

MISS ROSE MORIARITY told the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce: "I hope that the day will come when the heartless law of supply and demand will not be applied to the lives of men and women." Of course, "supplies" are goods produced from natural resources, things brought forth by the hand of labor. And the natural resources from which these things must come are abundant enough. God is the provider of the opportunities. There is nothing the matter with the law of supply, and it is enough to meet all demands. This is the only law of supply and demand. The trouble is that its operations are interfered with by man-made laws. Has Miss Moriarity ever thought of this? Is she willing to go on blaming God for what is our own fault?

A Republican Single Taxer Who Has a Monument

NOT many Single Taxers have monuments to them. But Hazen S. Pingree was a Single Taxer and widely known as such. It may not be so well known that a monument in Detroit commemorates his devotion to our principles. Here is the inscription:

"The citizens of Michigan erect this monument to the cherished memory of Hazen S. Pingree, a gallant soldier, and enterprising and successful citizen.

Four times elected mayor of Detroit, twice governor of Michigan. He was the first to warn the people of the great danger threatened by powerful private corporations, and the first to awaken them to the great injustice in taxation and initiate steps for reform. The idol of the people he died June 18, MDCCCII, aged sixty years."

Mr. Pingree made no concealment of the fact that he was in agreement with Henry George. His fight with the monopolists furnished a thrilling chapter in the early history of the movement. The monopolists were powerful enough to prevent his getting anything printed in most (though not all) of the Detroit papers. He resorted to the use of bulletins on the street corners. Thugs were hired to steal or destroy them, and then he chained them down. Then the bulletins were torn off. He finally had to station watchmen over them in order to reach the public with his message.

Mr. Pingree was the originator of the vacant lot gardening movement which was finally adopted by other cities as a means of relieving the industrious poor.

AN annual subsidy of \$50,000,000 to support a merchant marine that cannot sustain itself is asked for. This country has resources which make the sea relatively unattractive, but it seems we must tax ourselves to take from Britain and Scandinavia one of their principal supports. It savors of Naboth's vineyard. —*Commerce and Finance.*

Little Mary McNally-- Her Story

THE *New York Times* tells the story of a little drudge of 14—a mere child—in Nutley, N. J., who tried to end her life by gas because she was "tired of being nothing but a drudge as mother was."

Little Mary McNally, since her mother's death two years ago, has mothered her brother John aged 13, William 10, and a little sister Catharine, 9. Her father was employed as a molder in Newark, and Mary got her father's breakfast, sent the children to school and then went to school herself. And she stood at the head of her class.

Her father gave her money to pay the bills, and Mary confessed in her little hospital bed where she lay recovering from the effect of the gas, that she had diverted small sums to her brothers. So the baker's bill remained unpaid, discovering which her father punished her severely, say the neighbors. God forgive him!

From here we will let her tell her own story:

"I ran out of the house and hid under the front porch. I stayed there all night. I'll say it was cold. I slept a little, I suppose, then I got up and walked around and then back to my hiding place. I must have done this half a dozen times. I was afraid of what father would do to me over the bread bill and determined to commit suicide. I had never stolen anything before, but we didn't have much fun, and I spent most of the bread money on my brothers.

"I heard my father leave the house soon after 6 o'clock and then I went in. I wakened Willie and Johnnie and sent them to school. Then I sat and thought for an hour or two, wondering whether I really ought to end my life. I had been working too hard, with school and all, I guess, and finally I decided to kill myself. I went into my room, shut the window, locked the door, and turned on both jets. When the room filled with gas, I was sorry for what I had done and turned off the jets."

Poor little Mary McNally! "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me." In a world overflowing with riches Mary is just one of the many victims of our economic maladjustments. There is social wealth enough in Nutley to care for this little drudge and the youngsters she mothered. There is provision in God's providence for all his little ones. Her poor starved life—note the unconscious pathos of the little girl's, "We didn't have much fun"—stands as an indictment against our institutions. Mrs. Browning could have sung this tragedy in those poignant verses into which she poured her great heart and all her splendid powers; Charles Mackey could have used the incident to beat with rhythmic hammer against the gates of privilege. But where shall we find among modern singers—these "idle singers of an idle day"—a voice of comprehensive and intelligent protest?

And the preachers! Those who preach God's word in the churches of Nutley. Have they nothing to say of little Mary McNally and the lesson of undeserved poverty that