

4. A bill for an official State magazine to "be mailed every two months to each registered voter at public expense" was defeated, 29,955 yes, 52,538 no; adverse majority, 22,583; per cent, 76.

5. An amendment increasing Initiative, Referendum and Recall powers of the people, and among other things increasing the salaries of the members of the legislature, was defeated, 37,031 yes, 44,366 no; adverse majority, 7,335; per cent, 75.

JAMES P. CADMAN.

+ + +

JOSEPH FELS AND HIS MISSION.

An Interview With Joseph Fels in the Chicago Tribune of January 9, 1910.

A little man with a Big Mission and a big pile of money—it is estimated at \$8,000,000—with which to carry it out, went through Chicago yesterday. He is Joseph Fels of Philadelphia, soap maker and Single Tax apostle. "If you're an honest reporter, I'm glad to meet you," said Mr. Fels as he looked up at his visitor in the La Salle hotel. On being assured that honesty was the chief aim in life of his visitor Mr. Fels displayed a newspaper clipping and said, "Read that." Here is what the headline said:

.....
: **CONFESSED ROBBER!** :
:

: **Joseph Fels, Millionaire, Tells How** :
: **He Got It.** :
:

Mr. Fels was assured that the report was shocking. "But it's true," he said. "So are all millionaires. I haven't so much fault to find with the way Rockefeller and Carnegie are giving away their money as I have with the system that permitted them to get it. Swollen fortunes for the few and prohibitive prices for the many are the direct result of special privileges. I am for Single Tax and low tariff. The tariff is about as insidious a crime against the prosperity of a common people as could be conceived by a fathead government, which allows itself to be controlled by Big Business. A box of forty matches is sold in an average grocery store in America for 1 cent. Six boxes of forty matches in a box are sold on the streets of London for a penny. Eggs in England, 28 cents a dozen. The day I landed in New York eggs were 45 cents a dozen there. They were cold storage eggs, too. Cost of living! Why look at this suit of clothes! What do you suppose I paid for it in London? Just \$20. To duplicate it here, it would cost me \$35; and I do not consider that the average wages of the common people in America are much, if any, higher than in Great Britain, cost of living considered."

Asked concerning his interest in politics, Mr. Fels said: "I am not in politics. I am working to push along the economic philosophy of Henry George. That is my purpose in traveling

to the Pacific coast now. We shall have something like single tax in Oregon in 1912."

"I have heard you intend to dispose of your fortune in benefiting humanity," was suggested.

"This will tell you all about the Fels Fund," said he, handing out some printed literature. "Read that carefully."

One of the pamphlets said Mr. Fels is "giving in England \$25,000 a year; in Denmark, \$5,000; in Canada, \$5,000," and so on—altogether, \$100,000 a year. And he is offering to give \$25,000 (or more) a year for five years (or more) in the United States on condition that Americans who see the "land cat" will match him dollar for dollar. The money is to go into a fund which will be spent in taxation movements which seem to be making most directly toward the cures of poverty.

"I want to spend my fortune to make such fortunes as mine impossible," he said. "And that's a serious, worthy, happy occupation for a man of executive ability."

Mr. Fels spoke in Oak Park at noon, addressed Single Taxers in the afternoon, and heard Gifford Pinchot speak in Orchestra hall at night.

+ + +

THE GRAY NORNS.

What do you bring in your sacks, Gray Girls?
"Sea-sand and sorrow."

What is that mist that behind you whirls?
"The souls of to-morrow."

What are those shapes on the windy coasts?
"The dead souls going."

And what are those loads on the backs of the ghosts?

"The seed of their sowing!"

—Edwin Markham in Vedanta Magazine.

BOOKS

A NOVEL OF UNREST.

My Brother's Keeper. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Illustrated by Arthur William Brown. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The echoes of great questions of the day are invading the realm of fiction, and that this causes astonishment shows how far we have come from the days when the poet led thought instead of merely furnishing entertainment for an idle hour. But the fact that even American fiction is waking up to the ideas which are agitating the civilized world, ideas that, particularly in this country, are forming the large background of public affairs into which all lives must be drawn sooner or later—this undeniable fact is a very hopeful sign.

The fact of itself is so new that the majority of literary reviewers have not yet learned to dis-