

tions past. The old-time Populist knew something was wrong, and he had a pretty good idea what and where it was. Unskilled in politics and unaccustomed to public debate, he could not shine with the brilliance of men of a later day who benefited by research of others. And even the Populist owed much to the Greenbacker who preceded him. The Populist of 1888 saw first, but perhaps not so clearly, what La Follette and Beveridge and others are making plainer to us. The Populist may have had "vagaries," but he at least had an inkling of the fundamentals. And even if his Populist party never got very far in the way of securing political control through the party, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that the movement he started has proved to be the greatest political educator of modern times. This country owes a debt of gratitude to the pioneer Populists of the middle West.

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Parcels Post.

Collier's (ind.), Oct. 29.—A fruit farmer at Albion, New York, lives near the shore of Lake Ontario, where the keen autumn air about this time of year puts the finest flavor in the world into those good old-fashioned apples, Kings and Northern Spys. He raises peaches, too, and one day in September he picked thirty-six baskets of them, packed them carefully, took them to the railroad station, and delivered them to the Order and Commission Department of the American Express Company. A few days later the farmer, whose name is Marc W. Cole, got a formal account of the transaction, which reads thus:

Thirty-six baskets peaches at 30 cents each.	\$10.80
Express charges	\$10.04
Money order03 10.07
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	\$.73

The farmer, in other words, received two cents each for his thirty-six baskets. The labor and packing alone cost him over fifteen cents a basket. Here is an economic situation in which the farmer saves money by leaving a crop of splendid peaches to rot on the trees. Meanwhile there were a good many millions of people in the cities who weren't able to get as many peaches this fall as they would have liked. It is safe to say there is no stockholder in the American Express Company who did not have enough peaches to waste a good many, and most of them have more cooks, automobiles, and valets than are good for them. Mr. Cole says: "Just at random, my rail-fence opinion is strong for a liberal parcels post." Any one who has seen a Scotch fisherman put a fresh fish on the mail wagon to send to London will agree that the parcels post would help.

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A Municipal Gold Mine.

The (Ottawa, Can.) Citizen (ind.), Sept. 15.—The Citizen prints a summary of the report of the city of Cleveland's board of appraisal. The work of this board . . . makes an interesting and suggestive disclosure of that public gold mine—the unearned increment of the site value of every growing city. This gold mine, though its value is primarily and wholly created and increased by the presence, growth and expenditure of the community, belongs

not even in part to the latter. Not only has the community as a whole no share in this site value which it makes by its growth and expenditure on public utilities, but its very value making growth adds to the annual burden which each of its units has to carry, in the form of economic rentals for the privilege of living and working on the site, the value of which he helps to enhance. This would seem to be about the limit of injustice, but it is not. Every municipality in Ontario is forced by the provincial assessment act to perpetuate the system which prevents the community from participating in the increment of its site value. This act also prohibits municipalities from making the land values pay their just portion of the municipality's taxes. If land values paid their just portion of a municipality's taxes they would pay all of them.

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The True Gospel of One Who Also Fights.

Emporia Weekly Gazette (Wm. Allen White), Sept. 22.—Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, in opening the Socialist campaign in Chicago recently, made it his business to attack with charges of either specific or implied dishonesty, Samuel Gompers, . . . Theodore Roosevelt, John Mitchell, . . . the Supreme Court of the United States, August Belmont, George B. Cortelyou, and Judge Peter Grosscup. There can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Debs sincerely believes that these men are worthy subjects of his indignation. Mr. Debs is a perfectly sincere man, who often sees red. . . . If free speech were denied to men who see things differently from the average man—even men who see things red, and who see things dead wrong—the country would suffer. For free speech in the end harms no one. . . . Free thought and free speech are the first requirement of progress. Debs and Warren have their place in the scheme of things. So have J. P. Morgan and Rockefeller; so have Mitchell and Gompers, so have Roosevelt and the Supreme Court, . . . preaching—"each in his own tongue," a gospel to the average man in the middle of the social organization that is needed before the social organization can grow and expand as it must. The poison of the militant socialists, the arrogance of the domineering capitalists, the mistakes of Gompers and Mitchell, the errors of Roosevelt and the courts, all these things are flies on the wheel. They do not make the power of the engine. They retard the power but little. Slowly but steadily, generation after generation, through errors, through suffering, through meanness and greed, through cruelty, and in pain and anguish, the world is moving forward. The surest fact in history is the growth of society. And the surest fact about that growth is that society is growing more and more, through laws and customs and traditions, into a somewhat kinder order between men than the one that existed when men were savage. With that faith—the faith that if every man does his best, and his kindest, God will take care of the rest, is the solidest thing in the world to lean upon.

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Thou givest bread to the hungry, but better were it that none hungered and thou had'st none to give to him.—St. Augustine.