

they gave it to the New York Central railroad. The state grants franchises and has, therefore, the right to act as landlord for the railroad. I shall not carry this out further than simply to say this: Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, in his book entitled "Natural Taxation," which, though less popular, is much more scientific than Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," has given figures to show a plan whereby all expenses of the government, economically administered, would be raised from the land and the franchises and that there would be no need of taxation properly so-called. The latest advocate of the single tax, and his advocacy is qualified, not absolute, is Charles Francis Adams, who says that the single tax is an enormous improvement and reduces taxation to a systematic and scientific basis. Would not the carrying out of this plan amount to a confiscation of land values? If we carried it out, it would amount no doubt to such a change in values as would be disastrous to some land owners, but it would not be carried out instantly, but would come into effect little by little. Industry and ownership would adjust themselves to the new conditions exactly as life has adjusted itself to the utilization of steam and electricity. Personally, I do not believe that the practical injustice that would grow out of any adoption of the single tax that would be possible in America would be so great as the injury that has come to individuals from the readjustment of industry, adapting itself to new industrial conditions.

#### HOW IT LOOKS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

The following is a letter written November 22, 1900, by a United States army surgeon who is now stationed on one of the most southerly islands of the Philippine group. The letter was received by Speed Mosby, of Jefferson City, Mo., January 11, 1901, who is a friend of the writer, and who for obvious reasons withholds his name.

The news of Mr. Bryan's defeat reached us yesterday. A Japanese steamer, driven out of her course by the storm which has prevailed in this part of the world for the past three days, passed up the coast on her way from Sydney to Yokohama, and the captain obliged us by signaling this bit of news while passing.

This news did not surprise me in the least, but it came as a very sore disappointment. The good people who are always right, according to Cardinal Wiseman, have been so tricked by the "full dinner pail" argument, and so blinded by the glit-

tering idea of "imperialism" that in the words of Scripture, "they know not what they do." Poor people! Poor fools! They deserve very little sympathy for the misery they are bringing upon themselves and their children. But, oh, how sad it is, to witness this history-worn spectacle of a great nation of free men, deliberately undermining its happiness and liberty. Unfortunate people are they, who can be so deluded by party leaders who view their wrongs and misfortunes through the neck of a champagne bottle. If the voters were deluded, they are to be pitied; if their eyes were opened to a clear perception of the main issue of this great political campaign, they deserve to be eternally damned by God and cursed by their posterity for all time to come.

How an American citizen could justify himself in voting for imperialism is beyond my comprehension. The republican policy is so plainly incompatible with our professed form of government, that if persisted in, it needs no seer to prophesy the downfall of the republic. I am neither a politician nor a statesman, but as a physician I imagine this defeat a strong symptom of our early decline as a free country. In fact, I believe all our pretensions are but a delusive show, like paint on the cheeks of a harlot, covering the outward body with a pretense of virtuous beauty, while below the surface all is villainy and corruption.

It is certainly a great farce for us to pretend to be free, when a great political party can afford to make fun of the declaration of independence. There was a time when the citizens of the United States merited the singular blessings vouchsafed them by Providence. The grand old men who founded the republic were neither fools nor fogies, as they have been called by the hypocritical republican press. And yet in this year of our Lord a great party (numerically great, I mean) can afford to scoff at the immortal work of those men, and tell the public that their teachings are worthless and old-fashioned, and find millions to cheer them to the echo, and vote for them in the bargain. Verily, the time is ripe for the beginning of scattered tyranny and oppression. Will the people allow it? I do not believe they will be able to prevent it. Already the spirit of the mailed fist is dominant, and I am positive, if the plans of this autocratic administration are carried out, a few years will find us groan-

ing under a military yoke as complete and despotic as that of Germany or Russia.

It is high time for the people to remember that their fancied liberties are not as secure as they might be. This sick nation of ours needs careful treatment and good nursing. The people can cure any political disease if they will go about it in the right way. If I were the attending physician I believe I should prescribe a good dose of Marat pills, or perhaps a Robespierre. But these things will all come in good time, if necessary. For the present we must wait and hope for better days, and join in the mournful howl of the multitude—vox populi, etc.—and work!

You will pardon me, I hope, for having expressed myself at such length, and in such a crude way; but I felt it necessary to express my feelings to some one, and consequently selected you for the victim, knowing that I should at least be sure of your sympathy. I am so disgusted with the whole business that I feel like settling in Borneo, Siam, or some other free and enlightened country, and never coming back to the states. I am very busy at present, getting off my annual requisitions, returns, reports and a thousand and one other things connected with army red tape. The insurgents are more active than ever before, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. This war will last for years, if I am not greatly mistaken, and in the end we will have gained nothing but an immense national debt and a country where white men cannot live; also a big regular army, which is, of course, a part of the scheme.

#### KITCHENER'S IRON HAND.

A dispatch to the New York Sun, dated Ottawa, January 5. Published in the Sun of January 7.

The Canadian troops in South Africa, according to recent reports, are evidently not much in sympathy with the harsh measures now being enforced against the Boers by Lord Kitchener. In a letter from Belfast, South Africa, Lieut. Morrison, of Ottawa, editor of the Ottawa Citizen, who is with the Canadian artillery there and has been recently mentioned in dispatches for gallant conduct in action, describes the march through Steilpoort valley, north of Belfast. He says:

"Bright and early we marched off. The Canadians, as usual, were in the advance guard, with the Fife lancers and two pompoms. Col. King commanded the advance and Gen. Smith-

Dorien the main body. During the trek, which lasted four days, our progress was like the old-time forays in the Highlands of Scotland two centuries ago. The country is very like Scotland, and we moved on from valley to valley, lifting cattle and sheep, burning, looting and turning out the women and children to sit and weep in despair and utter misery beside the ruins of their once beautiful farmsteads. It was the first touch of Kitchener's iron hand—a terrible witness, and I don't know that I want to see another trip of the sort. It rather revolted the most of us.

"We burned a track about six miles wide through these fertile valleys, and completely destroyed the village of Willpoort and the flourishing town of Dullstroom. The column left a trail of fire and smoke behind it that could be seen at Belfast. Many of the houses were surrounded by beautiful gardens abloom with roses, lilies and hollyhocks, and embowered in fruit trees, and with my glasses I could see the women and children bundled out, their bedding thrown through the windows after them. The cavalry would ride rapidly away, and the poor women and children, utterly confounded by the sudden visitation, would remain standing in the yard or garden watching helplessly, their homes disappear in fire and smoke."

Describing the sack of Dullstroom, Lieut. Morrison proceeds: "On the following morning, the troops were up long before daylight and marched off at four o'clock. We had no trouble in getting up at the right hour. You could hear alarm clock bells ringing from nearly every heap of blankets upon the camp ground, and the veldt hummed like a telephone office. When a soldier loots a house the first thing he grabs is the clock. In the dim, early dawn the column, nearly all mounted men, moved swiftly north. We were going to sack and burn the town of Dullstroom.

"Nobody who was there will ever forget that day's work. About seven o'clock in the morning our force seized the town after a little fight. The Boers went into the surrounding hills, and there was nobody in the town except women and children. It was a pretty place, nestling in a valley. The houses had lovely flower gardens and the roses were in bloom. We seized a kopje overlooking the main street and placed all the guns on it, while the cavalry galloped through and skirmished up the hills beyond. The Boers drove in our outposts on the

flank, and began sniping the guns, and amid the row of the cannonade and the crackle of rifle fire the sacking of the place began.

"First, there was an ominous bluish haze over the town and then the smoke rolled up in volumes that could be seen for 50 miles away. The Boers on the hills seemed paralyzed by the sight, and stopped shooting. When the lull came Gen. Smith-Dorien invited the artillery officers to go down into the place with him on a sort of official appearance—'just to tell them that you saw me' style of thing. The town was very quiet save for the roaring and crackle of the flames. On the steps of the church a group of women and children were huddled. The women's faces were very white, but some of them had spots of red on either cheek and their eyes were blazing.

"The troops were systematically looking the place over, and as they got through with each house they burned it. Our Canadian boys helped the women to get their furniture out with much the same concern as they would exhibit at a village fire at home. If they saw anything, however, they particularly fancied they would likely appropriate it (muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn), but they had not the callous nerve to take the people's stuff before their eyes. But you should have seen the royal Irish on the loot. They helped the people out with their stuff by heaving bureaus bodily through the windows, putting pickaxes through melodeons and such like wantonness. I heard the yell: 'Begorry, Tim, here's a nice carpet. Oi think Oi'll take it home for the ould woman. Lind a hand here.' R-r-r-rip! Up came a handsome pile carpet in strips. And so the work went on, the officers standing by laughing at the costly fun their men were having.

"As I stood looking a woman, the owner of a very pretty little cottage standing in a rose garden on a side street which was being destroyed, turned to me and pathetically exclaimed: 'Oh how can they be so cruel?' I sympathized with her and explained that it was an order and had to be obeyed. But all the same it was an intensely sad sight to see the little homes burning and the rose bushes withering up in the pretty gardens and the pathetic groups of homeless and distressed women and children weeping in abject misery and despair among the smoking ruins as we rode away."

Possibly the Chinese would take a little more kindly to Christianity if they realized that you can believe in it without practicing it.—Puck.

## THE PRACTICABILITY OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

For The Public.

Proportional representation has been unfortunate in having too many speculative, and too few practical friends. A very simple principle has suffered from over refinement. The idea itself, that of so constituting legislative bodies that they shall be representative of the various political factions as measured by their votes, is everywhere received with friendliness by thinking people; but when it comes to the application these friends are too often at loggerheads.

In this dilemma we might well take a lesson from the Swiss. While the English have speculated upon the Hare system of transferable votes, and the French theorists have reduced the problem to mathematical exactness, the hard-headed statesmen of the mountain republic adopted a simple application, and have had it in operation for ten years.

The principal features of the Swiss system are:

1. District lines, such, for instance, as congressional districts, are wiped out, and the representatives elected from the state at large.

2. Any party or group of voters entitled to nominate candidates, either by convention or petition, may nominate as many candidates as it sees fit, up to the whole number to be elected.

3. Each elector has as many votes as there are representatives to be elected, which he may distribute as he pleases among the candidates. The votes count for the candidates individually as well as for the party or group to which they belong.

4. The sum of all the votes cast is divided by the number of representatives to be elected, and the quotient is known as the quota of representation.

5. The total vote of each party or group of voters is divided by this electoral quota, and each party is allotted as many representatives as the quota is contained times in its vote. Should there not be enough full quotas to elect all the representatives the required number is taken from the party of parties having the largest unfilled quotas.

6. The number of representatives to which each party is entitled is taken from its list of candidates in the order of votes they received.

7. Should there be a vacancy during a term of office the remainder of the term is served by the candidate of the same party whose vote was highest of those not at first chosen.

Districts should not be so large as to