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It is with the best of good wishes for street car conductors that we congratulate those of Chicago upon the neglect of passengers to adopt a sentimental suggestion by giving them an extra cent when paying fares, as a sort of Christmas "tip." The degrading custom of "tipping" street car men might in this way be easily introduced; and if it once became fixed, these workers would be reduced, as waiters and porters have been, to the level of depending for their pay upon the charity of the public.

The land purchase movement in Ireland is one for the creation of a host of petty landlords in that country, whose little self interests will act as buttresses and buffers for the large interests of the great landlords of England and Scotland. While slightly improving the condition of the tenant class it would not improve that of the still lower grade of working men. Though the former would no longer be rack rented, the latter would continue to be both rack-rented and rack-waged.

A better example of the upside downedness of the university point of view regarding political economy could not be desired than that which Prof. Seligman, of Columbia, exhibited in his paper before the American Economic association last week. He ascribed the passing of slavery in every part of the world to the disappearance of free land. "Morality, indeed, is doing its noble work," he said, "but at bottom lies the disappearance of free land." Therefore, thank God for the disappearance of

free land! But if it is the disappearance of free land that is abolishing slavery, as an economic system, is there much to be thankful for? Slavery can be abolished by the disappearance of free land only because that change forces "free" labor to work for less than the cost of slave labor, which is but another way of saying that it abolishes slavery by substituting one form of slavery for another. Is this anything to boast of? Shall we parade as evidence of economic progress the fact, and fact it is, that whole armies of free laborers would capitalize at less to-day than slaves capitalized at 50 years ago? Professional economists would be better employed if, instead of asking us to cheer because the disappearance of free land (which means a vast monopolization of unused land) has abolished slavery, they were thoughtfully and candidly to explain the effect upon society of abolishing slavery without allowing free land to disappear any faster than it is put to use? Why all this toploftical tomfoolery on the part of professional economists, when they discuss problems that concern the lives and liberties and earnings of the working masses of mankind?

Why President Castro, of Venezuela, is constantly referred to as a rascal it is not easy to explain, unless these references are inspired. Nothing that is generally known of him justifies the imputation. On the contrary, he appears from all that is definitely reported to have played the part of a patriot under extraordinary difficulties and to have played it with great ability and fidelity. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the fact that Castro is the leader of the democratic elements of Venezuela, while the revolutionists there are

plutocratic and have been encouraged and supported in their revolution by financial interests centering in Berlin. In those circumstances, Castro would naturally be unpopular in German court circles; while his unpopularity at Washington and in certain American newspaper offices may possibly be traceable to his abrogation of asphalt grants improvidently if not corruptly made to American syndicates.

Possibly the rush that Germany and Great Britain made upon Venezuela just as Castro had conquered the plutocratic revolutionists may be explained by the fact that German financial interests (maybe British ones also) were interested in reviving the moribund revolution. That would explain the destruction of Castro's little fleet, and nothing else does. It was his fleet that enabled him to transfer his troops so as to hold the revolutionists in check at otherwise inaccessible points. This advantage was taken from him when the allied fleets seized and sunk his ships, and thereupon the revolution was renewed.

The indefensible character of the precipitate attack upon Venezuela is so strongly described by the Boston Journal that no elaboration or further comment could make it stronger. Here it is, in words that should fix the attention and command the sympathy of every American reader:

Let us put ourselves in the place of the Venezuelans. Let us imagine that in the last critical months of our own civil war, when the nation was strained to the utmost to support its armies and maintain its credit at home and abroad, Great Britain and Germany had suddenly delivered an ultimatum at Washington for the immediate payment of the claims of their subjects who had suffered in the progress of the war, and had sent fleets of ironclads to threaten New York and Boston. Would that have been an act of friendliness?

Would we not rather have interpreted it as an act of almost malignant cruelty? Would we have paid those claims, save as we were actually coerced by the muzzles of shotted cannon? Yet Great Britain and Germany are now doing exactly this toward little Venezuela, a nation feeble at best, whose government has spent its last dollar and its last ounce of strength against a formidable insurrection. Great Britain and Germany can crush and humiliate such a government, but they cannot force it to pay gold when it has none. These European powers have nobody but themselves to blame if the belief swiftly strengthens among the American people that London and Berlin are guilty of an act of cowardice and dishonor.

Another weekly paper of the order of the democratic Democracy has proved its right to a place in the growing list. We refer to the Press, of Helena, Montana. Edited with distinctive ability by W. E. Eggleston, the Helena Press is trying to do for Montana what John Stone Pardee's Red Wing Argus is doing for Minnesota, what Warren Worth Bailey's Johnstown Democrat (daily as well as weekly) is doing for western Pennsylvania, what Herbert Welsh's City and State of Philadelphia is doing for eastern Pennsylvania, what the Springfield Republican (daily and weekly) has long been doing for New England, what the San Francisco Star does for the Pacific coast, and what Bryan's Commoner is doing for the country at large. All these papers ring true democratic notes. Against an expanding force like that, the subsidized and shackled press of both parties will not long be able to make headway with public opinion. We are living in stirring times, when democracy and plutocracy are gathering for a terrific struggle, and papers such as these are marshalling the democratic hosts.

Dr. John Bascom, formerly president of the University of Wisconsin, injected into his address before the Wisconsin teachers' association at Milwaukee on the 29th an observation which has drawn from him in a newspaper interview an explanation that is both acute and commendable.

He puts into words a distinction which many thoughtful persons must have felt without being quite able to express it sharply. It is the distinction between the acceptance by educational and religious institutions of gifts on the one hand of unearned money unlawfully obtained and on the other of unearned money lawfully obtained. John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie were his examples. Being questioned about his address in this particular Dr. Bascom said:

I meant the University of Chicago and its acceptance of the gifts from John D. Rockefeller. When an institution, founded and maintained for the benefit and education of the youth of the public, accepts money which has been gained in direct defiance of the laws and principles laid down by that public, it vitiates its influence on the minds of those students upon whom it is its duty to exert a good and moral influence.

I do not feel the same about Andrew Carnegie's gifts to the colleges and communities at large. He gained his money according to rules which were recognized by the public and by a protection which the public afforded him with its full consent, and though I do not believe it ought to have given that protection, still it made his gains perfectly lawful. Therefore the same stigma cannot be attached to them as to the enormous gains made by the Standard Oil Company.

That distinction is perfectly sound. When men get unearned fortunes as Carnegie has, and as the Astors have, and as every rich man with a legal or institutional privilege has, then fortunes are not stolen by them from the public but are given to them by the public. The public has the power and the right at any time to stop this diversion of its property. If it does not stop it, it is as guilty as the beneficiary if not even more guilty. Of course the beneficiaries can make themselves specially guilty by using their influence to perpetuate the laws and institutions that thus enrich them at the expense of their brethren. But even then the public itself sanctions the wrong, and the profits from it have not the moral foulness they would have if they were extorted from the public against its will by

superior force or abstracted from it by secret fraud.

Not all advice from the old to the young is sound. This is especially so of advice from old and rich philanthropists to ambitious youth on how to succeed in the world. Usually such advice consists of solemn admonitions on the miraculous effects of hard work and honest living, when the cunning sage knows perfectly well that however hard he may have worked and however honestly he may have lived, he owes his fortune neither to his work nor his honesty. He knows, and everyone else knows, that no amount of work and no degree of honesty would have made him rich if he had not become the owner of some kind of "cinch" whereby he could shave the earnings of other people. It is refreshing, therefore, to listen to advice to youth which makes no cunning concealment of the true secret of worldly success. Such advice is given by Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who is editorially described by a Chicago paper as "the sage of Hinsdale." Asked what course he would recommend to a young man starting in life this venerable philanthropist replied:

Get land! Get land! Go out into the northwest corner of Colorado. There are snow-topped mountains spread with tall pines, and there are green valleys and swift-running water. Get land with coal under it. Get pasture land where cattle can be grazed. Get meadow land and tillable land. Buy all you can and hang on to it. Then go to work. Go to stay and do not be disheartened by hardships. Go where there is not a railroad for 60 miles and you have to enter on horseback. The railroad will follow soon, and those who fight hard will come out on top. Another inviting region is in the State of Washington. Avoid the cities and go to the back country and get land. Get tracts up on the mountain side that are heavy with timber and accessible to running water. Take acquisitions in valleys. Mining, agriculture, lumbering, grazing — all branches are full of promise.

For its purpose that is the best advice we have ever seen quoted. It is marred by only one thing. Why the admonition to "go to work"? If work is necessary in order to get or to keep

the land, then of course work must be done. But if the young man gets the land and can keep it without work, the advances of civilization will do the rest. The paper from which we quote the "sage of Hinsdale," the Chicago Journal of the 29th, sees the matter with great clearness. In full sympathy with "the sage," it says: "The young man who can find a way 'to get land' will not regret it," for "land will never be worth less," and "each year should add to the value of land." That's the true idea—"find a way." If the young man finds a way to get and keep land, it makes no difference whether the way comes by inheritance, or fraud, or work, he will grow rich. If he gets and keeps the land, the people who must use it will have to work for him, and this, after all, is the explanation of great riches. It is not the work you do yourself that makes you rich, but that which others have to do for you on your terms.

Henry George, Jr., rightly places the responsibility for the anthracite strike upon the State of Pennsylvania. His lucid explanation is that while "the land value in the region of the mines is enormous," the land "is taxed only a trifle more than agricultural land." Mr. George, who is thoroughly familiar with the region and the labor problems connected with it, sensibly advises that the land value assessments there be increased to \$3,000 an acre. Even at that low valuation, low as compared with market value, he believes "the operators would hasten to put their mines in operation." Enlarging upon the subject, in an interview in the Chicago Chronicle of the 29th, he says:

Of course the thing that makes coal so high at the present time is its scarcity. The operators desire this very condition of things. They are doing as much as they can to make coal scarce. Being compelled to pay only a nominal land tax it is easy for them to hold vast quantities of coal land and allow it to remain idle. Thousands upon thousands of tons of coal are held back in this way. Some day when the other mines give out these in reserve will be opened. It is plain that if a heavy

land tax were made upon such holdings the operators would open the mines and get as much as they could out of them and as soon as possible. It would not pay them to give up a large tax yearly otherwise. The result would be that coal would be plentiful and it would be cheap. The operators would see to it, too, that the miners were kept at work. The matter of the difference of a paltry sum between them and the miners would not move them to close the mines were the land values increased by the State and the taxes made as high as the State has the power to make them. There would be no idle mines then and there would be no idle miners.

That is a perfectly sensible solution, in at least one aspect, of that labor problem which Carroll D. Wright pitifully confesses himself, "after years of careful consideration," to be unable to solve. Though he thinks slight ameliorations may come within the range of his intelligence, he sees no way out of the irrepressible conflict of labor and capital. Nor could anyone else who should follow Mr. Wright's example in seeking a way out. Mr. Wright wants to give to Labor all it earns but doesn't get, without taking from Privilege anything it gets but doesn't earn. That problem is indeed impossible of solution; and if Mr. Wright can be pardoned for confronting himself with it he should be excused for giving it up.

That kind of revolting piety that thanks God for helping us at the expense of others, meets a merited rebuke in an editorial of the Christian Register (Boston) of the 25th. The Register objects specifically to the kind of special Providence which is illustrated by a remark upon which it comments, the remark, namely—

that the hand of God is seen in the sale of the Park Street church in Boston for \$1,250,000. The property was bought 90 years ago for \$50,000. Because it is one of the most eligible sites in the city of Boston for business, it is now worth a million and a quarter. The difference between \$50,000 and the selling price is the gift of the city of Boston, made in the remission of taxes for service rendered to the community which enabled the church to hold the property. Our objection is to the idea

that the hand of God is specially shown in transactions that are advantageous to churches and holy men, and is not shown in other equally important affairs.

It is in the same way that "the hand of God" has interposed in behalf of the Astor family, of Mr. Baer, and of everybody else who secures a stake in the earth which he sells or can sell at a profit to somebody else. The simple fact about that church transaction is that the church corporation pockets \$1,200,000 of public money. It does the same thing, therefore, that Tweed did in New York, only it does it legally and he didn't.

A report on taxation recently made by a special committee of the Citizens Union of New York, and now under consideration by that body, is of general interest; for it deals critically with the usage, universal and vicious, of undervaluation. It is easy to dismiss this subject with the offhand comment that it makes no difference whether taxables are undervalued or overvalued or valued at their true worth, since the same revenue must be raised in any event. To be sure, that seems plausible enough. If tax payers pay 1 per cent. on double valuation, or 2 per cent. on true valuation, or 4 per cent. on half valuation, does it not all come to the same thing in the end? It would if all property were overvalued or undervalued in equal proportion. But the Citizens Union committee finds in New York, what is doubtless true everywhere else, that this is not so. According to its report assessed valuations are about 60 per cent. of the true value, as an average; yet "actual assessments vary over a large range all the way from 40 to 90 per cent. of the real value (with instances below and above those respective extremes)." It is these variations in individual cases that make the usage of undervaluation operate unfairly. The point may be raised, of course, that there would be similar variations just the same if the usage were to assess at full value, as the law requires. But to that point the reply of the

Citizens Union committee is unanswerable. It notes this difference:

Suppose a man now finds that his property is assessed at 90 per cent. of its value, and he objects that it ought to be assessed at 60 per cent., and brings the matter before the court; the answer of the assessors is that the law says 100 per cent., and that the land-owner cannot object to 90 per cent., and they refuse to admit that there is any general rate of 60 per cent., and the land-owner is thrown back on that provision of the statute which gives him a remedy in case his property is assessed at a proportionally higher rate than other property. But the difficulty with this proposition is a difficulty of proof. He must engage experts to make a re-assessment almost of the whole city before he can establish what percentage the assessed valuation is really based on, whereas if the assessors assessed property at what they thought was 100 per cent., and really got it at 120 per cent. in a given instance, the owner could get it reduced to 100 per cent. upon proving the actual value of his own property, without going into the question of values of all the other property within a radius of a mile or so.

A question has been asked by the Chicago Record-Herald (December 26), an independent Republican paper, which must have occurred more or less definitely to every man who hears of prosperity all about him and gets none of it—and these men are a host. The question is asked apropos of the boast of another paper that “we” are doing this, and “we” are getting that, and “we” are flourishing thus, etc., etc. “The thought is uplifting,” writes the editor of the Record-Herald, “but who are ‘we’?” Sure enough, who are “we”? That little question lets the gas out of all boasting about national prosperity. When a Rockefeller can give away millions without reducing his living expenses, it is certain that he is prosperous. And when all incomes are lumped together and averaged, “we” may appear to be prosperous, too. But when asked to define “we” in that connection, we are likely to be startled into a realization of the fact that “our” prosperity is after all only the prosperity of men like Rockefeller, and that much of it is secured at “our” expense.

A particularly gratifying thing about the Record-Herald’s question is its cavalier treatment of the “favorable balance of trade” theory. The paper it criticizes had paraded in slightly new form the old Republican “gag” that when you buy of foreigners the foreign country has the money and you have the goods; but when you buy at home, your country has both money and goods and is therefore so much the richer. The new form in which this old “gag” appeared was expressed in these words, the territories referred to being the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico:

These territories produce necessities and luxuries for which we now pay out over \$400,000,000 yearly to foreigners. When the time comes, as it will, that these territories succeed in producing in sufficient quantities we shall simply take \$400,000,000 out of one national pocket and put it in the other national pocket, instead of losing the money, nationally speaking, in the capacious pocket of the foreigner.

This is justly described by the Record-Herald as “a curiosity in muddled economics, which has the virtue of being amusing if nothing more;” and in the comment it says:

The addition of the Philippines to our national wealth leaves the Philippines just where they were, leaves the Filipinos in possession and adds nothing to the wealth of any Americans except a few officeholders. We, the people of Chicago and New York, get none of the imaginary swag, neither are we saved any portion of the imaginary saving of \$400,000,000.

It is getting to be a cold day for protectionism when independent Republican papers unravel and make fun of the notion that domestic trading is best because it keeps both money and goods at home; especially if they also note the fact that such advantages as there may be in having colonies is attributable not to colonialism itself, but to the free trade which colonialism allows and which could be secured without colonialism by simply abolishing protective tariffs.

It is some comfort to reflect that Father Time is far more likely to cut himself than anybody else, if he holds his scythe as shown in the conventional New Year’s pictures.—Puck.

DEMOCRACY.

It has always been the misfortune of the great principle of democracy to be confounded in common thought with matters of personal intercourse, with questions of manners and etiquette, and to be lost to sight in these comparatively trivial things. An illustration of our meaning may be found in a recent Washington letter to the Chicago Tribune from “Raymond,” that extraordinarily observant and interesting newspaper correspondent whose letters are attracting general attention. We quote the pertinent part of this letter in full:

President Roosevelt’s democratic ways are daily manifest to the Washington public, but his democracy is carried to a still greater extent in his family. It has always been a custom, since the days of George Washington, for the attache in waiting on the President to open the door as he approached, stand to one side, and bow as he passed out. This same courtesy was shown President Roosevelt’s children, and the head usher stood respectfully by, ready to open the door for them. The President watched for several days the wondering air of the children as they went to and fro through the house, and also observed that they even unnecessarily passed in and out at doors. Finally he approached this attache and said, frankly: “I suppose it is the custom here to open and close the door for the President and his family, and you are attending to your duty in doing so, but while I live here I want to open and close the door for myself, and I want my children to enjoy the same freedom. If Mrs. Roosevelt wishes you to open the door for her I shall appreciate the courtesy, but for the rest it is not necessary.”

Both the late President McKinley and Mrs. McKinley accepted this and other attentions with smiles and a thank you. Aside from the actual duties attended to by domestics and maids, Mrs. Roosevelt waits upon herself, and not only that but she performs dozens of tasks daily for her children, always keeping a little sewing near at hand for a chance idle moment.

President Roosevelt was asked by an old friend whom he invited to the White House to dine with the family whether he should wear a dress suit at dinner or not, to which the President replied: “By George, if you think it will add any to your comfort to wear it, do so, but I shall probably dine in my riding boots, as we won’t get in until late.”

All that is, indeed, consistent with the genuine principle of democracy:

but it is also consistent with aristocracy and with plutocracy.

While we are quite content to let "Raymond's" description of President Roosevelt's conduct pass as an illustration of the genuine spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's democracy—though we should accept it with much greater confidence if there had been democratic manifestations in his attitude toward more important concerns,—our purpose is to consider the subject generally and impersonally.

Conventional manners, however punctilious, do not imply an undemocratic spirit. The man who wears a dress suit at dinner may or may not be a better democrat than he who wears his business clothes, or on occasion keeps on his riding boots. A President who allows attendants to open and close doors for him and acknowledges the service with a "thank you," may or may not be a better democrat than the one who opens and closes doors for himself. These matters of form and etiquette, whether we observe them or defy them, really reveal nothing as to our democracy.

Any man may be indifferent to forms and ceremonies, or even intolerant of them, without being a democrat. Any man may be simple in his modes of life, yet be an aristocrat or a plutocrat of the first water. It was not because Thomas Jefferson rushed the fashions from patrician breeches to plebeian trousers that he was a democrat. Any vain and eccentric patrician might have done the same. Jefferson was a democrat because he believed that all men are born with equal rights. He was a democrat because he was opposed to legal privileges for anybody.

Had he favored legal privileges, he might have worn trousers when breeches were in fashion, or have opened and closed doors for himself when etiquette demanded that they be opened and closed by attendants, and yet never have felt the slightest thrill of genuine democracy.

In slavery days it was not at all uncommon for slave owners to live with Negroes upon terms of intimacy from which many an abolitionist would have recoiled. It has been claimed, and the claim is in large measure true, that slave owners were often

more affectionate toward their slaves and more considerate of their personal comfort and feelings than abolitionists would have been. But that proves nothing except the fact itself.

Abolitionists who could not bring themselves to associate with Negroes, yet accorded them equal legal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were democrats; whereas slave owners who lived upon terms of personal intimacy with Negroes yet approved the laws that denied their right to liberty, were not democrats.

It is important to realize that neither condescension, nor boorishness, nor even simplicity of manners however delightful, is democracy. Democracy is a principle of social life, the essential characteristic of which is recognition of equal legal rights. It implies hostility to every legal privilege or advantage for one over another. It means love for all men in the sense of requiring justice for all.

To be true to that principle is to be a democrat, no matter how you dress, and regardless of your personal manners. And no one who rejects or ignores that principle can make himself a true democrat either by patronizing his "inferiors" or by defying rules of etiquette to which his "equals" conform.

Indifference to ceremonial is by no means the equivalent of loyalty to justice. Though the two are sometimes found together, they are oftenest found apart.

THINK OF THE CAUSE OF IT.

Canon Scott Holland, the eloquent English preacher, pleading for "Sunday," in the London Commonwealth, writes as follows concerning the strain of modern industrialism:

Industry makes ever harder demands on our efficiency; and yet this efficiency is under ever more limited conditions. There is less and less of our whole manhood utilized and evoked. We are pinned down under cramping routine. We are fettered in a beggarly monotony of habit. So little of us can be put out; so much is repressed. And that which is required of us calls only upon our poorer self. Business turns round and round, within a squirrel cage. Labor repeats, to dreariness, the same act of physical skill. Where is the heart, the mind, the imagination, in all this? Where has the soul fled?

Under what weight of oppressive burdens it lies buried! And the spirit, with its wings, and its cravings, and its wide horizons, and its heights and depths—how will it survive? And what be the growth of character? And of what founts can it drink deep?

We may, possibly, be gaining the whole world; though that is rather doubtful; but, at least, one thing is quite certain; we are losing our own souls. Under the strain of modern Industrialism, we can know but too bitterly and keenly, what it is in us which is being fatally repressed. Imagination, Home-affection, Reserve, Depth, Peace, Joy. These are what go under. These are our dreadful losses.

Whether or not this analysis of the times be too keen, all of us realize that we are living in a strenuous period; that there is a deal of spume and fret in our doings, nay even in our amusements.

We do not see this only in business. Quieter pursuits feel the same influence.

The churches are as strenuous as the counting-rooms and factories. Listen to the preacher's announcements week by week of meetings of this and that guild, his eager appeals for money, in support of this and that enterprise. The schools have programmes too long for their hours, new practical studies coming in to crowd the old ones, and none to be omitted; so that the teaching is done in a fidgety spirit. The colleges have a thousand and one activities among their students, overshadowing legitimate work—not football alone, but societies and clubs of every description.

Wherever one turns, there is the same uneasy strenuousness. It is in the air. Of course there are quiet souls still, but they are run over. We do not hear of them.

All this applies mainly to life in cities; but those who live in the country feel it in the daily papers, and are as anxious as so many moths to flit into the alluring flame, envying most those who are in the heat of the glare and blaze of city life.

Now what is the cause of this uneasiness and disquietude, in which we seem to surpass all periods that have ever been?

Doubtless there are many causes.

Some may say loss of religious belief. Others, the increase of personal ambition under the impulse and opportunities of modern democracy. Both these causes have their influence; and the latter is indeed the half of the fundamental cause.

Under the impulse and opportunities of modern democracy we have vastly increased the range of individual aspiration; but the trouble is that we have only half done our work. We have not given opportunities enough. We have given sway to aspirations in a world preempted by vested rights. We are bees buzzing in a garden where the most and the best of the flowers are encased. We have a fettered democracy which cannot move with freedom; and we have not learned that the cure for its failings is more democracy.

In this lack of freedom lies the main cause of the strain and stress that are affecting the whole of society, begetting in every sphere of life the fearful dread of not "getting there," of "getting left."

A distinguished writer has recently said that the fear of not securing a living is in the heart of nearly every worker. It is this feeling, existing in spite of the boundless resources of the earth, which is, I think, chiefly responsible for the anxious restlessness which distinguishes the modern worker, who is free, and yet is not free to use the resources that belong to freedom.

Granted this spirit in the great body of industrial life, it is easy to see how it may affect all pursuits and all ages. All of a people's activities are more or less colored by the prevailing spirit which animates that people.

As to the part which religion, or the lack of religion, is playing in our mad dance of industrialism and anxiety to get ahead, this may be said. If religion had its former hold, it would go a long way to quiet men by making them more careless of their present lot. But in the absence of the former religious belief that the present counted for little, there is no such restraint as once existed from this source.

So the gist of the matter is this:

Our subconscious feeling is that we are here to get the most possible out of the Here; that this most possible is measured by visible, material possessions; and the fact is that in the race for material possessions most of us, though nominally free, are strictly limited by the preemption of the sources of wealth.

Most of us do not see this fact because in most instances the effect is so indirect and remote; but we would see it, if we would stop to consider the difference between a new and small population and an old and large population, the difference between an open country and a country whose resources have become monopolized. In the progress of civilization we have now arrived at a point where it is necessary for us to see that the curse of freedom is half-freedom.

J. H. DILLARD.

NEWS

The formal proposals from England and Germany for submitting the Venezuelan question to arbitration (p. 579), were received by the American secretary of state on the 24th; but they have not yet been made public. According to newspaper reports, however, the proposals did not insist, as it had been supposed they would, upon President Roosevelt's acceptance of the responsibility of arbitrator as a condition of arbitration; and, taking advantage of their intimation that if such acceptance might possibly embarrass him a reference of the quarrel to The Hague tribunal would not be altogether objectionable, he urged that disposition of the matter. To this all parties are reported to have virtually agreed. But it is still feared that the settlement may fall through because of conditions imposed by both Germany and Great Britain—such as preliminary payments, guarantees and apologies—with which Venezuela cannot or will not comply.

It was reported from Willemstad on the 23d that the Venezuelan revolutionists (p. 599), "strengthened by the inability of the government to suppress the smuggling of arms and ammunition into the country, and by the fact that it has no longer any fleet at its disposal," had regained courage and were indisposed to re-

spond favorably to a proclamation from President Castro calling upon all parties to sink their differences and unitedly turn their arms against the invading foreigners. Gen. Hernandez is the only important revolutionary leader who has assured President Castro of his support in this foreign war. The Willemstad dispatch also described a three-column movement from the Orinoco river northward upon Caracas. One column, 2,500 strong and under the leadership of Gens. Ramos, Antonio Guevara, Urbaneta and Penalzoza, was about to march by way of the Guartice river; the second, under Gens. Antonio Fernandez, Osio and Crespo Torres, and also 2,500 strong, was to move from Camanagua; and the third, of the same strength and under Gen. Rolando, was to go from Atagracia. Gen. Matos was still at Curacao, but was expected soon to leave to take immediate command of the revolutionary forces in Venezuela. The armistice between the Venezuelan government and the revolutionists expired on the 24th, and on the 27th a brisk battle occurred near Coro, which is in possession of the revolutionists. The government force did not succeed in dislodging them. It was more successful at Barquesimeto, capital of the State of Lara. This city, which has long been in the possession of the revolutionists, was recaptured by the government about the 28th, after a bloody battle. San Carlos and Tinaquillo have also been taken from the revolutionists.

Meanwhile, the European powers maintain their warlike blockade of Venezuelan ports (p. 598); but its effects are damaging chiefly to British and German merchants in Venezuela, who complain that they are likely to lose more by the blockade than the financial interests at home would lose if the Venezuelan liabilities they are seeking to enforce were abandoned.

Signs of an ominous political disturbance in Mexico are plainly noticeable. Mexico has been free from political turmoil for 20 years, President Diaz having been reelected to office term after term since 1876, and no partisan division in national affairs having occurred. But opposing parties, representing extreme theories of government—plutocratic and democratic,—are now massing. The crisis was precipitated by the reig-

nation of Gen. Reyes from Diaz's cabinet.

Gen. Reyes had been governor of Nuevo Leon, and President Diaz, who is very old, was understood to have looked to him as his own successor in the presidency. Pursuant to that purpose, as was supposed, he called him into his cabinet as secretary of war and marine. But when the president came recently to contemplate a trip to Europe, it was semiofficially announced that in the exercise of his right to fill the presidential vacancy which his leaving the country would create, he would name another member of his cabinet, Senor Limantour, the secretary of the treasury, instead of Gen. Reyes. This announcement sent a thrill throughout the republic, for Reyes, though a military man, is looked upon as representing the democratic, in contradistinction to the plutocratic, tendencies which in Mexico as elsewhere over the civilized world are coming into collision; whereas Limantour is a "scientific," which means that he stands for those "scientific" theories of political economy that may be summed up in the one English word, "exploitation." He represents, in other terms, the new monopolizing trend of the financial, commercial and professional elements of Mexican business life.

An attack upon Limantour was forthwith made by the opposing elements. The animus of this attack was the plutocratic exploitation policies that Limantour stands for. But the specific objection to his being made temporary substitute president by Diaz's appointment was the point that he is not a native-born citizen, his parents having been foreigners temporarily resident in Mexico at the time of his birth. Some success crowned the efforts of the opposition, for it was soon semiofficially announced that President Diaz had reconsidered his intention to visit Europe during his term of office. This announcement implied, of course, the abandonment of his plan of appointing Limantour as his substitute and was hailed by the opposition as a triumph over Limantour. But the victory was evidently not complete. Reyes soon afterward resigned from the cabinet, his resignation was at once accepted, and Gen. Francisco H. Mena has been appointed in his place.

Two political parties have thus

been evolved in Mexican politics, led respectively by Reyes and Limantour, and a quiet succession to President Diaz, for which he has planned and financiers have hoped, is now quite improbable. The circumstances make it almost certain that a bitter contest will ensue when Diaz dies or retires; and it is within the probabilities that this contest cannot be settled with ballots alone.

It will surprise most American people to learn that their exploitation of Porto Rico, as a dependent colony of the United States, is not regarded with satisfaction by representative Porto Ricans. Yet this seems to be the fact. Despite rose-colored official and newspaper dispatches, all indicating that the American administration in Porto Rico has been wonderfully successful, reports from other sources go far to show that it promises to prove a humiliating failure.

One of these reports comes through Erving Winslow, of Boston, secretary of the Anti-Imperialist league, who makes the following presentation through the columns of the Boston Post:

The last issue of the Porto Rico Herald contains a protest of the executive committee of the American Federal party, reinforced by editorial statements, of the fraudulent and violent conduct of the last election, supported by a large number of detailed incidents. The accusation is distinctly made that under Governor Hunt and "under the flag of the United States a despotism a thousand times more odious than that of Spain in Cuba, that of England in Ireland, that of Russia in Poland and that of Turkey in Armenia" has been set up.

The committee of the American Federal party makes this declaration:

The American Federal party, recording in this document its most energetic protest against the numberless outrages, violence and illegalities committed with impunity in the present election without the least opposition from the government, does so because it wishes it to be understood every time and by everybody that it does not submit to that mockery and robbery, and especially against the insinuations of the American press, which, when informed of the riots and disorders which reigned supreme during two months and a half, instead of investigating the true cause of the phenomenon, pointed out such facts as proof that we are not qualified for the exercise of civil and political rights.

Nevertheless the committee goes on to state:

During the last 20 years of Spanish rule in Porto Rico repeated proofs of our competence were given in the solution of the most complicated social and political problems to such an extent that it brought forth from the lips of the learned ministry of the crown that beautiful expression that

"there never was danger in Porto Rico making any reforms."

The committee adds that—

while heretofore such important events could have passed without disorder and riot, the election period of 1902 has carried to the homes of peaceful citizens terror, hate and death, therefore the American Federal party, in the name of honest Porto Ricans who feel and think as Porto Ricans, highly valuing their good name, also protest once and a thousand times against those gratuitous statements and respectfully invite the honest newspapers of the United States to study the causes and details of the phenomenon which has attracted their attention and then state honestly if the responsibility of these deeds belongs to the people, or whether it lies with the leaders of the movement and to the officials who through laxity and partiality have consented and encouraged it.

An impressive confirmation of these quotations which Mr. Winslow makes from the Porto Rico Herald, was furnished at Cornell university on the 27th. It came in the form of a college oration by Martin Travesco, of San Juan, Porto Rico, a nephew of the chief justice of Porto Rico and a senior in the Cornell law school. This young man, who is described as one of the brightest students in the senior law class, was recently asked by his instructors in oratory to write an original speech on some subject in which he was interested, to be delivered before the class. Complying, he chose for his subject "The American Administration of Affairs in Porto Rico," and he is reported to have scored Gov. Hunt and his party severely. He said the reports which come to this country telling of a wise, just and economical administration of affairs in Porto Rico are utterly false, and that "the island is prostrated because of the baneful effects of a policy which is more tyrannical than any Spain ever dared impose." He declared that Gov. Hunt "lives in a luxurious palace, with no regard for the suffering of the people, while unscrupulous politicians rule the land;" and that "the courts are corrupted, and crimes committed by members of the governmental party go unpunished." Following the same general line of criticism he continued:

It is now over four years since the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor, which forced Spain to abandon her new world possessions, and soon the red and yellow flag was lowered, and in its place was hoisted the flag of liberty, "The Star Spangled Banner." It was a great day for Porto Rico. The American soldiers were cheered from end to end of the island, for we thought the days of tyranny were over and that liberty for the first time was to be enjoyed in our island. We had read and heard of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and other immortal Ameri-

cans, and had learned to love and admire them. We knew that in this nation all men are free and equal, and we had read the American constitution, that sublime document, and therefore we hoped that the blessings of liberty would be extended to us. Have our hopes been realized? Nay, they have been hopelessly blasted. The supreme court has held that Porto Rico is not a part of the United States, that her citizens are not citizens of the United States, and that therefore the American constitution, which we had learned to love and revere, does not protect our island. Instead of autonomy, which had been conceded to us by Spain, we now have a government which gives the governor more despotic powers than any Spanish military governor ever had, and he exercises them to the detriment of the people. In order that his will may be done and that his power may be absolute Governor Hunt supports the party of the minority, composed of American adventurers and native renegades, who have no regard for the welfare of the country and are ready to applaud as long as they enjoy official protection. The election of November last was the greatest political crime of the century. All means were used from fraud to murder to give the victory to the governmental party, which won, although far in the minority. It fills my heart with anger and indignation when I think of the number of crimes which have been committed to carry such elections. But the murderers will remain unpunished because the ministers in the temple of justice are politicians. We have gone back to those dark days of the Spanish administration of 1887, when our mothers and sisters were in constant fear that their sons and brothers might be arrested by the Spanish soldiers to be thrown into a dungeon and suffer torture for the crime of being patriots. To-day under the present government our mothers and sisters have the same fear that they may be brought back murdered because they do not belong to the party protected by the government. Life for honest people is becoming impossible in Porto Rico, because they see that the government protects the criminal and punishes the law-abiding citizen. The government there has tainted the flag with dishonor. I am sure that if the true facts were known the honest-hearted Americans would be filled with indignation. But only the official reports reach American ears, and in them Porto Rico is represented as a happy and prosperous country. These reports are basely false. Porto Rico is going through a great crisis; the island is prostrated. I make this appeal to you as true American citizens, because I believe

that my country is entitled to have a government founded upon those principles that have made this nation the greatest, the freest and the noblest among the nations of the world, and because I believe we are at least entitled as civilized and Christian people to have our national rights guaranteed by the government to which we owe our allegiance. In heaven's name we want instead of profligacy, honesty; instead of extravagance, economy; instead of rioting, peace.

To northwestern Africa is a long way from Porto Rico, but news of the march of empire carries us there, for out of an insurrection in Morocco may not improbably arise another imperial question in world politics.

Morocco is an absolute despotism, ruled by a sultan who is unrestrained by any laws, civil or religious. He is chief of the state and head of the religion, which is Mohammedan. The reigning sultan now is Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz, who was born in 1878, and on the death of his father, Mulai-Hasan, succeeded to the sultanate by proclamation of June 7, 1894, having then been elected from the eligible family. He is the fifteenth of his dynasty and the thirty-sixth in lineal descent from Ali, uncle and son-in-law of Mahomet, the Prophet. His father having left other sons, they have plotted against him since the beginning of his reign; and in doing this they have had much popular support because the sultan has not only encouraged progressive ideas, introducing telephones, etc., and building railroads, but in that connection has abandoned Morocco's traditional policy of isolation and admitted French and British embassies, and immigrants, a courtesy of which Great Britain and France have taken advantage to secure franchise rights and set up claims to "spheres of influence" in the "hinterland" or unsettled parts of the country.

The plotting against the sultan has now culminated in a stupendous rebellion. On the 26th the London Times reported the situation at Fez, the Morocco capital, as serious, a pretender to the sultanate having secured followers in numbers too great for the government troops to cope with, and having some days earlier utterly routed the government army in a battle at Taza. The rebels were reported soon after as marching upon Fez, and on the 30th dispatches by way of London told of the investment

of that city. The sultan, with the few troops left him after the disaster at Taza and subsequent desertions, had barricaded himself in the royal palace and was preparing for a desperate resistance. According to dispatches of the 30th the rebels had cut off the aqueduct which supplies Fez with water and it was considered probable that the city would have to capitulate within three days.

As France and Great Britain claim interests in the Morocco country, and the rebellion against the sultan offers a conventional pretext for their intervention to "restore peace and protect foreign rights," Spain, lying, as she does across the Straits of Gibraltar from Morocco, manifests great concern lest this pretext may be utilized to secure a foothold which would be a perpetual menace to her. Reason for this concern was found in the departure on the 29th of four British war ships from Malta to Gibraltar, in connection, as it was believed, with the Morocco situation. Steps to guard against prejudicial results from intervention were taken by the Spanish government, which instructed its ambassadors in London and Paris to ascertain the views on the Morocco situation of the British and French governments. Reassuring replies were announced at Madrid on the 30th, it being stated that Great Britain and France had notified Spain that they had no intention of taking any advantage of the situation in Morocco, and that they desired the maintenance of the status quo even in the event of the sultan's being dethroned and his place taken by the pretender.

Japan is facing a ministerial crisis over a question of taxation, the house of representatives having been dissolved on the 28th by imperial order, and elections fixed for February. The dissolution was brought about by the opposition of party leaders to ministerial plans for increasing the public revenues, which are deficient. Those plans comprehended an increase in the land tax. To that the opposition leaders objected, and no compromise was possible.

The land tax of Japan is not what is known in English speaking countries as the "single tax," as advocated by Henry George, nor does it bear any essential resemblance to it. On the contrary, it is an awkwardly devised tax, falling chiefly on agricultural production. It was estab-

lished concurrently with the Japanese land reform which changed old feudal tenures into absolute ownership by occupiers. This took place in 1869, when the feudal clans surrendered their "domains and people" to the imperial or central government. In 1871 that government was invested with direct control of the administration of the whole country, and it forthwith made the modern distinction between sovereignty over land and property in land, by granting proprietary landed rights to private persons while retaining the sovereign administrative power over their holdings. As part of this whole scheme, the present land tax was proposed in 1869; the fundamental laws relating to it were promulgated in 1873; and in 1881 it was completely established. Having recognized all occupiers of land, by general administrative act and not through personal transactions, as absolute owners of the lands actually held by them, the central government proceeded by official assessment to ascertain for taxing purposes the value of each holding. But in doing so it made the past actual produce of the land, and not transactions in land titles nor potential productiveness, the basis of taxation. This was done by ascertaining the average value of the net produce of each piece over a period of five years, and then considering the average so ascertained as interest upon a capitalization necessary to yield it, such capitalization being taken as the capital value of the land and made the tax basis. Thus: A plot having yielded an average of \$100 worth of rice for five years, and interest being six per cent., that plot would be valued for taxation at \$1,667. A land tax so levied would of course fall chiefly upon the use of land instead of falling upon its ownership; and, affecting agricultural land almost if not quite exclusively, any increase of the tax would rest heavily as a burden upon agricultural production.

Whether or not this explains the opposition in the Japanese diet to increasing the land tax, it at any rate explains the inequality and injustice of one of the largest sources of Japanese revenue. The income from that source for 1901-02 was nearly \$23,000,000, while the income from all other sources was only about \$113,000,000. Thus the Japanese agricultural land tax amounted for that fiscal year to fully one-sixth of the

entire revenues of the empire. The largest other item, somewhat larger than the revenue from the land tax, came from the tax on intoxicants, particularly a rice brew which is the common drink of the Japanese.

NEWS NOTES.

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science met at Washington on the 29th.

—As the result of scientific experiments it is announced that lemon juice destroys typhoid fever germs.

—A convention of the provincial governors of the Philippines concluded its sessions at Manila on the 25th.

—An 8 per cent. increase of wages was allowed its employes on the 24th by the Frick Coke Co. of Pennsylvania.

—A 10 per cent. increase of pay was allowed on the 24th by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, to its engineers and firemen.

—The New Zealand parliament just elected (p. 570) gives Premier Seddon a majority of 2 to 1. Mr. Seddon has been premier continuously since 1891.

—Wm. J. Bryan is making a tour of Mexico with a view especially to studying the silver coinage question as exemplified in the financial system of that country.

—The American Historical Society and the American Economic Association opened their annual sessions by holding a joint meeting at Philadelphia on the 26th.

—Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, announces over his signature that he has solved the problem of aerial navigation by inventing a navigable kite.

—Secretary Chamberlain of the British ministry, who sailed for South Africa on the 25th of November (p. 539) arrived at Durban, Natal, on the 26th of December.

—The first convict in the prosecutions for aldermanic corruption in St. Louis (p. 424) has been discharged, the Supreme Court holding that his conviction was unwarranted.

—Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, a daughter of the great leader of his day, Senator Benton, and widow of John C. Fremont, the first presidential candidate of the Republican party, died at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 27th at the age of 79.

—The official *tegluning* of the "durbar," held at Delhi to celebrate the accession of Edward VII. as emperor of India, took place on the 29th. It consisted in the state entry by Lord Curzon, the British viceroy, into the capital of the Moguls.

—The Illinois State Teachers' asso-

ciation, in session at Springfield, on the 30th, voted to adopt in its official documents the following changes in spelling: Altho, catalog, decalog, demagog, pedagog, prolog, program, tho, thoro, thorofare, thru, and thru-out.

—Senator Hanna held a secret conference at Cleveland on the 29th with several prominent local labor leaders for the purpose of forming a Cleveland branch of the National Civic Federation, to be composed of leading capitalists, manufacturers, and labor union representatives of that city.

PRESS OPINIONS.

THE WAR UPON VENEZUELA.

New Church Messenger (St. Louis), Dec. 24.—Whatever grievances Great Britain and Germany may have against this South American country, they are not of such a character or of so great magnitude as to warrant such a display of international brutality as we have witnessed within the last few days. The inventive triumphs of modern times have far outdistanced the social intelligence of the nations. To-day, owing to the advanced knowledge of nature and to the development of manufacturing and engineering skill, armies and navies have a power absolutely immeasurable by any of the standards of the past. But statecraft has not kept pace with military science or with inventive skill. It is preposterous to think of two great nations breaking the peace over matters which any board of trade could adjust with intelligence, equity and dispatch. Undoubtedly the mistakes of the governments are providentially necessary in order to set the people to thinking and to awaken them to the fact that mediæval diplomacy and devices are not adequate to the needs of an enlightened twentieth century. This is the remnant of satisfaction that the intelligent and peace-loving student may gather as the lesson of the unhappy wars that have entered into recent history.

PESSIMISM.

Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Rep.), Dec. 28.—People who talk aggressively of trusts and the new feudalism are not necessarily pessimists. If they are, all criticism and censure is pessimistic. No one can escape suspicion who does not proclaim his belief from the houstop every day that things are exactly right and glorious as they are, and that they never should be changed in the slightest particular. But there would be no social progress if comment of another sort were taboo. For every great reform that the race has known has been the result of indignant protest against and vigorous warfare upon existing conditions. The masses of humanity might still be living like pigs in a sty if there had been no censure of the present.

NONPARTISAN PRESS PARTISANSHIP.

The Commoner (Dem.), Dec. 26.—The daily papers are quite independent when it comes to supporting a party policy, but they are not at all independent when it comes to attacking any wrong that is backed by capital. Aggregated wealth cannot demand anything so unjust or oppressive that it will not be supported by most of the great *dallies*, especially by those that claim to hold themselves aloof from party politics. The so-called independent papers are, if possible, more virulent and vicious than the straight-out Republican papers in the denunciation of all who dare to array themselves against corporate greed and corporate domination.

OUR EXTRAORDINARY PROSPERITY.

Chicago Inter Ocean (Rep.), Dec. 25.—The American people as a whole were never so rich and never so prosperous as they are to-day, nor were their wealth and their prosperity ever so widely diffused as now. That some few rich are growing richer is true, but the well to do are growing richer and the poor are growing well to do more generally than ever before. And while the really poor are and always will be with us, there was never such willingness to help them to what they lack as in this nation now.

PREDATORY FORTUNES.

Milwaukee Daily News (Dem.), Dec. 29.—In the making of the great American fortunes, with a few exceptions, the railway has played an important part. It is a history of crime, swindling and wholesale robbery. And in the day of final accounting the means by which these fortunes were piled up will be made to justify the belated righting of the great wrong which their founders perpetrated.

MISCELLANY

IMPERIALISTIC EDINBURGH.

For The Public.

"As I gaed up the Canongate
I heard a lassie sing."—Old Song.

"The poverty and dirt of the bairns in some parts of Edinburgh, says a correspondent of the Times, are inconceivable to anyone who has not seen them."—Edinburgh Evening News, of Aug. 27, 1902.

EDINBURGH, 1872.

Lawnmarket, High street, Canongate,
I trod them when life was young.
I saw but the knights who once rode there
With pennon and banner wide-flung.
The flash and the glitter of armour,
The bit and the bridle that rung.

Black Douglas, grim Ruthven and Leslie,
Regent Moray, Montrose and Argyll,
John Knox—the wise and great-hearted—
Who knew neither fear nor gulle,
Poor Chastelar, Rizzio, Darnley;
Fair queens have a fatal smile!

I caught a blythe glint of gay faces,
As Queen Marie rode down the long
street,

With her ladies and pages behind her,
And her whispers and glances so sweet.
What wonder the bravest were dazzled
And laid their hearts down at her feet?

I heard the long bede-roll of poets;
King James with his "Kingis Quhair,"
The Guildman o' Ballengeich, jovial,
As he sat "in his ain mickle chair,"
Douce Barbour, Sir David Lyndsay,
Gentle Drummond were all with me there.

All the names of the martyrs who suffered
In the wide Grassmarket below;
The artists—the bards who have shrined
them

Forever—wherever men go,
In the islands of far southern oceans,
Or the cold Himalayan snow.

And I thought how this old town had wit-
nessed

In the long historical years,
A procession of Scotland's greatest,
Enshrining their triumphs and tears.

*From an old song:
"Was ye at Holyrood? Saw ye him there?
Saw ye him sittin' in his ain mickle chair?"

And her songs rang out like a paean—
Like a coronach walled in my ears.

EDINBURGH, 1902.

From Holyrood up to the Castle
I paced the old High Street once more,
But gone from my sight were the pageants
And the lords who had ridden of yore.
The Queen and her Maries had vanished,
The dream of fair women was o'er.

For my heart had been taught by life's
lessons,

And—shaped in its clamorous forge—
It had learned to look on the present
In the pages of Henry George,
And the student of "Social Problems"
Saw only God's image "writ large."

In the faces of helpless bairnies
All unknowing of home-like joys,
With the cold, hard plainstones for play-
ground

And the mud of the gutter for toys.
O, the poor, bare feet of the girls!
The rags and oaths of the boys!

O, the haggard, toll-worn mother,
With the poor household washing to dry
On two sticks from a wee, old window,
In a single room six stories high.
Greater trophies than banners of "Empire"
Those duds that darken the sky.

Far greater than royalist monarch
That struggling woman, I ween,
Ever scrubbing, cooking, washing,
Keeping guldman and bairnies clean.
Christ counts that tolling mother
Far grander than crowned queen.

I looked and lingered, and sickened
At each fetid waft of smell,
From the underground shops in the base-
ment,

Deep—dark as a dungeon-cell.
The buyers so poverty-stricken—
So unwholesome the goods to sell.

Then I heard the skirl of the bagpipes,
As the Seaforths marched down the long
hill.

Poor tools of our "Empire-builders,"
To hunt, burn, slay at their will.
Ah, Cain is killing his brother!
And Jacob is robbing still!

Soon the pipes sounded faint in the dis-
tance,

The kilts wagged far down the brae,
And my heart rose in sorrowful anger
At my country's folly to-day.

"O curse ye Imperialism,
Curse it deeply," I heard it say.

O women of dear old Scotland!
I call you to think and say,
If thousands of Scottish children
Shall in closes and wynds decay.
If wrong shall triumph for ever,
And the helpless be trod in the clay.

O, my sisters beyond the Atlantic!
Ye too have your part to play.
Ye too have your children's Ghetos—
Slums with overwrought mothers to-day.
Think—the hopeless grind of the millions
Must cease—would women but say:
"All monopolies, wars, shall perish."
O, hasten that great, glad day!

JANET CAMPBELL.
Dunbartonshire, Scotland.

"What is a synonym?" asked a teach-
er. "Please, sir," said a lad, "it's a
word you can use in place of another
if you don't know how to spell it."—
Sacred Heart Review.

THE STRUGGLES FOR FREEDOM
AND REFORM IN THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY.

An extract from the Baccalaureate ad-
dress delivered at the University of
Georgia, June 18, 1902, by Edward M. Shep-
ard, of New York.

Was all this wisely and best done,
done at the best time and when the
world was truly ready? Surely no
one can say that. If here and there
the harmony were false, neverthe-
less the one long dominant note was
true. Neither historian nor philoso-
pher nor economist, after making
every allowance for blunders and
crimes and shames and the mistakes
of fanaticism or an unripe wisdom,
will fail to say that throughout it
all the one effective triumphant spir-
it was that of elementary democracy.
Te Deums of popular rejoicing in
that century were not long sung over
conquests or more victory. Con-
science in time played its part. The
anniversaries which it celebrated
and which the world still remembers
to celebrate were those of Indepen-
dence, Freedom, Peace. Its incon-
sistent glories were short lived; its
other wreaths of laurels are in dust.
Can you recall one recurring day of
joy or thanksgiving which the cen-
tury has bequeathed us which is sa-
cred to the cause of wealth or pow-
er? Not one. But are we, the heirs
of all the wealth and power begotten
of this piercing and ruling spirit of
liberty, to give red letters in the
calendar of our country to days
commemorative of conquest or of
the triumph of wealth or physical
power?

QUEEN AND LANDLORD.

In Sir Edward Russell's book, "That
Reminds Me," occurs the following:

"On one occasion her majesty was
speaking to a gentleman of high situ-
ation, when she said: 'I don't like the
—'s,' (referring to a landed family).
'Why, ma'am?' 'Oh, because they are
very bad to their tenants, and many
of their cottages are in a horrid state;
and if anything else is done by any
tenants, at their own expense, to im-
prove their condition, the first thing
the —'s do is to raise the rent upon
them.' It may well be supposed that at
this the gentleman who was honored
with this conversation rather smiled.
He said: 'Well, I am only glad, ma'am,
that you sympathize with the afflic-
tions of tenants.' Whereupon the
queen said: 'Oh, I am a tenant my-
self. I hold —'s, (naming a place of
her majesty's), from Mr.—, of—,
and I have made many improvements.

and every time I have made an improvement my rent has been raised.'

"Then the gentleman her majesty was talking to laughed outright, and the queen's own eyes began to twinkle as he said: 'Well, ma'am, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question, and the whole crofter question. It is rather amusing to find your majesty suffering from a grievance as a crofter.'

"Then her majesty laughed very much. 'I can only say,' he added—with something better than courtliness—'I can only say how good it is to find you sharing in the afflictions of the poorest of your subjects.'—London Daily Chronicle.

THE SYMBOL IN OUR MIDST.

It is sufficiently discreditable that there should have been, as there unquestionably has been, a reaction against the festivities of Christmas, a disposition to pooh-pooh them and to tire of them. But it is even more discreditable that this tendency should have been chiefly remarkable among that very class, the hyper-cultivated and aesthetic class, which professes to desire above all things the beautifying of human life by symbol and ritual and the revival of legend. What is the use of their yearning after flowery pageantries and old-world dances when they have a solid ancient tradition still plying a roaring trade in the streets in the month of December, and they think it vulgar? What is the use of their gathering fairy tales, like gold, from Scandinavia and the Ganges when they are in the heart of a fairy-tale, and to them it only smells of sausages? What is the use of Mr. George Moore digging in Irish cairns for lost gods if he does not hang up his stocking and cheer when the pudding is set alight. Of course I do not know that he does not. I hope, with trembling, that he does. But clearly it is an example of the very worst kind of worship of mere accidental remoteness that aesthetic culture does not realize the beauty and the glory of Christmas. It is the best distinction, perhaps, between the false mysticism and the true that the false has to travel far to find its mysteries. In one case the secret of all is hidden in the Temple of Isis; in the other it is hidden also in a Primitive Methodist chapel. In one case a spiritual wind blows in the deserts of Egypt and on the moun-

tains of immemorial India. In the other the wind bloweth where it listeth, and on a night not far distant from this day may suddenly swing open all our doors and strike our bells into madness.—London Speaker, of December 13.

TWO MESSAGES TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Most of us fail to read the annual messages of our presidents, preferring to let our favorite journalist read and summarize them for us. If skilled in his calling, he will express, concerning them, views so nicely attuned to our prejudices that we readily adopt them for our own, and state them thereafter with oracular wisdom. This is rather a reprehensible practice in a democracy of which every citizen is supposed to be an equal partner in the government, who should at least read for himself the annual report of the general manager, but since the presidential message has come to be merely the vehicle for a peculiarly cheap sort of political buncombe, delivered at interminable length, citizens may be excused from reading it from any sense of duty. It is not the duty of a citizen to read the fulminations of the chairman of a party national committee.

Intelligent people stop reading editorials when they find the editor of their daily newspaper ascribing better crops in Kansas to the happy results of the election of a Republican Congressman in Texas, or, if he be of opposing political faith, charging the misery of the victims of Chicago sweat-shops to the robber tariff; but not all people are intelligent, and so the editorial pages of partisan newspapers, and the messages of partisan presidents find some readers, and even admirers. President Roosevelt's latest message was the archetype of the party document as sent forth from the white house, sounding no note of revolt against the dominant powers in the party, with whom at one time it appeared the "strenuous" president would lock horns on reciprocity with Cuba, on trust regulation, and on the rather indefinite but still promising programme of "shackling cunning." The note of personal independence is stilled. The broncho buster is busted.

A 13-year-old boy during the same week issued a far more vital, more impressive, more compelling message to the American people. A stunted little fellow, he is leading a life more

strenuous than anybody who shoots for sport, writes for diversion and holds high office purely as a patriotic duty ever dreamed of. This lad, his father killed by one of those "accidents" which are about as accidental in coal mines as snow is in a Dakota winter, works in a breaker at Scranton. Winter and summer he is at his post at seven in the morning, and toils his ten hours daily. Before him all day slides and rumbles along a stream of coal and worthless rock. His eye must be sharp to see and his fingers quick to grasp and throw out the slate and other impurities, for a foreman is watching him and his fellows, and the discipline of the breakers is not merciful. If you have a 13-year-old boy about the house, look at his hands and think what the swift thrusting, for ten hours daily, of those fingers into a stream of jagged rocks, half the year covered with snow and ice, would mean. Look into his bright eyes and fancy them peering all day through a mist of coal dust that after an hour or two makes his face like a black-amoor's—and what it does to his lungs the doctors in the anthracite region tell with more realism than is needed here. Look at his chest and shoulders, which it is your joy to see expand and develop to manly proportions, and try to fancy what shape they would assume if he sat bent far over at the waist, reaching eagerly forward for ten hours daily. If your imagination is vivid and will not recoil from a picture of wretched and tortured boyhood, you may conjure up the figure of a breaker-boy at an anthracite mine.

One of these boys was called before the distinguished commission which is trying to find the line of exact justice between the claims of the United Mine Workers and those of the operators of anthracite mines. The line is not there, of course. It is so far beyond the claims of the miners, so far beyond anything that they in their poverty and simplicity ever dreamed of, that it cannot be brought—to use the lawyers' phrase—within the purview of this commission. But in the course of proving that the miners' demands come nearer justice than the conditions which the operators would maintain, the lawyers called this boy to the stand.

Yes; he knew the nature of an oath, he said. God would kill him if he lied there. He worked in the breakers. It was hard work. His fingers often hurt and his back ached. Sometimes the foreman pulled his ears if he sat up to

rest his stiffened back. He earned 40 cents a day. Worked ten hours. Yes; that was just four cents an hour. He had been at school a year or more, and could do a little sum like that. Why did he leave school? His father was killed in the mine, and he had to go to work for his mother. Same mine the father worked in? Yes; Markle's. What did he do with his money? Never saw any. What! All he got was these pay checks.

And then that 13-year-old boy produced checks showing that the Markle colliery took, week by week, every cent of the 40 cents a day they paid him, and applied it on a debt the dead father owed for the rent of the company's hovel in which he lived; and the father was killed in the Markle mine!

That is a message to the American people more important than anything Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, had to offer. It tells of a slavery infinitely more hideous than that which called the mighty armies of the union into being. It is not an isolated instance, for day by day stories even more horrible have been related by sworn witnesses before the commission. The crimes committed by the coal companies have been in the course of "business." They lie concealed in vouchers, time-cards, weigh-masters' receipts, time-checks, and an almost indissoluble conglomerate of corporation bookkeeping. The memories of them rankle bitterly in the hearts of an inarticulate people, who know but cannot tell their wrongs. When members of the new army of liberty, organized and splendidly led by John Mitchell, were here and there guilty of outbreaks of violence, the whole country rang with cries of condemnation, but we hold that if the United Miners had been guilty of all charged against them, their organization is still innocent and law-abiding beside the corporation that took a child's earnings to pay the debt of the father it had killed, and the managers of that corporation are among "the Christian gentlemen to whom God in his infinite wisdom committed the property interests of the country."

And how inconclusive, how inadequate such a story makes the whole arbitration proceedings. What is a 15 per cent. raise to a boy in such slavery? What has any arbitration to do with men who, like the owners of that colliery, should be driven out of the land with lashes? Should the

miners receive all they demand, and they will not, society will still be deeply in their debt. You may say that this is mere sentimentality; that some one must do the rough work of the world; that coal must be dug from the bowels of the earth and picked over in the breakers. Granted. But if your boy or mine, or the 13-year-old lad of any member of the comfortable classes stood in danger of being drafted at any moment to work in the breakers, the conditions of that service would very quickly be corrected, and machines of steel would do the work now committed to bruised and bleeding childish fingers.—Editorial in the January Pilgrim (Edited by Willis J. Abbot).

THE FELLOW BEHIND THE BUSH IS THE GROUND RENT MAN.

J. P. Kohler in the Brooklyn Eagle of Nov. 16.

We are all aware that when prices go up wages do not advance commensurately. This has been the wail of the workingman during the past few years and many of the late strikes for higher wages have been justified by intelligent people because of the well-known fact that the cost of living has very materially increased.

To measure correctly the relation which wages bear to prices, we must keep in mind the necessary factors in the production of wealth and the portion which goes to each factor in the division of the wealth produced. For out of the wealth produced must the wages of the workingman be paid.

Under modern economic conditions there are three factors in this production, and only three, viz.: land, labor and capital.

By land, I mean all the elements of nature that are here now and that were here before man's appearance on the earth. These natural elements include the earth itself, from its very center to the outermost star whose influence can reach us. They include the rain, the sunshine, the oceans, the lakes, the rivers, the waterfalls, the mountains, with their deposits of mineral ore, the wilderness, the prairie and all else that man goes to in its natural or wild state to get the things with which to feed, clothe and warm himself.

By labor, I mean the physical and mental energy which man exerts, alone or through association with others, in producing wealth. The miner, the builder, the sailor, the tail-

or, the teacher, the editor, the preacher, the musician, the actor, the doctor, and hundreds of others, are in this class.

By capital, I mean those tools or implements which man himself has made, and by and through the aid and help of which he, by labor, produces wealth from land. The "man with the hoe," by Millet, is a good representation of these three factors in their simpler form. The field of rough clods is the land; the man, with receding forehead, is labor; and the rude hoe, upon which he leans, is the capital. To-day we plow and sow thousands of acres by steam. We harvest the crop, thresh it and send it to market by steam. We have railroads and steamships and factories and coal breakers and elevators and printing presses and millions of men operating them. By the force of gravity at Niagara falls we get power to run all the trolleys in, and to light the city of Buffalo. We might get power enough from Niagara falls to run every railroad and every mill in the state of New York. Agriculture, manufacture and commerce in these days involve complexities sufficient to make the head swim, but all the natural forces, all the labor and all the implements or machinery engaged therein arrange themselves under the three heads or factors of production—land, labor and capital.

Now, what of the product of these three factors and how is it divided among them, for all the wealth produced comes from these three factors alone?

Each factor gets a share; the land a share, the labor a share and capital a share. The share going to land we call rent. The share going to labor we call wages. The share going to capital we call interest. Land, labor and capital, the factors. Rent, wages and interest, the shares.

The total product is divided among these three and among these three only. In legal nomenclature the term land includes the buildings and permanent improvements made thereon. In economic nomenclature the term land includes only what nature has given, and excludes all of man's improvements. In law the term rent includes the income from a building and improvements on land, as well as the income from the land on which the building stands. In economics rent means the income from the unimproved land alone, while the in-

come from the building and improvements is called interest.

If all the wealth produced is divided into three shares, whether equally or otherwise, it follows that diminution of one share means an increase to one or both of the other two. If, of a given product, the share called wages be decreased the shares called rent and interest may, one or both, be increased. If the share called rent be decreased the shares called wages and interest may both be increased.

To make the illustration so plain that no one can fail to understand—if a pie, large or small, be cut into three pieces each piece may be a third of the whole. Or one piece may be a half and the other two each a quarter of the whole. Or one piece may be forty-nine-fiftieths of the whole while each of the other may be only one one-hundredth of the whole. So it is with the wealth produced. As one share increases one or both of the other two shares decrease, and vice versa.

Whatever the amount of wealth produced, whether great or small, the share called wages and the share called interest may remain stationary, while only the share called rent increases. All the vast multiplicity of labor saving inventions, however much they may increase the volume of production, may be of benefit only to those who receive rent for the use of land.

Nothing more needs to be said to prove that wages may be increased without increasing the price. By a reduction of rent (the share going to the owners of bare land, or the forces of nature), the wages of all laborers may be increased; and the interest due to the owners of capital may likewise be increased.

In our modern labor troubles we see the owner of labor (the wage worker) and the owner of capital (the capitalist) fighting over the size of their respective shares. The laborer, ignorant of economics, wants capital to give it some of the share called interest. The capitalist, even more ignorant of economics than the laborer, seeks, by a reduction of wages, to increase the earnings of capital. While this fight is going on between these two the fellow who receives rent hides behind the bush and fires hot shots at both combatants.

Labor and capital should stop quarreling, shake hands and make up and then, both together, go after the fellow behind the bush and drive

him out of business. In other words, the entire product should be divided between labor and capital, and the share called rent, going now to individuals, should be eliminated, abolished, annihilated and wiped out entirely. Taxation should absorb it to support all forms of government.

Remember that by the term rent I mean the income derived from the forces of nature and from bare land—the immeasurable sums collected in all the cities and towns on the earth from the many by the few. A few illustrations will not be amiss:

In the anthracite coal fields the owners of the land collect from the operators what is called royalty. In some parts of the coal regions this royalty, which is rent, amounts to 20 per cent. of the output of the mine; that is, one ton of coal for the land owner and four tons for the operator, the operator paying all taxes and wages, beside keeping the mine in working condition. Coal mine royalties run much higher than 20 per cent. The operator thus pays for the privilege of taking coal out of the earth.

Farming on shares is a common thing the world over. The owner, who furnishes buildings and land, but not stock and implements, takes half or more of the crop; and the tenant farmer, who furnishes the implements, seed, stock and labor, takes the other half or less. The land of the farm is far more valuable than the buildings, and the farmer, who sows and reaps the crop, gives a large portion of it to the landlord for the mere privilege of tilling the earth.

At Minneapolis, Minn., the water of the Mississippi river falls over a precipice in the bed of the river and makes what is called the Falls of St. Anthony. At this point the river is not navigable and the owners of the land adjacent to the stream own to its middle. This tremendous water power (a mere force of nature) has been capitalized for millions. Great flouring mills and saw-mills are erected upon and around these falls and their owners pay large sums, as rent, to the company owning the falls, for the water power that drives the wheels in their mills. Whole families, without doing a stroke of work, live in continual luxury just because there is a little bump in the bed of the Mississippi river at Minneapolis, Minn.

Similar illustrations, including Niagara, Spokane, Hoosick, Willamette

and hundreds of others might be given.

Alexander Hamilton drew the will of a sailor named Randall, who early in the last century owned a few acres of land on Manhattan Island in the neighborhood of what is now Broadway and Tenth street. Hamilton advised the sailor to leave his farm to trustees to found a home for aged and worn-out seamen—a Sailors' Snug Harbor, as it were. The uptown store of A. T. Stewart, now John Wanamaker's New York store, was erected on a part of this Manhattan Island farm, under a lease, by the terms of which the ground rent is readjusted at certain intervals, but always readjusted upward.

And nearly all the buildings in that neighborhood stand on this Randall farm, on terms similar to those existing between Stewart and Wanamaker and the said trustees.

On Staten Island a group of magnificent buildings (Sailors' Snug Harbor) are occupied by aged and worn-out seamen and by a corps of highly paid officials. The money to erect the buildings, feed and clothe the sailors and pay the official salaries came and comes from the business men and residents who live and move and have a part of their being on the little Randall farm on Manhattan Island.

Just below Tiffany's, facing Union square, is a lot 50 by 90 feet belonging to the Spingler estate. A business building stands thereon and the estate gets yearly from the owners of the building \$50,000 net as ground rent for the use of this little bit of the earth's surface.

Need I speak of the millions of dollars that reach the coffers of the Astors, the Rhinelanders, the Goelets, the Lorillards, the Fishes and a few hundred others who own Manhattan Island, in the state of New York, and charge their fellow-men for living thereon? (I am not speaking of money paid for the use of buildings, but for the use of the land under the buildings.)

If these millions of dollars, used often to entertain and often to purchase the titles of worn out, decayed, decrepit and disgusting foreigners, were divided as interest and wages among the employers and employes, the business men and workingmen of New York city, as by right and justice they should be, the fear of failure or poverty and the skeleton of want and misery would be driven from every office, store, shop and home in the entire city.

Wages could be advanced a hundred per cent., living expenses could be halved and business men would cease to grow gray and wrinkled worrying about making ends meet. Ground rent, that drives human beings into garrets and cellars, where they huddle together like animals, is merely what the few charge the many for living on the earth. And yet we talk about justice, liberty and equality of opportunity. Bah!

When the city hall was built on Manhattan Island the city lay below toward the Battery. The wise men who had charge of the plans and construction reasoned thus: "This city hall will cost so much money. The city will never be built into the country beyond it. The farmers driving into town with their butter and eggs and cabbages are rough, uncouth people, who won't care whether they face marble or sandstone as they drive to town, so we will save money by building three sides of this city hall of marble and the fourth side, toward the country, of sandstone, which is cheaper." And they so built it.

Ye gods! Who are the "Four Hundred" of Manhattan Island to-day? Many of them are the descendants of those rough and uncouth farmers of a century ago, whose farms are now covered with the business and resident blocks of busy New York. Multi-millionaires, with money to burn, nearly every dollar of which measures ground rent squeezed out of the population, living and dead, of Manhattan Island, as lemon juice is squeezed out of a lemon in a squeezer.

Standing on Fulton street in Brooklyn, between Loeser's and Abraham & Straus', the other day, an old resident pointed out to me two corner lots, with buildings thereon. "The one," he said, "is worth \$135,000, the other, \$150,000. I can remember," said he, "when either corner, with its building, could have been bought for \$7,000." The difference between five per cent. on \$14,000 and five per cent. on \$285,000 is \$13,550. This sum, going yearly as ground rent, would do much to increase the wages of all the people employed in these two buildings without increasing the price of one article sold therein.

And by the elimination of this annual income, derived from the increased value of the land on these two corners, the price of every article sold on these two corners could be very materially "driven down to the purchaser" without diminishing the wages of any human being. Q. E. D.

Corollary: With a decrease in price to the consumer, and wages, or purchasing power, remaining stationary, increased consumption would inevitably call for increased demand for labor and capital in production, and both wages and interest would rise. This is the law of supply and demand. Business would thus be always good. Home consumption would keep pace with home production and foreign markets would be sought, not for the purpose of sale, but of purchase.

At present we seek foreign markets in which to sell because home consumption is not equal to home production; that is, wages and interest are low while rents are enormous. The great multitude are the recipients of wages and interest, while the few receive rent. The purchasing power of the multitude is low, the purchasing power of the few great. The multitude purchase almost exclusively in home markets, while the few purchase very largely abroad.

Thus it is that by the inequitable distribution of wealth into rent, wages and interest, instead of into wages and interest alone, we have hard times and panics instead of good times and continued prosperity, peace, comfort and happiness for all.

AN ESKIMELODRAMA.

'Mid Greenland's polar ice and snow,
Where watermelons seldom grow
(It's far too cold up there, you know),
There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
In fur of seal and bear arrayed
(Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
There lived a charming Eskimaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd spoon
(Ah, ye of Sage, think what a boon),
To stop at ten is much too soon
Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.
The hated rival now we see!
(You spy the coming tragedy,
But I can't help it; don't blame me.)
An Eskimucher vile was he,
He found the lovers there alone,
He killed them with his ax of bone.
(You see how fierce the tale has grown)—
The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,
Were lined with furs, moth balls and spice;
The two were buried in a thrice,
Quite safe from all the Eskimice.

Now Fido comes, alas, too late!
(I hope it's not indelicate
These little incidents to state)—
The Eskimurderer he ate.

L'ENVOI.

Upon an Eskimo to sup
Was too much for an Eskipup—
He died. His Eskimemory
Is thus kept green in verse by me.
—The Cornell Widow.

"There's a feller here that's in a peculiar sort of a predicament," said the genial landlord of the tavern

at Pettyville. "You see, he stubbed his toe on a loose board in the sidewalk, right at the town limits, and fell over into the county and broke his arm; and now he don't know which of 'em to sue for damages."—Puck.

Constable—What, sir! Dae ye suggest that I wad tak' a bribe? Dae ye dare to insult me, sir?

The Erring One—Oh, excuse me, I really—

Constable—Bit now, supposin' I wis that kind o' mon, how much widge be inclined to gie?—Glasgow Evening Times.

This Is Official.—Texas is a symphony, a vast hunk of melliflence, an eternal melody of loveliness, a grand anthem of agglomerated and majestic beneficence. Texas is heaven and earth and sea and sky set to music. Grand Old Texas!—The Dallas News.

"What was the matter, captain?"

"Oh, nothing at all, but the engineer thought the screw was broke."

"Well, no one could see it under the water, so it would not matter anyway, would it?"—The Moon.

BOOKS

TOLSTOY.

One of the significant facts of history is that there have always been prophets in the world. If we go back through twenty-seven centuries, we shall find that not one of these centuries is without its prophets—men who, unblinded by the transient trend of things about them, see deeply and clearly the eternal truths of life, and who, unabashed by the dominant powers of their age, speak forth the ideas that should be, and so some day will be, dominant in the world.

It does not follow that these men are perfect. They have their weaknesses. They may indeed be mistaken about many unessential things. Their enemies may find defects to furnish excuse for criticism and sneers. But what makes their names now shine through the years is the fact that the essential messages which they utter—the "burdens" which they have to deliver—are seen to be true for their time and for all time.

The truths which these supreme men have to tell are found to be eternal and axiomatic. They find acceptance in the heart of every man who will clear the way for them through petty passions and prejudices. They fall in with the logic of the universe, and appeal to man's inmost reason, whenever this can be reached unblurred and unwarped by an artificial education or a blind conservatism.

In our generation a very remarkable fact has occurred, in that a great

truth proclaimed by one of the world's prophets has been at once accepted by another, who has come more and more to receive it as the supreme truth of the age, and to make its proclamation his own message to mankind. This truth, proclaimed indeed through the ages, but only now made imminent in the practical affairs of civilized men, is that all men have an equal right to the use of the earth. This truth, which Henry George made the burden of his message to the world, has been received by the great Russian prophet, Tolstoy, who has repeatedly, in recent years, professed his belief that its acceptance must be the next great forward step in the world's civilization. In his last published essay, he writes as follows:

"In order that this [the freedom to labor on the land] may take place it is indispensable first that the workmen understand that this change is necessary for their good, that they seek the means by which they can realize it, and that they refuse to accept their industrial slavery as their eternal and immutable state.

"The principal obstacle to this is the monopolizing of the soil by the proprietors who do not work, and it is the earth which the workmen should demand of their governments. In demanding it they do not exact some foreign thing which does not belong to them, but their most absolute and essential right, the right of living on the earth and of feeding one's self without asking the permission of other men."

These words, simple as they seem, express the truth which has now come into the world to battle for supremacy until it conquers. They are the tribute of one great prophet to another, who has not only uttered the truth but pointed the way.

J. H. DILLARD.

THE FLIGHT OF PONY BAKER.

I guess pretty nearly every grown up man can remember how as a boy he was hypnotized by a bigger fellow, and how, while the delusion lasted, he was ready to do anything at the behest of the imagined hero. There is no exaggeration in the description of the hold that Jim Leonard, miserable fellow that he was, had on Pony Baker. It was probably good for Pony after all to learn early in life the folly of leaning on a weak reed.

What a contrast between Jim Leonard and Pony's cousin, Frank Baker. The story of Frank's trusty care of the two thousand dollars shows what a fine fellow he was. Now why in the world did not Pony take to Frank as he did to the foolish Jim Leonard? That is one of the unsolved mysteries of boyhood.

Speaking of mysteries reminds us of the strange apparitions of the Fourth of July Boy at Pawpaw Bottom. Why is this episode drawn in? Did Mr. Howells have such an experience himself? It would be very interesting to know; the Society for Psychological Research ought to inquire.

Take this chapter out—not that we would like to take it out, because it is one of the most interesting chapters in the book—and we have a typical,

genuine slice of boy life in this new book by Mr. Howells. "The Flight of Pony Baker" (Harpers) is a book that parents will not regret buying for their boys. Certainly books for boys, that are true to life and free from lurid impossibilities, are so rare that they deserve attention whenever they can be found. To write such a book, unsensational and at the same time interesting, is a work for a master. Of course, if a book for boys is not interesting it is a failure; but if "The Flight of Pony Baker"—which is so happily postponed from time to time—does not interest the average boy, we should say that he is in a bad way, and needs medicine of some kind.

J. H. DILLARD.

"AMERICAN MUNICIPAL PROGRESS."

When the kind of endowment that feeds the "Coal Oil" university of Chicago is considered, there is something almost marvelous in the freedom of thought and expression which its professors exercise. Whether or not this is a reaction from the Bemis episode of a few years ago, it is certainly a fact. Not only do they appear to be exempt from official discipline for heterodox opinions, but what is of even greater importance, they are extraordinarily free from the deadening influences of the professional cult. It is doubtful if in the faculty of any other large university in the United States there can be found so much refreshing indifference to cult Grundyism as in this University of Chicago. As a result, the sociological products of its professors have as a rule neither the musty odor of one type of college work nor the plutocratic spirit of another. That rule finds no exception in the contribution which Charles Zueblin, professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, makes to the "Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology," published by the Macmillan company, New York, and edited by Prof. Ely. Though the larger part of Prof. Zueblin's "American Municipal Progress" is devoted to subjects that involve few if any conflicting prejudices or interests—being simply descriptive of city transportation, public works, sanitation, public schools, public libraries, public buildings, parks and boulevards, and public recreation—the final chapter is devoted to the subject of "public control, ownership and operation," and here as elsewhere through the book, it is evidently Prof. Zueblin himself, and neither a professional cult nor a college "boss," that addresses the reader. In addition to its value as a contribution to the body of thought upon the subject of municipal life, this little volume is alive with illustrative facts gathered from all the progressive cities of the country.

LITERARY NOTES.

The handsome January number of the Craftsman (Syracuse, N. Y.) opens with a paper on the guilds and art of German and Netherlander, which is followed by a scheme for a school of industrial art by Prof. Triggs.

George C. Sikes is represented in the January Chautauquan with one of his interesting and instructive articles on the subject on which he is an expert—municipal affairs.

He tells here how the Chicago city council was reformed.

The World To-Day (Chicago), which is evidently trying to do the work that the American Review of Reviews is engaged in, does it much more satisfactorily, as its excellent January number amply testifies. It covers the field with better discrimination, it chooses and handles its subjects with greater courage, and it is vastly more readable.

McClure's for January comments editorially upon the coincidence of three contributions in the same issue relating each to a different kind of lawlessness—that of capitalists in the Standard Oil conspiracy, that of workmen in the anthracite region, and that of politicians in the misgovernment of Minneapolis. The first is the continuation by Miss Tarbell of her fascinating history of the Standard Oil trust. The second is a circumstantial account by Ray Stannard Baker of the

"Economic Tangles"

by Judson Grenell: deals in popular yet practical way with industrial problems. Cloth, postpaid, \$1.

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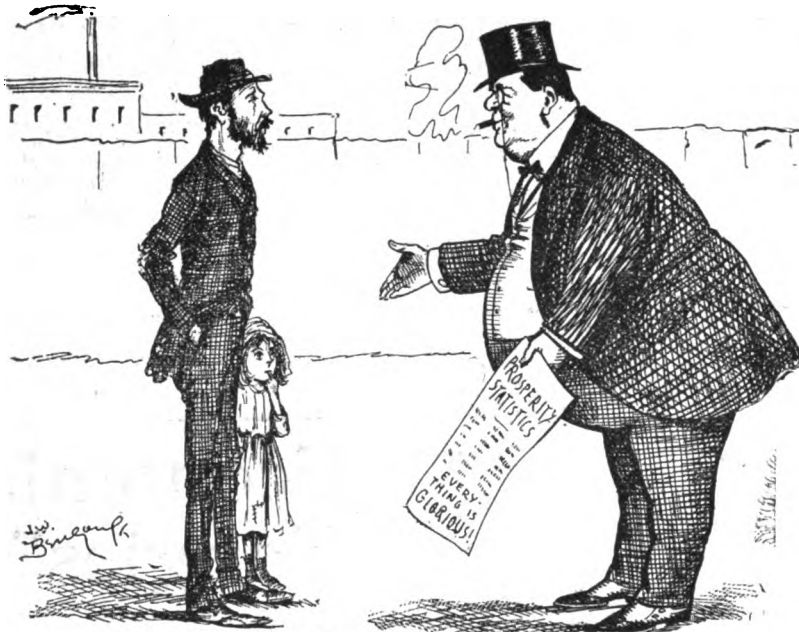
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TRUST PROSPERITY NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

Trust Optimist—Let me offer my congratulations on the condition of Prosperity of the laboring classes shown in the official statistics!
One of the Many—All very well, Mister, but I would rather you'd offer me a job.

persecution of non-striking coal miners in Pennsylvania. The third is a story by Lincoln Steffens of the criminal exploits of the administration of Mayor Ames in Minneapolis.

The first number of the Booklovers' Magazine is very attractive both in substance and in illustration. The feature of short, signed editorials, by various authors, is particularly interesting. Two of these editorials are of special interest: one by Goldwin Smith, the other by Hamilton W. Mable. The former asks the question: "Is Morality Shifting in its Foundations?" Mr. Mable's subject is "The Age of the Whirlwind." He thinks this is a correct characterization of our own times. "The deafening noises of contemporary life," he says, "are paralleled by the multitude of vociferous, shrieking men and women who seem to think that God has become deaf, and that society can be saved only by a prodigious noise. The significance of the still, small voice has been forgotten."—J. H. D.

A symposium on the anthracite strike opens the January Arena, the writers being Frank Parsons, George Fred Williams, Eltweed Pomeroy, Bolton Hall and Ernest Crosby. The "editorial pages of some of

our newspapers" makes a true touch in Parsons' article. Mr. Flower continues his "The Divine Quest," giving in this paper a succinct and fair as well as intelligible explanation of what he calls the "fundamental fraternal movements of the present"—socialism, the single tax and voluntary cooperation. An article on the Philippine islands is furnished by Rebecca J. Taylor, who was discharged as a war department clerk last Summer for having criticized the administration's Philippine policy after hours. Albert R. Carman's prose sketch, "A Profession that Grew Respectable," makes a striking argument without spoiling an interesting tale.

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