

ico, what would do Madero and the other Liberal leaders most good would be the co-operation of two or three first-class, well grounded Singletaxers. They would show him where to get his revenue in a supply not only unfalling but increasing with every work of improvement done by the new government. And that revenue can be secured without putting any tax upon the industry of Mexico. He can make the men who have grabbed all the good things in Mexico disgorge. He can tax the big estates of their land values and levy no tax at all upon homes, machinery, cattle, railroad cars and locomotives, manufacturing plants, etc.

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Bryan and the Democratic Party.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) News (ind.), June 3.—That this eloquent and versatile Nebraskan is still a power to be reckoned with in Democratic councils, despite his triple defeats for the Presidency—and possibly in large measure because of them—is emphasized by the increasing attention that is being given to his views and acts by both the Democratic and the Republican press. Mr. Bryan has repeatedly declared that he is not and will not be a candidate for another Presidential nomination; but, notwithstanding this, both Republican and Democratic journals, not a few, still assume that he will not unlikely strive to capture the nomination for himself if he finds he cannot dictate both a candidate and platform in consonance with his own radical democratic ideas. The Democratic papers thus expressing themselves are among those which have generally antagonized the Nebraskan before nomination, and halfheartedly supported him after or not at all. The Republican journals, of course, see in the growing antagonism of Bryan to the Bailey-Fitzgerald conservative section of the party what promises to be a schism as embarrassing to the Democracy as is the Progressive Republican element to their own party. The active opposition—both in his Commoner and through his personal work in Washington—to the Clark-Underwood proposition for remitting only half the raw wool duties, instead of making wool free, has caused much hostile criticism of Bryan by the members of his own party, and is likely to cause more, by reason of his uncompromising position taken on the free wool question. To the Nebraskan free wool is the essential prerequisite to any adequate tariff reform, and he declares that “since nearly half our wool must be imported, it is gross injustice to tax the whole population heavily on clothing for the supposed benefit of a comparatively few sheep growers.” Speaker Clark has been generally counted, equally with Governor Woodrow Wilson, as likely to receive the Bryan support for the coming Presidential nomination; but, according to the forecast of the New York Tribune and other journals, the split on the wool tariff has now ruled the Missourian off the Presidential books of the Nebraskan. There is, however, nothing certain about this. In fact, about the only thing about Mr. Bryan that can be safely counted as certain is this—he is now, and is likely to continue for some time to come, the most potent individual factor in his party.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

AT A SUMMER RESORT.

Brand Whitlock in American Magazine for July. Yes, it is beautiful; this peaceful scene
Of shimmering lake, deep in the pinewoods green,
With happy, brown-kneed children, youth and maid,
And elder folk in summer white arrayed,
At tennis, golf, and boating—all at play,
Wherewith they while these golden hours away.

And yet—and yet—I wish I could not see,
Back in the city's heat and misery,
Those patient men who toil in shop and mill,
Their work-worn wives, their children wan and still,
Wasting their lives in cruel sacrifice
To give these idle ones this paradise!

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PLANNING FOR PORTLAND.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Writing on the City of Roses in the Pacific Monthly for June.

Guarded by her hills which she is beginning to climb as a climbing rose clambers up to the window of its desire, Portland sees, afar off in the skies, the great snow guardians which have made her: Mt. Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Jefferson; and she knows the vast sapphire wall which supports them is a wall of pine and fir trees whose whispers are *Wealth! Wealth!* And under their roots are coal and silver and gold and quarries. The Earth gnomes hammer in her ears: *Wealth! Wealth!* All around her are fertile valleys and broad tidelands and toward the east hundreds of thousands of square miles of golden fields, fragrant orchards, pastures thick with herds—calling to the Golden City of Predestination: *Wealth! Wealth!*

Here is the last lap of that migration of the peoples which set out from Asia ever toward the West, seeking freer and more open lands. And here on the Pacific the progress shall be stayed awhile and we shall fill up. Eighty thousand colonists from the East this spring! Picture all of Idaho, Washington, Oregon, filled with fat farms, smiling orchards; gridironed with electric railways running from city to city; the waterfalls of the mountains giving light and heat and power; pumping the water for irrigating fields more productive than all the gold mines of the world. A land flowing with milk and honey, and humming as a hive with a happily crowded population. Perfect roads alive with freight autos and pleasure autos; central halls, libraries, theatres and amusement parks, even in the country; distance annihilated and the human hive really sociable and happy. Perhaps aeroplanes from which one could casually drop down on a friend.