

of a million a year in hatcheries to keep up the supply.

Then it happened. Selfishness came to the rescue where intellect failed.

The Astoria gill netters, to protect themselves, filed a law by Initiative to prohibit the up-river wheels. Immediately, not to be outdone, the up-river fellows filed a law to prohibit the gill netters.

And then there were wails and howls. All the good people who did not trust the people said: "There now, see what you have done with your old Initiative and Referendum law; put a club into the hands of these selfish men to pound each other. Oh! we knew it would be so; they don't know enough for self government, you see."

But some of us remembered that we used to think "Vox Populi Vox Dei." and as "Dei" had never connected himself with our legislature in any way, we waited until election day and then sure enough "Dei" walked forth in the cool of the evening, for all the people went to the polls, their honest hearts intent on saving the fish only, and voted yes on both laws, to the astonishment of the lawyers, who supposed they would endorse only one. Thereby they stopped the whole business at one stroke.

Intellect alone, or of the aristocratic variety, is only a fit thing to die by. It takes the good, true, honest, loving hearts of everybody to live worth while, and Oregon has not forgotten. Never forever will she lose sight of the fact that where all the people's hearts govern, selfishness defeats itself, always. And so she believes in the hearts of the people, for she knows that if she can be governed by them, somehow she can vaccinate justice and equity into the brains of the merely intelligent.

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JOHN J. MURPHY.

By appointment of Mayor Gaynor, John J. Murphy is the Tenement House Commissioner of New York City. His success in this service may be inferred from a recent public statement by Mayor Gaynor to the effect that prior to Mr. Murphy's appointment more complaints of the tenement house department came to the City Hall than of any other branch of the city government, but that now complaints of that department had entirely ceased.

A dozen years ago Mr. Murphy was well known in Chicago as an active member of the Chicago Single Tax Club which Warren Worth Bailey, now editor of "The Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat," organized in the eighties; and in New York, since leaving Chicago, Mr. Murphy has been constantly active in the Henry George movement. He was the organizer of the conference at New York in 1907 (vol. x, p. 920) at which the American Single Tax League was formed.

Mr. Murphy was born in Dublin, Ireland, in

1865, and after a long residence in New York city, to which he came in 1882, he spent a year in Chicago, returning to New York in 1897. His service in public affairs has been varied. From 1901 until a year or two ago, he was assistant secretary first and then secretary of the Citizens' Union of New York. In those positions, and also as chairman of the lecture committee of the Municipal Art Society, first secretary of the National Society of Craftsmen, chairman of the historical section of the Gaelic Society, and first vice president of the People's Institute of which the late Charles Sprague Smith was president, he demonstrated the abilities and the equipment for responsible public service which



Mayor Gaynor has recognized by appointing him to his present position. Hardly could he have found himself in a better place for devotion to public use of the generous sympathies and just impulses that drew his attention years ago to the teachings of Henry George, and of the understanding he thereby acquired of the social maladjustments which thrust tenement house problems upon us.

A man of no narrow training, but with a high order of academic education, rounded out in his younger manhood by friendly association with scholarly and liberal-minded priests, Commissioner Murphy has developed a culture, without ecclesi-

astical prejudice, which has fitted him well for his career. With an exquisite art sense, a keen appreciation and rich Irish love of verse, he is fluent and polished in French as well as English. As chairman of the William Lloyd Garrison memorial service in New York last winter, his scholarly tastes and training gave further distinction to a memorable occasion. But his culture has not prevented his making a record as the most successful administrator of what is regarded as the most commonplace department in the government of the city of New York, and of what is in fact in many ways one of the most difficult.

The best work, however, with which Mr. Murphy is credited,—something it is very doubtful if he could have accomplished but for the recognition he had gained in less radical connections than he rises to,—was his conception and formulation of the idea of assessing the cost of subway construction upon the increased values of areas thereby benefited (vol. xii, pp. 338, 435). This idea has now been transmuted into law in New York, so that the cost of future subways may be met, as all public improvements ought to be, out of the resulting "unearned increment."

Mr. Murphy is the editor of the "Wisdom of Benjamin Franklin," for which he wrote the preface, a bit of work that emphasizes at once his literary facility and the trend of his thought. He also wrote the Introduction to the American edition, Brentano's, of Bernard Shaw's "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant."

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THE DUKE'S ADVENTURE.

A Tale of the Trams.

From the Daily News, London, January 23, 1907.

The Duke stood on the Embankment, his mind revolving a great adventure. It had occurred to him suddenly that morning, and had possessed him with a kind of feverish excitement all day. A duke in a tramcar! The thing sounded like blasphemy—like a presage of "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." A tramcar was a symbol of Socialism. Its profits went not to dukes, but to the public. It was a horrid menace, flaunting itself in the public streets.

The public streets? Why were the streets "public"? That was where the evil had begun. If only they had been private streets, with toll gates and toll-bars—

The Tooting tram glided up to Waterloo Bridge, and the crowd of men and women on the pavement boarded it eagerly.

Tooting? Where was Tooting? He seemed to have heard the name. Why not go to Tooting?

The Duke stepped on the footboard just as the car started. He paused, uncertain where to go.

"Plenty of room upstairs," said the conductor.

The Duke went up and took a vacant seat. Who

were those men sitting smoking their pipes and their cigarettes, and reading their papers? Clerks he supposed, and people of that sort.

A carpenter came and plumped himself down beside him, dropping his tool-bag at his feet. The Duke winced slightly, and half regretted his adventure. He had never had a workman rubbing shoulders with him like this. Probably the man did not wish to be offensive, but— And the tobacco he smoked! Really, he wished that he had gone downstairs instead of up. Indeed he was disposed—

"Nice bit o' money the Duke has made out o' this little bit o' land," said the Carpenter, whisking his finger in the direction of the Strand.

The Duke realized with a shudder that the man was speaking to him. And in such a horribly familiar tone! What was he to do?

"I—I—beg your pardon?"

"I was just saying as the Duke has made a nice little pile out o' this land."

"Y-yes."

"It's meant millions to him and the Norfolk family. And they tell me that when the Embankment was made he got £20,000 for allowing 'em to improve his property. There's no flies on the Duke." And he laughed good-naturedly, blowing a cloud of smoke out before him.

"But it's—it's his property," said the Duke.

"Oh, yes, it's his property all right, tho' how it comes to be his I dunno. But who's made it valuable for him? Not him, eh? No, he's done nothing. It's them as work and eat and live and sleep here while he's away in his castle, drawing his rents and leaving them to pay the rates, too. Oh, it's a lovely world for dukes."

"Are you a Socialist?" said the Duke, with something of awe, for he had never spoken to a Socialist.

"A Socialist? Not me. I dunno as I'm anything in partikler. But I do know as I'd make the ground landlords pay their share o' the rates. And I do know as I'd stop any more increase in the land values going into their pockets. Let the people who make the values pocket 'em, say I."

"Why," said the Duke, with horror in his tone; "that's confiscation, my man."

"Confiscation is it? Well, all I can say is that it seems to me we want a lot o' confiscation. The landlords have had all the confiscation so far. But what can you expect, with 'em sitting across yonder making laws for us in their own interests?" and he waved his hand towards the Houses of Parliament scornfully.

"And that ain't all. Why, they tried to stop our trams coming across the bridges. They wanted to confiscate our bridges and keep 'em for motor-buses and their own carrages."

"And quite right," said the Duke, hotly. "Private enterprise has made England, and this municipal Socialism is going to destroy it."