

"Proputty, proputty, proputty,"—my wages
belong to me
Against either thief or State, and wages are
what you see
When you look at the things I own, house,
books, stable and cow,
I've earned them every one by the honest
sweat of my brow.

The Government, as you say, must live,
and must be fed,
And taxes, truly enough, are simply Gov-
ernment bread;
But why not feed on its own—the values
itself creates?
What I make belongs to *me*; what the State
makes is the State's.

The State, as such, doesn't work; it doesn't
make visible things;
But the Public exists as a fact, and that
fact infallibly brings
Into existence a fund—a value attaching to
land—
A natural source of supply by a wise Creator
planned.

"Proputty, proputty, proputty," that is
Property, too,
And it clearly belongs to the State, and
neither to me nor you;
So if the State must live, let it feed on its
own resource,
And leave our belongings to us—that's
clearly the honest course.

Ah! there's the snag, you see! Yes, cer-
tainly that's the rub;"
This logic's without a flaw, but 'twill raise
a precious hub-bub;
For our laws have given away what belongs
to the Government,
And allow the land-owning class to feed on
its bread—the rent.

And not without a great kick will these
rent-consumers quit;
Do you think they would rather work for
their fortunes? Not a bit!
They flourish their parchment deeds and
prate of "Property," too,
Tho' Property-in-Rent belongs to All, not
the few.

Now, having given away the natural rev-
enue spring,
The State turns to private rights and
pounces on everything,
Robbing by charges direct and charges
crooked, as well,
Every form of wealth you can see, taste,
feel or smell!

"Proputty, proputty, proputty," there's no
such thing to-day
That the State does not invade, despoil or
take away;
And land-rent, springing up by a heaven-
made, natural law,

Is not true property in private monopoly's
maw.

Well, what's to be done about it? Nothing
at all, say you,
'Twas a sad mistake, no doubt, but it's made
and it must go through.

No! render to Cæsar what's his, and to me
what belongs to me.

"Proputty, proputty, proputty,"—let us do
righteously!

J. W. BENGOUGH.

DEATH OF FREDERICK SHEFFIELD.

Frederick Sheffield of West Nyack, N. Y.,
who died in Brooklyn during the first week
of the new year, was known to but a limited
circle of Single Taxers. And even by that
circle his devotion to the cause and his ser-
vices, large indeed if measured by the ex-
tent of his means and the ceaseless demands
of an exacting business struggle that left
him few opportunities, were perhaps not
even suspected. Yet quietly and unassum-
ingly our departed brother made many a
convert. He stood for our principles where
they were despised, and with a courage
which asked for no other approval than that
of his own conscience, spoke out for the
truth when it meant the loss of his prestige
in church and society, and among his im-
mediate associates. He was a good friend
to the REVIEW, and for a long time the half
tone portraits that have appeared in these
pages were furnished by him without charge
—a contribution which when measured by
his opportunities of giving was one of no
small magnitude.

He was a man with a mind singularly
susceptible to the sight of human suffering,
and the message of Henry George, once
clearly comprehended, meant much to him,
for it was a revelation that not the injustice
of God but the maladjustments of men,
were the all sufficient reasons for involun-
tary poverty.

In his death the Single Tax movement
loses an earnest friend, and the world a
man of singular purity and elevation of
character.

THE FAIRHOPE CONTROVERSY.

We have received a number of letters
criticising Fairhope. Among these is one
from Mr. Norton in which he defends the
correctness of his assessment figures, and,
with the exception of a few admitted errors,
does so successfully. We have also a letter
from Mr. Ettel, once of Fairhope, now in
Florida, who, wishing Fairhope well, de-
plores some of its features. Mr. Cope writes
a criticism of the plan. From F. L. Brown
comes a spirited defence of Fairhope and its
management.

The REVIEW is also favored with a lengthy
communication from Mr. Gustave Buscher,
who is on a visit to this country from Switz-