

policemen to protect storekeepers and residents who are in no wise responsible for the newspaper strike and who are just as much entitled to police protection as the big papers are. More—because the average burglar victim is not a tax dodger. Chief McWeeny, meanwhile, also has admitted that burglary and highway robbery is on the increase to an alarming extent since the newspaper strike.



The Farmer Begins to See.

(Peterboro, Ont.) Farm and Dairy (Agricultural) June 27.—In a new country, where land has practically no value, interest and wages are high. As population increases, we have competition for land; a greater and greater proportion of the wealth that is produced by labor and capital must be given to the landlord. . . . Taxation of land values would divert the moneys now going into the landlords' pockets into those of the general public, and thereby reduce other forms of taxation. It would force into use land now held by speculators, and thereby reduce rents, both to the laborer and the capitalist. This in turn would reduce the cost of doing business and thereby benefit the public. It is the city land holder, the men who monopolize our mines and water powers, and the holders of special franchises, that are able to live on the proceeds of their monopoly without labor on their part. Our farmers' organizations, in endorsing taxation of land values and such natural monopolies, take a stand that is to the advantage of farmer, working man and capitalist. Our interests are common.



The Land-value Incubus on Farming.

The Nebraska Farmer (agricultural), Aug. 21.—That the average rate of income upon the farmer's investment in land and equipment is low, is patent to all who have observed farm affairs. In a brief presented to the State Board of Equalization last week, asking for lower assessments of farm lands, Secretary Odell of the Nebraska Rural Life Commission and Chairman Delano of the tax section presented figures to show that farmers in this State are making only about 3 per cent on their investment, not counting labor. If the latter were included, according to their findings, farmers would be doing business at an absolute loss. The reason for this showing is evident from the figures of the census bureau. Land capitalization has increased more rapidly than returns from the land. The effect is analogous to watering stock. You get more stock but a lower percentage of income. The members of the Commission that submitted this brief were mistaken in their idea that increasing the taxes on land would lower the income from farming. It wouldn't do that, but would lower the price of land. Lowering the taxes on land, on the other hand, would increase its price and give a larger capitalization without increasing its productive capacity.



Progress of the Singletax.

The (Winnipeg) Grain Growers' Guide (agricultural), June 12.—The Hudson's Bay Company re-

cently sold 586 lots from their property holdings situated within the city of Edmonton. Great excitement, we read, marked the sale. The holder of ticket number 1, entitling him to be first served by the agents of the company, was offered \$10,000 for his ticket, and refused the offer. The Hudson's Bay Company received from the sale \$2,034,150. Thirty years ago the whole estate was hardly worth a song. Where did that two million dollars' worth of value come from? Not from the company. It has not done, it has not pretended to do, a hand's turn. The value has plainly come from the people who have gone in and built up Edmonton. Yet their reward has been to be kept all those years from using these choice sites, and finally when the Company chooses to sell, the very ones who have given the property all the value it possesses have been simply taxed to that extent before they could build on it or make any use of it. "The law's a 'hass,'" exclaimed an irate Britisher long ago, and the saying has survived. One is tempted to use similar language in describing our present system of enriching idle landholders at the expense of the real up-builders of a community. Fortunately Edmonton has awakened to the folly of this procedure, and it is this very awakening which caused the Hudson's Bay Company to sell its vacant land to those who would improve it and not hold it for speculation. The same thing is being done every day by men and women of every walk in life. They are taking advantage of the "system" to get something for nothing.



To Whom Blackmail is Paid.

St. Paul Pioneer Press, June 23.—The man who owns the land holds the key to the possibilities of the future in any section of the country. Nothing can be done without the land. The big industries, or the small industries, the factory and the residence, the big city blocks, and the small flats or large apartment buildings must have the ground. Tribute must be paid to the man who owns the land, in any event. For any one to say that there is no field for investment in real estate is to deny the very fundamentals of existence. Who are the men who in the past have made the greatest money? They are not the manufacturers as such alone; they are not the bankers as such alone. They are not the merchants, merely as merchants. They are the men who have had faith in real estate, who have put their money in it, and who have watched the pennies grow into the dollars, and the dollars into hundreds of dollars, largely through the added value of the real property which they own. . . . We have frequently met with the man who is ready to admit that the big fortunes of the past have been made in real property, but who comes forth with the proposition that there are no such chances offered today. To such a man we can only answer that to say that there are not large opportunities in real estate today, is to declare that the limit of human advancement has been reached. Real estate is not only a paying investment, when the property is bought and handled judiciously, but it is the safest possible investment. There is no such thing as losing it. There is no such thing as its being stolen. It is the ground, and is enduring as the great

earth of which it is a part. It is there, in its place to stay forever, or as long as the earth shall endure. The owner can leave it, go away, and stay as long as he likes, with the assurance that whatever happens, even if an earthquake should come, the land will still remain, and will still be subject to his disposition of it.

RELATED THINGS

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"OF LONG DESCENT."

"The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

A dozen generations proudly mark
The noble lord who sprang from Norman knight,
While only from the sage who manned the Ark
Descends the humble and obsequious wight.
The secret story of his wandering line
Survives the record of ten thousand years,—
'Twas that in splendor on his lineal vine
Nine thousand years ago a king appears.
No matter how I learned the wondrous tale—
This olden king possessed a humble slave
Whose line the fates had suffered not to fail
Until it flowered in the Norman brave.
And more the record of his race revealed—
Ten times the children of the mental rise
To sway the sceptre or to win the field,
While full ten times beneath eternal skies
The royal line becomes the servitor
To fetch and carry for the haughty lord,
Pour out his blood in every wanton war,
And tremble at his master's every word.

Thus up and down and up and down they fare,—
While one is up a thousand years or so,
Fate deals the other his millennial share
Of galling bondage, poverty and woe;
Until at length among the Norman braves,—
Each the descendant of a hundred kings,
Each the descendant of a hundred slaves,—
On Britain's breeze the conqueror's banner flings
Proud plumed knight upon a prancing steed,
Obsequious varlet hastening at his heels.

The flowing centuries offer us the meed
Of wondrous change, and destiny reveals
Perchance the equal balances of fate,
Perchance the subtle humor of her jest,
Who scorns the proud pretensions of the great
And folds a beggar to her ample breast.
For thus it fell; beyond the rolling seas
The humble scion of an ancient line
Sought not in vain for golden argosies,
The rich return of factory and mine.
In the wide West the ancient strain returns,
Majestic mind, unconquerable soul;
And once again the proud ambition burns
To win the glory of a mighty goal,—
Redundant harvests of a thousand wiles,
A host of menials serving his behest,
The proud dominion of unnumbered miles,
A world of golden wealth, and all the rest.

We speak the scorn of this our larger day,
Yet 'tis the logic of the living line
Which trails unbroken to the primal day
And earliest flower of his lineal vine.

So let us pass him by, for like a star
Arises on our vision in the West,—
Who may but humbly worship from afar,—
The magnate's daughter beautiful and blest.

O'er all the seas the splendor of her fame
On silken wing and golden chariot flies;
The Norman's scion feels her radiant flame,
(Computes her millions), languishes and sighs.
'Tis soon they wed, to dwell where Albion flings
Her glorious banner to the winds and waves,—
Each the descendant of a hundred kings,
Each the descendant of a hundred slaves.

BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW.



"GOD KNOWS."

For The Public.

"What are you going to do about the problem of unemployment?" asked a laborer in the audience.
"God knows," President Taft replied.

Thirty-five years ago another American faced the same question, and his answer was substantially as follows:

When the restrictions upon employment are removed, such as the extortions of landlord and tax collector, capital now devoted to the purchase of land titles will be devoted to the production of wealth, lands now held for speculation will be thrown open to the use of the land-hungry, and employment will be limited only by the unsatisfied desires of mankind.

The keen competition of the job-hunters, everywhere reducing wages to a minimum, will be displaced by a keen competition for employes, and the abnormal conditions that make the employe the virtual slave of the employer will disappear. A new basis of co-operation in industry will come about, and social justice will be at hand.

Under such conditions every man, of whatever degree of intelligence, who is willing to labor, will be able to support his family in comfort, with their fair share of the luxuries of life.

HARRY W. OLNEY.



LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 12. Disillusionments and Discoveries.

For The Public.

The same young man of whom you were told, gentle reader, as having once met the Outcast Woman,* began from that hour a struggle to make things better for people who had gone wrong, or

*In The Public of August 23, page 809.