Fancy all this hive of happy industry pouring its wealth down to the great centre, the great seaport at the junction of the rivers. There will be the wonderful municipal docks, moles and slips; the acres and acres of factories, the crowd of shipping; the beautiful, great central depots; the graceful bridges over, and tubes under, the river; streets all clear, clean and remodeled, with broad transverse avenues, and subways to every part of the metropolis. Our girdle of hills pierced with broad, bright tunnels into the adjoining valleys; and crowning the hills, beautiful villas, temples, palaces.

All this the revelers at the Rose Festival of 2000 A. D. will see, and more; the great metropolis will have become so wealthy she will have turned toward art and taste. Skyscrapers and dark, dirty, narrow little streets between, filled with unsightly holes, will be abolished at any cost. Real avenues and buildings of true beauty will be built where the impulse to create the beautiful is not stifled by the price of space.

Paris condemned and bought all property along any proposed avenue of improvement; made the improvement, destroying all that came in the way, and then re-sold the land left for more than the cost of the improvement. Or perhaps Portland will have become as sensible as the German cities and will be her own landlord, taking in the suburbs and vacant spaces by purchase, and then leasing, so that she will derive a great income from her rents.

It is curious, this long slow incubation before a community can see that the community as a whole makes the value of land, and the community as a whole is therefore entitled to take that value, much as a landlord now takes rent for the land he owns.

No community: land has no value.

Small community: land has moderate value.

Great community: land has great value; and so whatever the value put into the land by the community, the community has a right to take back as a species of rent.

But with such a wealthy city we must have something better than our present plan of city government. I would like to leave as my legacy to my fellow citizens these truths which I fear too many of them will be slow to see:

One: The legislative and money-appropriating arm must be distinct from the executive and should be elective.

Two: The principal business of running a city (the detail) is all executive. The executives should all be appointed.

Three: The voter should be required to exercise his judgment in election upon as few as possible.

Four: The representatives selected should be taken at large so as to represent the whole city.

Five: The executive arm should prepare all the estimates and have a right to speak on the subject.

Six: The executives should all be appointed and removable by one central head, who must be held responsible.

What a mess our good old democratic warhorse, Andrew Jackson, plunged us into when he started the craze to elect everybody from dogcatcher to sheriff! He thereby started the graft of American cities which makes them so different from those of the old world, for I refuse to believe that our human nature is different.

If Portland is to be the great and lovely metropolis I believe she will be, she with her fellow citizens must open Oregon's natural resources of mountain and valley to this horde of eager immigrants we expect and hope to welcome from the ever-teeming East. What is not being put to use must be thrown open to those who will use it. And having brought Justice to her outside territory and filled it with a happy crowd, Portland must see to it that she herself is founded on a system which does not depend on the honesty of some particular man or men, but which makes it undesirable in human nature for any man to be dishonest, by:

First, limiting the power.

Second, making it easy to put your finger right on the weak spot.

I freely admit I am a crank. A crank is a person crazy on one idea, and here am I who was asked to prepare a Portland Rose Festival article, writing on politics! But I can't get away from it. I see so much joy and happiness and prodigal wealth overflowing into the basket of future Rose Festivals that I hate to see a torn and dirty basket for it to flood into.

And what greater work can man or city do than to struggle closer to the altars of Justice and make the children of men happier?

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SOME THINKS ABOUT EVOLUTION

By Old Man Harder.

For The Public.

Ever hear anything about evolution? Sure! Tompkins keeps me posted on evolution an' protection. I've got about as much faith in one as in the other. I git a plenty of both of 'em, between the books he lends me an' his lectures. Half the time I feel as scientific as a Yale professor.

What's science? Why, it's the thing that settles things one way today an' finds out it's just the other way tomorrow.

Yes, sir-ee! I felt a little bit lonesome for awhile after Tomkins come over to the house an' give me his first lecture. He left a couple o' books, an' when I begun to git the turn o' the argument 'bout evolution, I kinder felt like the scientists had knocked out God. Of course, I couldn't pre-

tend to know much about God. I didn't have the slightest idea about how He looked, or where he made His home. I didn't have a guess a comin' as at what He purposed to do with us later on, but it was sort o' comfortin' to feel that He'd made a purty good sort of a world here, an' to think that somebody with more sense than the ordinary man was in charge o' things an' keepin' 'em straight. I kind o' wanted something to lean on when things was goin' wrong an' the blues was colorin' everything, an' it seemed to me that whatever it was that made the earth an' the rest o' the universe was something you might bank on. I couldn't do that with the ordinary run o' men.

Yes! I was mighty lonesome for awhile after Tomkins come over an' I found out that science said things wasn't made at all, an' that there wasn't any Maker, but things jest evoluted.

"How can that be?" says I.

"It's simple enough," says Tomkins. "There wasn't anything to begin with except matter an' motion, which they always was an' always will be. Motion got to mixin' itself up with matter in a sort of a whirligig an' the whirligig kept a goin', till the earth an' the rest o' the universe jest happened to come, an' somewhere in the muss there was something evoluted that the scientists call a cell in which there was a germ. An' that was life. Then the cell kept on evolutin' an' makin' more cells an' the whirligig o' matter an' motion kept on grindin' an' something they call environment come to be, an' the cells kept on workin' an' turned into fish an' serpents an' elephants an' all sorts o' living things, includin' monkeys that evoluted later into man. An' all these things came to be without any mind to think it out an' plan it. It jest happened."

"Simple enough," says I. "It's clear as mud to me. If I'd found it out before it would a saved me a lot o' trouble. I've bothered a good deal about the right an' wrong o' things, but if things jest happened without nobody thinkin' 'em out there can't be any right an' wrong. If there's no right or wrong what do you punish me for, if I steal your money? Say, Tomkins, how long has this evolution been workin'?"

"Oh! Millions an' millions of years," says Tomkins.

"Is it a workin' now?" says I.

"Yes, sir," says Tomkins. "It's been workin' right along ever since it begun a makin' things more an' more perfect."

"Then, if this evolution, with its natural selection an' its environment is industrious, there ought to be some evidence of the makin' of new species since men came on earth an' begun to leave history behind 'em. Has anything been discovered in the process of evolutin' from the simple to a more complex form?"

"Nothin' alive," says Tomkins, "nothin' alive. But oceans o' bones to show that animals dropped tails an' took on wings, an' made all sorts o' changes for the better."

"Is there any other evidence, except the bones an' the imagination o' the scientists?" says I. "Did any scientist ever discover a cell or a combination o' cells in the act o' changin' its form? Did any of the species on earth when man came ever evolute into another species?"

"Not yet," says Tomkins. "But the Professors are workin' hard, an' we may learn soon that they have discovered the source of life an' can start a new species by mixin' seawater an' chemicals together."

"Well, Tomkins," says I, "I can't take a bit o' comfort in thinkin' about this whirligig o' matter an' motion. It makes me dizzy. I want to think that something with sense to it is in charge o' the universe, something that knows a heap more'n the best man that ever lived, and something that we can look up to an' pray to if we feel the need of strength an' help beyond what man can give us. I want to think that somewhere in the universe there is an intelligence compared to which the knowledge of the scientists is idiocy. I shall keep on feelin' this way till they discover some of this evolution goin' on where we can see it."

But Tomkins is goin' to bring me another book to read.

GEO. V. WELLS.

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THE SINGLETAX.

An Oration Delivered June 15, 1911, at the Commencement Exercises of the Hartwell (Ohio) High School, by One of the Youthful Graduates, Laurence E. DeCamp.

In the year 1879 Henry George, an American, published his first great book, entitled "Progress and Poverty." In this book he first announced the Singletax theory—the proposed use of one kind of taxes instead of the many kinds we now have—this one tax to be placed upon the actual site value of land, not including the improvements upon it, and regardless of its area, and all other taxes to be abolished.

Most students of social questions believe that poverty, suffering and discontent throughout the world are becoming unbearable, and that a conflict is almost in sight. This is the most serious question for practical men to face. The present system of taxation puts an unjust burden upon labor, the consumer and the poor man, and is one great cause of the trouble.

In presenting the Singletax as a remedy, we first present the arguments from the moral side—the side of right and justice. Later we give the practical and economic side; for the disciples of Henry George are not dreamers, but include many