmer, who needs no name at present. He had been a dependable sort of a neighbor for them. They slowly told him their trouble.

"Where he poor Indian go? Who want poor Indian?" They did not blame the rich rancher; his action, though hard on them, seemed entirely natural.

The plain farmer sat down on the ground in their midst. The little children came to his knee. The mothers, drawing their red and yellow shawls around their faces, fixed solemn and unfathomable eyes upon him. In a group by themselves sat the stolid men. The farmer talked to the elders in very simple language, which they understood and believed. The men drank too much wine; sometimes were lazy. Too many dogs, besides. The men had better pick one man to make bargains about work; the women could do the same way about washing. Not good plan to take such a big lot of people around to the houses.

"That true scold," said one old man.

The plain farmer showed them a small and islanded piece of sandy land in a creek bottom, perhaps an acre in extent. "That grow corn, beans, potatoes. You cut willow, make brush fence. You hoe my field; buy that old barn, ten dollar; pull him down; make you lot of 'wickiups'." He indicated with his hands the sort of pointed huts or wigwams which the Indians called "wickiups," and liked to live in.

"How long Indian stay there?" asked one of the men. Rose a low murmur of assent.

"As long as I live," said the farmer. "I not rich man; no can give you. Law no let me give him to Indian. Mebbe some time different law. You can buy him some time, perhaps."

"Dat bully," said an old Indian, and the rest of them nodded gravely.

Then the farmer sent his team and moved their

worldly possessions: one two-horse load for all which was owned by half a dozen families, most of it merely the cast-off clothing and abandoned utensils of the Americans.

The farmer used to go down to the Indian settlement and visit with them, picking up a few of their words, urging them to send the children to school. His wife gave medicine to the sick babies. Some of the neighbors laughed, and said that they were liable to catch some sort of contagious disease from those low-down Indians. One man spoke to the farmer's wife, saying that, though she meant well, she was foolish; if one of the Indian babies died they would say she poisoned it, and might do something dreadful. "It isn't at all safe," he declared.

The farmer had a way of speaking to or about his Indian neighbors in exactly the same tone that he used when he addressed the wealthiest rancher in that whole valley. In fact, he stopped that same big land owner one afternoon as he drove past.

"Jack," he said, "I wish you would get this medicine for Wawa's little girl, and have the druggist charge it to me."

"Who in thunder is Wawa?"

"Why, that nice Indian woman that limps a little. It's her sister that does washing for your wife, you know; it's her younger brother that you set the dogs on last year because he was in your cherry trees."

The big rancher drove off, laughing, laughed half way to the village, told everyone that the farmer had gone daft about those Indians; but he got the medicine, and even drove up to the farmhouse with it.

However, he told the farmer's wife when she thanked him: "Why do you do so much of this, anyhow?"

"Because I like all of them," she answered. "I think those Indian women are really better than I should be, brought up under the same conditions."

"You like them?" he asked. "Just the same as white folks?"

"And why not?" she replied.

"Because—because—they are nothing but Indians," he said. "They don't care a darn for you, except for what you give them." And so he drove off.

A few weeks later the farmer's son was very ill, and word went around that he was likely to die. The servant came in to say that all the Indians were outside the garden fence, so the farmer went out to see what they wanted. There they sat on the ground, in silent rows, men, women and children.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"No'tin, 'tall," said one. "We wait. Hope he boy get well. You all same Indian man. You wife all same Indian woman. You boy all same Indian boy."

All night long the Indians waited, sleeping on the ground by the fence, till at sunrise the father and mother came to thank them, and to say that now the white man doctor pronounced their son out of danger. Then the men and women, rising, spoke as with one accord, calling the farmer and his wife by their first names—a thing which they had never before done.

"Dat ver' good, John," one said. "Bye, John! Bye, Mary!" And so they went back to get breakfast in their wickiups.

The plain farmer, who came in some degree from Quaker stock, turned to his wife and fell very easily into the Quaker speech.

"Mary," he said, "now thee can better understand William Penn and his Indian neighbors. They will call us Mary and John as long as we travel together through life. Thee and me belong to their family now. So does our little John. But no one else will ever hear them use our first names in public. They have too much native dignity for that."

"You can have all the wind-fall apples in my orchard," said the farmer to the Indians one morning. A few weeks later, passing the huts, he heard the sound of blows; an Indian woman was whipping a boy: "No more you shake John's apple tree, make apple fall. Dat all same big cheat."

"How gentle and sweet-tempered they are," said the farmer's wife to her husband one night. "They tell me about all sorts of curious and interesting stories and traditions; they ask me very hard questions, too. The last one today was this: 'What for white man no use all he land?'

"I tried to explain that. They came right back at me: 'What for he law no say if white man leave good land sheep-field, no plow, no use, he no can have?'"

"By George!" exclaimed the farmer, "that would have pleased the Prophet of San Francisco!"

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE LIBERAL FORWARD POLICY

Explanation, Through the London Daily Express of June 29, 1912, of the Basis of the New Issue in British Politics.

From several sources more or less inspired comes the information that the Government is formulating a radical policy of land reform on the lines of the taxation of land values, to be put before the people in the near future. In view of this, interest is naturally aroused as to what is exactly the principle of the taxation of land values and what its advocates claim would be the result of the application of the principle.

By "land values" we mean the values which