

Dives and Lazarus.

According to the *Glasgow Echo* the Sheriff has granted a warrant for the eviction of an old woman named Mary Mundie, 104 years of age, who resides in a "wretched little room" in Dobbies Loan, for which she hitherto paid 6s. 6d. per month. The eviction is for non-payment of rent.

On Monday, 2nd July, the Glasgow Town Council unanimously agreed to raise the salaries of twelve of the staff in the Master of Work's Office by £190, and also recommended that the salaries of the eight assistants in the City Engineer's Office be raised by £180, and that the assistant Master of Work's receive an advance from £300 to £350.

On the same day as the above took place the Statute Labour Committee recommended the Council that 21s. should be the minimum wage in their department, and the Council overturned this decision by 28 votes to 26.

About ten o'clock the other Sunday morning a woman died in the Glasgow Western Police Office. Death was due to destitution. She had been found sitting on a chair.

We understand that the accounts in connection with the entertainment to the officers and men of the channel Squadron, on the occasion of their visit to Glasgow, have been made up, and the total amounts to £892.

AN OUT-OF-WORK'S SUICIDE.—An inquest was held by Dr. G. D. Thomas, at St. Pancras, on the body of Charles Francis Orger Cotier, aged 57, a brass finisher, lately residing at 48 Burton Street, Euston Square. The widow of the deceased said the latter had been long out of work, and was worried and depressed in consequence. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

COST OF THE CARNOT WREATHS.—It is estimated by the *Telegraph* that a sum of £120,000 was expended on floral emblems for the funeral of the late President Carnot. The coronals sent by the Czar, the City of Moscow, and Admiral Avellan cost 30,000f.

Edward Brenchley, of Chatham, was starved to death, so said a local jury. He had been out of work owing to ill health. Not a particle of food was found in the house when the place was visited.

A VALUABLE PICTURE.—Constable's famous landscape painting, "White Horse," was sold by auction in London on Saturday, and fetched sixty two hundred guineas, Sir G. Agnew being the purchaser.

The *Society Press* informs us that Miss Rockefeller, the American heiress, has five million dollars, and this year will be one of the belles of London Society.

It came out at an inquest this week that Miss Brenchley, an English seamstress, lives in a garret, for which she pays 3s. 6d. per week. Her brother died through starvation. The poor girl had not had her clothes off for a fortnight at a time.

Lord Francis Hope, a brother to the Duke of Newcastle, succeeded in 1887 to estates producing annually over £16,000. This not being a sufficient income this young scion of the nobility mortgaged his estate to the extent of £159,000.

Lord Francis has become bankrupt. The gross liabilities are £657,942, and the assets about £174,000.

DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.—Janet Ferguson or Torrance, a widow, 60 years of age, having no fixed residence, died at the Western Police Office, Glasgow, on Sunday morning from destitution and general debility. A woman had allowed her to pass the night in the lobby of her house in Carrick Street.

Current Literature.

"THE STORY OF MY DICTATORSHIP."
London: Bliss, Sands & Foster, Craven Street, Strand. 1894. (3s. 6d.)

"The Story of my Dictatorship," an anonymous work, published by Bliss, Sands & Foster, and dedicated without permission to the Liberty and Property Defence League, is a short account of the dream of a Single Taxman, who, having been elected Dictator or Protector, puts in force, during his tenure of office, the remedy for social ills known as the Single Tax. The dream begins with a scene in Trafalgar Square, where the author is elected Lord Protector of the realm. A constitution is drawn up on the spot, which runs as follows:—"Every individual to have equal and inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The constitution is briefly explained to the crowd as only a genuine Single Taxman could explain it, and the newly-elected Protector forthwith enters upon his official duties. His first act is to issue a proclamation to the effect that all taxes, whether direct or indirect, are from that moment abolished. He then explains how revenues are to be raised—namely, by each person paying to the community the value of the natural opportunities he uses or pre-empts. The scene then shifts to the Protector's audience-chamber, where deputations from the various interests that consider themselves injuriously affected by the Protector's policy assemble to interview him on the subject. These are answered in turn by the Lord Protector himself. The arguments they use are typical of the arguments used by such interests or individuals in real life against the Single Tax to-day. These arguments are very appropriately distributed among the various objectors to the scheme, and this distribution is itself a very clever piece of work.

Foremost amongst the interviewers is a loafer, who, as he says, has come to claim his piece of land. The Protector answers him by pointing out that division of land into minute pieces is not contemplated in the constitution. He also shows how the land has been made public property by the mere fact of collecting the annual values. The loafer is not satisfied, however, and at last the Protector shows him how he can become possessed of a piece of land. The loafer rejoices exceedingly, having in his mind the idea of getting hold of a piece of land and letting it out to others to cultivate, becoming a landowner, in fact. It is shown to him that he will have to pay the annual value of his land to the State. He thinks this is nothing, as he is under the impression that he can raise the rent on his tenants, and so recoup himself for the tax. A lesson is then read to him on the impossibility of shifting this tax. Then he elects to go to the poorhouse. These have been abolished. He thinks prison the next best place. But it is shown to him that he would be worse off there than anywhere else. He is ultimately convinced that under the new constitution it is utterly impossible to be a loafer, and he goes out from the presence of the Lord Protector with the full intention of becoming a useful member of society.

The next petitioner is a small shopkeeper, who with his hard-earned savings has purchased a piece of land and built a house upon it. He is fearful lest it be taken away from him. The Protector tackles him upon the fiscal side of the question, which is the only side from which the shopkeeping class can be appealed to, and shows him quite plainly that his taxes now will be much less than they were under the old system, the only difference to him being that the selling value of his land will have disappeared. This man had been an industrious man all his life, and as soon as he is convinced of the beneficence of the change accepts it gladly and goes away. He is, in this, typical of the class he represents.

These petitioners to the Lord Protector are of course intended to be representative of the various types of opponents of the Single Tax existing in our midst to-day, and each of them gives arguments from his own point of view against the Protector's method of raising revenue.

The next to enter the Audience-Chamber is a Socialist, and he gives very forcibly the arguments usually produced by Socialists

against the Single Tax philosophy. The Protector in his reply does not fully satisfy him, and keeps him alongside while he interviews the others.

A deputation of Railway Directors are next introduced, and after them a string of deputations representing various vested interests. These Directors are at first very boisterous, and seem as if they wanted to overawe the Protector. "We have come," said they, "to demand the repeal of these disastrous proclamations which are working the ruin of the country," etc., etc. The Protector is not in the least affected by their bullying attitude, but calmly asks them to state explicitly how they had been hurt by the new law. They explain to him that the revenue they formerly derived from their land had been taxed away, that their employees were demanding most exorbitant wages, which, if paid, would eat away all their profits. "Then don't pay them," was the calm reply. "But what are we to do?" they asked. "Replace them from the unemployed," said the Protector. Then it turned out that there were none such, and the Directors are made the medium of explaining how prosperous the country now is.

Various other deputations are introduced, but space forbids anything further than a mere enumeration of their grievances. The Directors of the New River Company, who appear next upon the scene, complain that the value of their stock has been depreciated by the opening up of new opportunities, another Company having simply gone and tapped the supply of water of which the Company represented by the deputation had formerly held the monopoly.

A group of landlords and officials of the Liberty and Property Defence League are next put through the Protector's mill, they being answered completely from the writings of their own particular champion, Herbert Spencer: "Equity therefore does not permit property in land." "But Mr. Spencer has himself renounced this utterance of his." "Yea, verily, but he has not yet *disproved* it."

A discussion with a lawyer follows, and in it the question of legal and natural rights is thoroughly thrashed out.

A bishop and a capitalist also have their innings, and in the course of these interviews all the possible arguments against the Single Tax are stated and met. The churchman and his peculiar style of dealing with thorny questions are drawn to the life, the avowed sympathy, the ambiguous sayings, and the reluctance to call things by their right names are well and thoroughly portrayed, and the dream ends with an account of a conversation with a personage who is evidently intended to represent Mr. William Morris. The conversation covers the points of difference between the two schools of thought, and ends abruptly by the Socialist pointing out one small inconsistency, namely, the existence of a Dictator in a democratic community. He is unwilling to resign, and while they are taking measures to compel him, the dreamer is awakened and the vision ends. The moral of the vision is given at the close, that moral being that all sections of Reformers should bury their differences and unite on the common platform of **THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.**

"Property in land differs in its origin from property in any commodity produced by human labour; the product of labour naturally belongs to the labourer who produced it, but the same argument does not apply to land which is not produced by labour, but is the gift of the Creator of the world to mankind; every argument used to give an ethical foundation for the exclusive right of private property has a latent fallacy."—*Right Hon. Justice Longfield.*

"These (our land laws) might be for the general advantage, and if they could be shown to be so, by all means they should be maintained; but, if not, does any man with what he is pleased to call his mind, deny that a state of law under which such mischief could exist, under which the country itself would exist, not for its people but for a mere handful of them, ought to be instantly and absolutely set aside."—*Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.*