

public sentiment alone, buttressed by the demonstrated truth, would soon compel all roads to come to the same plane; or if not, that truth would make possible, even easy, legislation so intelligent and just that successful evasion of it would be impossible." To these considerations, Farm, Stock and Home adds: "But at the most it would require government ownership of not more than ten per cent. of all our railroads to constitute a rail-rate regulation system that for ease and economy of operation, positiveness of action and satisfactory results will never be approached by mere legislative enactment and official administration. Such limited public ownership would destroy railroad monopoly; would 'take railroads out of politics;' would make rebating impossible, for every patron would be in the enjoyment of the minimum and only rate; it would orphan every trust; every city, town and individual would enjoy equality of opportunity as to transportation." That this plan would operate to make the ascertainment of just rates possible we are disposed to believe. But with private interests still in control of all rail highways except a few nationally owned trunk lines, we should fear for the honest management of those lines. As in New York the Vanderbilt lines corrupted State canal management, so we should fear that private railroad rings might corrupt national trunk line management. The only true way, as we believe, of killing railway corruption and monopoly, is to construct and maintain governmental rail-highways, with time table regulations which would allow any person to run trains on equal terms with every other person. This would encourage the free play of competition in transportation, and there would be little chance to corrupt train despatchers. Short of that, however, the plan of Farm, Stock and Home is the best of which we know.

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Getting without Giving.

A most interesting and romantic story of the greatest institutional method of getting without giving, of taking without earning, of living in the sweat of other men's faces, comes by way of the New York Sun. In its issue of the 2nd, that paper publishes the letter of a correspondent (Kinahan Cornwallis, once editor of the old Knickerbocker Magazine), who tells of the explanation made to him in the '60's by John M. Bixby of the manner in which that millionaire got his great fortune. Here is the story as Mr. Bixby told it:

I should be as poor as a church rat but for one incident in my life. I had wealth forced upon me

and didn't know it. I had come from the backwoods of New York, and a dollar looked like a big sum to me. I was a raw and struggling young lawyer, and paid \$4 a week for my board and washing, and found it hard to make both ends meet. It looked as if I should starve at the law, so I was looking for work outside of it.

Just then a friendly lawyer in the office where I had desk room said to me: "Here's a chance for you to buy a farm, Bixby. I want to sell it to close up the estate. You can have it at the appraised value, \$200. I think you will be able to get more for it in time."

"No, thank you," said I, "I have no money."

"But," said he, "I will take your note for it and renew it till you sell it."

The upshot was that I took his advice and gave him my note for \$200 for the farm. I felt very nervous about giving my note for such a large amount, and once offered to sell the farm back to him for the note. But after two or three renewals of the note New York had grown so fast northward that I was able to sell a small part of the farm for more than enough to pay the note and interest and taxes. The rest of the farm was then free and clear, and if I had kept it all I should now be worth about \$7,000,000. As it is, I have sold parcels of it that have brought me more than \$1,500,000 in cash, and I value what I have left at two or three times as much—all made out of nothing, by giving a note for \$200, almost against my will, and when I was practically not worth a dollar.

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Mr. Cornwallis characterizes Mr. Bixby's story as "a commentary upon the great rise in real estate in New York during the last two generations," and as enabling "us to see how rapidly and easily the Astor and other large landed estates grew so enormously in wealth with the growth of Manhattan." But there is nothing peculiar about the Bixby case except the size of the fortune. Fortunes innumerable, larger and smaller, have been made in the same way. The significance about it all is not that some men are made rich by this private appropriation of the value of public growth; the significant thing about it is that many men are thereby robbed. In comparison with the vast volume of land values that are annually diverted unearned to private pockets, in village and town, on the prairie and in the city, the Bixby instance is but a minor illustration of a gigantic system of institutional robbery.

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Eva J. Turner.

Friends of the Henry George movement outside of Brooklyn, N. Y., can have little realization, if any at all, of the impetus which Eva J. Turner, who died last month, contributed to that movement. Her work, dating back to the 80's, was incessant throughout her life. Once a mem-

ber of Henry Ward Beecher's church and of Thomas G. Shearman's bible class, she became a Christian Scientist some sixteen years ago. In her single tax affiliations she was president of the Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club, and among her personal friends she numbered Thomas G. Shearman and Henry George. She was a wholesome type of the woman who is the better woman for being a good and useful citizen.

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HEROIC TREATMENT FOR A DYING PARTY.

It has long been the misfortune of the Democratic party to be the nominal guardian and repository of principles of which its own leaders were afraid. It has had to fight protectionism while abhorring free trade, and to oppose monopoly with no love or care for industrial liberty. "Equal rights to all; special privileges to none," which is what Democracy must mean if it is to honestly mean anything, has a radical not to say revolutionary sound in the ears of the safe and sane Democrat which fills him less with ardor than with distrust and fear. Thus the Democratic party has been cribbed, cabined and confined to a course of mere criticism and faultfinding, unable to offer effective opposition either to the openly plutocratic tendencies of Republicanism or the well-meant but clumsy tinkering and patchwork contemplated by the various reform parties.

Now the "poor old Democratic party," pronounced moribund by its own accredited organs, has received what was for weeks proclaimed in leaded editorials to be a threatened death blow. Hearst has succeeded in capturing the Democratic nomination for governor of New York, and it may accordingly be presumed that the "historic" party is indeed *in articulo mortis*. At such a juncture it is often permissible for unofficial and perhaps unorthodox friends of the patient to diagnose the case and prescribe such heroic measures as may alone be expected to effect a favorable change in a condition so desperate.

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It should be apparent to the ordinary understanding that a political party dying of uselessness and purposelessness must be revived, if at all, by a vigorous use of genuine principles. Moreover, these principles must not be figuratively inclosed in gelatine capsules or smothered in raspberry jam, but they must be openly and definitely declared and applied to all phases of the political

and social condition with logical directness and unflinching courage.

Such a course may not at this time restore the Democratic party, reduced as it is to the last extremity by long indulgence in negatives and inferentials, platitudes and unrelated abstractions. But the only choice lies now between the fundamental truth and extreme unktion.

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"It is not Democratic doctrine," says a recent Democratic platform, "that the masses should seize the government to obtain better wages for themselves, shorter hours of labor, more leisure, cheaper food, better houses, lower rents and cheaper transportation." Perhaps not; but in the eyes of the masses such a proceeding looks democratic when contrasted with the practically unresisted use of the government by "the classes" to obtain more privileges and greater fortunes for themselves.

"It is no part of the function of government to increase the individual's income," this platform continues; "but for those who have acquiesced with scarcely a protest in governmental measures for increasing the large incomes of appropriation, the less said the better about the generally ineffective attempts to increase through legislation the meager returns to useful labor. Convulsions and hysterics at this time of day over the feeble imitation class politics of organized labor have a preposterously belated appearance calculated only to contribute to the gaiety of nations.

It would have been vastly more conducive to the health and vigor of the Democratic party to have been a generation or so earlier in the field with its bold opposition to paternalism and its stern insistence on the proper limitations of governmental functions. But better late than never; while there is life there is hope.

The restoration of the Democratic party lies not in decrying and discouraging the ambition of the unprivileged to use their numerical advantage in politics and government as they have long seen the privileged use their pecuniary advantage. It lies, on the other hand, in showing how the improved material conditions with which the people are tempted in the vain promises of paternalism may be easily, abundantly and permanently secured through the freedom of opportunity which is the industrial goal of genuine Democracy. Of necessity, governmental favors and assistance are for the few only; liberty alone is for all.

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What are the principles of democracy, so revered in vague abstractions, so shunned and slurred over