"ginger" of which the public has heard much from politicians, but in which the rural laborer will not believe until he sees it. But compulsory powers by themselves do not avail to unloose the land monopoly which is throttling the manhood of the country. For that a more automatic and universal remedy is required. To prevent the development of Walbottles in the mining North and of slums across the river in London it is necessary to alter radically the conditions which make Walbottles and slums a source of unmixed profit. To make them a source of loss instead will do more than either philanthropy or legislation. The taxation of land values, instead of the houses built upon land, will reverse a process under which the landowner can encourage overcrowding to his own advantage. The valuation of land, under the provisions of 1909, is slowly, but steadily, proceeding. When it approaches completion the materials will be in hand for a new advance.

❁ ❁

Where the Values Go.

The Boston Common (ind.), February 24.—The Commonwealth of Massachusetts votes to spend $9,000,000 as a starter toward Boston port development, and instantly East Boston Company shares begin to soar, the brokerage house in which one of the Port Directors is interested being heralded as the most active buyer. . . . Why should the rise in land values, due wholly to public initiative and outlay, drain wholly into private pockets? Why should all the people of Massachusetts pay to make a few persons richer? Why should not the public, which creates this increase in values, take it for public purposes? . . . Chairman Bancroft is looking for a way to finance the developments which the port of Boston so earnestly needs. Why not seek authority to take for the public use the rise in land values in the anticipation of which so many private and special interests "on the street" are already licking their chops?

❁ ❁

Materialistic Mysticism; or, Monkey Morality Magnified.

The Toledo (Ohio) News-Bee, April 26.—The only natural law is that of might. All other business laws are artificial, man-made, lop-sided, and to an extent thievish. The origin of this sole natural law dates 'way back. Long, long ago, when Father Time was full of youthful energy and possibilities, a little, weazened monkey man had his home in a tall tree in the great forest. Small though he was, he was brainy, cunning and energetic, and so, 'though drouth had withered the fruits of the trees and famine pinched all the other folk of the forest, this little captain of industry had got stored, through craft and a habit of everlastingly prying into things, a lot of nice nuts, and was living high. This captain had, indeed, many more acorns and hickory nuts and chestnuts than he could possibly eat, but he felt that he should keep them because he had got them. One day, a tremendous monkey-man, called the Big One, came along. He was big and strong, but, like his fellows, ferociously hungry, and so, espying the little Captain's store of nuts, he climbed up into his tree. "I'm starving. Give me of your nuts," said the Big One. "Nay," replied the Captain, "no one else has nuts and so you must pay well for mine." Whereupon, Big One took Captain by the throat, tied a slip-noose knot in his tail and hung him to a branch of the tree, and filled himself with the succulent acorns, hickories and such. Such was the origin of genuine natural law. Present so-called "natural law" doesn't differ from it much, really, save that captains of industry are trying to twist it about and pass it off as the real natural thing, in order to avoid return to its original application, which we have so interestingly described in our story.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

O CHILDREN OF MEN.

For The Public.

God gave you this world for your own,
Children of men, O children of men!
The land and the sea
Made tribute to thee—
Each one on the throne.

A kingdom of brothers you are,
Children of men, O children of men!
There's plenty at call
For one and for all
For ages afar.

Yet, hear you the cries of the strife,
Children of men, O children of men?
The might of the beast
Doth rule at the feast,
Injustice is rife.

And Brotherhood waits upon you,
Children of men, O children of men!
Through will to proclaim
That justice shall reign
O'er a world made anew.

A. S.

❁ ❁ ❁

LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

2. On Being Thrown From the Train.

For The Public.

A certain rich man who owned a wholesale store, and who, having sown most of his wild oats, was now pre-eminently respectable, sent his only son, a coarsely attractive young man, into the towns and villages to drum up trade, and "learn the ropes."

Ruby Fessenden lived on the edge of a stupid and narrow-minded village where gossip weltered in and out like a noisome tidal slough. Flowers grew there, birds sang, babies laughed; but most of the grown-up people seemed to stagnate.

A certain fine-souled woman once said to her husband: "Ruby Fessenden is going to become

a very beautiful woman. But she is really two girls. Sometimes she belongs to her father's line, and is a reticent, capable, self-respecting person. but occasionally the coarser Ruby Williken stock takes control, and she is merely a feather-head."

The Fessendens lived at the north end of Main street, just where the macadam stopped and the country road began. Their house had a very decent Fessenden front; it tapered off into a shanty, a pile of rocks, and then cornfields. Money was scarce, times were hard; but while Ruby, the youngest, went to school, her two brothers worked at home, and so they got along fairly well. Then the boys, who were more Willikens than Fessendens, drifted off to other districts, formed new connections, and at last "cut loose." Ruby and her mother, between whom there was little harmony, had less and less "to do with," as Mr. Fessenden's health failed. At last they took on the field-work as well as their household tasks.

Thus Ruby grew up, a lonely, life-eager girl, full to the brim with physical vitality, innocent as a babe, ignorantly fearless. A little narrow and orthodox advice her mother occasionally furnished. Sometimes her father gave her glimpses of a larger wisdom. The old classics of the Fessenden library a little helped her piece-meal education, but did not really arm or arouse her soul.

In time, and by various roads such as young people brought up together can travel comfortably, she came to know her own social environments. She judged the young men about her with due wisdom and caution; she was somehow well enough able to recognize danger-signs. This was merely because she knew her own village and country-side types. But any woman who loved her with clear insight, would have noted that she took every new sort of man from the great outside world, such as the certain rich man's traveling son, at nearly or quite his face-value. But where could this lonely village-girl have learned that supreme art of reducing diverse human equations to their true ethical values?

"Why does good judgment come so hard for girls in this village?" said one of the thinking women. "They are not fools; they laugh at Gus Naylor's soft-soap, because they know the vernacular. But when a fifth-rate traveling man, or a tenth-rate actor brings them a new sort of dangerous palaver veneered with one per cent of truth, it goes home every time. I do all I can, especially with that Ruby Fessenden, who looks like a young goddess, and is just a dear little girl inside. Like all the rest, she wants to go to some city."

"Margaret," her husband replied, "we have no local industries, no specialized scientific horticulture, nothing to occupy and interest our young people. It is the fault of many generations. People are beginning to think somewhat, under economic pressure; there are better days ahead. But as things are, the young folks must leave us."

❁

About this time Ruby's father died. Her mother sold the small farm so as to move to another county and live with a sister. Ruby knew this aunt, and the dull, treeless wastes where she lived; the prospect did not please her.

"I shall find something in San Francisco," she said, and so the girl started off, provided with a few friendly letters, and a very few dollars.

When she changed cars to the main line, she met the young man of this story, whom she knew slightly.

"Congratulate me, Miss Fessenden. My old man has taken me into the firm. Now I'll give you a letter to the manager of one of the most fashionable drygoods stores; they want good lookers there."

She thanked him prettily. How wonderfully kind it was! Now she could save money, and surprise her mother by a present and a visit!

Suddenly there was a disturbance in the car. The train came to a halt. Brakesmen seized a fellow who had neither money nor ticket (which last, he claimed had been stolen) and threw him off at a cross-road.

Up sprang the young man, thrust money at the conductor, mentioned lordly men such as governors and railroad presidents, beckoned the derelict aboard, marched him up the aisle, gave him a "dollar for a good time," came back to Ruby, flushed with triumph.

"Lucky I happened to be here," he exclaimed. "A gentleman must always look after the under dog." She thought it was chivalric.

❁

Ruby settled into her place as a shop-girl, tried her best to make good, found it next to impossible to live on her earnings, began to wear off her bloom and freshness. The Fessenden side of her lost ground; the Williken side blossomed and somewhat ran to seed. One after another, countless threads of old habits and conventions were stretched, frayed, broken, until the cables which held her to self-respecting existence began to yield. Subtle and insidious temptations continuously surrounded her ignorance.

The young man of this tale took her to theaters, invited her to suppers, drove her out to the beach Sunday afternoons. The child was only seventeen, and totally ignorant of sex laws. If you could have seen her in the park with a bunch of flowers scraping acquaintance with a baby, or if you had looked into her little-girl eyes, you would have thought that every one of her fellow-travelers through life would have gone on the warpath to save her from evil; that certainly no one

would have wished to steal her ticket on the train.

But the Gods of Hate know when to strike home. A story that she had taken the last, the fatal plunge, reached her native village; the local newspaper ventured upon a "veiled allusion." Ruby's mother soon wrote her a bitter and believing letter. Times were dull, too, and she had been "laid off," with nothing ahead.

The Fessenden side flashed up: "Write to your mother; tell her it isn't true. Go anywhere; take any kind of honest work. If you must, then starve; women have done it."

Alone in the pitiless wilderness of the great city the two girls who dwelt in this strong country-bred body struggled with each other that night. Morning brought an invitation from the young man of this tale, asking her to go to the theater, and to a supper party afterwards. Poor, hungry, lonesome Ruby Willikens rose and cast Ruby Fessenden into the outer darkness. Then she began to refurbish her one presentable dress.

When she could do nothing more to her attire, Ruby slipped out just as a child might, climbed Pine Street Hill to a large, seldom watched garden she had seen. She went in, poor penniless girl, and stole a white rose bud to wear. She looked sweet, young and happy in the garden.

A woman who had once lost a daughter looked from the house, thought, "What a pretty girl," and so thinking felt the breath of the world-spirit of fellowship. She raised a window and spoke across the little space: "I am so glad you came in, my dear; it is lonely here. Let me come down and cut you some flowers."

"I have already taken a rosebud, madam," said Ruby, flushing and pale.

"I wish you had picked a dozen!" cried the woman. "They grow here for everybody. But you really must have more. Please do wait."

In a little while, as time is counted on earth, the motherhood of the woman whose daughter was dead was enfolding Ruby slowly, steadily, surely; was leading her about the garden; was taking her into the house; was pouring tea for her into an old Colonial cup; was fairly steeping her hungry soul in love and tenderness.

At last Ruby told this new-found friend about some of her problems.

"Write him a letter, dear girl," said the elder woman. "Write one that is very gentle and yet firm. We will write it together, if you wish. Then, if he cares for you in the right way, he will come to you at once and will propose marriage; if he does not, you will have saved your soul alive."

It was Ruby Fessenden who did just this, that very afternoon, reducing Ruby Williken to subjection, and then walked in a trembling silence, through the garden, in the twilight with her friend.

The young man, reading Ruby's letter, swore loudly; made a wager concerning her in a saloon with a boon companion; and called before she had been home an hour. He found a new creature, a woman of strange poise and intelligence; he found Ruby Fessenden at her ancestral best. In a few minutes he saw that she was awake, that she completely understood him. Then he lost his temper.

"Why should you throw me down this way?" he said. "Now you may starve!" Whereupon Ruby left him, "still talking."

But the next day she told her new friend: "He was so good to the poor man they threw off the train! And yet that's just what he tried to do to me! Are all men like that?"

"No, indeed!" said the wise and sweet woman. "You will find the other sort everywhere, my dear. But now the carriage is ready and you are going to meet some of my friends, and find some kind of work in which you can put your whole self."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

BUSINESS MEN AND TAXATION.

Notes of a Talk to Business Men, by Joseph Fels.

I am going to speak on the Single Tax or Taxation of Land Values. Some of you may regard this as a question for politicians, or for Socialists and other reformers who interest themselves in the justice or injustice of social institutions. I am not a politician. I sometimes describe myself in England as a Conservative-Liberal-Socialist, and in America as a Democratic-Social-Republican, but if I were a party politician I should do all I could to run my party on the Taxation of Land Values as the very best policy to keep it in power. If I were a moral teacher or a social reformer, I should advocate the Single Tax or Taxation of Land Values as the soundest moral principle on which to found a society.

But seeing that I am neither a professional moral teacher nor a social reformer, but most of my time only a plain business man, and for the rest an ordinary mortal, I am going to talk to you as a business man. Some of you are manufacturers and merchants. So am I. Some of you have investments in railways, mines and other industrial concerns; and all of you, no matter what you are labeled, depend for your professional or business returns on prosperous industry. Now take the manufacturer or merchant, as a rate or taxpayer he is called upon to contribute to the taxes in proportion to the value of his building. The larger his factory or building or warehouses, the more convenient they are made for the workers and himself, the higher is his assessment and the higher the amount he pays in taxes. Commodious and well-finished fac-