

SPAWN OF THE DEEP.

For The Public.

III. Copepoda Sapphirina*

At high tide today the sunlit azure and green flood displays in the burnished concave of its shore-waves, unaccountable richness of violet hue, like a great vestment of inter-patterned gentian-blue and quince-colored silks, of which the border has been dyed with glowing Tyrian purple.

Or it might suggest a luxuriant vineyard of bluish-tinged leafery with ripe Tokay clusters protruding along its margin; or a plum-orchard laden with wine-colored fruit, or again a garden banked with trumpet-mouthed blooms of the opulent tinge of porphyry.

As the tide ebbs, it deposits at step after step of its recession, broad, scalloped lines of the regal color far along the strand, which the hot sun later dries to surprising brilliance of vermilion, graded sometimes to scarlet only a shade less vivid, and more rarely to fervid carmine; until the undulant, gleaming stripes alternating with the lanes of pale sand between, as far as the eye can reach, assume the aspect of a mighty flag unrolled along the coast, where the blazonry of its color throbs in gorgeous contrast to the sapphire and emerald of the neighboring waters. And at sunset when the cloud-draperies kindle with the flush of the afterglow, they find ruddy reproduction in the beach's unwonted markings.

The strange bright froth feels clammy to the bare feet, and clings to them so as to leave their prints cut as by a die to the sand beneath through the deckle-edged ribbons, while gathered in the wondering observer's hand it is found to consist of myriad tiny forms like elongated eggs, and to emit a stale fishy odor.

Yet more bewildered, the investigator dips a bottle into the tide where its rim is turbid with the diffused maroon like spilt grape-juice, and holding it to the light is fairly appalled to see it now an aquarium thronged with minute, crustacean-shaped swimmers with long drooping antennae!

*In answer to an inquiry addressed to the New York State Entomologist, at the Albany Museum, I received this comment on a description I sent him of the little crustacean cast up on Sagamore Beach sands, on Cape Cod Bay, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1908:

"It seems probable that it belongs to the genus *Sapphirina*, one of the Copepod crustaceans, in regard to which Dr. Verrill wrote, 'This is one of the most brilliant creatures inhabiting the sea. It reflects the most gorgeous colors, blue, red, purple and green, although when seen in some positions by transmitted light, it is colorless and almost transparent.'"

The Smithsonian Institution reports for 1875 say that a copepod, which from description and plate I judge is the above, was found swimming in vast numbers off Nantucket, and during the same month (September) was drifted "in windrows" (exactly describing the deposits at Sagamore Beach), on the shore of Martha's Vineyard.

The tiny prawns dart swiftly across their enclosure from side to side, or mount from below with the hitching motion of frogs, while the mass that settles to the bottom is continually disturbed throughout as by electric tremors, by its restless members, vaguely reminding the watcher of the shifts and re-arrangements of the tumbling glass fragments of a kaleidoscope; or again the circulating animalcules suggest corpuscles from healthy blood, viewed in a crystal-clear medium through a high power microscope lens.

The hinged bodies are transparent, and so slightly imbued with color that the salmon-pink tinge of the congeries in the vial seems hardly explicable—how much less then the deep stain of the empurpled waves, and the intense fire-hues of the embellished sands!

The mind reels in the effort to grasp the significance of such prodigal fertility in these incalculable numbers of quickly consumed particles of the universal life, that have perished before their drifted lines are fully dry, and by another noon are mere thin chaff, bleached to pale buff, and soon obliterated from the strand's long scroll.

Contemplation of the portent induces the kind of intellectual dismay and exhaustion that accompany thought of the earth's human multitudes through uncomputed generations.

In all the lands, during a lapse of time to which recorded centuries are perhaps but as the leafy outer fringe of an inconceivably ancient tree, the swarms of humanity have clouded and dyed with rich color of their masses, the border waves of an ocean that shows no boundary at the dip of its far horizon-curve, and then have been cast to their extinction on the coast where the receding tide of life deposits their limitless throngs. In such wise that to eyes able to scan the whole shore, it, too, might present some colossal pattern fashioned out of infinitesimal components, and at the setting of the last sun be fitted to return in ruddy splendor the majestic afterglow of our system's completed day.

ELIOT WHITE.

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WHAT IS THE SINGLE TAX?

Edmund Norton Before the Jefferson Club of Los Angeles, May 7, 1910.

The Single Tax is the popular name of the great fiscal reform and social philosophy most powerfully promulgated by our great American, Henry George, sometimes called "the prophet of San Francisco." Its advocates are almost universally known as Single Taxers or Georgians.

What It Proposes to Do.

Its purpose is to increase wages to the full returns or earnings of labor; to shorten the hours necessary to earn a living; to leave to capital, which is secondary labor, its full returns, which are secondary wages; to abolish monopoly, which