

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 Five lancers and two pompoms. Col. King commanded the advance and Gen. Smith-