

ico, what would do Madero and the other Liberal leaders most good would be the co-operation of two or three first-class, well grounded Singletaxers. They would show him where to get his revenue in a supply not only unfailing but increasing with every work of improvement done by the new government. And that revenue can be secured without putting any tax upon the industry of Mexico. He can make the men who have grabbed all the good things in Mexico disgorge. He can tax the big estates of their land values and levy no tax at all upon homes, machinery, cattle, railroad cars and locomotives, manufacturing plants, etc.

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#### Bryan and the Democratic Party.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) News (ind.), June 3.—That this eloquent and versatile Nebraskan is still a power to be reckoned with in Democratic councils, despite his triple defeats for the Presidency—and possibly in large measure because of them—is emphasized by the increasing attention that is being given to his views and acts by both the Democratic and the Republican press. Mr. Bryan has repeatedly declared that he is not and will not be a candidate for another Presidential nomination; but, notwithstanding this, both Republican and Democratic journals, not a few, still assume that he will not unlikely strive to capture the nomination for himself if he finds he cannot dictate both a candidate and platform in consonance with his own radical democratic ideas. The Democratic papers thus expressing themselves are among those which have generally antagonized the Nebraskan before nomination, and halfheartedly supported him after or not at all. The Republican journals, of course, see in the growing antagonism of Bryan to the Bailey-Fitzgerald conservative section of the party what promises to be a schism as embarrassing to the Democracy as is the Progressive Republican element to their own party. The active opposition—both in his Commoner and through his personal work in Washington—to the Clark-Underwood proposition for remitting only half the raw wool duties, instead of making wool free, has caused much hostile criticism of Bryan by the members of his own party, and is likely to cause more, by reason of his uncompromising position taken on the free wool question. To the Nebraskan free wool is the essential prerequisite to any adequate tariff reform, and he declares that “since nearly half our wool must be imported, it is gross injustice to tax the whole population heavily on clothing for the supposed benefit of a comparatively few sheep growers.” Speaker Clark has been generally counted, equally with Governor Woodrow Wilson, as likely to receive the Bryan support for the coming Presidential nomination; but, according to the forecast of the New York Tribune and other journals, the split on the wool tariff has now ruled the Missourian off the Presidential books of the Nebraskan. There is, however, nothing certain about this. In fact, about the only thing about Mr. Bryan that can be safely counted as certain is this—he is now, and is likely to continue for some time to come, the most potent individual factor in his party.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### AT A SUMMER RESORT.

Brand Whitlock in American Magazine for July. Yes, it is beautiful; this peaceful scene  
Of shimmering lake, deep in the pinewoods green,  
With happy, brown-kneed children, youth and maid,  
And elder folk in summer white arrayed,  
At tennis, golf, and boating—all at play,  
Wherewith they while these golden hours away.

And yet—and yet—I wish I could not see,  
Back in the city's heat and misery,  
Those patient men who toil in shop and mill,  
Their work-worn wives, their children wan and still,  
Wasting their lives in cruel sacrifice  
To give these idle ones this paradise!

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#### PLANNING FOR PORTLAND.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Writing on the City of Roses in the Pacific Monthly for June.

Guarded by her hills which she is beginning to climb as a climbing rose clambers up to the window of its desire, Portland sees, afar off in the skies, the great snow guardians which have made her: Mt. Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Jefferson; and she knows the vast sapphire wall which supports them is a wall of pine and fir trees whose whispers are *Wealth! Wealth!* And under their roots are coal and silver and gold and quarries. The Earth gnomes hammer in her ears: *Wealth! Wealth!* All around her are fertile valleys and broad tidelands and toward the east hundreds of thousands of square miles of golden fields, fragrant orchards, pastures thick with herds—calling to the Golden City of Predestination: *Wealth! Wealth!*

Here is the last lap of that migration of the peoples which set out from Asia ever toward the West, seeking freer and more open lands. And here on the Pacific the progress shall be stayed awhile and we shall fill up. Eighty thousand colonists from the East this spring! Picture all of Idaho, Washington, Oregon, filled with fat farms, smiling orchards; gridironed with electric railways running from city to city; the waterfalls of the mountains giving light and heat and power; pumping the water for irrigating fields more productive than all the gold mines of the world. A land flowing with milk and honey, and humming as a hive with a happily crowded population. Perfect roads alive with freight autos and pleasure autos; central halls, libraries, theatres and amusement parks, even in the country; distance annihilated and the human hive really sociable and happy. Perhaps aeroplanes from which one could casually drop down on a friend.

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 THINGS 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-