

have industrial peace than it is that it should be changed in order that babies should refrain from crying when they have pins stuck into them. That, at least, if human nature is to be changed we can't change it; but that we can change those conditions which call out its protests.

If we have learned these things, we shall not believe that peace in the industrial world is an impossibility, a "Utopian dream." But we shall know that we may realize it at any moment, when we agree to destroy that enemy of free competition and of the freedom of man—Monopoly of Nature's Resources.

This can be done with perfect justice to all, and, therefore, with injury to none, through taxation of land values, and exemption from all other taxation.

LIZZIE NYE NORTHROP.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Toledo, O., Oct. 13.—The unqualified endorsement of Johnson and Clarke by Mayor Jones, of this city, and the fusion of the Nonpartisan and the Democratic tickets in this county insure a solid county delegation to the legislature in favor of home rule and of Clarke for United States Senator. The uprising of the citizens of Toledo some weeks ago to prevent the extension of a public-service corporation franchise, in the face of Mayor Jones's veto, has aroused a local sentiment in favor of home rule which will be irresistible at the polls this year.

But even if the Democrats hold every senatorial and representative district they now have, and carry this county's entire delegation, they will still need thirteen additional districts now held by the Republicans. Three representative districts can be carried by a change of one vote in a hundred from the Republican to the Democratic ticket. Two senatorial districts can be carried by a change of two votes in a hundred. Three representative districts and one senatorial district can be carried by a change of three votes in a hundred. Five representative districts can be carried by a change of four in each hundred votes. As it has been the policy of the Democratic managers to concentrate their efforts in these close legislative districts, and as their meetings are better attended and more enthusiasm is manifested than in any other campaign of recent years, they feel quite confident that the close districts will be carried.

John H. Clarke says he has participated in all the principal campaigns of the last twenty years, but never has he seen the same interest manifested as he

finds everywhere he goes this year. Mayor Johnson says he finds the interest increasing from week to week, and that all indications point to a decisive victory.

D. S. LUTHER.

Pittsburg, Pa., October 11.—The closing of "a busy life with its fluctuations and its vast concerns" in this city recently occasioned more than ordinary notice. Here the dead man's name had been for a generation a household word, and because of his commanding position in the business world and at one time a leader in the councils of the dominant political party, tributes of respect and esteem from many sources seemingly gave expression to that "one touch of nature" which is said to make the whole world akin.

Having been the head of a great steel corporation, the younger generation of "captains of industry" had found in this patriarch a counselor and guide in the ever increasing complexity of commercial life. The career of the dead was held up as an example to be emulated by the American youth by those teachers of the gospel of "success," who with florid eloquence pointed to the pathway ever open to all and which leads to a gilded goal.

The career of the late steel king differed little from any of those beneficiaries of special privilege who have amassed colossal fortunes in our republic. Beginning many years ago with a single furnace, the dead man left a private fortune, as certified by his published will, of \$60,000,000, while furnaces and mills and coal and ore lands belonging to the vast steel plant are held, by the surviving family and partners, at a valuation of \$80,000,000.

The accumulation of property seems not to have changed the naturally benevolent character of this modern Croesus. It is said of him that he gave largely to the poor and without ostentation; that to his army of employes he was considerate, merciful, and just. What the world terms triumphs were his in many forms; the evening of his life was bright with the glow of abundant possessions, and at the ripe age of nearly four score years, in the hour of planning the observance of the anniversary of his wedded life, with all the delight of happy anticipation, Death came and whispered low.

Among the many messages of condolence received by the family one stands apart by reason of its sender and because of its suggestively worded conclusion. From his castle home in the Highlands of Scotland Andrew Carnegie sent words of sympathy to the widow, assuring her that "While we had been competitors, your husband and I were friends always," closing with a quotation from a speech delivered by Edmund Burke, at Bristol, in

1782: "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

If the rich man to whose death reference has been made placed the acquisition of material things above all else, measured by the standard of eternal life he had, indeed, grasped at shadows. It is known that great economic truths were held by him to be but vagaries of disordered minds. For many years he had been one of the strongest advocates of the "highest protection to the American workingman," and his arguments in printed form against the "dangers" of free trade and his pleas for the extreme protective tariff system are among the archives of his political party, while during the presidential campaign of 1884 he became prominent as chairman of the national Republican executive committee.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Carnegie said, that the dead steel master and himself, while competitors, were always friends, for between these two in practically monopolizing the steel and iron industry, and enriched at the expense of the American people, there was neither room nor occasion for personal antagonism.

As a world-wide figure, posing as simply a trustee of vast resources Mr. Carnegie is a Nimrod in the pursuit of shadows. The toilers at Homestead build, but they do not enter in. Through the agency of their trustee they have filled hall and sanctuary with melody, yet to their humble homes and dreary lives no music comes.

Mr. Carnegie sets aside a million or more for a palace of peace at The Hague, and almost simultaneously with this announcement is printed in leaded type and black headlines of display an item detailing the arrival in this city, en route to the Homestead mills, upon a car specially constructed for the purpose of its transportation, one of the largest castings ever made, to be a part of machinery for the manufacture of enginery of war—to mangle and kill the children of God.

A noble impulse was that which animated this pseudo-philanthropist when he so largely endowed the Tuskegee institute, for the destiny of the freedman is the same as that of the Caucasian, but Mr. Carnegie cannot see that beyond the dark shadows of violated law, for the members of an emancipated race whom he seeks to further uplift, new shackles are even now being formed which ultimately will bind with greater cruelty than those of a Legree. The dispatches from the Southland and the West within a few weeks have told of the acquisition by Pittsburg and other capitalists of thousands of acres of land underlaid with coal and iron ore. What, then, will confront the graduate of Mr. Washington's school as he steps out

mentally equipped for the battle of life? To the monopolist of natural resources and opportunities the representative of a people once held as chattel slaves becomes a dependent and an industrial serf. Still in bondage. The problem which is termed "The Negro Problem" is also the white man's problem—the problem of the human race.

To this city Mr. Carnegie has apportioned millions for the building of a technological institute, and this is regarded by a certain class here and elsewhere as the Scotchman's greatest benefaction. The plan and purpose of this seat of learning is to provide young men with an education without cost to the student. Newspapers have printed columns in describing the magnificent opportunities that will thus be opened to young men. Railroads and other corporations, they say, are constantly in need of young men to fill positions whose requirements demand technical knowledge and skill. This is a siren's song. In the employ of corporations here, numerous as they are, there are thousands of young men engaged as clerks, draughtsmen, designers, and civil engineers, whose hope of advancement, despite their ability, is as distant as a star, while the "want" columns of the great dailies in our large cities show an ever increasing appeal for work from men who recite their qualifications for positions demanding high mental attainments.

Every year there is an army of graduates from our common schools, and it is the majority of these of both sexes that drop their diplomas and the bright associations and memories of the classroom to engage in the pathetic struggle for bread. However, as combination of capital and centralization of effect in all lines of industrial activity is the tendency of the times, it cannot be forgotten that one of the strongest arguments of trust defenders is that combination, while bringing larger dividends, also lessens the cost of production. In other words, there will be more idle men and women.

Mr. Carnegie's technical school may be outwardly a thing of beauty; its faculty include teachers whose wisdom is profound in the realm of physics; but the curriculum will not intentionally convey to the student a single gleam of truth to show him his relation to the planet and the natural order of life, whereby he (as are all men) is entitled to the use of the earth—an equal participant of the bountiful provision the Lord hath made. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

Shadows are we all, indeed; as spiritual beings, in earthly tenement for a brief sojourn, a reflection of the Infinite. Any quest which leads us from

a fulfillment of the divine laws and a living testimony to the glory and majesty of the Creator is a search for phantoms and a defilement of the soul. As we leave the artificial atmosphere of the city to listen to the throbbing of Nature's heart in all the beauties of earth and sky we but see and hear the manifestations of the Father's endless love. The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Yet, in full view of this divine harmony, a spiritually dead church with solemn dictum, to which bonded doctrinaires assent, declares that the monstrous misery, shame and want in the crowded centers of social life is also according to God's will.

Only to the morally perverted, to those who worship at the shrine of Mammon, those whose obsequiousness to the power of money is a confession of their degeneration—to these alone does the pitiable figure of Mr. Carnegie, as a mere almoner of other people's substance, appeal. The spirit of adulation breathed forth so widely at every so-called gift of beneficiary of special privilege and of monopoly shows the decline of that pure and lofty patriotism which inspired our sires to deeds of heroic sacrifice that posterity might be free, and with this decline must slowly fade the real liberties of a republic.

The last years of the past century saw two figures prominent in the affairs of men, although the aims of one were a perfect antipodes to the other's purpose. One stood upon the Mt. Olympus of human thought, listening to the harmonies of God's voice; the other in the flickering shadows of the valley, delving with a muck rake; one saw the glory and beauty of his Creator's plan through all the dark clouds of injustice in the defiles below; the other's vision opened only to the gleam of gold and its enervating power; one touched the keys of the great organ of universal law and mankind was thrilled and exalted by the master's symphony; the other sounded a fanfare from the brazen trumpet of vainglory, and thoughtless, fawning sycophants bent the knee; the one remains, resting upon his rake while watching shadows; the other, whose great soul is beyond mortal ken, still speaks, and from beyond the tomb we may hear the message, now fraught with greater meaning: "Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives."

JAMES A. WARREN.

Nankin, China, Sept. 5.—It may interest some readers of The Public to know that our great health resort of central

China is partly under the single tax system. Let me explain.

Seven years ago the top of Bull's Head Peak (Ku Nin Ling), near Kiu Kiang, was secured as a health resort. The land cost a mere song. It was divided into over 100 lots of nearly an acre each. These were sold to missionaries at \$150 a lot and to business people at \$200. Thus some \$20,000 was secured which was all put into making the necessary improvements—roads, ditches, etc.

Unfortunately a heavy land tax was not imposed at once, and there was considerable land gambling. Lots ran up to \$600 and later to over \$1,200.

It was known that a constitution for the place was to be voted on, and some of our "best citizens" met and designed a constitution of rather medieval type, with a vote for each lot a man held and one for each house. I protested, but was hooted down. The crowd followed the influential ones and their constitution was established.

Next year, however, some of us got together in political meetings and easily changed this system to a "one man one vote" plan.

The old constitution fixed the taxes at \$10 a lot and \$24 for a house. We, with our new franchise, changed this to \$20 for a lot and \$14 for a house. I wanted the taxes levied entirely on the lots, but could not get everything our way. The \$20 a lot is equal, I think, to 2 per cent. and is very effectual. It has compelled the sale and use of all idle land, or practically so, and there are \$200,000 worth of houses now. This object lesson gives me great encouragement.

It seemed to me strange that a lot of missionaries should in the first year vote to establish a George III enfranchisement, but a rich man led in the matter. I have learned that the love of money is a root of all evil, but the love of a moneyed man (toadyism) is surely of the devil himself.

Americans at home are working for the single tax. We in China have it in the German colony, Kiaochow, and a half application in this health resort of Bull's Head Peak. I was talking with Count P—, just returned from Kiaochow the other day, about the colony there and the single tax, and he told me it was working well.

Before our Viceroy Liu died we memorialized him on single tax lines and he appointed a commissioner to look into it. The commissioner, though an old conservative, reported favorably, but the old viceroy died before anything was accomplished. I hear, however, that waste land is to be taxed as well as arable land. This will open up employment for labor and do good in other ways.

Kang Yu Wei, the adviser of the Emperor in his reforms before he was snuffed out, is now recommending the single tax. He must have read the translation of Progress and Poverty, which is in the second edition.

Li Wei Yuen, a magistrate, was work-