

This action does not permit the wearing of religious garbs by teachers coming into the service hereafter, the points about the Secretary's ruling, as confirmed by the President, being (1) that out of 2,000 teachers now in the classified service there are only 51 who wear such a garb; (2) that these came into the service through the taking over of religious schools by the government; (3) that the mere wearing of a religious garb by government teachers is not in contravention of the policy of non-sectarian teaching, and (4) that under the circumstances teachers already in the service have an equity in the matter which would not attach to teachers coming in after orders against wearing distinctive garbs or other religious insignia.

## PRESS OPINIONS

### Wilson's Campaigning Method.

The Chicago Record-Herald (Rep.), Sept. 20.—If there is sincerity in the denunciation of mud-slinging politics there should be general and grateful recognition of the fact that Governor Wilson is giving a bright and shining example of the other kind. He seldom indulges in references to persons, and when he does they are courteous and good humored . . . Whatever may be thought of his own party or his politics, the tone and style of his popular addresses deserve the heartiest commendation.

### Monopoly the Essential Principle of the Progressive Party.

Collier's (ind.), Sept. 7.—We fear it cannot be successfully denied that the new party, in its platform, in Colonel Roosevelt's speeches, in the declarations of Mr. George W. Perkins, has very positively committed itself to an abandonment of the democratic principle in industry. It relies upon amelioration of an evil, instead of endeavoring to prevent the evil from existing and increasing. With much emphasis it declares for monopoly as economically and socially efficient and desirable.

### The High Cost of Living.

American Economic League (Cincinnati), Press Bureau No. 251.—A year ago the majority of a Senate committee to investigate the cause of increased cost of living made a report whitewashing the protective tariff and putting the blame on a number of other causes. The other causes named were mostly of a frivolous nature, but in one case the committee came near to telling the truth. It mentioned increase in land values. The Federal census presents figures that seem to confirm this. Of course increase in land values arising from conditions that make land more productive can not increase the price of commodities, because under those circumstances the use of land is not discouraged. But it is different with inflation of values that keeps land from being used. The census shows that between 1900 and 1910 population increased 21.0 per cent, number of farms increased 10.5 per cent, acreage of improved lands increased 15.2 per cent, and price

per acre of farm land increased 108.7 per cent. The percentage of population in the rural districts in 1900 was 59.5 per cent. This had fallen by 1910 to 53.7 per cent. It thus appears beyond question that it was twice as hard for a man to become owner of a farm in 1910 as in 1900. That the increase in price was mainly speculative is evident enough on noting the small increase in improved acreage. But the census shows some other things which have tended to discourage production of food and to increase the cost. With an increase of only 15.2 per cent of improved acreage the cost of fertilizer used increased 113.9 per cent, the cost of buildings 77 per cent, and the cost of implements and machinery 68.3 per cent. Tariffs and monopoly of natural resources from which raw material for these necessities must be taken have done their share in making farming unprofitable and raising the cost of living.

### Bryan's Survival of Abuse.

Chicago Daily Journal (Dem.), Sept. 21.—Mr. Roosevelt can not escape the searching questions of Mr. Bryan by abusing his questioner. William Jennings Bryan is immune to abuse, for he has been abused for half a generation by every privilege-seeking grafter and every privilege-granting official in the land. Mr. Bryan has been abused by Mark Hanna and by Tammany, by Hearst and by Roosevelt, by Perkins and by Penrose, by amalgamated trusts and associated anarchies. Yet Mr. Bryan is today stronger with the American people than ever before. If Mr. Roosevelt can not answer Bryan's questions, then it would be the part of wisdom for Mr. Roosevelt to show a new side to his versatile nature, and keep still. Abuse of Bryan long since ceased to be a road to popularity.

### Land Value Taxation.

(Winnipeg) Manitoba Free Press (Lib.), Aug. 3.—It looks at present, as if the British Liberals were prepared to wage their next big fight on the principle of securing the land for the common people. Significant remarks by cabinet ministers and aggressive campaigns by Liberal candidates in recent by-elections almost justify the assumption that the taxation of land values is to be incorporated in the Liberal party's platform. . . . After all, the proposition that the land belongs to all the people is, morally, elementary. The trouble is that private property in land has become a vastly complicated affair and the restoration of the land to the people a most difficult problem. Vested interests of all kinds have been created. . . . In view of these difficulties it is doubtful if a fairer and more practical method of land nationalization exists than the gradual extension of the principle of the land tax. . . . In Canada a healthy feature of a land situation which has some unhealthiness in it, is the fact that such a gradual extension is actually in process, especially in western Canada. When our last acre is under cultivation, which one day it inevitably will be, however far off that day may be, our economic troubles, or at any rate adjustments, will really begin. If, when that day arrives, the charge for the use of land goes wholly, or in large part, to the state

through the method of land value taxation, we shall be spared much of the heart-searching that is attending the readjustment process in older countries.

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

**RICHARD COBDEN.**

**Apostle of Free Trade: 1804-1865.\***

Pure-hearted Hero of a bloodless fight!  
Clean-handed Captain in a painless war!  
Soar, Spirit, to the realms of Truth and Light,  
Where the Just are!

If one poor cup of water given shall have  
Due recognition in the Day of Dread,  
Angels may welcome this one, for he gave  
A nation bread!

His bays are sullied by no crimson stain;  
His battles cost no life, no land distress'd;  
The victory that closed the long campaign,  
The vanquish'd bless'd!

No narrow patriot bounded by the strand  
Of his own Isle—he led a new advance,  
And opened, with the olive branch in hand,  
The ports of France,

Charming base hate of centuries to cease,  
And laying upon humble piles of Trade,  
Foundation for that teeming reign of Peace,  
For which he prayed.

This the sole blot on which detraction darts,  
Willing to make his rounded fame decrease;  
That in his inmost soul, and heart of hearts,  
He worshipp'd Peace.

But One bless'd peacemakers long years ago;  
And since, in common clay, or stately vault,  
Seldom has Hero rested, stained by so  
Superb a fault.



## JIMMIE'S INFANT INDUSTRY.

Charles Johnson Post in Everybody's Magazine for September. Illustrated by the Author. Reprinted by Courteous Permission of the Editors of Everybody's.

"Wuthless—o' course he's wuthless if he won't work! Now, Ma, there's no use in talking—I don't intend to be the fool father of a rich man's son—at least not any more." With a dexterous movement the old man flapped his morning paper open and with one blow of his palm smote it flat with the financial page uppermost. "More coffee," he ordered over his shoulder curtly.

A butler, silent, scornful, automatic, moved through noiseless grooves; and from the other end

\*From an old leaflet of the Cobden Club.

of the breakfast-table Ma kept on, heedless of the old man's dictum of finality.

"Why, Pa, I don't see how you can act so—you've got money enough for all of us. Let the boy enjoy himself."

The old man grunted from out of his coffee cup, with his eyes still glued to the market reports before him. "Let him learn to make money like I did, so's he can take care of it when I'm gone—that'll be enjoyment enough."

The ample form with its placid curves rippled in a spiritless indignation at the other end of the table. "It ain't fair, Pa," she urged peevishly. "Here he is just getting on with real nice people and invited all around—house-parties and such, and clubs and all that—and now you're going to make him come down to your stuffy old office every day!"

This was a gross libel on the old man's headquarters; a whole floor had been remodeled by a fancy architect in an ascending scale of opulence that culminated in an inner sanctuary with fluted columns, padded floors, and silk rugs—a place where everything had been carved, woven, painted, or designed to special order. It looked expensive, and thereby satisfied the old man's only esthetic sensibility.

Dispassionately he grunted as he pushed the empty cup away. "Jim's going to learn to work," he announced flatly. "Tell him to come down to the office at five this afternoon. If he don't come, his allowance is cut in half. Not before five o'clock, though. I'm busy." He shoved his chair back from the table and jammed the paper in his pocket. "Don't forget to tell him about his allowance—he'll come."

"His allowance—oh, Pa!" The silk and lace morning gown fluttered in an agony of agitation. "Why, he hasn't enough as it is, and I was just going to ask you—wait a minute—wait a minute, Pa—" But with a final snort over his shoulder the old man had disappeared, and from the distance came a further series of puffings and gruntings that marked his struggles with his overcoat. Helplessly the fluttering laces and silk settled back.

The thumb of Destiny had been turned down, and the doom of a regular and vulgar daily toil was about to descend on the son of the house.

Down-town, late that afternoon, the old man sat alone in his carved and padded sanctuary. Thirty stories below, the haze of the evening was already settling, softening the roof-tops of the distance and leaving in delicate contrast the purple cañons of the intersecting streets. Before him, on a littered desk with the area of a billiard-table, four clocks bearing enameled signs—London, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—marked the hours with a mechanism as silent as the passage of time itself.

As the New York clock indicated a quarter of five he had dismissed brusquely the last confere