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55 notes: 55 misprints. Uncertain readings are in [brackets?]. Original spelling and misprints are kept as printed.

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About this text (5 notes on this issue)

- `[word?]` is a best guess; `[illegible]` means unreadable. Line-end hyphens are joined. Misprints are kept as printed; letters judged to be broken type are written as intended but listed among the misprints (marked “broken type”).

- **“The New Campaign: An Address to Single Tax People”** runs p1 → p2, signed by the undersigned with Louis F. Post first; it quotes in full a letter signed HENRY GEORGE from the steamship Eider. **“About Henry George’s Trip”** (p1) includes a verbatim New York World interview with George.
- **Addresses that disagree between pages:** Croasdale [921?]/721 Broadway; Robert Baker 178/172 Madison av.; A. H. Stephenson 214/211 Chestnut; J. D. Miller 86/26 Ege av.; Leubuscher 35/36 Park Row; Kuehne/Kuehn; DuBois William D./Wm. B.
- p3: H. Russell dates George’s North American Review ballot article “[1885?]” (worn digit; probably 1883). W. C. Owen’s “[31,000?] names” vs. “over 11,000” enrolled (p2).
- p1 masthead: subscriber’s address label pasted upside down over it (saved as figure p1_fig1).

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p1_fig1

[Masthead: "THE STANDARD" in large display type. A subscriber's mailing label is pasted at an angle, upside down, over the letters "AR" of STANDARD and reads: "104 Dr. Walter / Mendelson 16[7?] / 179 W 74th st"]

THE STANDARD

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p. 1, col. 1

Subscribers of the "Chicago Euquirer[sic]" will receive "The Standard" until the expiration of their terms of subscription to that paper.

CONTENTS:

Shall We Invade New Jersey?—By Judge James G. Maguire. Reception to Henry George. About Henry George's Trip. Tolstoi is With Us. The New Campaign. The New Democracy. The Ninth District Club. Edward Atkinson To Speak. The Victor's Thanksgiving (a poem). For a Single Tax Club. Ballot Reform. The Statesman (a poem). What We Should Do. Another Wholesale Eviction. An English View of It. The Single Tax and Oklahoma. Getting Interesting in Minnesota. Hammering Away in Indianapolis. Here's a Chance for Washington. What We Have Done. To Help Single Tax Strangers. All About a Walking Stick. Editorial Notes. Protecting American Industry. Straws Which Show the Wind. Mr. Browne's Apology (a sketch). Worsted Goods and Wages. The President's Message. Victory (a poem). Society Notes. Polly's Father (a story). Queries and Answers. New Ideas, Methods and Inventions. Current Thought. What It Costs to Dress an American Girl.

As THE STANDARD goes to press Henry George is on the sea, homeward bound. He sailed from Liverpool on Saturday last in the Etru[ria?]. Our next issue will contain an account of his experiences and observations in Great Britain.

SHALL WE INVADE NEW JERSEY?

The people of the United States have decided that for another four years our national revenue shall be mainly derived from taxes on food, clothing, fuel and building materials; and have further decided that beyond the fiscal needs of the government these necessaries of life shall be taxed to swell our surplus of public revenue, not for the

Sic in the original; probably "Chicago Enquirer".

sake of maintaining the surplus, but for the purpose of protecting us against the danger of getting such necessaries at lower prices than those at which they are now being sold.

It was rather facetiously stated prior to the election that one purpose of this method of taxation was to keep up the wages of American labor, but as a tariff tax on commodities does not interfere with the law of supply and demand in the labor market, and as the "protectionists" are all in favor of free trade in labor (the only commodity which the laborer has to sell) this pretense may be cast aside as a clever practical campaign fraud on the laboring voters.

The victims of this delusion will soon have a chance to taste the bitter fruit which "protection" is bearing for them; for the signs of the times plainly indicate that within the next four years our country is doomed to pass through another terrible industrial and commercial crisis, the result, as all such unnatural depressions are, of the greedy avarice of our land monopolists, franchise monopolists, and protected trusts.

But we must calmly bear our share of the evil, and trust to future education for relief.

For my own part, I have an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of right.

It is altogether a matter of intellectual development, a process of social evolution.

We should be concerned, not about the failure or success of particular struggles, but about the performance of our own duty in the fray.

Our duties lie always before us, not behind us.

"Let the dead past bury its dead." The ever living question is: What are we going to do to promote our principles in the year that is to come? This is the question now confronting us. I do not propound it to any particular set of single tax men, but to all regardless of past dissensions.

Men of principle, who follow their convictions, cannot, of course, be turned aside from their common object by any personal disagreements or by any disagreements concerning methods of procedure.

In a battle for principle we cannot select our fellow-soldiers nor mutiny, because we are not [on?] friendly terms with them.

Holding both sides in high esteem, I have ventured these suggestions.

As I believe in free trade, as well as free production (being in favor of a single tax upon[sic] land values for all public purposes; I naturally approve the judgment of those who stood for tariff reduction in the late campaign, but I certainly do not on that account question the motives of those who opposed that policy.

In future contests on the tariff question we may still be divided, but in state and local struggles for the single tax measure, the law of political gravitation will, almost irresistibly compel us to act in harmony.

My idea of the next practical step to be taken is that we should select one of the small Atlantic states as a battle ground, and concentrate all of the energies of our movement upon that state until we can point to it as a working model of our reformed system of taxation.

It is as easy to convince 125,000 men in New Jersey of the efficacy and benefits of the single tax as it is to convince an equal number of people in New York, yet a party of 125,000 voters would constitute little more than

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Sic in the original; probably "…purposes), I naturally".

a faction in New York, while an equal number in New Jersey could amend the laws of that state directly, and could indirectly compel every manufacturing state on the Atlantic seaboard to adopt the single tax measure.

New Jersey seems to me to be in many respects the best conditioned state in the
p. 1, col. 2
Union for the purpose which I have suggested.

While it is larger and more populous than Rhode Island, Connecticut or Delaware, many reasons occur to my mind for preferring it to any of those smaller states.

It is well situated for educational work conducted from New York as a base of operations.

Nineteen-twentieths of its people, as I am informed, are landless, and at least half of the other twentieth would also be financially benefited by the reform.

It is already a great manufacturing state, with good harbors and excellent natural facilities for the practically unlimited extension of its manufactures and commerce, and the exemption of all kinds of capital—buildings, machinery, tools, raw materials, manufactured commodities, shipping, money, etc., etc.—from all forms of taxation and license charges, thus giving to New Jersey manufacturers and men of business an enormous advantage over those of New York and Pennsylvania, would have a strong and immediate tendency to draw those industries from the neighbering[sic] states to New Jersey, unless similar exemptions were offered in those states.

The constitution of New Jersey is peculiarly favorable to our experiment, as it leaves the matter of selecting the subjects of taxation entirely to the legislature.

The provision for the election of members of the legislature, too, is most favorable. All members of the assembly are elected annually, and one-third of the members of the senate are elected each year.

This gives an opportunity for constant practical educational work in real campaigns, which alone would make the speedy triumph of our cause a certainty. With the energies and financial resources of a million single tax men concentrated upon the education of about two hundred and forty thousand New Jersey voters, in the simple lesson of a reform that would so plainly advance the financial interests, and increase the opportunties[sic]—industrial and social—of every man whose vote is sought, who can doubt that we could convert at least twenty-five thousand per annum?

Yet, that achievement means the complete and eternal triumph of our principles within five years from this date; for such is their inherent power that their adoption in one state will compel their adoption by all others, as a measure of self preservation.

Few of those who laugh at our optimism have yet realized this tremendous fact, but all well informed single tax men will readily understand that a triumph of our cause in New Jersey will be just as important to them as a similar triumph in their own several states.

When we have carried one state we may rest on our oars and complacently watch the world's awakening.

With the forces now at our command we can place a copy of "Progress and Poverty" and THE STANDARD in the hands of every voter in New Jersey; we can supply them all with land and labor tracts, and we can send able and enthusiastic speakers and missionaries into every town and hamlet in the state.

Sic in the original; probably "neighboring".
Sic in the original; probably "opportunities".

Such a contest, with such chances of success, would arouse an intense interest in the single tax theory throughout the entire civilized world; would compel all thinking men to seriously investigate it, and would speedily bring hundreds of thousands of "practical" men to our standard, who, though believing, would not openly support a less hopeful movement.

I have had this suggestion in mind for some time, and the more I have thought of it the more feasible and practical it has seemed to me. I offer it now for what it is worth, hoping that from the plans of all your contributors a better one, if possible, may be selected, and trusting that something shall be vigorously done to

Keep it before the people That the earth was made for man—

that the God who gave us life gave us also the land to support and sustain it; that as all have an equal right to life, so all must have at all times an equal right to this God-given soarce of life sustenance, and that the single tax will practically and permanently establish that equality.

JAMES G. MAGUIRE. San Francisco, Nov. 27, 1888.

RECEPTION TO HENRY GEORGE.

The committee of arrangements has decided that the reception to Henry George, on his return from England, shall take place at Cooper union on Thursday evening, December 20.

The arrangements are not entirely completed, but Tom L. Johnson, recently the democratic candidate for congress in the Twenty-first Ohio district, has accepted an invitation to preside and make the address of welcome. A number of vice presidents from New York and other states will be selected as it is intended that the demonstration shall not be merely local in its character. The committee will reserve a number of tickets for the convenience of out of town people, so that they shall have equal opportunities with those in the city and its vicinity. Those desiring seats thus reserved may address me by mail or telegraph up to Wednesday, Dec. 19. Tickets will be mailed if requests are received in time, and where this is impracticable they will be addressed to applicants at THE STANDARD office, No. 12 Union square.

Of course no collection will be taken up at a meeting of this kind, and hence contributions to meet the necessary expenses should be sent in immediately. Any excess will be turned over to the New York city single tax committee, under whose auspices the reception will be given. Address contributions and applications for tickets to

WM. T. CROASDALE, 721 Broadway.

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ABOUT HENRY GEORGE'S TRIP.

Sun, Sunday, Dec. [9?].

Henry George sailed for America to-day on the Etruria, after promising a tearful delegation which sent him off that he would come back in March and lecture through the whole country. There is no doubt that George's trip here has been a great success. He himself, who does not lack appreciation for his own individual importance, constantly expressed the greatest surprise at the progress which he had made among the people since last year. It appears that he has also produced an effect upon the minds of landlords as well, for the following clause was printed the other day in a lease of a West End shop:

"The lessees covenant that they will pay all rates, taxes, and so forth, and any land tax which shall at any time be imposed by authority of parliament or otherwise."

This shows that landlords are getting ready for the imposition of a land tax which practically does not exist in this country, and that they intend that the tax shall simply be an additional burden upon the leaseholder.

Interview in the New York World, December 9.

Henry George sailed for home on the Etruria to-day. A throng of friends escorted him to the steamer at Liverpool and cheered him as he started on his voyage. Though he came over here for rest, Mr. George has been obliged to make speeches almost in spite of himself. His land tax doctrines have made wonderful progress in England since he was here five years ago, and everybody has wanted to hear him speak. On Thursday he addressed many prominent London clergymen from Dr. Parker's pulpit in the city temple. Last night he spoke to a big meeting at Birmingham.

Before he sailed Mr. George talked with the *World* correspondent about the effects of the land purchase bill from his point of view. He said: "It virtually kills the principle of land purchase in Great Britain. The opposition of Messrs. Gladstone,Parnell[sic] and their followers towards the £5,000,000 appropriation for buying out more Irish landlords determines that almost beyond a doubt. The action of the liberal leaders in parliament and of the liberal conference has a similar effect in Great Britain to that which President Cleveland's message had on the tariff question in America. Just as the attitude of the president in favor of the reduction of the protective tariff set the weight of the democratic party against protection, so the position taken by the liberal leaders against the tory measure of land purchase puts the body of their party against the principle thereof. What a little while ago would have been scouted as too radical for serious consideration, has now a flavor of liberal orthodoxy. It is, of course, impossible to say what the tories may be able to do in the way of legislation in Ireland during their present continuance in power. But it is quite clear to me that the body of the English people are already against any further purchases of Irish land, and that the feeling will spread and increase in bitterness with every fresh proposition to purchase.

"As to the Irish feeling in the matter, the Irish tenants are of course in favor of all they can get, and the proposition comes to them as an immediate reduction of rent, plus the ownership of the land at the end of forty-nine years. Others who would oppose any proposition to buy out the Irish landlords at the expense or risk of the Irish people, are not disinclined to see them bought out at the expense of the British taxpayer. The Irish leaders cannot oppose the principle of the land purchase, since they have all along been advocating it on the simple ground that it would benefit the agricultural tenant, but political necessity puts them in opposition to the tory purchase measures because they are tory measures, and they fully realize how the pacification of Irish tenants by converting them into land owners must weaken their own political power.

"With regard to the effect of the land purchase on the home rule movement, I am of the opinion that wherever purchase takes hold it must convert the tenantry into an extremely conservative class. The tory calculation that it will build up in Ireland a strong bulwark for landlordism is doubtless true. The only way that the tenants who take advantage of the land purchase scheme can again be appealed to, is by an agitation to release them from the payment of the installments in whole or in part. This will be the natural disposition of the tenants themselves. Irishmen who ought to know their countrymen say that the British taxpayer must ultimately pay what the landlords may get, and the idea that this will be the case exists widely among the British taxpayers themselves.

"With reference to the question as to whether my ideas are making any headway in Ireland, my information is to the effect that they are, though beneath the surface, and indeed Mr. Parnell has so far modified his ideas

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Sic in the original; probably "Gladstone, Parnell".

concerning private property in land as to apply them only to the surface. His proposition to amend the purchase bill so as to reserve minerals, etc., as public property shows that he has become a land nationalizer to within a few feet of the surface. Possibly he may soon advance those few feet.

"As to Scotland, I have only been to Glasgow, where I spent a few days, but I have heard from other parts of Scotland, both from the lowlands and the highlands, that there has been a great advance of opinion in the line of the single tax system.

"In Wales also there is a great deal of agitation on the subject, while in England the single tax is on the verge of entering practical politics as a living issue. I can easily see that from what I find as to the changed position of individuals, and from the temper and tone of public meetings and private conferences which I have addressed, and also, I may add, in the attitude of the Liverpool financial reform association, which is the intellectual vanguard of the radical section of the Liberal party. It is evident also in the formation and the work of united committees for the taxation of ground rents, in the repeated declarations of the radical members in parliament and by the action of the Liberal conference at Birmingham in making the taxation of ground values a part of their programme, which in England has probably more significance than the adoption of a plank by an American national convention. With the rapid growth of public feeling in favor of doing something to restrain the monstrous power of landlords and to open up the English land for the use of the English people, there is a steady concentration of opinion on the line of the taxation of land values as the readiest and surest method of advance – the one method most consistent with English tradition and English habits and thought. The movement naturally seeks the line of least resistance, and that is the reason why the gathering movement, which I find in England, is concentrating and is sure still more rapidly to concentrate on the taxation of land values. It is true that many of the men who are now beginning to talk of the necessity

p. 1, col. 4

of taxing ground values only desire to go a little way. But that is a reason why on this line the greatest strength [can?] be concentrated against the least resistance. Such men as Mr. William Saunders, whose aim is the complete destruction of landlordism are now pulling together with such men as Lord Hobhouse and Lord Compton, who only see the gross injustice of putting all taxes on the improver and of letting the landlord go free. They are all alike in favor of making a start. Where they shall stop is another question. The same law which makes it difficult to start a body at rest, makes it equally difficult to stop it when once in motion."

"On which side of the Atlantic do you consider the movement to be most advanced?" inquired the *World* correspondent.

"When I left New York," replied Mr. George, "I thought it was on our side, but I am not so sure of that now. Strong forces are gathering here, and the political situation is such as is certain ere long to bring them into intense political activity. The tory policy in the direction of land purchase must force the liberal party to become radicalized, both by pressure from below and by their desire to retain their power. One of the agencies which I look on as important is the extension here of the Knights of Labor. They are rapidly spreading, and have taken up the land question as their central idea. I have addressed many of them, and find them as earnest and as well informed as any single tax audience in New York.

"With regard to the relative condition of labor in the two countries, it is on the whole not so good here as in the United States, and for that reason the workingmen are not, as a body, so independent or quick in thought. But they are making rapid progress. The new county councils are certain to have a strong democratic effect, particularly in London, where the idea of local self-government is broadening and deepening."

London Star.

Mr. Henry George had a great meeting at Lambeth baths last night before leaving for Glasgow. He had a thoroughly typical working class audience. There were a few ill-mannered boys among them with Punchinello voices and bloodthirsty views, who very rudely interrupted Mr. George through the greater part of his speech, and subsequently developed their ideas by means of the Punchinello voice on the execution of the Chicago anarchists, to which Mr. George gave a perfectly crushing, and at the same time a perfectly straightforward reply. Otherwise, so far as one could see, Mr. George had his whole audience with him. What was better, he had it progressively with him. One of the great features of the platform career of the American apostle of "The Land for the People" has been the marvellous success of his method of concluding an harangue with a series of answers to chance questions. Mr. George is a model answerer. He has his principles defined as clear as daylight; he has his facts set in orderly and methodical array; he speaks the language of the people, but he speaks it with a concise logic, with a trenchant force and with a rude eloquence all his own. All these qualities came out in perfection last night in his replies to questions. On the question of whether the taxing out of the landlords was to be the end of democratic effort, on the question whether the landlords would be able to shift land taxation on to the shoulders of the occupiers, on the question whether "The Land for the People" is to be secured by taxing out, buying out, or driving out, Mr. George struck out sharp, strong, flinty sentences, going straight to the point, not a word too much, not a word too little. In a word, Mr. George is a thorough popular teacher. He would probably be able to take any place in English politics if he were minded to do so. The way in which his audience gradually rose at him under the influence of his strong, sound speech, which was as brilliant an expositien[sic] of popular economics as was ever presented on a platform, was really wonderful. They were a little curious at first, possibly a little doubtful, but that Mr. George won them over, no man who watched the meeting last night can doubt. It was curious, by the way, to note the presence of several M. P.'s on the platform. Mr. Saunders, the candidate for Walworth, was in the chair, and behind him were Mr. [Cossham?], Mr. McEwan, Mr. Provand, Mr. [Cunninghame-Graham?] (in a low hat, his mustache bristling more fiercely than ever), and last, but not least, hiding his philosophic face in a corner, Mr. Haldane.

South London Press.

Preachers whose congregations complain of the length of their sermons would have received an instructive lesson if they had formed part of Mr. Henry George's congregation at the Lambeth baths on Tuesday night. There they would have seen a congregation which occupied every inch of that large building, listening not only with patience, but with intense and intelligent interest to a sermon which practically lasted from eight till half past ten o'clock. Nor could it be said that the subject was one devoid of difficulty, or that the discourse failed to grapple with its difficulties. The subject was what is popularly known as the land question. It was treated not in a declamatory or ad captandum, but in a logical and closely reasoned style, and the audience was certainly not composed of savants, but of bona fide working men, with a sprinkling of women of the same class. And yet so profoundly interested were they that Mr. George was almost compelled to go on speaking for half an hour after he intended to finish.

The explanation of these facts is not far to seek. In the first place, the subject was one in which the audience was intensely interested. It was one which, to use the hackneyed words of Lord Bacon, emphatically came home to their business and bosoms. Then besides this, there was much in the style and manner of the speaker. Mr. George has the advantage of thoroughly understanding his subject. His style was, therefore, as clear and lucid as sunlight, and his delivery was suited to the style—deliberate, articulate and forcible. Mr. George has all the qualities of a popular teacher and leader. He is the kind of man who is sure to have influence with the people, and whatever opinion may be formed of his principles or practical proposals, he and his movement have to be reckoned with as a growing force in modern politics in [this?] country, and America especially. Whether his ideas are carried out in

Sic in the original; probably "exposition".

the form in which he proposes to do so, they will certainly exercise a powerful influence in the immediate future on legislation with respect to the land. It would be well if this were to be at once recognized by all parties.

A Protectionist View of It.

Tribune.

Henry George's "educational" campaign work had some fruit, after all. There is a good deal of "Progress and Poverty" in the president's message.

p. 1, col. 5

TOLSTOI IS WITH US.

An Interview With Him at His Home at Yasnaia Poliana—He Says Henry George has Formulated the Next Article of the Propagandist Liberals of the World—In Thirty Years Private Property in Land Will be a Thing of the Past.

W. T. Stead, special commissioner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been writing to that paper from Russia some extraordinary letters about Count Tolstoi, the world famous social and religious thinker. Those who stand with us in denouncing the injustice of private property in land will read with delight the following extract from one of those letters which shows that the great Russian has not only been considering the great social problem that confronts every civilized nation on the face of the globe, but that he has arrived at conclusions which will lead him very near to those held by single tax believers. Here is what Mr. Stead says:

"In thirty years private property in land will be as much a thing of the past as now is serfdom. England, America and Russia will be the first to solve the problem. Already the work makes progress. When I was a young man the emancipation of the serf preoccupied the mind of the Russian youth. To-day another work commands the attention of our sons—the destruction of the private ownership of land." So said Count Leon Tolstoi to me in one of the many long and pleasant rambles which we had together over the undulating lands surrounding Yasnaia Poliana.

I found Count Tolstoi full of Henry George and land nationalization. "Henry George," he told me, "has formulated the next article in the programme of the progressist liberals of the world. How I admire his speech, which is so Christian; his style, which is so clear; and his metaphors, which are so striking. He has indicated the first next step that must be taken. His ideas will spread—nay, they are spreading. During the winter I had at night the peasants to talk with me round the samovar, and we often discussed the future of the land. I found them of two minds. One section would give every adult male an equal portion of land. The other would have the whole land held by the community cultivated and owned in common. But when I explained Henry George's idea they all agreed that this would be the best. Only last week a peasant came nearly forty versts across the country to ask for further explanations about this land nationalization."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him that under the nationalization scheme all land would belong to the government, that there would be probably a reduction of 20 per cent in the tax they now pay on their land, and that ultimately the reduced land tax would take the place of any other taxes. He was quite satisfied and he will tell others of the scheme."

"What taxes do the peasants pay?"

"The direct land tax to which allusion is made is between seven and eight roubles per annum, which they must pay for forty-nine years to repay the state for the advance which it made to the landed proprietors at the time of the emancipation. Under George's scheme, instead of paying a terminable seven and a half roubles for forty-nine years, they would pay six roubles in perpetuity. The peasants know this, but they are willing to go on paying the reduced rent to the commune, after the period of repayment is over."

I told Count Tolstoi of the discussions I had held with Henry George in London, and the sore point of the Ten Commandments. "I quite agree with George," said Count Tolstoi, "that the landlords may be expropriated without dishonesty without compensation[sic] as a matter of principle. But as a question of expediency, I think compensation might facilitate the necessary change. It will come, I suppose, as the emancipation came. The idea will spread. A sense of the shamefulness of private ownership will grow. Someone will write an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' about it; there will be agitation, and then it will come, and many who own land will do as did those who owned serfs, voluntarily give it to their tenants. But for the rest a loan might be arranged so as to prevent the work being stopped by the cry of confiscation. Communalization is better than nationalization, although no doubt the nationalization of land did not answer badly in Turkey; but it is better to vest the land in the commune than in the central government. Of course, I do not hold with George about the taxation of the land. If you could get angels from heaven to administer the taxes from the land you might do justice and prevent mischief. I am against all taxation."

The First Land Sale in Melbonrne[sic]—1837.

A New Zealand correspondent sends us this interesting item:

"The first land sale in the city of Melbourne was a block of 50 acres, in allotments of about half an acre, which fetched an average price of £[56?], or £[3,600?] in all. The highest price paid was £67.

These allotments are valued this year at from £162,000 to £[193?],500 each. At least six of them are valued at the latter price. The average at present would be upwards of £250,000.

The *Melbourne Argus* commenting on it says: 'The original purchase money would not *now* buy ground enough to hold a sentry box on any frontage in this block.'"

The Iowa Evictions.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 1.—Where are the people who grow so tearful and sympathetic over evictions in far off Ireland? Are there any instances in the recent history of evictions in that unhappy land that exceed the recent evictions out west here in Iowa in absolute and unqualified hardship? The condition of these Des Moines river settlers is a signal illustration of the horrid injustice and monstrous iniquity of the present land system. God speed THE STANDARD in its righteous crusade against our unjust and intolerable land system.

O. F. WELLS.

Sic in the original; probably "without dishonesty, without compensation".
Sic in the original; probably "Melbourne".

Flaming Up in Europe.

Pall Mall Gazette.

In the heart of Russia the doctrines of Henry George have taken root, and are flourishing; and they are being forced into prominence by the action of the government in Great Britain.

He Didn't Steal Enough.

American Machinist.

A member of the New York stock exchange was caught a few days ago in the act of evading payment for his noonday lunch, and one of the daily papers, in an account of the affair said that, "The brokerage firm of which he was the senior member will be at once dissolved, the junior members refusing to continue in business with a man guilty of *such petty* dishonesty." He didn't steal enough.

p. 1, col. 6

THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

AN ADDRESS TO SINGLE TAX PEOPLE.

The Petition to Congress—A New Enrollment—Details as to Methods of Work.

In the last issue of THE STANDARD the plan of campaign decided on for continuing the work of enrollment and propaganda throughout the country was briefly described. The work has now begun and an address to single tax men has been issued. It is as follows:

To Advocates of the Single Tax: The great reform in which we are enlisted is making steady and encouraging progress. The tariff debate has awakened thought on the whole subject of taxation. Though the result of the recent election may slightly delay immediate efforts to relieve our people from the burden laid upon them by an unjust system of taxation, the temporary success of the protected monopolies will probably hasten the final overthrow of the whole system of indirect taxation. Furthermore, the situation is such that public attention cannot be diverted from economic questions. During the next two years we may expect legislation that will aim to dissipate the surplus in the federal treasury through wanton extravagance. Changes in the tariff will also be attempted, but no changes are likely to be made that will widen our markets, steady employment, or otherwise relieve the masses from burdens now laid upon them for the benefit of a class.

Under such circumstances it is obviously wise for single tax men to work on lines running parallel with those on which popular thought and effort have begun to move. The logic of events will reinforce our arguments, and henceforth opposition to the protective policy must proceed on more radical lines. The popular discussion of such a topic tends to direct attention to other means of raising revenue, and thus to open the way for the consideration of the single tax on land values, simply as an economic measure. The education so well begun in the recent campaign must be carried forward, and it is the duty and privilege of single tax advocates to take the most advanced position among those who engage in this work.

With a view to assuring continuous effort in this direction, the committee that conducted the recent single tax and free trade campaign in behalf of Cleveland and Thurman has authorized the appointment of the "Single tax enrollment committee," the principal purpose of which will be the circulation of a petition to congress and the

enrollment of the names of the signers. The committee claims no authority over individuals or organizations enlisted in our movement, and is practically a voluntary body, proposing to do a needed work which deserves and ought to receive the earnest support and co-operation of all friends of the cause. Its objects are as follows:

1. To promote among the advocates of the single tax, in all parts of the United States, unity of purpose and action in the work of furthering our principles.

2. To continue and enlarge the existing enrollment of the friends of our movement, by circulating a petition to congress, looking to legislation that will pave the way for the abolition of all federal taxes on the products of industry.

3. To carry on an active propaganda in favor of free trade and direct taxation, through the circulation of literature and the promotion of discussion.

4. To maintain a lecture bureau that will enable local committees or associations to obtain suitable speakers for public lectures or debates.

5. To establish friendly relations and such concert of action as may appear practicable with free trade clubs, tariff reform clubs and other organizations seeking the abolition or reduction of existing taxes that burden labor and restrict production.

The form of the petition is such that it can be signed by any one who believes in the transfer of all taxes to land values, whether he accepts or rejects the proposal to increase such taxes until they take the full rental value of land for public use and benefit. For all practical purposes, at present, all who believe in the abolition of indirect taxes and their transfer to land, exclusive of buildings and improvements, can work together, and they can, for a long time, recognize as friends and allies all opponents of indirect taxation. The more advanced single tax advocates are urged not to confine their efforts to securing the signatures of those known to be in full agreement with their views. The circulation of the petition will present innumerable opportunities for personal presentation of our arguments, and the enrollment of the signers will enable the committee to reach them with single tax and free trade literature.

Single tax men can lend valuable assistance to our cause by individually joining free trade clubs, tariff reform clubs, and other organizations that are *only partly* in accord with our views. Activity in such organizations presents opportunities for promoting radical sentiment and action, while personal associations with those who do not yet understand our ideas removes misapprehension, softens prejudice, and paves the way for friendly attention to our movement. Experience proves that since we have been brought into relations of friendly co-operation with a large body of people with whom we are only partly in agreement, we have obtained a wider and more favorable hearing than was possible so long as we remained members of a small and hopeless party that necessarily occupied an attitude of partisan hostility toward powerful political organizations.

The importance of friendly association with those striving for some measure of social or political reform is especially urged on those of our friends who are members of labor organizations. Many [thousands?] of those who have hitherto been [enthusiastic?] workers in the ranks of “organized labor” are [now?] disheartened by the [partial?] [failure?] of their efforts and by [division?] and [dissension?] among labor leaders. Such men must [henceforth?] become more and [more?] ready to consider a proposal to so conform human statutes to natural law that [industrial?] [slavery?] shall be abolished through assuring to each person his or her natural [equal?] right of access to those opportunities that are the common inheritance of the whole people.

In this and several other States earnest efforts will shortly be made in behalf of what is commonly known as the Australian system of voting. This reform was first introduced into politics in this country by our single tax people,

but we have in it no interest that we do not fully share with every friend of honest government. We urge our friends to co-operate heartily with all efforts to push on this change, and the single tax enrollment committee will make arrangements with the ballot reform committee of this city that will continued on p. 2 →

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[continued from page 1]

← continued from p. 1 enable it to respond to all applications for literature bearing on this subject.

In short, at this juncture, it seems that the wisest course for single tax advocates is one of hearty and sincere co-operation with other advocates of free trade and ballot reform, utilizing, of course, all opportunities offered them, through contact and association to present arguments in behalf of the single tax. The petition circulated by the enrollment committee will enable all who desire to work to find something to do, and the enrollment of the signers will assist in promoting local organizations and state work, where petitions to the legislation are in circulation[sic]. It will also pave the way for the extensive distribution of our literature, if means for that purpose are provided.

Enough money has already been subscribed to meet the fixed expenses of the work of enrolment. The ability of the committee to extend its work so as to include in it the regular and systematic distribution of papers and pamphlets will depend on the liberality of the friends of the cause. It begins work with an enrolment of over 11,000 names. The mere cost of printing and postage in sending to this number the blank petitions and accompanying documents will be nearly $400, and the cost of enroling and putting in type an equal number of new names will be more than twice that amount. For nearly or quite one year all such expenses have already been provided for, and every dollar that now comes in can be devoted to extending the work and circulating our literature. Liberality on the part of our friends will assure to the work triumphant success and make the petition to congress assume proportions that will compel the appointment of a committee to take testimony that will open the eyes of the people to the inequality and injustice of the existing system of taxation.

The undersigned heartily commend the work thus begun and urge single tax advocates throughout the country to give the movement vigorous and continuous support.

Louis F. Post, 132 Nassau st., N. Y. August Lewis, 149 Greene st., N. Y. John R. Waters, 57 E. 80th st., N. Y. Wm. T. Croasdale, 721 Broadway, N. Y. L. O. McDaniel, 1676 Broadway, N. Y. Walter Mendelson, M. D., 179 W. 74th st., N. Y. Mary Catherine Mendelson, 179 W. 74th st., N. Y. James Gaunt, 365 Canal st., N. Y. John R. Dunlap, 12 Union square, N. Y. James A. B. Dilworth, 565 Greenwich st., N. Y. Lindley Vinton, 36 Wall st., N. Y. Henry T. Terry, 156 Broadway, N. Y. Henry George, Jr., 12 Union square, N. Y. [Rev.?] John W. Kramer, [218?] 5th av., N. Y. Edward J. Shriver, 234 Pearl st., N. Y. Fred C. Leubuscher, 35 Park row, N. Y. A. J. Steers, 29 Nassau st., N. Y. William McCabe, 236 E. 14th st., N. Y. Michael J. Murray, 651 E. 13th st., N. Y. Edward N. Vallandigham, 32 W. 25th st., N. Y. George Brunswick, 26 Church st., N. Y. David Edward Cronin, 528 Willis av., N. Y. J. R. Abarbanell, 140 Nassau st., N. Y. Arthur [Fegel?], 117 E. 59th st., N. Y. Benj. Doblin, 40 W. 27th st., N. Y. M. Battle, 1791 Lexington av., N. Y. Wm. H. Faulhaber, 150 Stanton st., N. Y. Wm. J. Browne, [39?] [illegible] av., N. Y. E. P. Ingersoll, 427 [W.?] 24th st., N. Y. C. Orlo Allen, 335 Eighth av., N. Y. H. B. Epstein, 246 Third av., N. Y. Herman G. Loew, 269 Broadway, N. Y. Magnus Gross, jr., 541 E. 86th st., N. Y. George White, 52 Concord st., B'klyn, N. Y. J. P. Cranford, 51 Seventh av., B'klyn, N. Y. E. O. Roscoe, [19?] Reid av., Brooklyn, N. Y. John F. Thompson, 450 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y. Richard Welton, Mount Vernon, N. Y. Robert Baker, 178 Madison av., Albany, N. Y. James J. Mahoney, 25 Myrtle av., Albany, N. Y.

Sic in the original; probably "petitions to the legislature".

H. W. Benedict, 6 Morris st., Auburn, N. Y. J. S. Crane, Cohoes, N. Y. Robert White, 472 Pearl st., Buffalo, N. Y. B. B. Martin, 576 River st., Troy, N. Y. Hugh O. Pentecost, 56 Oriental st., Newark, N. J. Read Gordon, Roselle, N. J. Margaret S. Littell, Sharon, Conn. James Lawrence Dunham, Sharon, Conn. George St. J. Leavens, Sharon, Conn. W. J. Atkinson, 2011 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa. G. H. Atkinson, 2011 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa. A. H. Stephenson, 214 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa. John W. Jones, 125 N. Bond st., Baltimore, Md. Tom L. Johnson, 653 Superior st., Cleveland, Ohio. S. H. Edgar, Louisville, Ky. Bolton Smith, Cotton exchange, Memphis, Tenn.

This work was but partly planned before Mr. George sailed for Europe, and no opportunity for obtaining his signature has been offered. He thus expresses his approval, however, in a letter to THE STANDARD, dated on the North German steamship Eider, November 18:

> It is clear from the experience we have gained that we do not need to attempt the formation of a party; but that our true policy is simply to propagate our ideas and to throw our strength from time to time with the party that comes nearest to going our way. We need no organization save such as will enable us to know each other, and to co-operate on occasion. The enrollment which was begun during the last campaign, and a committee such as was formed in New York for the purpose of pushing this enrollment, making arrangements for meetings, etc., serve our purpose. This *enrollment ought* now to be continued and pushed with renewed vigor, and in every locality where we have even a few single tax men some similar local committee for purposes of correspondence, etc., ought to be formed. If we can keep alive, as a sort of general committee of correspondence and organization, the committee which, under the chairmanship of Mr. Wm. T. Croasdale, did such good work during the campaign, it will be a most efficient agency in better organization and future work. To do this, as it should be done, some regular income will be needed; for which purpose enough can doubtless be raised by subscription.
>
> HENRY GEORGE.

Since the address was put in type the following additional signatures have come in:

Hamlin Russell, 2763 Bacon st., St. Louis, Mo. Frank Drain, 413 E. 10th st., Wilmington, Del. B. S. Myers, P. O. box 337 N. Adams, Mass. C. C. Platt, 112 University pl., Ithaca, N. Y. W. I. Boreman, Parkersburg, W. Va. Charles H. Swords, 1727 Washington av., New York, N. Y. E. W. Dundon, 33 Maiden lane, Binghamton, N. Y. Louis Prang, 286 Roxbury street, Boston, Mass. Karl F. Heinzen, Boston, Mass. E. Stillman Doubleday, 703 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Robert S. Doubleday, 703 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Howard Hinton, 3 Park place, New York city. M. J. Smith, 119 Buffalo street, Dunkirk, N. Y. Francis Lake, Dunkirk, N. Y. J. H. Griffes, Interocean office, Chicago, Ill. Edward Burgess, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE PETITION.

The petition is printed on a blank similar to

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those circulated during the recent campaign, and it reads as follows:

To the Honorable the House of Representatives of the United States: The undersigned respectfully prays for the appointment by your Honorable Body of a special committee for the purpose of making a full inquiry into and report upon the expediency of raising all public revenues by a single tax upon the value of land, irrespective of improvements, to the exclusion of all other taxes, whether in the form of tariffs upon imports, taxes upon internal productions, or otherwise.

THE CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

Accompanying the address and ten blank petitions is a letter from Mr. Croasdale, chairman of the committee, from which we make the following extracts:

> It is not the purpose or desire of this committee to attempt the organization of a new political party. Experience has shown that such a course antagonizes many who would otherwise be helpful, and arouses interests and passions that militate against unselfish devotion to our principles. Without attempting to forecast the future, it is clear that for the present our work is the promotion of the growth of sound economic views and the assistance of all efforts that tend our way. This committee claims no authority over those enlisted in the single tax movement, and its relation with all existing organizations, as with individual single tax advocates, must be merely advisory and suggestive. . . .
>
> The fixed expenses of this work will be met by the voluntary contributions of a few friends of the cause, but such an enlargement of it, as we hope for through the growth of the enrollment and the wide distribution of petitions and documents, will depend wholly on the further contributions from all parts of the country. In thus asking contributions, we, at the same time, assure those who are unable to give money that their personal services in securing signatures and promoting the cause will be appreciated as a full equivalent.
>
> When any of our friends receive documents that they have already read, they are requested to pass them promptly to some neighbor. If the means at the committee's disposal permit, it will, from time to time, send out sample copies of THE STANDARD. Should any of these fall into the hands of regular readers of that paper, they are requested to consider the extra copies as merely entrusted to them for distribution.
>
> Our effort will assist those engaged in the circulation of petitions to State legislatures by enabling us, from time to time, to furnish them the names of signers, and we shall ask local committees to reciprocate by assisting us in the circulation of the petition to congress. We inclose a number of blank petitions. Please sign one yourself and procure as many other signatures as possible. Remember that the blank is the petition that is to be forwarded to congress and it must contain the actual signature of the petitioner. No one else can sign for him. Be particular to permit only one signature to each blank. New blanks will be sent to you whenever you ask for them. Do not hold back signed blanks in order that you may be enabled to forward a large number at once. Send them in as rapidly as possible, so that the signers may, in turn, receive blanks themselves and begin the work of procuring signatures among their own friends. When the proper time comes, the petitions will be bound into books, classified by towns, counties and states, and forwarded to congress.

As the blanks will constitute the actual petition that is to be forwarded eventually to congress it is desirable that they shall be uniform and hence instead of printing it in THE STANDARD copies of the address letters and petitions will be mailed to all persons on this paper's subscription list whose names do not appear on the committee's enrollment. The two lists have been compared to avoid duplication, but it is possible that some persons may receive two packages. Those who are not subscribers to THE STANDARD, but who buy it at news stands, can obtain blank petitions by writing to William T. Croasdale, No. [921?] Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The committee particularly desires that all who receive the petitions will promptly sign one and return it, and then secure the signature of others. Every new signer will receive a package of blanks, but those to whom the blanks are first sent out will not receive others unless they write for them. All applications for additional blanks will be promptly attended to.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

Let the monopolists carry things with a high hand now, for the day is not remote when the accursed system of reciprocal rapine, which enables them to plunder the country and to buy with a part of their plunder a license to continue their robberies will come down with a great crash.—(Indianapolis Sentinel[sic].

There is no good in protection. It destroys statesmanship. It defies quackery[sic]. It justifies plunder.—[Chicago Herald.

There is no use in crying over spilt milk. There are just two things to do. One is for the democratic legislature to pass an election law providing for the absolute secrecy of the ballot, thus killing bulldozing and bribery. The other thing is to teach the people what tariff protection is until the word protection is as hateful as slavery.—[Terre Haute Gazette.

In rising from the dust of defeat to subscribe afresh to the dogma of free trade Grover Cleveland shows himself to be a democrat of the usual type.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Exactly! And call it "free trade" as much as you like. The harder you try to make it an issue of "free trade" against protection, the quicker the corporation communism will be stamped out. Freedom is what this country needs.—[St. Louis Republic.

That protection protects the employer none will dispute, but will some one please inform us what percentage of this protection goes to the employe? This is a vital question.—[Minneapolis Industrial Times.

The whole idea of "protection" is to force people to unnatural and expensive production, when they would do otherwise unless restrained by law.—[Rockville, Ind., Tribune.

The coal operators could quickly reduce their surplus by reducing their prices, and thus promoting rapid consumption, but they prefer the opposite method of freezing the consumer and starving the laborer into submission, and this is the method which the law favors by shutting out any supply of fuel which high prices might induce to come from other countries.—[Detroit Daily News.

A steel bark for the Hawaiian trade has just been built in Glasgow instead of in San Francisco as it would have been if our labor had been untaxed. The men in the Union iron works will please score one more for the beneficent tariff.—[San Francisco Examiner.

It seems an easy matter to keep the tariff question before the people. Every day the people are getting to understand more about the question. And every day more people are taking the tariff for what it really is—a tax.—[[Mascoutah?], Ill., Herald.

As Long as He Lives.

SHAKER STATION, Conn.—I hereby gladly renew my subscription for THE STANDARD for one year. I am more than pleased with it. I hope to get it as long as I live.

THOMAS FISHER.

Sic in the original; probably "—[Indianapolis Sentinel.".
Sic in the original; probably "It deifies quackery.".

Solid Comfort for Those Who Have Their Wages Reduced.

Brooklyn Standard-Union (rep).

Free trade papers will probably have an extra sneer at the tariff because the carpet factories are reducing wages; but the workmen understand that the tariff is what keeps the factories going at all, and there is some comfort in that.

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THE NINTH DISTRICT CLUB.

Its Sunday Night Lectures Are Very Popular—Its Membership is Fast Growing, Too.

The second Sunday night lecture of the Single tax club of the Ninth congressional district, at his headquarters, 105 Second avenue[sic], was delivered by W. J. Gorsuch. His subject was the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which he applied to the social conditions of the world to-day. Dives, he said, was represented by monopoly, Lazarus by labor. There was an impassable gulf between them, and it would be there until we heeded the warnings of Moses and his prophets. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Silbernik, Darling, Doblin, Spahr, Van Veen, Ulrich and Farrell, after which the club adjourned.

This club is progressing most satisfactorily. This second Sunday meeting was largely attended, the audience occupying all the chairs and lining the walls. The officers of the club feel very much encouraged, and propose soon to engage a hall for the meetings. They also intend to diversify the proceedings by the introduction of music and recitations. Next Sunday evening will be another lecture, to which all friends are invited.

At a meeting on Tuesday evening, December 11, the club formally resolved itself into a single tax club.

Those single tax men who have no club organization in their own congressional districts are invited to avail themselves of the convenience of the Ninth district club room, and to become members.

The rooms are open every evening. The Spread the Light club proposed by Mr. Doblin in THE STANDARD was approved, and the committee on agitation instructed to purchase copies of Henry George's works for this purpose.

EDWARD ATKINSON TO SPEAK.

He Will Address the Boston Single Tax Men on the 15th Inst.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 6.—The Boston partisans of land reform have freely challenged the politicians, the clergymen, and the professors of political economy of this vicinity but as yet have been unable to bring about a debate upon the land value tax.

Mr. Edward Atkinson whose name is quite familiar to readers of THE STANDARD, though unwilling to debate the single tax, has accepted the proposition of our Boston league to deliver an address upon "taxation" at the meeting of the league to be held at Wells' Memorial hall, No. 987 Washington street, on Saturday evening December 15. Mr. Atkinson's address and closing remarks will occupy an hour and another hour will be occupied by ten minute addresses in review of Mr. Atkinson's thesis.

Sic in the original; probably "at its headquarters".

Mr. Atkinson has given much offense in his addresses to Boston workingmen by treating political economy as a matter of no concern to them and devoting his entire attention to personal and domestic economy, improved cooking, etc. Though having right views on the tariff issue, he has kept silence when it was his duty to speak.

On the general subject of taxation Mr. Atkinson's views are those of Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Bradford and others who favor the exemption of personal property and the concentration of taxation upon real estate.

EDWIN M. WHITE, 27 Pemberton Sq.

From the Nor' Nor' West.

SEATTLE, W. T.—"Ginger bread" democrats look very gloomy in this territory. Single tax men and free traders are very jubilant. They unite in saying, 'The ball set a-rolling by 'Grover'[sic] cannot be stopped by a dozen Benjamins." The democrats got badly thrashed in this territory. The trouble was that there was not enough of free trade orators called into service. The "ginger breads" had the "ins," but they failed to save anything but a "goose-egg." The funny thing about it is that they attributed their defeat to the free traders, saying that they scared the workingmen, while the fact of the case is that a majority of the free traders in this section are workingmen, and at least a majority of these free trade democrats voted against the "learned fraternity" that sought to control the politics of the territory, and who held up their hands in holy horror when free trade was mentioned to them. The defeat of the democratic party in this territory was indeed well deserved. In the first place the people of this territory think themselves as capable as a gang of lawyers to frame the laws by which they will be governed. In the second place, the people here have not yet learned that if a little protection is good a little more is bad, nor are they likely to learn it either. Aside from Cleveland's defeat, we have every reason to be satisfied, as we have gained many recruits—at least 100 in this city alone.

I think our next efforts should be towards the introduction of the Australian system, of course keeping in view the exemption of all personal property, as well as all imports from taxation.

THE STANDARD is now to be found on every newsstand here, and the number of readers has grown largely. We do not all know each other yet, however; and I am sure that one of our men who ran for office would have got a much larger vote if it had been known generally that he was a single tax man.

F. P. MORROW.

A Fight to the Death for the Privilege of Working Cheaply.

At Bevier, Mo., some miners went out on a strike or were locked out and their places were taken by Swedes on the operators' terms. The strikers declared war on the Swedes, who they mistakenly thought were depriving them of their unquestionable right to get a living by their labor. The result was two pitched battles in which some 2,000 shots were fired and several men killed and wounded. The mine owners had no share in the rumpus. They simply own the coal mines, determine how much or how little coal shall be dug, and say upon what terms they are willing it shall be dug.

The Swedes thought that they had a perfect right to accept the offer of the mine owners or even to dig coal for nothing if they chose, and no doubt the owners agree with them. But the locked out or striking miners disputed that right, and the fight that ensued was obviously between the Swedes and strikers only. The state militia was

Sic in the original; probably "saying,"The ball ... Benjamins."".

called upon to keep the peace and preserve the principle that miners, as well as all other workingmen shall enjoy the privilege of disposing of their own labor, as the coal mine owner enjoys the right to dispose of his coal, on the best terms they can get, without let or hindrance.

Why the Historical Society Cannot Build.

Some unknown philanthropist thirking that the New York historical society ought to have larger and grander quarters offered a gift of $100,000 toward providing them, provided the society would raise $150,000 for the same purpose before November 30. The society now has a cash building fund of $250,000—money enough to rear a magnificent building. But the building cannot be built because the charter of the society will not permit it to contract a debt, and a suitable lot

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upon which to put the building would cost more than the entire fund. There are many acres of vacant land about the lower end of Central park which would be most desirable locations for the historical society. These acres have never been used nor do the holders at present, at least, want to use them, but they will not allow the historical society to use them either without first paying several hundred thousand dollars for the privilege.

The Victor's Thanksgiving.

O Thou who answerest the prayers Addressed to thee by millionaires; Thou who hast lifted all the cares From our great party, And sent to Satan mugwump tares, We thank thee hearty.

That foe of "trusts" and other wrongs Has met the fate that still belongs To him who trusts in thought, not gongs. Tis therefore meet We raise our voice in thankful songs O'er his defeat.

And then those civil service chumps By 4th of March will have the dumps, When Charlie Farwell on them jumps With both his feet. He'll show them all his cards are trumps As soon's they meet.

Oh! what a victory this has been. We've swept the field of foemen clean, And now with taxes high we mean To s(h)ave the nation, If those free traders don't begin Their agitation.

The cranks ne'er seem to know they're beat; But rise afresh from each defeat, And with a mortal challenge greet Our tariff fetich. Lord grant it that next time we meet They may not beat us.

JAMES BROWN, Chamberlain, Dakota.

For an Organization in Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 4th.—All single tax men of Kansas City and vicinity are requested to be present at a meeting to be held Sunday afternoon Dec. 16, at Kumph's hall, corner Tenth and Main streets for the purpose of organizing a single tax club.

WM. MAHONEY.

The Few and the Many.

Below is a short excerpt from an address by Edwin Chadwick, C. B., before the sanitary inspectors of Great Britain, at Brighton, England, August 25, 1888, as reported in *The Sanitarian:*

> I have obtained a return, in form appended, which, it will be seen, vindicates the high position of Brighton as a health resort for the few. For the *few*—gentry and professional persons—the death-rate of children is only 8.93 of children under five years of age. But for the *many* of the wage classes, the death rate of children under five years of age is 45.44. For the few the mean age of death of all who die—men, women and children —is sixty-three years, a very high average, and befitting a health resort; but for the many, the wage classes, it is only 28.8. Of the few the proportion per cent of males who attain and die of old age alone is 13.33, and of females 14.93; but of the wage classes it is, of males, only 3.59; of females, 5.25. I am convinced that the death rate of Brighton may be reduced by at least five per 1,000: the rate, which is now seventeen, may be reduced to twelve in a thousand.

The Business of Bribery.

New York World.

On November 6, 1888, the bribers employed by the Herkimer county republican committee bought 198 votes in the village of Herkimer. On the same day the bribers employed by the democratic county committee bought 78 votes. The republicans expended in the village alone, where there are 1,260 voters, the sum of $2,420; the democrats spent a little over $900. The prices paid by the republicans are scheduled as follows:

Choice farmers, 48 at $[20?] ..... $960 Farm laborers (professional floaters) 50 at $15 ..... 750 Village professionals, 50 at $5 ..... 250 Rag, tag and bobtail, 50 at $3 ..... 150 Total ..... $2,110 Fees for six bribers ..... 300 Incidentals ..... 10 Total $2,420

The democrats did it this way:

Choice farmers, 18 at $15 ..... $270 Professional floaters, 30 at $10 ..... 300 Tramp vote, 30 at $5 ..... 150 Total ..... $720 Fees for four bribers ..... 200 Total $920

Incomes of Irish and English Landlords Compared.

Is the Irish landlord really any worse off than the English landlord? Here is the substance of an interesting calculation which Sir George Trevelyan gave the house of commons recently upon the average outgoings upon an Irish and English estate of £1,300 respectively:

Irish.

Income tax and half poor rate ..... £70 Agent's salary ..... 50 Tithe rent charge ..... 50 Rents reduced 20 per cent ..... 260 £430 Leaving net rental of 870 £1,300

English.

Maintenance, tithes, rents and agent ..... £325 Rents reduced 25 per cent ..... 325 Leaving net rental of 650 £1,300

Results Talk.

Age of Steel (high protection).

The improvement in trade since the election has been rather disappointing. Speculative activity, in spite of the abundance of money and the liberal disbursements of the treasury, has declined rapidly, while, at the same time, mercantile failures have increased in marked degree in some localities. Possibly these unfavorable symptoms will pass away quietly and soon, and it is to be hoped they may; but that remains to be seen. Foreign trade, as has been repeatedly remarked in this column, persistently avoids any improvement, thus leaving the grain speculators on this side to the profits and losses of trading among themselves at forced values. True, exports in October exceeded imports by about $13,000,000, amounting to $54,767,000; but this was a decline of 5 1-2 per cent as compared with October last year; and for the first two weeks of November the adverse difference, taking also the figures for the corresponding period of 1887, was 8 per cent at New York.

Just One Left.

Exchange.

Wealthy city man (who has taken a fancy to revisit his village birthplace)—Ah, me! There is the little red school house, and yonder is the old church; how well I remember them! But the dear familiar faces are gone! not one remains to recall those happy—

The oldest inhabitant (advancing)—You're Bill Judd, ain't ye? I knew ye the minute I sot eyes onto ye! I trusted your father for a codfish in 1843, an' if ye've got the money handy, I'd be obleeged if ye'd settle for it!

The Dakota Farmer.

The average assessed valuation, as given in the auditor's report for the whole territory of Dakota and which is approximately accurate for the proposed state, for 1885 was:

Land, per acre ..... $3 55 Horses, per head ..... 46 57 Mules, per head ..... 56 47 Cattle, per head ..... 14 00 Sheep, per head ..... 1 15 Swine, per head 2 00

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FOR A SINGLE TAX CLUB.

The Project Being Steadily Pushed Forward—Over Two Hundred More Shares Taken—Letters On the Subject.

Letters in response to the call issued by the New York city single tax committee, calling for subscriptions with which to purchase a headquarters in New York city for the single tax men of the United States, have so far come in slowly—probably because sufficient time has not yet elapsed since the publication of the details of the proposed plan to give our friends an opportunity to think it over. Next week's returns are sure to be more satisfactory. The following subscriptions are acknowledged by the secretary:

William H. Mathews, 314 East Thirty-fifth street, city ..... 10 Herbert E. Epstein, 246 Third avenue, city ..... 5 Henrietta E. Epstein, 246 Third avenue, city[sic] ..... John Breuning, 99 First street, city ..... 5 Frank M. Horn, 89 Lawrence street, city ..... 1 William D. DuBois, 356 West Twentieth street, city ..... 25 James Herring, 87 Fulton street, city ..... 5 Henry Hoff, 87 Fulton street, city ..... 5 Augustus Hoff, 87 Fulton street, city ..... 5 George Marsh, 91 Fulton street, city ..... 5 R. J. Porter, 780 Eighth avenue, city ..... 10 Henry George, jr., 12 Union square, city ..... 10 William O. McDowell, 120 Liberty street, city ..... 5 Louis Morris, 82 Allen street, city ..... 5 William R. Gardiner, 170 West Tenth street, city ..... 5 B. H. Nadal, 339 Lexington avenue, city ..... 10 George F. Westfield, 98 Sackett street, Brooklyn ..... 25 Cecil P. Cooper, 421 Waverly avenue, Brooklyn ..... 10 Charles A. Crouch, Bartow on Sound, N. Y. ..... 10 161 No. shares taken and acknowledged last week ..... [236?] Total to date 397

Mr. A. J. Steers notified the secretary by letter that fifty four shares had been subscribed for at a meeting of the single tax club of the Twenty-second assembly district. The names and addresses were not sent so they are not included in this week's acknowledgements.

James Herring and Henry and Augustus Hoff, in the letter to the secretary inclosing their subscriptions, say: "We think that if you agitate this single tax club house matter a little, single tax men will become so interested and enthusiastic as to subscribe enough to build a club house and have it free of debt." That is what the committee hope to be able to do. There is no doubt that as soon as the 5,000 shares are subscribed for and the subscribers are called together to organize the tontine, that the enterprise will receive an impetus that will soon place it on a solid foundation.

Wm. B. DuBois subscribes[sic] for twenty-five shares, but his letter shows him to be a cautious man. He says:

> The idea of a club house is an excellent one, but I think we had better go slow and not bite off more than we can chew, as the saying is. We might much rather pay rent than shoulder a big debt.

Benjamin Doblins think[sic] that there is a misapprehension as to Mr. Steers's plan, and writes:

> From several conversations I have had with different people in regard to the single tax club house, I should judge that a wrong impression has been given as to the manner in which the money is to be paid in by subscribers to the stock. As explained by members on the committee, the plan is not to call on subscribers for their subscriptions until $5,000 has been pledged. This may not be for several months. A good many seem to hesitate about subscribing, being under the impression that the money will be called for immediately. Furthermore, if he desires, a subscriber can agree to take so many shares (at $1 a share) a month for a given number of months, and thus pay up gradually.

George Westfield of Brooklyn has no doubt of the success of Mr. Steers's scheme:

> I am heartily in favor of Mr. Steers's projects in building or buying a house for the single tax men, and I shall, when called upon, subscribe for twenty-five shares.

Charles A. Crouch of Bartow-on-Sound felicitously and fraternally expresses himself as follows:

Sic in the original; probably "... 5".
Sic in the original; probably "Wm. D. DuBois".
Sic in the original; probably "Benjamin Doblin thinks".

> Inclosed you will find my subscription toward the purchase of a home or a rendezvous for people of our faith. I am highly delighted with the idea for although I do not visit the city very often, when I do go I want to feel that there is one place within its broad limits where I shall be welcome.

The blank for subscriptions again appears on the eighth page of THE STANDARD.

Jersey City Men Hard at Work.

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 11.—The single tax league of Hudson county, N. J., desire the assistance of all our friends throughout the state in pushing for ballot reform. We have communicated with the committee of the federation of trades and labor unions of New Jersey, and will have their hearty co-operation. We have printed forms of the appeal, and will mail same to any of our friends who desire to aid us. Over one thousand persons have signed the appeal within the last ten days. A public meeting to agitate the subject will be held in Jersey City in January. Communications can be addressed to either Joseph Dana Miller, 86 Ege avenue, Jersey City, or to John W. Jakeway, president, 45½ South street.

One Point in the Electoral Reform System.

A correspondent to the Chicago *Herald*, who signs himself Samuel B. Miles, supplies the following information regarding features of the electoral system of voting up before the various states for adoption that has excited considerable criticism:

> I see it stated that a difficulty occurs to the minds of those interrested[sic] in the matter as to the mode in which the ballots of illiterate, blind, or otherwise incompetent voters can be taken so as to secure the intention of the voter being carried out.
>
> The plan described by you as at work in Australia is very similar to that in practice in England, but differs from it in this respect: Instead of one poll clerk being with and filling up the ballot for the voter, in England the plan is as follows: The whole proceedings are under the control of a "presiding officer," who is appointed by the authorities. He has a staff of clerks to assist him. The candidates seeking election are represented by agents (who, as well as the before named gentlemen, are sworn to secrecy), whose duty it is to look after the interests of the said candidates. In case a voter of the class of whom we are speaking comes to the poll he has to state to the "presiding officer" his infirmity or incompetency and his desire to receive assistance in recording his vote. The room is cleared of every one except the voter and officials, and the presiding officer then, in the presence of the candidates' agents, reads over the names of the candidates to the voter and asks him for whom he wishes to vote, and (still in the presence of the agents) marks the ballot paper according to the voter's wish. I have had many years' experience both as presiding officer and agent, and am convinced that this plan entirely precludes the possibility of the voter's intention being frustrated.

To Gentlemen Residing in Mulberry Bend.

The Tailors' Art Journal.

The dress sack or Cowes or Tuxedo coat or whatever it may be called, is intended to be worn only (and is only so worn by gentlemen of taste) when a display of shirt sleeves might be open to objection, when a smoking jacket

would be too suggestive of luxurious dissipation, and when, though ladies in demi-dress are present, the regular dress coat is not imperatively necessary.

A few who respect the eternal fitness of things have raised the cry in really fashionable circles, “Down with the dress sack,” but they are unreasonable. The dress sack is an elegant and useful garment when it is not offensively obtruded where it has no right to appear, and it fills a long felt want. It is the

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connecting link between elegant neglige and elegant evening dress, and should be much more extensively used than it is at present. But it can be worn for full dress no more appropriately than boxing gloves can be worn at a wedding.

BALLOT REFORM.

Ballot reform is one of the necessities of the immediate future in this country. It is a necessity, to stop the purchase of votes. The ballot must be secret, the voter must be removed from all chances of being overlooked and watched when depositing his vote, so as to take away all motive for the purchase of votes.—[Albany Independent Citizen (labor).

The Australian system has many earnest supporters. Let us try it, amended if need be to suit our peculiar surroundings.—[Indianapolis Industrial Times (labor).

The use of money in politics is deplored by all decent citizens, regardless of party. A partial remedy lies in the adoption of improved systems of receiving the ballots.—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch (dem).

The electoral reform bill may not be framed “so as to meet the objections of Governor Hill,” but if it is framed so as to overcome bribery and cheating at the polls it will pass in spite of his objections.—[Brooklyn Standard Union (rep).

In arguing for electoral reform *The Workman* of Grand Rapids, Mich., says: “The downfall of the Roman republic began when the ballot became an article of commerce. We have already gone beyond the beginning. Election to-day has no bearing whatever as an expression of the people. The ballot is as surely an article of commerce as a pound of flour or a pair of stockings.”

A. J. Streeter, the union labor candidate for the presidency, contributes to the growing demand for pure elections in a letter to the Chicago *Sentinel*, in which he says: “History will write it down that the late campaign, so far as the old parties are concerned, has been the most venal, unscrupulous and corrupt of any in the history of the country, and is enough to shake man’s confidence in a government of the people. Voters in doubtful states and districts were bought like sheep in the market by both old parties, and this was done with the knowledge of the general public. The Australian system of voting is, in my opinion, what we need.”

The interest that is being manifested in the Australian system of voting proves that the thinking people of our country see the danger that threatens us in a purchasable ballot.—[Providence, R. I., Independent Citizen.

There is scarcely a form of iniquity known to our election methods which a good ballot law would not eradicate. We should be rid, at one stroke, of the assessments upon candidates, of the bribing and bulldozing of voters, of the nomination of notoriously unfit candidates, of “deals” and “dickers” and “trades” at the polls. All these would disappear, for the simple reason that the machinery of elections would be taken out of the hands of irresponsible

Sic in the original; probably “interested”.

and often dishonest men. Such an obvious and imperative reform as this cannot be long delayed.—[Topics of the Time in Century for December.

The feeling in favor of ballot reform, in this and other states, is daily growing stronger, and Governor Hill will undoubtedly have another opportunity to sign an electoral reform bill. There can be no greater reform.—[Cohoes, N. Y., Journal.

There will be no labor trouble of any extent in the United States until the next commercial panic throws large numbers out of employment, thus providing the material on which the revolutionary anarchists, socialists and communists can work. But even then the danger of a social revolution threatening the rights of property will not be half so imminent as is the danger to the liberties of the people to-day from the corruption and fraud that has crept into our electoral system and that on election day is everywhere rampant and triumphant. If our law makers will put that "down" by wise rules governing and guarding the secrecy of the ballot box, what the "rampant reds" do in Chicago will be of little consequence.—[Detroit Evening News.

The demand for election reform is universal. Every state, the whole United States, demand it. New Jersey is very decidedly "in the Union" on that point. Without regard to party she insists upon reformation.—[New Jersey Unionist.

Governor Gray declares himself very emphatically in favor of the enactment of an election law on the lines of the Australian system—a law which will exclude all surveillance over the voter and prevent congregating and electioneering about the pools[sic], and which will provide for the printing of the ballots by the government. Upon this subject the governor voices the sentiments of the democratic masses of Indiana. They are emphatically for ballot reform, and we have no doubt the legislature will respond to their demand.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

The "Statesman."

I am a statesman great and good, I always do as statesmen should; I never sell my vote for pelf; But still, do I neglect myself? Of course I don't; why should I?

When now and then a chance I see To serve my country and serve me Myself, while I am serving her, Do I object? Do I demur? Of course I don't; why should I?

My sleeping and my waking dreams Are filled with schemes, and schemes, and schemes, All patriotic ventures too; Do I devise them just for you? Of course I don't; why should I?

When some contractor's got a job That makes his heart with rapture throb, And I have helped to hook his fish, Do I refuse a small commish? Of course I don't; why should I?

Misrepresentation Provokes the Telling of the Truth.

In an article about the misrepresentions[sic] printed in some of the Minneapolis papers of the personal property exemption petition being circulated in Minnesota, the Minneapolis *Star* says:

> The single tax principle is up for discussion before the American people, and it ought to be candidly discussed, and plenty of time taken to ventilate its merits and demerits. There is no such imminent danger

Sic in the original; probably "about the polls".
Sic in the original; probably "misrepresentations".

> of harm to come from its enactment into our laws as to justify misrepresentation and falsehood in the statement of the question.
>
> The talk of the single tax destroying the homestead and confiscating every farm is sheer nonsense. In the first place, it would relieve the owner of the homestead from the burden of taxation upon the home itself, the house, furniture and all improvements, and compel the owner of vacant property adjoining to come in and share with the farmer an equal burden of taxation in proportion to the number of acres he holds. Can the intelligent farmer see any confiscation in this? We guess not.

Is There Free Trade So Long as There is a Monopoly of the Coal?

Buffalo Evening News.

The strike of the Belgian coal miners is spreading and it is expected to become general. Trouble is expected and the gendarmes are patrolling the mining district. Can this be possible, or is it another protection yarn? According to the free traders, protection begets strikes, and surely trade is free enough in Belgium.

A Sign of the Times.

Toronto Grip.

The young liberals have decided by a good majority in favor of the proposal to exempt houses from taxation to the extent of $600.

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WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

Here are some expressions of opinion from single tax men in various places as to plans for work in the future.

We Must Make a More Direct Fight.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 1.—While regretting the defeat of President Cleveland, I hope that it will lead[sic] land tax men to adopt the position of "land tax reform, with free trade as an essential to such reform," rather than that of "free trade as a road to land tax reform." I think this difference is important. The former position is bolder. There is more education in it, and as a moral issue it stands out with commanding clearness. But if we take the tariff question alone, with its many apparent contradictions of personal interest, and the thimble rigging of plausible argument involved, even after a close approach to free trade is fought out, or after public interests require it, there will remain a great educational gap to be spanned before land tax reform can be reached. I think that the work of filling this gap is the work to which free trade is subsidiary, and with which it will come as the greater includes the less. Better school men to radical ideas now, with all the evils of a protective tariff apparent, than to wait till the money is intrenched in a revenue tariff, and the day of land tax reform is set back by a conservatism which cannot easily be moved.

CHARLES H. FITCH.

Some Pointed Suggestions From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 3.—Here's a plan of campaign. Select several first class men as lecturers. Let them speak under the auspices of the local organizations—say as often as once a month in the larger cities and towns. Surely we can raise money enough for this.

Hold that long-delayed conference of "George men" next summer *sure*. It has[sic] been delayed long enough; hold it at Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis or St. Louis, and invite every man to it who believes in raising revenues by a single tax on land values. Let the conference organize a national society; not a political party; but a society, and frame a plan for an educational campaign to last at least a year. In the meantime let single tax men everywhere study the methods of the elder Garrison as set forth in the "Story of His Life as Set Forth by His Children," (published by the *Century* Co.) Garrison, Phillips and the old reformers won once by following certain methods; what's the matter with trying those methods again?

H. RUSSELL.

Sic in the original; probably "led".
Sic in the original; probably "as".

To Get at the Farmer.

PORTLAND, Ore.–It seems to me sound business, when introducing a novelty, to push it, as far as possible, through existing agencies. This always saves incalculable labor and expense and is in fact to us well nigh the only course open, experience having shown that a third political party is at present impracticable.

One of our principal agencies must necessarily be the democratic party, since it is founded upon principles that embrace all the most advanced demands of the labor movement. A great man would, I think, regard the corruption and ignorance with which the party is at present honeycombed as his opportunity. Should not a great movement look upon it in the same light?

I believe further that, for ultimate success, political is fully as necessary as economic education, and that there are innumerable points of vantage which we could to-day easily capture, had we only been at the pains of studying exhaustively the political geography of our country.

My own little experience has convinced me that labor organizations will always give first principles a respectful hearing if introduced in connection with the present pressing question of wages. The great merit of the free trade discussion to my mind is that it starts with facts as they are, and proceeds by a strictly natural evolution to open up the whole programme of liberty.

I am, therefore, heartily in favor of the methods recently adopted, conceiving that our part is to be the movers of the movers; that the political leaders err, for the most part, rather from ignorance than from corruption, and that there is no such thing as "invincible ignorance."

We have, according to Mr. Croasdale, over [31,000?] names in type. We should know enough to divide our work. Not all are fitted for agitation on the grand scale, but all can work in the detail department. For instance, here there are thousands engaged in the lumber business. What they know is lumber, and he who would talk free trade to them must talk it as it applies to lumber. The question of stumpage royalties then aries[sic], and immediately we have struck the bed rock of social ethics. This, to my mind, is the readiest way of opening the oyster of the lumber world. As with lumber so with other occupations, for local and special work there is a boundless field.

This much most of us can do; modestly, effectively, and at the cost of only a little thought and trouble. We can join in making a complete survey of the country we are about to invade, showing where the best quarters are to be had, and how introductions can be most easily obtained. If in each state our friends would only be at the pains of finding out what newspapers were open to articles setting forth the merits of our wares, and would make a habit of steadily contributing such articles, they would lay a solid foundation for a large and lucrative business. In this, which is only one of many suggestions that might be made, I am thinking mainly of the farmer, whose newspaper is his bible. That is where the heavy plowing has to be done. I am aware that many consider the soil hopelessly barren, but it is precisely these poisonous patches of ignorance that are fatal to all healthy growth.

W. C. OWEN.

The Work That Tells Best.

LONG PRAIRIE, Minn., Dec. 6.–I want to say a word about the numerous plans looking to organized or individual effort for spreading the light proposed from time to time through THE STANDARD. The question is, I think, not which one ought to be adopted–for they are all good and may all be adopted, some in one place and some in another, according to circumstances. But whatever other forms of work are chosen from time to time, I think

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Sic in the original; probably "arises".

nothing will take the place of steady, unremitting individual effort. I believe this is worth all others combined. It is the leaven which works secretly in the lump; and it is that which meets least resistance. Every single tax man should set aside one pocket to single tax literature, and never allow it to get empty. In private conversation it is always easy to direct the talk imperceptibly to the discussion of economic questions. A few well chosen remarks will always enable one to get the lay of the land; then just say enough to awaken an interest and furnish an excuse to bring out the tracts. Where they are furnished in this way they are always read, and I always request parties to pass them to others when finished. But I take pains before leaving them to call attention to the advertisements on the tracts of "Progress and Poverty" and of THE STANDARD, and suggest that they send for them when they have become interested. Many of them tell me at once that they are glad to find out about it, and that they will certainly investigate thor-

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oughly; and they frequently thank me for mentioning it to them.

I have found a remarkable change of sentiment since the election—at least, I find it much easier to interest men. Where I am traveling in northern and central Minnesota I have failed to find a place yet where I have not started one or more on an earnest investigation of the merits of the single tax. I am unable to see any difference between the republicans and democrats in the interest shown. I seem to be able to get one as easy as the other. On several occasions I have got three or four men together in my room at the hotel and explained tne[sic] single tax and read extracts from "Progress and Poverty," and they all would go out avowing themselves single tax men. I am in hopes in this way to help Brother Buell of Minneapolis and those who are working with him, to secure signatures to their petition for a constitutional amendment.

I believe that whatever else we do, we should never let up for a single day our personal work on those we are brought in contact with. It is such work that tells.

W. H. VAN ORNUM.

ANOTHER WHOLESALE EVICTION CASE.

A Dreadful Story from St. Paul—The People Haven't Been Ousted Yet, but They Are Sure to Be—Some Two Thousand Men, Women and Children.

A touching story relating the sad fate of some poor people resulting from a lack of foresight, knowledge of the law, or some other gift or acquirement, is told in the local columns of the St. Paul papers. From time to time, during the past twenty years, people who were too poor to buy land that any one else wanted, have squatted on some low flat land bordering the river.where[sic] the great city of St. Paul now stands until they now number about 2,000. The squatters, says the *Pioneer Press* newspaper, "are poor and ignorant."

Some of them have lived there on the flats as long as twenty years. They have seen their children grow up and wed together. They have made their little shanties, built with their own hands, snug and warm to withstand the fierce winters, and water tight to keep out the water when the spring floods come. They have their cows and chickens and flower beds and miniature gardens, and they have come to believe that they are the rightful owners."

But alas! they are not the *legal* owners. Whether they failed to secure a legal title to the land when it was worth nothing for the reason that they thought because the land was worth nothing then it would always remain worthless, or that because no one wanted it when they took it, it would never be wanted by others, at least during

Sic in the original; probably "the".
Sic in the original; probably "river, where".

their life time, is not stated. The story only tells us that "the land on which the squatters have built their humble homes is owned by a syndicate, of which Ansel Oppenheim, Arnold [Kalman?], P. H. Kelly, F. B. Clarke, William Dawson and R. A. Smith are parties; that"it is no longer a good-for-nothing waste;" that it has been reclaimed from the ravages of the river by the building (at public expense) of a levee, which the city has now nearly completed," while the building of a great bridge (also at public expense) has caused land values thereabouts to leap skyward. The syndicate now wants the land to sell at fabulous prices to moneyed men who may wish to build houses in which to do business in that particular place.

At last accounts Moritz Heim, as attorney for the syndicate, has served notice on the squatters that they must evacuate, but one paper says it is feared that

> The constables will meet with armed resistance from the squatters when they go down there to enforce the writs. The syndicate has already sold some of the occupied lots, and one of the purchasers was driven off by the squatters when he went down to look over his property. The squatters are in an ugly frame of mind. They see winter staring them in the face, and will not be driven from their homes without making trouble.

But that the squatters will in the end be evicted there is no doubt, and they will have to travel a long way to find even a piece of low flat land upon which they may now squat without price. They must now either pay some fellow being for the privilege of staying on earth or get off.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF IT.

A London cablegram to the New York *Herald* of date December 1 reports an inter- esting address on the previous night by Sir Lyon Playfair to a great meeting of his constituents at Leeds on the comparative purchasing power of wages in England and this country:

> Sir Lyon recently returned from America, where he made extended investigations, and his speech on the subject was awaited with great interest. "Wages are higher in America than in this country," he said, "but nominal wages mean so many shillings per week, while real wages are necessaries which can be bought with them.
>
> "What makes wages higher in America, republicans assert, is protection, which creates industries and gives work.
>
> A workman does not live on work, but works to live, therefore he wants living at the lowest cost. How can protection, which taxes all comforts of life, give him that end? In America each man as a consumer pays taxes to himself as a producer. If protection makes more wages, where does the "more" come from?
>
> It restricts the market for commodities to home consumption. In consequence there comes a glut, and many workingmen have enforced idleness for a third or a fourth of the year. It means seven months' pay for twelve months' living.
>
> Only in times of grave depression in trade does England experience this difficulty, because her export trade carries off the excess.
>
> Perhaps you would like to know why such extensive emigration goes to America if protection does not keep up wages there. The American workman has the advantage over workmen of other protected countries because his territory is sparsely settled and undeveloped.

> Protection leads slowly to socialism. If the state can tax workingmen for the benefit of manufacturers, on the same principle workingmen can say when they come into power: "Now we propose to tax you manufacturers to guarantee our wages." That would be socialism approaching communism, but so is protection.
>
> England has made more progress in her forty years under free trade than she had under protection both in manufactures and increased population. Any nominal difference in American and English wages depends upon conditions which prevail in a new and undeveloped country. All European countries, save Belgium and Holland, unite to protect their cheaper labor from goods produced in England, where wages are from eighty to one hundred per cent higher. What the skilled English workman fears is not low priced, inexpert labor, but high priced, expert work.

The Protected Manufacturers Increasing the Wealth of the Country.

Bradstreets.

At last the steel rail market has turned, and prices tend upward. This has been caused by the withdrawal of one or two of the mills whose cutting caused the fall of prices, the agreement among a few western mills to partially restore prices, the withdrawal of several mills from production, and last, by the determination of the managers of the mills running to hold prices firmly at $28 to $29 at eastern Pennsylvania mills.

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THE SINGLE TAX AND OKLAHOMA.

A Plan for Introducing Our System Into the Territory.

HUTCHINSON, Kan.—Single tax men all over the country are watching for an opportunity to do something that will forward their principles, and it seems to me that it would be a pity not to carry out our land views in the territory known as Oklahoma.

It seems to me that this is a favorable time to do some effective work in that direction. There are at present what are called the Oklahoma boomers. They have just had a meeting in Wichita, Kansas, and have sent a delegation to Washington to try to secure legislation on the subject. These boomers, of course, are land speculators and they want the country opened up for land speculators on the old principle. Some of them no doubt see millions in it.

But there are a large class of people in Kansas who are desperately opposed to opening up the territory. These are the Kansas land speculators. They are anxious to sell their Kansas lands all off first. We have men in this (Reno) county who years ago bought twenty-four sections of land and have most of them yet on their hands. These men do not want a large territory opened up beside them where people can get land for almost nothing. Landlords naturally want land made as scarce as possible.

Now, if we single tax folks could get up a respectable petition to have the Oklahoma country opened up for settlement on a plan some thing like the following, I believe the landlords in Kansas and adjoining states would assist us:

I. That the land in the Oklahoma country shall not be sold, but that it shall be opened up for settlement to all who may desire to lease the land at an annual rental based upon a five per cent valuation of the annual appraised value of such land exclusive of all improvements upon it.

1. That no rent shall be charged until one year after the opening up of the country for settlement.

2. That no person shall be allowed to lease more than one hundred and sixty acres of the land, and that no person owning land in any other part of the world shall be allowed to lease land in said territory.

3. That the lease shall become void six months after the rents become due unless paid before that time.

V. That the rent shall at first be expended in building roads and other necessary improvements, and afterwards shall accrue to the territorial government for the benefit of the people living in said territory.

This plan of opening up the country would not interfere so seriously with land speculators in Kansas as the other, because it would attract the poor people to Oklahoma. The land speculators of Kansas are selling their lands mostly to land [speculators?]—men who expect to sell them again [at a?] profit. This class would not go to lease lands in Oklahoma.

This is about our last chance to have any such experiment tried in this country, and if we lose this chance from lack of effort we may lose more than we did in the defeat of Cleveland.

Some of the advantages of the above plan of settling the territory would be:

I. No new settler would ever have to locate more than half a mile from neighbors.

1. There never could be any jumping of claims or quarreling about titles and murdering one another in these quarrels.

2. There never could be any mortgages placed upon the land. These mortgages are generally for the purchase money.

3. There never would be any quarreling and fighting about county seats, for these are simply quarrels for land values, and if they were taken for the benefit of all there could be no quarreling about where the county seat is located.

V. There would be no taxes or fines placed upon industry. No person would fear to build a house lest his taxes should be increased.

1. Railroads could be built by the government and paid for by the rise of land values, which in our present system goes into private pockets.

2. Coal and other mines would go to enrich the whole people; that is, the tax on such mines would be taken for the benefit of all.

3. Lands lying beyond the bounds of settlement would be free from rent or taxes.

J. G. MALCOLM.

It Gave Harrison 82,000 Plurality, but it's a Good Stamping Ground.

COFFEYVILLE, Kansas.—As to the plan of "Veritas Vincit" to concentrate single tax on some one state: Connecticut is well enough as far as it goes, but for a gigantic evolution by state propaganda and progression in

the work, come to Kansas, ye great expounders of those noble principles, and make this the great stamping ground among a live, enterprising people of progressive ideas.

Look at Kansas' past and present. The inception of one grand principle, "free soil," was here, and despite the [hoards?] from the dominion of slavery, she sprang to the front in the swaddling cloths of her infancy, and the result was a success for freedom.

Kansas has risen with rapid strides in intellectual freedom, as you can see by her school houses and universities, her cities and villages, showing a record of onward march of improvement such as no other state in America can show. Yet she is iron bound with farm and real estate mortgages, and corporation taxes, monopoly and syndicate land holders of millions of acres of the public domain, until her noble people in the thralldom of their woes, grasping outward for some token of relief, have been lead into supporting the deceptive theme of protection.

This should be your state for the onset of the new campaign for electoral reform and the single tax, and speakers will find things ready for them.

GEO. W. HATCH.

You Don't Catch Billy Radcliffe Napping.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 7.—We are all right here, and are holding meetings once a week. The name of our club has been changed from Land and labor to Single tax. We are distributing bills through the city proclaiming for the single tax and secret ballot, and inviting friend and foe to battle for or against the movement. Our hall is on the most prominent corner in the city, and we let the people know it by means of a large transparency in the window. Besides the club members who are doing open work, there are other single tax men here who work in a quiet way by keeping three or four copies of "Progress and Poverty" out among their friends.

We Youngstown men have no cause to weep over the last election. This is an iron and coal city, and was expected to give a heavy protection majority. But here are the figures: Blaine's plurality, 1,577; Harrison's plurality, 825. The total vote of this county is 12,000. Our gains were in the city.

The Jefferson club here will keep up its organization, and talk tariff reform.

We are going to have a boy sell STANDARDS on the street every Saturday and Sunday morning. We are here to stay.

BILLY RADCLIFFE.

A Progressive City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—This place is ripening for either free trade, single tax or revolution.

F. A. TAPPAN.

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GETTING INTERESTING IN MINNESOTA.

A Red Hot Fight in Minneapolis Over the Single Tax Petition to the Legislature.

Some months ago the single tax men of Minnesota stepped out of the realm of theory into the arena of practical politics and started the circulation of a petition to the legislature simply praying for a constitutional amendment

which would permit the exemption from taxation of personal property and improvements on land. The petition proved to be exceedingly popular, and large numbers of signatures have been subscribed to it. The workers of Minneapolis, under the leadership of C. J. Buell, have been particularly active. The Minneapolis *Tribune*, a protectionist paper, says in its issue of Nov. 24 that the league is receiving the active support of the principal signers of the petition and such men has Prof. W. W. Folwell and J. S. McLean. The *Tribune* also says that professional men generally seem to hesitate about signing, but they are giving the subject careful consideration, and it is said that they are coming 'round rapidly to the single tax men. The farmers generally favor the scheme, says Mr. Buell, as soon as they understand it. Some real estate men have signed and others are studying the principles of the theory. The prospect is that the petitioners will be numerous enough to command the respectful consideration of the legislature.

The Minneapolis *Star* openly and understandingly supports the petition.

The *Tribune* of Nov. 25, however, contains a long article under sensational headlines, in which it says:

> The *Tribune's* article on the single tax and the effort to bring the Henry George theory into practice in Minnesota, has atttracted[sic] a great deal of attention, and has been the cause of no little consternation among trades people and other citizens who signed their names to Mr. C. J. Buell's petition, requesting the legislature to place the matter of the land tax before the people in the form of a popular vote on a constitutional amendment embodying the ideas of the George-McGlynn followers. Some 1,500 citizens of Minneapolis have signed the petition, and a great many of them are merchants and business people, while a still larger number are laboring people. A considerable number of names of prominent people, who signed the petition, were printed in yesterday's *Tribune* and yesterday the real estate men were crazy.

According to this same paper a campaign of misrepresentation was at once inaugurated by the land speculators. They called on those who had signed the petition and informed them that Mr. Buell's idea of the single tax was all wrong and proceeded to give the speculator's diagnosis of the theory. The speculators admitted that the single tax would ruin land speculation. In the language of the *Tribune*: "The real estate men declare that the single tax theory will ruin the men who own improved real estate. That so long as there are plenty of vacant lots, even those now occupied will be valueless."

But while admitting that land speculation would be ruined, they recklessly claimed that the single tax would at the same time frighten capital away, yet forgetting the important incident that the people at large would gain what the land speculator would lose. A. M. Goodrich wrote a short card to the *Daily Journal*, asking the real estate men whether the exemption from taxation of personal property and the cheapening of land upon which to build houses and factories, or to do any sort of business, would really drive capital away. It is needless to say that Mr. Goodrich has had no affirmative answer. It is evident that the dogs in the manger are becoming seriously alarmed and what they cannot do to check the movement by argument they will try to do by yelling at the top of their lungs for the safety of helpless "widows and orphans" and poor people generally. Out of all this discussion can come but good to the righteous cause of the single tax, and judging from the serene temper of our friends they will push the fight with more vigor and confidence than ever.

Sic in the original; probably "attracted".

HAMMERING AWAY IN INDIANAPOLIS.

The Single Tax League Has Now Grown to Be of Some Importance, and the Newspapers Report the Meetings—Ballot Reform.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 8.—The Single tax league resumed its winter meetings last Wednesday evening, in True Friend hall, in the "When" building, and will meet hereafter each alternate Wednesday evening in this hall. The next meeting takes place on December 19. Every reader of THE STANDARD in this city should make it a point to be present. Mr. Samuel P. Porter, a member of the firm of Emerick, Pauline & Co., furniture manufacturers, will speak on electoral reform and kindred topics.

All the local papers, with the possible exception of the *Journal* (Harrison's organ), which I did not see, had conspicuous notices of our recent meeting. The meeting was a success in all respects. Mr. Porter and a Mr. Hunter, a school teacher, made brief addresses, and both were forcible and eloquent. Various members expressed their sentiments in regard to keeping up the meetings, and all agreed that they should not be permitted to lapse. Two late arrivals from Nashville, Tenn., Messrs. Brown and Kent, one of them a convert of Mr. P. H. Carroll, were present.

One of our most active men, Herman Kuehne, is away the greater part of the time traveling in the interest of an eastern insurance company but he is steadily scattering the good seed. He was at Kokomo during the past week. Tom Hudson had the "rheumatiz" and failed to get out to the meeting, but he sent a proxy in the person of his amiable better half. Gil Seibert, Charley Krause, Tom Mann, Ol Wallace and the old reliable Mr. and Mrs. Hobart were out. Mr. [Hahn?], who joined us last winter, but who was unable to be out much, was with us and is in position to attend regularly hereafter. We have an elegantly furnished hall, with organ and piano and expect to have attractive society.

The Australian system of voting is receiving marked attention in the state at large and as the system is advocated by the democratic state organ and by the governor, who in a late interview mentioned printing and distribution of the tickets by the state and secrecy in casting the vote as the two chief features to be embodied in a reform bill, there is not much doubt of its passage at the coming session of the legislature, the democrats having both houses.

I had the honor of first writing up the leading features of the system for the *Sentinel*, at the editor's request, and the article was widely copied throughout the state.

We read with much interest of Mr. George's reception in England. We all wish him a safe return with renewed vigor for the great work ahead of him.

L. P. CUSTER.

An Iron Molder's Work.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—My opinion is that the failure of the democrats was caused by pure ignorance. I wish you could travel from this city to Chicago as an iron molder, working in every city you passed through; you could then form an idea of the depth of this ignorance. I have traveled along that route and know what it is. In the shop where I am working now there are fifteen men formerly democrats, who voted for Harrison, and at Richardson's, a short way down the street, there are

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twenty-five men of the same kind. To give you an illustration of what we have to fight against: Last winter when the Mills bill was before congress, I used to come into the shop every morning and read the speeches. One of these men whom I have referred to said to me one day, "Jim, the less we think about that business the better we are off." I

told him this was the great labor question and he laughed it off. Well, it wasn't long after until he had clubbed into him the belief that it did interest him somewhat and he voted for protection notwithstanding the fact that he had been forced into idleness for fourteen weeks in a strike. Four years more of Pinkerton protection will help to educate such men more than ten years' talk.

In Erie, Pa., I boarded at a house where there were twenty other men, three of whom were tariff reform democrats. A young republican there said I was the first free trader he had ever seen, and as he seemed to like my talk I went at him from time to time and finally fixed him.

I had good success with some farmers who came to Erie to serve on a jury. I gave them straight free trade and the single tax.

I hope some plan will be arranged whereby we can continue the campaign.

JAMES A. MILLER.

HERE'S A CHANCE FOR WASHINGTON.

Mr. Hemingway of the Central Committee of One Hundred Has a Bright Idea, and Wants Our Friends There to Help Carry it Out.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10.–The people of this district are disfranchised. In order to keep congress advised as to our needs in the way of legislation the District has been divided into nine divisions, in each of which there is a citizens' association. These local associations send delegates to a central committee of one hundred, which committee considers such matters of public interest as are brought before it by its members and makes such recommendations to congress or the commissioners as it approves. These recommendations usually receive respectful consideration. Altogether the central committee is quite a respectable and influential body, and, in fact, is the most powerful instrument in existence through which to mold local public opinion and influence local legislation. At present it is composed almost wholly of prominent, leading, wealthy citizens, chiefly landlords—all good men, but not just the men to properly represent the true interests of wage workers. With the activity natural to their special interests they have heretofore controlled the local associations and thereby been able to elect such representatives as they chose, while the wage workers, with the indifference characteristic to themselves, have ignored their opportunities.

Now, what I propose is this. Let every friend of our cause make it a point to join one of these local associations and attend every meeting, and it will not be long before the central committee will have a working majority in favor of the interests we represent.

Realizing that it would give me a point of vantage, I have with but little trouble secured the election of myself as a delegate and will do all I can to bring our cause to the front. But no one man, no matter how active, can unsupported do very much. Our friends can get there if they will. Therefore they should do it.

In this district the most valuable land is assessed very low, some of it at only twenty per cent of its real value, while the least valuable land is assessed very high, some at double its real value. If an equalization of assessment can be secured it will be a great step in our direction—directly by increasing the tax on and the price of the most valuable land, and indirectly, by causing a surplus revenue, to reduce which will bring up the question of abolishing the tax on personal property (already popular) and improvements to land. To this end I am now working, and have already done something, having been assured of support on my measure by a number of

members of the committee. But let us have our own friends there. This is the best field for efficient work open to us here.

C. B. HEMINGWAY.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE.

Mark You the Progress of the Ballot Reform Idea Since Four Years Ago.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 1.—Ballot reform—the Aus- tralian system of voting—was first proposed in America by Mr. George in [1885?] in an article in the *North American Review*. Here in Missouri we are in danger of losing credit for having proposed this measure. Democrats, civil service reformers and prohibitionists, it is said, are all busy drafting bills for presentation to the next legislature, and single tax men are only concerned lest unity of action cannot be secured between themselves and these new allies who have so suddenly "seen a great light." We are not jealous, oh, bless you, no! not at all, but it does seem a little funny to men who have been beating the air with their tongues for several years, and apparently making only slight headway, to find suddenly that their views have been accepted, and are being acted on by great numbers of people who, only a few months ago, would have scoffed at the whole thing as "one of George's fool theories."

Who says that the people don't absorb their information?

We think of Mayor Hewitt and his views on taxing personal property, and we smile. We think of that Ohio legislative commission on tax reform, and the smile "grows broad and spreads from ear to ear." We contemplate the rising tide of ballot reformers in Missouri, and we laugh out loud.

It's enough to make Judge Maguire's cat laugh.

"What's the matter with agitation?"

And the full chorus replies, "Oh, that's all right."

Well, keep it up then.

H. RUSSELL.

"Pizen" for the Speculator, but Food for the Balance of Us.

CALEDONIA, Minn., Nov. [25?].—The first outcropping of the single tax in this state, in the shape of petitions to the legislature for its adoption here shows, in the reception it meets from the real estate speculators, how clearly they read its effect on them. Their anger and activity is a confession that the remedy is a good one.

P. J. SMALLEY, Editor Caledonia *Argus*.

These Are the Times that Try Men's Souls.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Scarcely a day passes but the [prints?] tell us of the suicide of an honest man because he had gotten in debt, or from overwork or financial troubles. Walk along the streets of any of our cities and we are accosted for "just enough money for a lunch or lodging," and not always by men addicted to drink. Accosted once, yea, the writer was twelve times the other evening. See everywhere the blanched faces of suffering women and strong men succumbing from hunger and fruitless search for work. Too honest to steal, too proud to beg, many cases of suffering never are known.

Even Senator Blair introduces a bill to inquire into these things.

"Help now—a God send. We are living on fifteen cents a day, a family of four, and I've

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[Note: the right edge of this column is cut off in the scan (the sheet is torn/curled along the outer margin); one to several letters are lost at the end of most lines. Lost line-ends are marked [illegible], or supplied as [letters?] where the word is clear from what remains.]

searched the city of Chicago f[or?] work. Soon will come the stree[illegible] death," writes one of better days[illegible]

Compare these things with th[e?] heresies of protection so plausi[bly?] in the pre-election times a few [illegible] Study the stories of benefit to lab[illegible] publican campaign book and [illegible] journals and then see mills sh[ut?] and wages reduced since Novem[ber?] read questions of Shepard of t[he?] *Express* as to where is the man [illegible] or hunting for bread? Great Go[d?][illegible] can rejoice—the poor perish. [illegible] America—boasted free America[illegible] equality.

God save us ere it is too late[illegible] good work of opposition to monop[illegible]ing. Ay, ay, sir, keep moving.

A WASHINGTON[illegible]

TO HELP SINGLE TAX STR[illegible]

The following list contains the addresses of men active in the cause in their respective localities[illegible] believers wishing to join in the [illegible] may communicate:

Akron, O—Jas K Angier, 1[illegible]9 Allen street. Albany, N Y—Robert Baker, 172 Madison av[illegible] [Roshart?], 23 Third avenue, or James J Mano[illegible] tary Single Tax Cleveland and Thurma[n?] [illegible] Myrtle avenue. Alhambra, Mon Ter—W E Brokaw. Altoona, Pa—Joseph Sharp, jr., secretary [illegible] club, 411 Tenth street; Albert C Ronzee[illegible] avenue. Amsterdam, N Y—Harvey Book. Anacostia, D C—Carroll W Smith, office An[illegible] company, Harrison and Monroe streets. Anaheim, Cal—James E Hassett. Anton Chico, N M—Lewis T Granstam. Ashtabula, Ohio—A D Strong. Auburn, Me—F W Beals, secretary Single [illegible] Avon, N Y—Homer [Sabin?]. Ballston Spa, N Y—Richard Feeney, 63 M[illegible] Baltimore, Md—John W Jones, sec Single t[ax?] [illegible] Maryland, 125 N Bond street; John Salmo[n?] [illegible] George club, 415 N Eutaw street; Dr Wm [illegible] E Baltimore street. Bayside, Long Island, N Y—Antonio M Mo[illegible] Braceville, Ill—William Matthews, secre[tary?] [illegible] form club. Bradford, Pa—J C De Forest, secretary La[illegible] club, 26 Newell place. Binghamton, N Y—E W Dundon, 33 Maide[n?] [illegible] Boston, Mass—Edwin M White, 208 Main str[eet?] [illegible]ton; J R Roche, 29 Converse avenue, Ma[illegible] Garland, chairman Single tax league, Ja[illegible] Brooklyn, N Y—J Hickling, 41 Sidney plac[e?] [illegible] Single tax club. Burlington, Iowa—James Love, bookseller, [illegible] Spencer. Burlington, Vt—Charles N Monahan, ciga[illegible]urer. Cambridgeport, Mass—Wm Ford, 116 Nor[illegible] secretary Single tax organization. Canisteo, N Y—H W Johnson, P O box 255. Canon City, Col—Frank P Blake, M D. Chamberlain, Dak—James Brown. Charles City, Iowa—Irving W Smith, M D, [illegible]site Union house. Chicago, Ill—Frank Pearson, secretary Lan[illegible] club No 1, 45 La Salle street. Cincinnati, O—Dr David De Beck, 139 [illegible] street; Jones's news and stationery st[illegible] street. Clanton, Ala—O M Mastin or Alex G Dake. Cleveland, O—Frank L Carter, 152 Chestnut [illegible] Clinton, Ind—L O Bishop, editor *Argus*. Cohoes, N Y—J S Crane. Columbus, O—E J [Brackens?], president Sing[illegible] 565 North High street; Sam F. [Caen?], c[illegible] secretary, care Edward Hyneman, 348 [illegible] street. Cornwall, Cal—Jeff A Bailey. Cramer Hill, Camden county, N J—Chas P [illegible] Danbury, Conn—Sam A Main, 34 Smith str[eet?] Dayton, O—W W Kile, 33 E Fifth street;

[illegible] 283 Samuel street. Denver, Col—Charles G Buck, chairman [illegible]tive committee National tax reform as[illegible] Tritch block. Detroit, Mich—J K [Finehart?], 45 Waterlo[o?] [illegible] Duncan, 279 Third street, secretary Ta[illegible]sociation. Diamond Springs, Eldorado county, Cal—J [illegible] Dunkirk, N Y—Francis Lake. East Cambridge, Mass—J F Harrington, St[illegible]erary Institute. East Northport, Long Island, N Y—J K Rud[illegible] East Rindge, N H—Edward Jewett. Elizabeth, N J—Benjamin Urner. Elmira, N Y—William Bergman, 712 East M[illegible] Fitchburg, Mass—E D Terry. Farmington, Iowa—F. W. Rockwell. Gardner, Ill—T S Cumming. Glen Cove, Long Island, N Y—Herbert Doro[illegible] Glens Falls, N Y—John H Quinlan. Gloversville, N Y—Wm C Wood, M D. Grand View-on-the-Hudson, N Y—Henry L [illegible] Harrison, Tex—[illegible] J McCollum. Hartington, Neb—J H [Felber?]. Haverhill, Mass—Arthur F Brock. Hornellsville, N Y—George H Van Winkle. Hot Springs, Ark—W Albert Chapman. Hoosick Falls, N Y—F S Hammond. Houston, Tex—H F Ring, corporation attor[illegible] Hutchinson, Kas—J G Malcolm, M D. Ilion, N Y—George Smith, P O box 502. Indianapolis, Ind—Herman Kuehn, 14 Ta[illegible] L P Custer, member of Single tax club. Ithaca, N Y—C C Platt, druggist, 75 East [illegible] Janvier, N J—S B Walsh. Jersey City, N J—Joseph Dana Miller, sec[illegible]son county Single tax league, 26 Ege ave[illegible] Kansas City, Mo—Chas E Reid, 2,123 Woo[illegible] Keithsburgh, Ill—M McDonald. Kingston, N Y—Theodore M Romeyn. Lansingburgh, N Y—James McMann, 21 E[illegible] Lonsdale, R I—Dr L F Garvin. Lexington, Ky—James E [illegible] Los Angeles, Cal—W H Dodge, [33?] North Ala[illegible] W A Cole, 19 South Hill; or A Vinette, P[illegible] Lynchburg, Va—Thos Williamson, cor Fifth [illegible] streets. Lynn, Mass—Theodore P Perkins, 17 Sou[illegible] street. Madison, Dak—E H Evenson. Mahanoy City, Pa—J N Becker, presiden[t?] [illegible] club; Robert Richardson, secretary. Manistee, Mich—Albert Walkley or W R Ha[illegible] Marlboro, Mass—Geo A E Reynolds. Marlborough, N Y—C H Baildon. Mart, Tex—J L Caldwell, chairman Ninth co[illegible] district organizer. Massillon, O—Samuel T Wright, 62 West M[illegible] Memphis, Tenn—R G Brown, secretary T[illegible] club, 59 Madison street. Middletown, Conn—John G Hopkins, P O b[illegible] Middletown, N Y—Chas H Fuller, P O box [illegible] Milwaukee, Wis—Peter McGill, 147 Fourth [illegible] Minneapolis, Minn—C J Buell, presiden[t?] [illegible] League, 402 W Franklin avenue; E. E. [illegible] Mt Pleasant, Iowa—A O Pitcher, M D. Mt Vernon, N Y—Richard Watson. [Murrayville?], Ill—William [Camm?], president [illegible] club. Nashville, Tenn—P H Carroll, 235 N High [illegible]tary American land league. Neponset, Mass—Q A Lothrop, member He[illegible] club, 21 Walnut street. Newark, N J—Rev Hugh O Pentecost, 5[illegible] street. Newburg, N Y—D J McKay, secretary Single [illegible] 255 Broadway. Newport, Ky—Joseph L Schraer, secretary [illegible] league, 317 Southgate street; Will C James, [illegible] street. New Westminster, Brit Col—Alex Hamilt[illegible] Tax reform association. Norfolk, Va—Edward K Robertson, secre[illegible] club, [illegible] bank. Oberlin, O—Edw B Haskell. Omaha, Neb—John F [Embler?], 823 Virginia a[illegible] [Ordway?], Dak—R H Garland, member Tax r[illegible]ciation. Passaic, N J—J J Barnard, P O box 151. Paterson, N J—E W Nellis, Chairman Pas[illegible] Single tax Cleveland campaign committ[illegible] Main street. Parkersburg, W Va—W I Boreman, memb[illegible] tax league. Pawtucket, R I—Edward Barker, 25 Good[illegible] Peoria, Ill—J W Avery. Philadelphia, Pa—Wm J Atkinson, 925 Che[illegible] or A. H. Stephenson, 211 Chestnut stre[illegible] Henry George club. Piermont, N Y—Charles E Hood, P O box 1[illegible] Pittsburg, Pa—Mark F Roberts, 1727 Carey [illegible] Portland, Ore—S B Riggen, 48 Stark str[illegible] Kohler, [334?] Grand street, or R H Thomps[illegible] Poughkeepsie, N Y—William C Albro. Providence, R I—Robert G [illegible], 32 Sut[illegible] Dr Wm Barker, pres Rhode Island single [illegible]ciation. Pulaski, N Y—C V Harbottle. Ravenswood, Ill—W H Van Ornum. Reading, Pa—Chas S Prizer, 1013 Penn str[illegible] [illegible], 251 Penn street. Richmond, Ind—D [Quigley?], 105 South Third [illegible] Ridgeway, N Y—[D?] C Sullivan. River Falls, Wis—George H Bates. Rochester, N Y—Charles [Avrill?], 7 Morrill st[illegible] Roselle, N J—Read Gordon. Rutland, Vt—T H Brown, 11 Cherry street. San Francisco, Cal—Judge James G Magu[illegible] [illegible] San Luis Obispo, Cal—Mrs Frances M Milne [illegible] Seattle, Wash Ter—[illegible] Seneca Falls, N Y—Wm H Atkinson, P O box [illegible] Shenandoah, Pa—Morris Marsh, president [illegible] club; Thos [Potts?], secretary. Southboro, Mass—S H Howes. South Gaston, N C—W L M Perkins. Sparrow Bush, Orange county, N Y—C L[illegible] president Progressive association; John She[illegible] retary. Spirit Lake, Iowa—J W Schrimpf, secretary [illegible] form club. Springfield, Mo—H A W Juneman, [66?] Nichols [illegible] St. Louis, Mo—Geo S Bonnell, president [illegible]

League, 1527 Leffingwell avenue; Sidney A [illegible] retary, [1108?] Olive street. Stockton, Cal—D A Learned. Syracuse, N Y—Charles S Hopkins, 9 Seymo[illegible] [illegible] R Perry, 149 South Clinton street; or F[illegible] Walton street; or James K McGuire, secret[illegible] tax club, 30 Greene street. Toronto, Can—W A [Douglass?], president an[illegible] [society?], 218 Wellesley street. Trenton, N J—H R Mathews, 9 Howell street. Troy, N Y—B B [Martin?]. Tuckahoe, N Y—Albert O Young. Unionville, Conn—John McAuliffe. Utica, N Y—Thomas Sweeney, 156 Elizabeth s[illegible] Daniel M Buckley, grocer, southwest corner [illegible] [Catharine?] [illegible] Vincennes, Ind —Hon Samuel W Williams, roo[illegible] [illegible] block. Waco, Tex—Frank Grady, lawyer, 163 South [illegible] Wakefield, R I—David [Harrower?]. Washington, D C—Dr. William Geddes, [221?] E [illegible] W, secretary anti-poverty society. Weatherford, Tex—William M Snell. West New Brighton, Staten Island, N Y—A P[illegible] Whitestone, Long Island, N Y—George Harn[illegible] Whitman, Mass—C P [Bolin?], cigar store; Tho[illegible] president Single tax league. Wilmington, Del—Geo W Kreer, 717 West N[illegible] Woodstock, Ill—A W [Cummins?]. Worcester, Mass.—E K Page, Lake View. Yonkers, N Y—Joseph Sutherland. Youngstown, O—Billy Radcliffe, Radcliffe [illegible] Zanesville, Ohio—W H Longhead, 27 Van [illegible]

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THE STANDARD, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

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[Editorial note: on this scan the left portion of column 1 (roughly the first third to half of every line) is lost in the binding/gutter. Column 1 is therefore given line by line as printed fragments; "[…]" marks the lost beginning of each line. No words have been supplied.]

[…] STANDARD.

[…]ORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

[…] Published weekly at […] SQUARE. NEW YORK CITY.

[…]ERMS, POSTAGE FREE. […] six months, $1.25; single copies, 5 cents. […]e postoffice, New York, as second class […]

[…]ns and contributions are invited, and […]ely considered. Manuscripts not found […]blication will be returned if sufficient […]t for return postage. No notice will be […]mous communications.

[…] and letters on editorial matters should […]to THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, […]ications on business to the PUBLISHER […]DARD.

[…]ARD wants an agent to secure subscrib- […]ostoffice in the United States, to whom […]will be given.

[…]ARD is for sale by newsdealers through- […] States. Persons who may be unable to […]onfer a favor on the publisher by notify- […]tly.

[…] sent free on application.

[…]ANCES.–THE STANDARD is sent to […]il an explicit order is received by the […]r its discontinuance and all payments for […]re made, according to law.

[…]RDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

[…]TANDARD *is forwarded to sub-* […]*by the early merning mails each* […]. *Subscribers who do not receive* […] *promptly will confer a favor* […]*nicating with the publisher.*

[…]DARD advocates the abolition of […]on industry and the products of […]d the taking, by taxation upon […]irrespective of improvements, of […]ental value of all those various […]atural opportunities embraced un- […]eral term, Land.

[…]hat to tax labor or its products is […]e industry.

[…]that to tax land values to their […]t will render it impossible for any […]xact from others a price for the […]f using those bounties of nature in […] living men have an equal […]nse; that it will compel every […] controlling natural opportunities […] utilize them by the employ- […]bor, or abandon them to others; […]ill thus provide opportunities of […]ll men and secure to each the full […]is labor; and that as a result in- […]poverty will be abolished, and the […]mperance and vice that spring […]y and the dread of poverty will […]ay.

[…]BOUT A WALKING STICK.

[…]e been for a long time puzzled […]hat the *Press* meant by all its […] the immense saving of money […]by paying $30 a ton for steel […]e by English workmen in Amer- […]d of $20 a ton for the same qual- […]s made by English workmen in […] We couldn't make it out. […]es we thought we had a clew to […]ry, but the next day the *Press* […]e a flop and a wiggle, and leave […]d again. Finally we concluded […]*Press* didn't mean anything– […]s sort of talk was like the wiz- […]ine domini, codfish and hom- […]neant to fill up time and dis- […]ion. In this we were mistaken. […] did mean something and we […]d it out. We can't help feeling […]r the achievement.

[…] tariff talk in the *Press* sheds a […]ght upon the subject. It is a talk […]illiam B. Ely of Newark—not […]n New Jersey but Newark in New […]e never heard of Mr. Ely before, […]e glad to make his acquaintance […] is a thinker from way back—a […]onomical hustler. If he will […]ce for THE STANDARD we shall […]nd happy to print it—if it isn't […] [last line of paragraph entirely within lost portion]

[…]s talk is intended "to illustrate […]tive benefit of buying domestic […]" He says, suppose a man wants […]—but wait a bit. We must begin […]ginning.

[…]an is working nine hours a day […]dollar an hour. There are men […]that. "A work day being ten […] has an hour of spare time every […]ich he is absolutely idle." Mr. […]this, and if you don't admit it […]ment can't go on. The man […]ane. He has a hickory stick in […]ile, he has a knife and a sheet […]per, he knows enough to whit- […] cane, and he has "an hour of […] every day in which he is abso- […]e." He can either make that […]f that hickory stick in three of […] hours, or he can go round the […] the store and buy a cane for […]s. Now which ought he to […]are free to confess that, for our […], we should go to the store; […]se three absolutely idle hours […] successive days are altogether […]ous to be frittered away in […]g a hickory stick; and second, be- […] store cane would have a silver […]ook on one end and an iron […]n the other, thus presenting an […]ace of dignity and fashion which […]be wanting to the home made […] But then we don't understand […]es. Mr. Ely's man wouldn't do […]g of that kind, especially, Mr. Ely […]if he were a clear headed protec- […] and answered to the name of […]" He would whittle out his own […] Then he would charge himself […]e cent for the sheet of sand paper; […]nother for the hickory stick; […]l another for the wear on his knife; […]tting down, per contra, a cane […]fifty cents, he would find his wealth […]d to the net extent of forty-seven […] Then Mr. Ely goes on thus:

> […]uld the result be altered one iota by […] the price of his time to be $10 an […] that it required three of his unoc- […]urs to make the cane. The price of […]measured by the price of his labor,

[Bottom margin below column 1: a few heavy marks, partly legible as "thMe" / "Yo" – apparently not part of the printed text (stamp or handwriting?).]

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> might be $3 or $30; the cane is worth just fifty cents, and he will be richer by exactly the difference in value between the finished cane and the material that went into it. If he buys the cane he must pay for it out of the proceeds of his nine hours of productive labor, and it being worth its price, he has gained nothing by the transaction. His choice then lies between purchasing abroad, and so leaving his wealth in statu quo, and making

for himself and thereby increasing his wealth. “The economic policy that is sound for the individual is sound for the state.” (Wayland.)

Plain? Why, it’s as simple as rolling off a log. It proves the whole protectionist case. If you want a thing, make it yourself or get some other fellow to make it for you, and don’t pay him any wages. A clear-headed protectionist of the name of Porter wants, let us say, a letter from London for his paper. He can either pay a pauper miscreant *in* London to write that letter for him, or he can write it himself in his daily idle hour. Which will he do? Why, write it himself, of course. We shall read the *Press’s* foreign correspondence with renewed interest hereafter.

And yet, when we come to study the matter more closely, there *is* a certain haziness about Mr. Ely’s demonstration. It’s all right, of course, as long as the man only wants a walking stick. But suppose he wants a walking stick and something else besides—a brick, for instance. Then the question becomes complicated, and the clouds swoop down again.

It takes the man three of his idle hours to make the cane, and it will take him three more hours, we may suppose, to make the brick. He has to dig the clay in his back yard, mix it in his wife’s bread pan, mold it into shape on the kitchen table, and burn it in the family stove. It will pay him to do all this, of course, because the brick is worth two cents, and the clay and fire cost him nothing. But just as he is getting out his spade to begin operations, a man who makes brick for a living comes along. This brick man wants a cane, and not being a clear headed protectionist is not at all particular who makes it, so long as he gets it. So the brick maker, speaking after the unmannerly fashion of free traders, says to the amateur cane maker: “Don’t be an ass, spending three hours of your time and messing up the house for the sake of a brick worth two cents, but use the three hours to make me a cane, and I’ll give you *twenty* bricks for it.” Now, what will the man do if he is “a clear headed protectionist, and answers to the name of Porter?” If by being clear headed is meant having any sense, he will put away the spade, and get another hickory stick out of the wood pile. But then what becomes of the great protectionist argument? If it is sensible and profitable for the man who can whittle canes better than he can make bricks, to exchange a cane for bricks with the man who can make bricks better than he can whittle canes, why wouldn’t it be sensible and profitable for the clear headed protectionist who really does answer to the name of Porter to get his London letters *from* a man who, living in London, can naturally write them to the best advantage, and send to London, in exchange, something that can be produced here more advantageously than there.

The *Press* will probably reply to this that the genuine Porter doesn’t produce anything that people in England want, whether letter writers or not. But that is not true. He *does* produce such things, not directly, but indirectly. He doesn’t want English correspondence for his own benefit. He was born in England, and knows all about the country. He wants it to supply to people born in this country. And these people produce things that English people want, and are only too happy to send them across the ocean. If Mr. Porter will employ a man *in* London to write letters *from* London, there will be more Americans products[sic] sent to England by just the value of the letters. The English correspondent is the brickmaker, and the American producer is the cane maker. Mr. Porter himself is only the messenger between the two.

We hope Mr. Porter of the *Press* will take a thought. If he insists on writing his own letters from London in his spare hours, he may set his readers to thinking whether they mightn’t just as well write the letters for themselves in *their* spare hours. And that would have an effect on the *Press’s* circulation which we should sincerely deplore. Mr. Porter will do well to employ a London pauper to write the letters for him. He can find *occupation* for his own unoccupied hours in studying protectionist political economy and the fifteen puzzle.

Sic in the original; probably “American products”.

This bit of history is from the *Press:*

> H. J. Pettifer, secretary of the Workman's association for defense of British industry, has told his fellow members, since his return to England, that great numbers of workingmen calling themselves democrats had voted for Harrison and protection. Mr. Pettifer got about among the workingmen a great deal while he was here, doing effective work on the stump for Harrison and Morton, and he knows what he is talking about.

We don't quarrel with the facts, which are probably as stated. But what *does* amuse us is that the *Press* should let its readers know that a man officially pledged to the "defense of British industry" could find no better way of defending it than by coming over here and making speeches in favor of American protection.

The *Herald* publishes an interesting and instructive account of the miserable

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condition of the Turkish people; showing how they are ground into the dust by vexatious and repressive laws, by tyranny of every kind. Chief among the evils that afflict the unhappy country, the *Herald* reckons the atrocious system of land tenure, which it thus describes:

> The land all belongs to the sultan and no one owns a foot of ground in the whole country but him. He lets others live upon it and *cultivate it* and *for that they pay* those enormous taxes. And if the legitimate taxes were not enough to keep the peasant in a state of the most abject poverty the pasha and his subordinates in each district would take all the rest, leaving the unhappy farmer only enough to preserve his life. The result of this is that the poor peasants all through Turkey and all her dependencies do no work, plant no crops and raise no cattle beyond what they actually require for their meagre support, always, however, counting the four-fifths for the taxes. It would all be taken from them on one pretext or another if they did.

And having thus held up the empire of Turkey as a noteworthy example of the evils of what is really nothing but private land ownership in its most exaggerated form, the *Herald* prefixes to its article a headline, "Henry George's Dream Realized," and sagely observes that "it is a grave question as to whether the people are better off in Turkey, where all the land belongs to the government and is parceled out in this manner to the cultivator, or in a country like ours, where people can own their own little homes and only have to pay a tax[sic].

Mr. Bennett ought to have looked more carefully at the sultan when he enjoyed the honor of a personal interview with that gentleman. Had he done so, he might have discovered that the Turkish despot is only a man, and not very much of a man, either. The single tax system would make short work of such fellows.

Last week a mob attacked the jail in Birmingham, Alabama, to lynch a prisoner. Quite contrary to the usual custom in such cases, the sheriff ordered the mob back, and, not being obeyed, fired upon it, killing nine men and wounding twelve. The greatest excitement over the occurrence prevails in Birmingham. The sheriff has been arrested for murder, and at last reports the militia was guarding the jail against an enraged community. Yet it is perfectly clear, on a moment's thought, that the sheriff had no alternative but to surrender his prisoner or fire into the mob. In doing the latter, if it was not wantonly done, he but performed his official duty in the interest of law and order, and there is no more occasion for anger on the part of the people of Birmingham than if he had fired into any other mob of anarchists.

Sic in the original; probably "…pay a tax."".

It has been rumored of late that Governor Hill is pulling wires to secure the adoption of a ballot law which will seem to meet the demand for pure elections without doing it, and in the *World,* which is quite friendly to the Governor, the rumor is corroborated. That paper advocates "a strong but simple bill providing for the two essential things: the supply of ballots by the state and secrecy in voting." Now the supply of ballots by the state and secrecy in voting are essential things, but they are not *the* essential things. It is as essential that ballots should be distributed by the state as that they should be printed by the state. The anxiety to avoid this feature of the reform, distribution of ballots by the state, ought to excite suspicion, and in truth there is a very clear motive for it. So long as any part of the election machinery is left to volunteers there will be political machines such as we have now, which will dominate political parties and control nominations. These machines find their best excuse for being, in the necessity or opportunity of electioneering at the polls. Both necessity and opportunity would be done away with if ballots were distributed by officials and only by officials, and that would abolish machines. But if machines were abolished what would become of the political fortunes of statesmen whose statesmanship is of the Tweed order? That is the question which agitates the politician's breast. And the answer is so unsatisfactory that the whole brood, from Hill down, are putting their ingenuity to the test to devise a scheme which will preserve the machine while appearing to satisfy public clamor for ballot reform.

At last we have the figures of the popular vote for president. And if the popular vote elected, Mr. Cleveland would be president for a second term. He went to the people on the issue of tariff reform, and the people sustained him by a hundred thousand plurality. But in one state where a very small plurality was thrown against him, the electoral vote is large enough to cause his defeat. Mr. Harrison goes into office a minority president and the doctrine of protection, condemned by the people, gets its new lease of life from the electoral college.

Chicago has a chief of police who must have got his official education in the service of the czar of Russia. It appears that Mrs. Parsons is visiting in England, and on her return home it is proposed to receive her with a procession. To this the chief of police objects, and announces his intention to refuse a permit for the parade. His words are: "If she or any of her friends think they can parade the streets of Chicago behind a brass band as they did in London, they will find themselves greatly mistaken." It is proper in large cities that with some one there should be lodged authority to regulate public demonstrations, to prevent confusion and the unnecessary ob

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struction of thoroughfares; and there is no objection to lodging this authority with the chief of police. But when by virtue of his power to regulate such things he undertakes to decide that one person and his friends may parade while another and his friends must not, he assumes a dangerous prerogative. It might be well to prohibit street parades entirely, but so long as they are permitted at all it is not for any official to play the autocrat in giving permits. This is a kind of anarchy in office which is certain to breed anarchy among the populace.

The expulsion of John J. O'Brien's friends from the republican committee of New York city is a solemn warning to all political workers that when they take money for the purpose of buying votes they must buy the votes. Honesty is the best policy the world over.

In his argument before Judge Barrett in behalf of the sugar trust, Mr. James C. Carter, one of the leaders of the New York bar, said that sugar "may be produced in indefinite quantities by the mere application of labor and capital." As far as it goes this is not a bad statement; but Mr. Carter only exasperates the curious listener. We all want to know how to make sugar. Mr. Carter tells us we must have labor. Yes, we understand that; there can be no

sugar without labor. He tells us we must have capital also. This is not quite so clear, for labor can make capital; but let that pass. The important part of his statement is that both labor and capital are insufficient; sometimes more is necessary. What is it? Why, nothing but "mere application." The labor and capital have only to be applied. All right; but to what are they to be applied? That is the troublesome question. Perhaps it is to land. Perhaps that is what Mr. Carter meant. But if he did, why didn't he say so?

According to the Texas *Tax Reformer,* the United States district judge for the eastern district of Texas, Hon. C. B. Sabin, has signed the Texas petition for confining taxation to land values.

The real estate reporter of the *Evening Post* tells what he calls a good story of one Elisha Bloomer. Whether good or not it is instructive. Years ago Bloomer got an option from John Jacob Astor for the purchase of the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane for $14,000. The option was to expire at twelve o'clock noon on the specified day; but at that mement[sic] Mr. Bloomer was waiting upon a customer in his store and was ten minutes late in keeping his engagement with Mr. Astor. During that ten minutes the value of the lot rose in Mr. Astor's estimation from $14,000 to $16,000 and Mr. Bloomer declined the purchase. "His heirs," says the reporter, "now wish his backbone had been stiffer, for the corner is worth $160,000." These figures indicate that over and above taxes and all other burdens it cost ten times as much now as it did in Astor's day to use that lot.

A revision of the Italian penal code is in progress. It will please democrats to learn that in its classification of offenses prominence is given to "crimes against liberty;" and single tax men especially will be glad to know that among the crimes against liberty "crimes against freedom of work" are enumerated. Italy then is to lead the way to freedom. Restrictions upon work are forbidden. Of course, the tariff is to be abolished, for how can a government engage in the very kind of crime it prohibits; and land is no longer to be treated as a commodity, for how can a government maintain a class like landlords, whose profit depends on interfering with freedom of work, when its own penal laws make such interference a crime. But not so fast. Such offenses against liberty are not included in the "crimes against freedom of work." All these grand terms in the Italian penal code mean no more than that workmen whose freedom of work is interfered with by protective tariffs and land titles and the like must not retaliate.

The *Times* is gracious enough to say that "a large proportion of our workingmen are entirely capable of understanding the questions and principles involved in their cause," and informs them that they would do well to convert their organizations into educational institutions. The great defect of these organizations, the *Times* says, "has been a lack of knowledge and of understanding of the principles which underlie the relations of labor to capital, to society, and to government."

Excellent advice. But why should the *Times* proffer it to workingmen exclusively. Other men besides workingmen have organizations, which one would think might profitably be made to do a little educational work in the direction suggested by the *Times.* Or does the *Times* that our merchants[sic], and bankers and brokers, and manufacturers, and trust managers, and clergymen, and editors, and Sunday school superintendents have no "lack of knowledge and of understanding of the principles which underlie the relations of labor to capital, to society,

Sic in the original; probably "moment".
Sic in the original; probably "Or does the Times [think/hold] that our merchants".

and to government." If it does, it is wofully mistaken. There is more of that kind of knowledge among workingmen than any other class.

It is interesting to know that some of our trade with the paupers on the other side of the Atlantic is carried on in vessels owned by American citizens, even

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though they are not allowed to fly the American flag. It was officially stated in the house of commons last Monday that more than ninety per cent of the shares in the Inman line are held by Americans. Also that the steamers are subsidized by the British government for use as cruisers and transports in case of war. So that, if we *should* come to blows with England over those codfish, we might find these American owned ships burning and destroying what little foreign commerce we have left. That would be all right enough, if the Englishmen would let us put custom house officers on board of them; but to have the remnants of our commerce destroyed without the sanction of the vertical striped flag would be humiliating, to say the least of it.

The trustees of the Brooklyn bridge have rendered their annual report, showing a net income of more than $160,00[0?] and an increase in gross revenue of $67,237. The entire cable plant, including the engines, has been renewed during the year, the Brooklyn terminus has been largely extended, the structure is in perfect order, and the traffic is steadily increasing. No fatal or even serious accident has taken place during the year, the discipline of the special police force is perfect, and the hours of labor of the conductors on the cars have been reduced, without any reduction of pay. Altogether a very gratifying report. If the traffic keeps on increasing—and there is no reason why it should not—the bridge will pay interest on its cost and still leave a margin for a farther reduction of tolls.

It is instructive to compare the Brooklyn bridge and the elevated railway. Both were erected by public authority for public convenience. But there all resemblance ceases. The elevated, left to be managed by private individuals for their own benefit, exacts from the foolish citizens who gave away its franchise a yearly tribute nearly if not altogether equal to the first cost of its erection, and gives in return a wretchedly inefficient service. The bridge, controlled by the people's representatives for the people's benefit, is managed with strict economy, gives a highly satisfactory and constantly improving service, and exacts the lowest possible toll from those who use it.

Suppose the bridge were owned and managed by a private corporation? Suppose the elevated roads were owned and managed as the bridge is?

This is the account given by Joe Howard in the *Press,* of the manner in which old John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of the family fortune:

> There are just so many lots on Manhattan island, and the man who had prescience sufficient to understand that, sooner or later, every lot would be occupied, and that a great physical embarrassment would confront people then living, and had pluck and courage enough to [indorse?] his conviction by his action, was obviously on the high road to unbounded prosperity. That man was John Jacob Astor, sr.

Simple, wasn't it?

The steamship Westweath[sic] arrived at San Francisco last week from Batavia, with a cargo of some 7,000,000 pounds of sugar for the American sugar refinery. The government defenders of the sugar trust, of which the American refinery is a member, were promptly on hand, and collected tribute to the amount of $141,000, on the presumption that the sugar was of that inferior quality which American citizens are allowed to eat on payment of a fine of two cents a pound. But before the sugar could be landed the owners of another refinery, not a member of the trust, came forward and asserted that the sugar was not the common two cent sort, but that superior kind which no American may use without first paying three cents a pound for a license. Then there was a time in the custom house. They sent down on board the Westmeath, and got samples of the sugar, and washed it in alcohol, and looked at it through a polariscope, and fussed with it in various ways, and found out that it really was sugar of the better classes, and not poor man's sugar at all, and that something more than three cents on every pound ought to have been paid for the privilege of bringing it into the country. So the American sugar refinery will have to pay nearly $80,000 more before they bring that sugar ashore. Of course this is no loss to the refinery people, because they will get the whole $225,000, or whatever it may be, back from the farmers and others who eat the sugar, with a handsome profit besides. But then if they could have got off with the original fine, they could have put extra $80,000 in their pockets. Still, it is a little ungrateful of the sugar trust, after securing the services of a custom house to protect its interests, to turn round and try to cheat the custom house.

PROTECTED AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

During the recent presidential campaign, and before the people of the United States had done that which the *Press* and *Tribune* call to "settle the question in favor of protection for a generation to come" by casting a plurality of their votes in favor of the tariff reform candidate—during that exciting time, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew delivered quite a number of orations on the protectionist side. Notable among these was a speech at Peekskill, Mr. Depew's native town, in which the genial orator went right down to the root of things, and showed, by citation of facts, what the wise policy of protection to American labor really had done for the country within his own recollection. In his boyhood's days, Mr. Depew stated, a man's ambition of wealth stopped short at a moderate $100,000. No man in Peekskill aspired to accumulate more

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than that. Only one man in Peekskill had actually succeeded in getting it. Whereas, at the date of his speech, the man who had only $100,000 felt himself rather poor than otherwise. It took the income of three or four hundred thousand dollars to support a man in comfort. The standard of subsistence had been raised from $6,000 a year to $12,000 or $15,000. And inasmuch as this gratifying advance had taken place while the nation had been steadily pursuing a policy of protection, was it not evident that protection had done it all? Why, of course. If a man wanted $1,000 a month now, where he only wanted $500 thirty years ago, it was because protection had enabled him to *get* the thousand dollars a month. Nothing could be clearer, and the Peekskill audience yelled itself hoarse with conviction.

That was before election, when the post prandial Chauncey was doing the political economy act. The election is over now, and Mr. Depew is practicing economy of another sort—the good old fashioned kind that finds expression, not in blatherskite speeches, but in getting the greatest possible amount of wealth in exchange for the least possible amount of labor expressed in terms of money. The humbugging politician has retired for a time, and the matter of fact business man has come to the front.

As president of the New York Central and Hudson river railroad company, Mr. Depew has it on hand to effect a great public improvement. He has to sink the tracks of the Harlem river division of his road below the level of the

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Sic in the original; probably "Westmeath".

streets. This involves the digging of a trench, several miles long, and the building of a tunnel of solid masonry. It is a stupendous undertaking, on which nearly two thousand men are employed.

Now, if there is, within the limits of the solar system, an industry which, more than any other, enjoys the blessing of absolute protection, it is the industry of producing trenches with masonry tunnels in them. It is protected against both foreign and domestic competition. Trenches with tunnels in them may be selling for a cent a mile in England, without the slightest effect upon the quotations here. They may be offered as newspaper premiums in New Jersey, without being a whit the cheaper in New York. They must be made just where they are to be used, and can't be made anywhere else. Producing trenches and tunnels is the protectionist's ideal occupation—it is "all labor," with, of course, some unimportant reservations in favor of capital and rent. If the laborer is going to get Mr. Edward Atkinson's "constantly increasing share of a constantly increasing product" out of anything, he ought to get it out of a trench with a tunnel in it. If there is any virtue in Chauncey Depew's Peekskill speech, the men who are digging a trench and building a tunnel for him ought to be making—well, now, what ought they to be making? Twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year is what they have a right to look forward to, of course, but it would be too much for them to expect that all at once. But five or six thousand a year—a sum which on Mr. Depew's showing is totally inadequate to comfort—say four or five hundred a month—this, at least, they clearly ought to be earning. Well, they don't get four or five hundred dollars a month. They get eighty cents a day.

The New York *Times* has been visiting Mr. Depew's trench and tunnel, and has collected some highly interesting facts. Facts, mind you, not theories. Markets, not maxims. It finds that the contract for Mr. Depew's trench and tunnel was taken by Messrs. O'Brien & Clark, who, in turn, sublet it to six smaller contractors, each of whom employs from 200 to 300 men. "Nine out of ten of the laborers are Italians, hired under contract at eighty cents a day. The small percentage of the men who are able to speak English get from $1.40 to $1.75 a day, but they are few and far between."

> The system under which this slavery is carried on is as simple as it is effective. In this city are two or three men who deal exclusively in cheap foreign labor. When a contractor wants a gang of men he goes to one of these labor capitalists and tells him he wants so many men. They are furnished for a consideration. Over 800 Italians were thus purchased in and about Mulberry street for work on the Harlem road by O'Brien & Clark's subcontractors. The men were carted off to their field of labor. Once there they do what the contractor says they shall do, eat what he gives them to eat, and are forced to pay whatever price he demands.

> In the first place each contractor puts up what he calls a camp. This camp is nothing more than three or four rough board sheds covered with tar paper. One is used as a stable and the rest are filled with bunks, fifty or more in a shed, in which the men are forced to sleep. What else can they do? They have no money and the contractor will give them shelter for $2 a month, which he takes out of their wages. If they want a place to sleep, however, they must pay the contractor an additional fifty cents for the use of a bundle of straw. Thus $2.50 is taken as a starter from their eighty cents a day, for lodgings. It seems little enough, but after a look into the sheds, the air in which is positively foul, it seems an outrage that men should have to sleep in such a place, let alone paying for the privilege. Another tax which is paid by the men is known as the doctor's fee. Each contractor employs a doctor to look after the health of his men. From every laborer he takes fifty cents a month as a doctor's asssessment[sic]. The men get no benefit at all from it. If one of them is injured or taken sick a city ambulance is called and the unfortunate taken off to the hospital. Again, every man accepting work must be assessed $1 for a pick or shovel, and on the first day of every month, whether he wants it or not, he must buy a new pick or shovel from the contractor. That brings the wages down to a pretty fine

Sic in the original; probably "assessment".

> point. For the 26 working days in a month, at 80 cents a day, they get but $2[0?].80. Their assessments, all of which go directly into the pocket of the contractor, reduce their month's pay to $16.80.

The net wages of the protected American laborers who are producing wealth for Mr. Depew are, then, $16.80 per month. That is, they would be, if the protected laborers got them. But they don't. American laborers, no matter how highly protected, must eat. Eating necessitates food. Food demands money; and that's where the contractor gets 'em. He pays the laborer for his work at the continued on p. 5 →

[Column 6 ends here mid-sentence at the foot of the page; no continuation line is printed. The article presumably continues on page 5 (not confirmed on this page).]

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THE STANDARD, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15 1888.

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← continued from p. 4 end of the month and sells him food on credit in the meantime, thus demonstrating the truth of the great Atkinsonian principle that a man can't go to work unless a capitalist first consents to support him out of the product of previous labor. For a five cent loaf the contractor charges the protected laborer ten cents; for a pound of bologna sausage worth twelve cents he charges twenty cents. For other things in proportion. A loaf of bread and pound of sausage a day alone come to $9 a month. When pay day comes the laborer is lucky if he gets a dollar. "Furthermore," the *Times* tells us, "all of the contractors make it a rule to hold back twenty-two days of their men's wages, and if a poor fellow becomes dissatisfied and wants to quit work—to break his contract—he loses, in nine cases out of ten, what little might be due him.

It is gratifying to learn that the condition of these independent protected American workingmen is attracting the attention of the local gentry. Here is what the *Times* says on this point:

> Two or three of the contractors' "camps" are situated just at the foot of Mount Hope. Some of the wealthy gentlemen of this vicinity have looked thoroughly into the methods of the sub-contractors and say that no words can too forcibly express the state of abject servitude in which the one thousand laborers are living. It is talked of everywhere in the locality, and is creating a great deal of feeling. It was said at the Morrisania station yesterday that a committee of Morrisania gentlemen was going to wait upon the board of health and ask it to insist on better sanitary regulations in "the camps."

This is all very fine, but we fear it will be an altogether ineffectual remedy. The "Morrisania gentlemen" would do better to urge these protected American laborers to get themselves naturalized as quickly as possible. Because if they were naturalized they would have votes. And if they had votes they would have influence. And if they had influence they could get themselves committed to the work house for good long terms—the dear, delightful work house, where they would get three meals a day, sleep twenty-six in a locked room every night, do as little work as possible, and be subjected to truly Christian influences. The only other thing that we can suggest for their benefit is that Chauncey M. Depew should make them a speech.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.

The Pueblo, Col., *Daily Press* publishes a communication by J. W. Brentlinger, in which he shows how the single tax would encourage improvements and the production of wealth generally. The *Press* headlines the article "A Good Plan."

The election laws of Indiana must be changed before another election. A country that employs such methods as were resorted to by the republican party last Tuesday to elect its officers is worse than an anarchy.—[Spencer Democrat.

The single tax men are making converts in Dakota by the hundreds, and no personal property will be taxed in those two new states.—[Superior, Wis., Inter-Ocean.

The single tax theory grows more popular as people come to understand its true import. The subject is worthy of careful consideration.—[Colton?, Wyoming, Eagle.

To the argument that monopolies in such articles as sugar cannot exist, the answer is that they do; that, as a matter of fact, new conditions have arisen, which nobody foresaw even twenty-five years ago, under which it is possible for a small body of persons, in any of the great states of Christendom, to extinguish the competition, to restrict production, and to maintain for a period greater or less according to their resources in capital, prices out of all proportion to the cost of production. About the remedy for this we here say nothing. That there is no legal remedy beyond opening the gates to competition as widely as possible, seems to us an opinion which may be reasonably held; but the first step toward a remedy of any kind is a frank and full recognition of the existence of the evil.—[New York Evening Post.

With the natural increase of population and the great influx of immigrants, this section will soon be thickly populated, and the prices of land will advance without any effort or enterprise of the owners, until a foothold on God's green earth will cost a man a little fortune, or a life time of slavery at the plow or the bench, or in any of the ordinary occupations of this life. How to prevent the use of land as a mere means of gain and speculation, and how to reserve it for the actual use and occupation of the citizen, are questions now receiving universal attention. —[San Antonia[sic], Tex., Tribune.

There are many citizens of various politics who think that a government railroad or a government telegraph would be no worse infliction than a government post office, and not nearly as much of one as a private railroad or a private telegraph. And now it looks as though a fair opportunity to test the whole question will be presented by the predicament of the Union Pacific railway company. And as to that, it may be said that it is a pity that the government's first experiment in railroad operation, if it decide to undertake it, is not with one of the roads owned and now used against the people by the Pennsylvania coal trust.—[Brooklyn Standard-Union.

If there is any justice in making a manufacturer pay, in taxes upon the land occupied by him, ten times as much as is paid upon vacant land across the street from him, which is, exclusive of improvements, of exactly equal value, but is held idle by a speculator in anticipation of a further rise in value, we would like to have it pointed out.—[American Machinist.

The single land tax, too, is believed in most thoroughly by many republicans, and the more it is advocated the more will the substantial relief from its operations be shown.—[Detroit, Mich., Onward.

Pleasant Little Meetings in Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 11—The single tax society of the Twenty-sixth ward, Brooklyn, held a successful meeting on Saturday evening, Dec. 8, at Liberty hall, East New York avenue, between Stone and Rockaway avenues. Extracts from "Progress and Poverty" were read and discussed and afterwards there were singing and recitations.

The next meeting will be held on December 15, at 8:30 p. m. at the same place. The subject of discussion will be the justice of the taxation of land values. There will also be singing and recitations, etc. All are cordially invited.

MAX O. NEWMAN, secretary, 2120 Dean street.

How's This for a Cold Blooded Statement?

Says Mr. Allen Farman in an article on tenement house life in the *American Magazine* for November:

Sic in the original; probably "San Antonio".

> Looking at the question from a broad sociological standpoint and putting any sentiments of humanity aside, it is almost a matter of congratulation that the death rate among the inhabitants of these tenements is something over fifty-seven (57) per cent, and the mortality among children under five years of age is, in some instances, as high as seventy (70) per cent.

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MR. BROWNE'S APOLOGY.

Philip Edwardes Browne. Yes sir, Philip Edwardes Brown, is my name[sic]. And a very good name, too, I flatter myself. A name to inspire confidence. A name which, when borne by a man of my appearance and address, sets distrust at defiance. I am always very particular about my names. Equally so about my dress; also about my manners. It's just as easy to have a good name as a poor one, and really easier to have good clothes than shabby ones. As for manners, of course that's a different thing. *My* manners are the result of early education, improved by constant practice. They are my stock in trade. And a very profitable business I manage to do on them, too.

Yes, you are quite right; you have seen me before. I am the gentleman who called on you last year, with a card of introduction from your minister, to see if you couldn't aid me to get some employment for that unfortunate widow in Thirty-sixth street. You remember the case, of course. The poor lady's husband had just been killed in a railroad accident out west–I showed the newspaper story with his name in it–leaving his affairs in unexpected confusion and her without a cent. I told you that she couldn't accept charity, and only wanted honest work. She had a boy of sixteen, a bright young fellow, and I thought perhaps you might be able to find a place for him. Dr. Allthings–your clergyman, you know–had given me a little list of his most prominent parishioners–I could see it pleased you to be reckoned in that class–and I was going round amongst them to see what could be done. Of course I had taken care that the poor lady and her children shouldn't come to actual want, but my own means were limited, and the bread of dependence was very bitter to her, and so on. I dare say you remember the story better than I do. You got quite interested, promised to do your best to find the boy a place, and persuaded to let you contribute fifty dollars toward her present expenses. You were also kind enough to give me a letter to one of your friends, who you thought might be able to do something. I called on your friend and got thirty dollars from him. In one way and another, that unfortunate widow brought me in more than a thousand dollars within a month.

You understand, of course, that Philip Edwardes Browne is not my only name. I have others, just as well selected, that have done me just as good service. Once I was the Right Reverend father in God, Frederick Nelson, Lord Bishop of the Cannibal Islands. I signed my letters Frederick Cannibals, wore gaiters and a shovel hat, and looked venerable enough to be the archbishop of Canterbury himself. That was in Chicago. The religious racket–the truly *aristocratic* religious racket, understand me–always pays well in our large American cities. His lordship the bishop arrived in Chicago from San Francisco and registered at one of the principal hotels. Twenty reporters visited me the next morning. Every one of them wrote a full account of me, of my gaiters, of my shovel hat, of my diocese in the South seas, and within twenty-four hours I had all the friends I needed. Of course my remittances failed to arrive, and of course I felt a positive embarrassment in stating my circumstances (in the strictest confidence) to a dozen or more of my new acquaintances. I conquered my reluctance, however, and accepted a temporary loan from each and every one of them. They were all delighted to accommodate me. I can assure you the pleasure was mutual.

You wonder I wasn't found out? My dear sir, how could I be found out? There really was a Frederick Nelson, bishop of the Cannibals, and he really did visit England via San Francisco. I had his whole history at my tongue's

Sic in the original; probably "Browne".

end. I knew where he was born. where he was educated[sic], where he got his appointment, what noble families he was related to. I had a file of the Cannibal island *Gazette*. I had letters from half the peerage of England. There's nothing easier than to write letters from the peerage. I knew my part so thoroughly and acted it so well that I really almost thought I *was* the bishop. Find me out, indeed!

But that's just the mistake that men like you make about men like me. You think we're lazy—that we don't work. I tell you it requires as much care and study and energy and watchfulness to run one of my schemes as it does to manage a corner in cotton or wheat. And the profits aren't half as great.

There was my great silverware distribution scheme, for example—think what work I had to do and what money I had to spend before I brought that to a successful issue. I advertised in every newspaper and magazine in the country that I would send a set of silver teaspoons worth [$3?] for $1.50, and guaranteed to refund the money if the goods were not as I described them. And I did it, too. I lost a dollar on every set I sent out. Of course, when the people who got the teaspoons showed them to their neighbors, and *they* began to send, I got my money back, and a big profit besides, by simply keeping the remittances, and sending no spoons. But think of all I had to spend before the returns came in. And after all, the scheme might not have succeeded. My estimate of human nature might have turned out altogether wrong. I tell you, it takes *nerve* to put through such an operation as that. It was like chumming for blue fish, with dollars for chum and a good deal of uncertainty about the fishing.

What was that you said? *So I'm nothing but a swindler after all*—was that it, eh? Oh, you needn't stammer and flush up. You haven't hurt my feelings at all. I don't mind one name more than another. I feel just as easy and comfortable when you say swindler, as I did when my Chicago friends said "Me lord Cannibals." One name or the other, what difference does it make? It means me just the same.

Yes, I *am* a swindler. Since we are alone, and in confidence, I don't mind acknowledging it. But how do *you* know it[sic]. You never caught me in any dishonesty, did you? That story about the

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widow was gospel truth to you, until I told you it was a lie. If you'd met me when I was playing Cannibals, you would have admired my shovel hat, and my spiritual; ascetic looking features[sic] just as much as anybody else. You only know that I'm a swindler because I've taken a fancy to tell you the truth about myself. Well now, just suppose you tell me the truth about *yourself*, and let me judge what kind of a fellow you are. You won't do it—of course not. You *daren't* do it. Well, I will do it for you.

I saw your name in the papers a few weeks ago—it's part of my business to keep track of you rich men. You went to that village, over there in Jersey, where you own a factory, and made a campaign speech at a public meeting. A protectionist speech, of course; your little industry must be nursed and coddled, like all the rest of them. I didn't hear your speech, nor read it; but, bless your heart! I know what it was just as well as if I'd been there. You called the workmen your friends, and told 'em how your interests and theirs were just the same; they made tin dippers, or whatever else it is they *do* make, and you sold 'em. You gave them ninety-five per cent of what the dippers sold for, and kept only a modest little five per cent for yourself; really not as much, you said, as you could get for your money on bond and mortgage. Then you pointed to their happy homes—you know all about *them*, because you sold 'em, and hold the mortgages on 'em—and in a general way gave them taffy about the dignity of labor, and being the peers of any other men, and all that sort of thing. Then you asked them to consider what would happen if you should have to sell the dippers at a dollar a gross instead of three dollars. Their ninety-five per cent would come to a pretty small figure, wouldn't it? You laughed when you said that, and they gave you a round of applause. Oh, you did it nicely.

Sic in the original; probably "born, where".
Sic in the original; probably "know it?".
Sic in the original; probably "spiritual, ascetic".

Then you told them that away off on the other side of the ocean, where the kings and paupers live, tin dippers really were sold for a dollar a gross, and the poor wretches who made them lived in garrets and shanties, and only tasted meat once a year, when they ate their Christmas dinners in the poorhouse. And how, you asked them, would they like to have this country deluged with those pauper made tin dippers?

That was about it, wasn't it? And all this time you knew you'd joined the great tin dipper trust, and were going to cut their wages down as soon as election was over. You humbugged them about protection, just as I humbugged you about the widow! Protection was your widow. Now what have you got to say for yourself?

Oh, the cases are different, are they? You must have protection, or shut your tin dipper factory up. Well, I must have the widow or suspend my industry. You mustn't think you're the only man that wants to live.

You see, my friend, there isn't so much difference between you and me after all, except that you work on a bigger scale and do more mischief. There was the great East by West and South by North railroad that you and your friends built. Good investment that, wasn't it! First you got the charter and issued three million dollars' stock—took it all yourselves, and paid for it with checks that were never cashed. Then you issued another three million of bonds and made a contract with yourselves to build the road for them. Then you sold the bonds in Europe and made a pretty good thing by them. Then you juggled with the stock awhile, until you'd managed to unload all that, except just enough to qualify you for directors. You made contracts with yourselves as a fast freight company, and as an express company, and the deuce knows what besides. Then the road defaulted its interest payments, and you came forward as bondholders and had a receiver appointed—one of yourselves, of course. Oh, you did it thoroughly. After the receiver had had charge for two or three years there was precious little left for the bondholders and nothing at all for the stockholders. Then when you thought the bonds had gone about as low as they could go, you bought them up and reorganized the road. You sly dog! You'd got possession of those coal fields along the line, and now the E., W. and S. N. is a great trunk road, with a dozen or more of leased lines, and ten million dollars of stocks and bonds, paying dividends and interest to the day, and every share of stock worth $175 and going up in value. It was a grand scheme, wasn't it? But if my silver teaspoon operation was a swindle, pray what was your E., W. and S. N. railway?

Well, you never pretended to be a bishop, anyhow. No, you never did. You couldn't. It wouldn't be any use. You aren't smart enough. But you've pretended to be a *Christian*, and I'd like to know which is worse. Bishop, indeed! Why, if you knew how to do it, and there was money enough in it, you'd buy a shovel hat and gaiters to-morrow.

It makes me laugh to see how you and the reverend Dr. Allthings play it off on one another. You pay him a big salary to run a fashionable church, and you chip in for his charities and his slum-missions, and all the rest of it. And he takes your money and gives you a fine sermon every Sunday, and makes parochial visits at your house and extols you as a philanthropist, and a successful, self-made, Christian man. He gives you a first-class certificate of Christianity, so to speak, and its worth a heap to you[sic]. It gives you and your family a standing in society, and gets your name into the papers, and makes your fellow citizens admire you. But the reverend doctor is mighty careful not to poke any real Christianity at you, and you know it. You'd bounce him if he did—say he was a socialist, or an anarchist, or something else that was dreadful and heterodox, and hire another preacher in short order. He's very strong on "the poor ye have always with you," and accepts that text literally enough. But when it comes to the rich man and the needle's eye, or the sermon on the mount, why he brings exegesis into play, and shows that he knows what Christ meant a good deal better than Christ did himself. He plays at preaching Christianity,

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and you and the rest of the congregation play at being Christians. You know that he's humbugging, and he knows that you're humbugging; and each of you knows that he isn't fooling the other for a cent. But you keep it up just

Sic in the original; probably "it's worth".

the same. When I played at being old Cannibals, the other fellows really believed I *was* Cannibals. But when you play at being a follower of Christ, you do it so badly that you actually have to pay a professional Christian to pretend to believe in you. *Now* what have you got to say for yourself?

There is this difference between you and me, my friend, that I'm a swindler because I've no other way of making a living, while you do your swindling from pure love of it. You could reform to-morrow and have enough to live honest all the rest of your days, and leave your children rich—that is, if you didn't carry the thing too far, and take to genuine repentance and making restitution. But if I were to give up my business, I should starve. I could take to honest labor, could I? Yes, and be lucky if I earned twelve dollars a week. Did you ever know a man get rich by honest labor? Would you be rich if you'd stuck to honest labor? That sort of talk does well enough for you and Dr. Allthings to get off in public, but here, between ourselves, we may as well be truthful, and confess it's nonsense.

I heard the doctor deliver an address before the Good Samaritan society once. He called it: "How the poor might help themselves." He said what the poor most needed was self respect. It was a bad plan to give them anything, he said. We ought to visit them and advise them and encourage them to have self respect. Self respect would do it all. If they only had that, they would leave off drinking and that would make them weary of their squalid surroundings, And then they'd[sic] begin to want things, and when they wanted them badly enough, they'd go to work and get them. I thought a good deal of that discourse. There was a heap of sense in it. A good deal of flummery, too, but sense enough to carry off the flummery. I thought it suited my case exactly.

Now, *I* have self respect. That makes you smile, does it? Haven't *you* got self respect? Why, of course you have, and I have just as much as you. I have as much self respect as I can afford to have. If I were as rich as you are I'd have more, but I have all I can afford. I have too much self respect to go to the poor house, too much self respect to sleep in a twenty-five cent hotel, too much self respect to live in a tenement house, too much self respect to go hungry, too much self respect to wear shabby clothes, too much self respect to beg. That's as much as I can afford. If I tried to have any more I should be like the boy that tried to carry too many apples, and lose the whole of it. So I stop right there and take to swindling, and work mighty hard at it, too. It's about the only kind of hard work there's any money in. You know that by experience.

Talk about self respect, indeed! If ever the poor alms seeking wretches you and your Dr. Allthings are so fond of preaching at *should* begin to get any self respect, it would be a sorry day for you and him. But the doctor knows what he's about. And so, I guess, do you.

JOHN JONES.

WORSTED HOODS AND WAGES.

ERIE, Pa., Nov. 27.—In your last issue Mr. T. L. M'Cready says:

"If a lot of well to do women should conclude to keep our retail stores supplied with some description of fancy work—say knitted hoods, for instance—absolutely without any charge," no one would be injured but "the women who had been making their living by knitting hoods," and they would be injured "just as men who make their living by building are injured when a house on fire doesn't burn down."

I am astonished at such a statement from a free trader. To my mind it is perfectly clear that not even the women who had made their living by knitting hoods would be injured. If people could get hoods for nothing, or next to

nothing, they would have money to spend for other things, and the hood makers thrown out of work would find work again in the production of those "other things." They would have, after suffering the temporary inconvenience incident to a change of vocation, as much work as before, and would share in the benefit of cheap hoods. I claim that the cheapening of a product will injure no one so long as the benefits are equitably distributed; that the less labor it takes to procure one article the more will be devoted to the procuring of other articles, and that, with fair distribution, the effect of cheapened production is to give to all more comforts and necessaries with less exertion. Is not that what the effect ought to be?

N. BALDWIN.

If Mr. Baldwin will think the matter over, he will see that there is a good deal of difference between free hoods and free trade in hoods. Free hoods would not mean, as he thinks, that the women who now have to pay for hoods would have money to spare for other purchases. It would mean that they could afford to work that much cheaper. The people who now make their living by knitting hoods would be thrown out of work, but no other opportunity of work would be opened to them in consequence. But free trade in hoods would be an altogether different thing. If a hood wearer preferred to buy her hoods from an English instead of an American hoodmaker, she could only do so by producing, or hiring someone to produce for her, something with which to pay for the hood; and that something would necessarily be a thing that could be produced here to more advantage than hoods could be; so that, supposing the American hood maker to transfer her energies to this new occupation—and mediately or immediately she would certainly do so—she would produce more wealth than she did while she was making hoods, and therefore, for a time at least, earn better wages.

If Mr. Baldwin will inquire I think he will find that printers and other artisans work for lower wages in Erie than they do in New York city. That is because it costs them less for rent. If their wives and daughters could get worsted hoods for nothing they would work for lower wages still[sic].. If they got all their clothing free, their wages would fall proportionately.

T. L. M'CREADY.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The burden of the message is a warning against the dangers to our nation's stability arising from an accumulation of money in the treasury and the temptations to misappropriate it for unnecessary public expenditures, a warning against the oppression of the poor through the formation of trusts and other moneyed powers.—[Cincinnati Post.

He repeats the fallacies of his message of 1887, insisting that protective duties increase the cost of living, and appeals to farmers, workingmen and persons of fixed incomes to array themselves against the manufacturers. The farmers are those who have most vigorously rebuked his attempt to strike down protection, and they know that in their opposition to his fallacies they have sought the welfare of the whole country. The sinister threats of communism and the reckless epithets hurled at the majority of the people of the states of diversified industries, because they refuse to follow his lead, are indefensible in a state paper, are indecent in their utterance and their application.—[Utica Herald (rep[sic]).

Sic in the original; probably "surroundings. And then".
Sic in the original; probably "still.".
Sic in the original; probably "(rep.).".

"Still harping on my daughter." The burden of President Cleveland's annual message to congress is the tariff. He continues to argue in the direction of free trade, the same as if the people had not repudiated that hobby of his by defeating him for re-election.—[Chicago Evening Journal (rep).

The president stands up to what he said last year on the tariff, and gives no sign that he understands that the people have rendered their verdict of condemnation.—[Pittsburg Times (rep.).

Mr. Cleveland's message is practically an official scolding of the American people because they did not accept his views on the tariff. He repeats, in different phraseology, the time worn free trade arguments which made up his noted message of one year ago, in language that fails to cover the bitterness of spirit in which it was penned.—[Toledo Blade (rep.).

The introductory to the message, which we give in full, is the most remarkable indictment of congress ever emanating from the White House.—[Albany Press and Knickerbocker.

It is possible that the United States have never before received from a president an arraignment so pointed.—[Chicago Herald.

The president, in his thoughtful and noble message, instinct with the spirit of democracy, shows how the question of tariff reform reaches to the very heart of our institutions and involves the principle of equality upon which the federal constitution is based. His picture of the evils which now threaten the country is vivid, but free from exaggeration, and should receive the careful consideration of every patriotic citizen.—[Paterson, N. J., Guardian.

The Victory.

The prize is thine, Monopoly, Your triumph is complete; You have the nation in your hands, The people at your feet.

Uplift your cold and bloodless arm And ply the scorpion lash; Let every stroke inflict a wound, And every blow a gash.

Bid Hope and Charity retire, Let Justice drop the beam; Proclaim the reign of Selfishness, Enthroned with power supreme.

Heroic treatment works the cure When simple agents fail; Tornadoes hurl the ship to port, While calms benumb the sail.

They war in vain, tho' victors oft, Who battle for the wrong; To thee of old, Eternal Truth, The victories belong.

O. H. WILMARTH.

Personal.

Mr. A. H. Stephenson, one of the leaders of the single tax movement in Philadelphia, left last Saturday on a flying business trip to Europe. He intends to convert all the cabin passengers to free trade and the single tax before sighting land on the other side.

Michael Davitt is, it is stated, writing a history of the Irish Land league, of which he was the founder.

Going to Church.

A man who signs himself Charles Henry writes a letter to the *Evening Sun* about going to church. He starts off as follows:

> Sir—I see by the papers that a number of ministers have been holding a meeting at Chickering hall to find out "Why churches are empty, or how is it that working men keep away from church." Well, gentlemen, there are hundreds of good citizens who rest on Sundays and do not go to church. Then there are a great many men who are employed on street cars and trains to carry the good rich people to their churches, and there are numbers of servants who are always at home to prepare a good dinner for the tired pastor and rich hearers.

Mr. Henry thinks that accounts for a considerable number of empty seats.

An Incident of Our Civilization.

New York Sun, December 9.

Shortly after four o'clock yesterday afternoon a well dressed man walked into the telegraph office at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street and asked for a messenger boy. They called one up, and he did not suit. The applicant looked the boys over and selected one large, raw boned and rather tough looking youth, with beetle black eyebrows and a knowing expression of the mouth. He was willing to pay him the regular rates, thirty cents an hour, to go along up town with him. When the pair had walked about a block from the office the man stopped the boy, gave him a loaded revolver, and said:

"My son, I have a large sum of money with me, and I am likely to be bothered at any time. You keep this gun and walk about fifteen paces behind me. If anything happens either give me the gun or else use it yourself."

The boy nodded without evincing the slightest interest, and trudged on behind him with as much unconcern as though he were going on an ordinary call. Probably nothing would really startle a messenger boy. An hour later the boy returned to the office, paid in his thirty cents, and reported that he had been for a walk up and down Fifth avenue. Nothing had occurred of a sensational or interesting nature.

Seaside Sanitariums Won't Suffice.

An interesting paper by Dr. J. M. French, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, shows that from one-third to one-half of all the persons born into the world die before reaching the age of five years. The mortality in large cities, and particularly in the poorer quarters of large cities, is even greater. In New York, for example, during a period of seven years ending in [1873?], one-half of the entire mortality was of children under five years of age. Much can be done for the relief of the little sufferers and some lives saved by the charitable work of societies that provide fresh air excursions and trips to the country, but an examination of the returns show that the mortality of children is largely due to constitutional defects inherited from parents, or resulting from their vices and to their environment, for which summer excursions only afford temporary or partial relief. For those who are constitutionally weak and already diseased or predisposed to disease there is little chance of help as long as they are crowded together in ill-ventilated apartments, insufficiently fed, and exposed to cold and wet, or neglected by their parents. It is this large class that will continue to swell the bills of infant mortality, in spite of the good work done by the Sanitarium and the Country week association.

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SOCIETY NOTES[.?]

The details of club life, so far [illegible]hattan club is concerned, have [illegible] mensely during the past year. [illegible] of the servants are neater than [illegible] be and the minutiæ of personal [illegible] are more faithfully considered [illegible] vants, doubtless in obedience to [illegible] Men who have been out of New [illegible] the past six months notice [these?] [illegible] are congratulating themselves a[illegible] the new and improved order of [illegible]

A Central park policeman [found?] [illegible] had just shot himself on a bench [illegible] last Thursday night. His name [illegible] be John Bein. A *World* repor[ter?] [illegible] his home, No. 415 West Twenty[illegible] and was told by Mrs. Bein tha[t?] [illegible] was her husband. She said that [illegible] out of work for several months, [illegible] news was not a surprise, as [illegible] threatened to take his life.

Charles H. Wheeler of the B[illegible] gives a very elaborate dinner [illegible] Merrill of the same [organization?] [illegible] days and under rather unusual c[illegible] I seems that during the [recent?] [illegible] Merrill was made the victim of [illegible] among club men as a "pursuing" [illegible] is to say, a man in the club o[illegible] Merrill various sums of money e[illegible] expressed an opinion as to the out[illegible] election. Merrill did not want t[illegible] bets, but finally was to some ex[illegible] into backing up his opinion that [illegible] would win, with money. Then [illegible] Wheeler, who is a millionaire and [illegible] most popular men in the club, ca[illegible] and said that if Merrill lost the [illegible] seek to honor him in some pecu[illegible] ticeable manner, so that the ta[illegible] "pursuing" better might be appro[illegible] demned. So Merrill will be the s[illegible] at an elaborate banquet, whe[illegible] decorations will be superb and [illegible] will discourse music behind a ban[illegible] and ferns.

Konrad Burkhardsmaier, the [illegible] a small saloon in New York, fo[illegible] ness was poor, and concluded th[illegible] not worth living. He plunged h[illegible] the roof of the house, and came [illegible] first on the iron newel post of the [illegible] ting his head in two from crown t[illegible] wife and son, who had followed h[illegible] came out on the roof just in tim[illegible] throw himself off.

Opera parties are in favor. Th[illegible] sidered socially and financially [illegible] theater parties.

A short time ago a carpenter n[illegible] came from Cincinnati, where he [illegible] working on the exposition buil[illegible] burg in search of employmen[illegible] contractors were stopping wor[illegible] were being laid off. Ten days h[illegible] the fruitless effort, and was then [illegible] with the fact that his pockets w[illegible] Saturday night he paid out his [illegible] lodgings, and when Monday ca[illegible] money to buy food. That night h[illegible] Allegheny mayor's office and as[illegible] Tuesday morning he renewed h[illegible] work, but did not succeed, and [illegible] called at the mayor's office. H[illegible] the front office men if he could [illegible] to get work. The officer answ[illegible] give you a job if you go out and [illegible] that policeman," pointing to O[illegible] who was standing at the corn[illegible] hardly knowing what he was [illegible] count of his exhausted condition, [illegible] the policeman and struck him w[illegible] of clothes, whereupon he was ar[illegible] mayor gave him thirty days in the [illegible] The Pittsburg *Times* describes [illegible] being good looking, pleasant m[illegible] evidently well educated. He i[illegible] rather jovial but seems to rea[illegible] outlook, at fifty-two years of [illegible] promising.

Mrs. Jay Gould is said to h[illegible] fortune of $2,000,000; [$1,920,000?] [illegible] sents the accretions which ha[illegible] themselves to her dowry of [illegible] the clever manipulations of he[illegible] wizard. He took her mone[illegible] married, and, keeping it sepa[illegible] own, invested and reinvested a[illegible] with it until Mrs. Jay can now [illegible] for seven figures—and have it h[illegible]

Frederick Engel, a German la[illegible] old, who lived in West 41st str[illegible] out of employment for severa[illegible] was despondent. Last Saturday [illegible] dead in his room; he had swa[illegible] green.

Medical bulletins which inte[illegible] great many Englishmen are thos[illegible] the wonderful race horse Or[illegible] grand racer has a sore throat a[illegible] just now very badly. The quee[illegible] tor and numerous other hors[illegible] looking after him, and it is exp[illegible] will be well in a few days. Eng[illegible] consider Ormonde beyond all [illegible] first race horse in the world, a[illegible] at the tale which is current tha[t?] [illegible] bought by an American for £[illegible] be true the American is not goi[ng?] [illegible] for some time, as, according to [illegible] he goes to Newmarket to rem[illegible] uary.—[Cable dispatch to New Y[illegible]

Two waifs of the street were [illegible] Tombs on Sunday by Policeman [illegible] were [Domenico?] [Patrio?], aged six, [illegible] R[osa?], aged five. They do not r[illegible] having seen their father, but [illegible] recollection of their mother, v[illegible] with friends, where they remain[illegible] days ago when they were refused [illegible] ter. The children were provide[d?] [illegible] the neighbors and slept in hall[illegible] man Baker found them soli[illegible] James street Saturday night.

An odd book soon to be publi[shed?] [illegible] York for private circulation is [illegible] catalogue of the very wealthy [illegible] United States. About forty [illegible] similar book was printed, and [illegible] of wealth then was fixed at $1[illegible] is [$1,000,000?].

Six attempted suicides in N[illegible] were reported in the morning p[illegible] Friday. All occurred the day b[illegible]

Invitations for Christmas hol[illegible] at country houses are now in fu[illegible] culation.

There is now no doubt that [illegible] Mlle. E. De Villers, who shot [illegible] mouth Thursday at the Gran[illegible] was due to temporary insanity [illegible] cuniary embarrassment. As to [illegible] she opened a school in Freder[illegible] was a failure, and she came t[illegible] assistance. Notwithstanding [illegible] book, showing a balance of sev[illegible] dollars to her credit in the Fre[illegible] national bank, was found in her [illegible] learned yesterday that the w[illegible] funds in any of the banks in [illegible] that she left the place in des[illegible] stances.

Frederick Vanderbilt has bro[ke?] [illegible] walk record, that is, he has had [illegible] transported to the city the lar[gest?] [illegible] sidewalk stone ever seen in [illegible] Heretofore the great stone in [illegible] Vanderbilt houses, between Fiftie[th?] [illegible] first streets and Fifth avenue, a[illegible] haps equally large one in front [illegible] the dry goods man's, house[sic] on E[illegible] street and Fifth avenue were [illegible] things of the kind, but this one o[illegible] lays over these. It will be laid [illegible] his house, No. 459 Fifth avenue. [illegible] feet wide by twenty feet long, w[illegible] in Chenango county, New York, [illegible] have a special car built for its [illegible] tion. The total cost is not kno[wn?] [illegible] smaller one in front of the other m[illegible] $2,000 for transportation alone.

Francis E. London, a young Pole[illegible] at 47 Forsyth street a few days a[illegible] been employed as a clerk in a C[illegible] clothing store, but was dis[illegible] bought with his last quarter a v[illegible] num and drank it on the stre[illegible] went to his room on the top flo[illegible] syth street tenement and lost [illegible]

Sic in the original; probably "the dry goods man's house".

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[Note: the left-hand strip of column 1 is missing from the scan (lost in the binding/scan edge); the first one to several letters of every line are cut off. Column 1 is therefore given line by line as printed, with […] marking the lost beginning of each line. Line-end hyphens are kept because the continuation cannot be joined with certainty.]

[PO]LLY'S FATHER.

[Headline: the first letters ("PO") are lost at the cut left edge; the apostrophe is not clearly visible in the scan.]

[…]y means I could picture Polly […]stinctly to your mental vision […]take as keen an interest in her […]er father as I did, I am sure. […][illegible] of my being able to do […]s alone is the same as if one […]ever seen a living rose should […]a handful of the dried dead […]ead of the blooming flower, but […]an never know what her face […]like I will say that whenever I […]e reminded me irresistibly of […][accini's?] famous daughter. […] "Straight black hair, a dark […]the red blood glowing beneath […]ws, now arched"like the scim- […]ce," and now "bent like the […]ead," two long lashed eyes […]sh and sparkle in them that […]hen it is poured against the […]was Polly, and might have […] [illegible] Indian maid who broke […]r's counsels and calculations […]s and [protestations?]. Her com- […] [illegible], was the smallest part […][resemblance?]. The quick, shy […]the [buoyant?] freedom of step […][illegible], the sometimes far-away […]to come in her eyes—a [illegible]- […]gence perhaps in the conven- […][illegible] [illegible]—and, above all, […][rate?] impulsiveness of temper […]ered the comparison complete. […][illegible] came bounding by any [illegible] […]fine morning dressed in a deer- […] with wampum girdle and a […]arrows at her back, it would […]ve seemed as if she had [illegible] […]e proper element. And after […][illegible] it may appear a little […]to say that when I [made?] her […]nce she was my neighbor's […] and her business was to [illegible] […] [daily?] on the sunny side of [illegible] […] [end of short line lost in missing strip] […]ody liked Polly, everybody, no- […] There was [illegible] that men […]re always [illegible] it was, and this […] the [illegible] [illegible] which, in the […]hich are [illegible]. When she began […][illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] […][illegible] [somebody?], she would blush […]n be ashamed and [illegible] […]it's because I'm so awful black." […] But I knew the day was com- […] Polly would be wiser and not […][illegible]. The quick, shy [illegible] […]not her [illegible] her beauty, [illegible] […] her color, and the wickedness […]e all against her, and in the […]r she was more sinned against […] you may judge for yourself. […]realized until I saw them to- […] fragile the baby was, but […]y lifted it tenderly in her arms […]to me, and pressed her cheek […] fair face, the contrast was in- […]ling. Life's mysterious [illegible] […]its highest in Polly, and faintly […]t its lowest in the child. Look- […]m, I felt that the shadow of the […]Death would darken, at no dis- […] my neighbor's hearthstone. […] present, at least, I found that […]e in my forebodings. So hope- […]husiastic, so unreasonable was […]nurse, that she spoke of the […] the girlhood, even of the […] of her charge, as if they […]few hours hence. The future, […]ous future, held nothing but […] brilliant, good and entirely […] the two souls whom Polly […]r father and the baby. There […]al difficulty for the former in […]r of wages, but next season […]le that as for the latter, the […]a few teeth was all that pre- […]e perfection of happiness to the […] concerned, and to a wide circle […]s and friends. […]n one her faith almost fooled […]heerfulness and I fancied that […] was growing stouter and […]less waxen white, but in my […]I knew better: the hidden dews […]d have nourished the frail snow- […]withheld, earth's weather was […]r it and day by day it slowly […]n if what is to be is the natural […]ed fruit of what has been, if the […]rrows of now have their roots […]k nights and bright suns of a […]dred years

ago, while Polly […] golden dreams and breezily […]coach along, let me tell you […]g of her past. […]her. Hiram Supplee, was a shoe- […] trade, had served his appren- […]his boyhood and when he was […]k his place as journeyman in […] establishment in the city. At […]en he married the girl of his […]oung tailoress, and as they had […]ed by the process of induction […]of a dollar, they immediately […]save for that "squally" period […]known as "a rainy day," and […]l, industrious and self-respect- […]wife was even more, she was […]ht and ambitious, being to her […]s the steam is to the engine. By […]power he was capable of manly […]ed exertion. Without her he […][illegible], ignorant of his own […]and too richly endowed with […]excellent passivity" ever to set […]a fire. They had various draw- […]starting out, not fatal, but […]dering to the development of […]day fund, and in fact, for a year […]r marriage as Hiram said in his […] tone, "blessed if it didn't rain […]ng till Polly came—*she* brought […] [end of short line lost in missing strip] […]his widowed mother died, then […]'s parents, both old and ailing, […]d away. To these they gave, […]had always given, generously. […]selves no disaster could come, […] were armed from head to foot, […]boasted, in suits of proof. They […]proud and unshaken reliance in […]—"the old folks gave us both […]ades and that is better than a […] No one can take your trade […]ou, though you may lose your […] [end of short line lost in missing strip] […]truth there was in this remains […]n. […] Polly's advent, as Hiram de- […]ame prosperity. They had not, […]uch "to the fore," but they had […]ted seven years of such exquis- […]ness that in the shoemaker's […]ot a cloud appeared. His child

[Bottom margin: a few stray characters ("th", "Ye") visible at the cut-off left edge; not part of the text.]

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grew and thrived, and almost from the hour of her birth attached herself to him with an affection remarkable in one so young. Endowed with the dark beauty of her mother, whom she greatly resembled, her vigorous, passionate nature seemed to need the amiable serenity of his as its natural complement, and from one end of the street to the other his own name was almost forgotten—with Polly's first articulate speech he was called "Polly's father," and neither man, woman nor child thought of speaking of him otherwise. The earliest use to which she put her toddling feet was to run away from home in the direction whither he disappeared every morning, and the big policeman who rescued her from beneath carriage wheels and trampling horses laughed at her indignant protest against his interference. "She said she was going to find her father," he explained to the laughing mother, in whose arms he restored her, [adding?], that she might have been killed on the spot if he'd a been a minute slow.

"It's a blessing you were not," exclaimed the [sympathizing?] neighbors, "indeed it was!" and they meant it sincerely though some of them have since recalled the day only to regret that for Polly's own sake her happy life, while it was so pure and innocent, had not been mercifully ended then and there. By the time she had learned to read and to print upon her slate in most aggressive capitals, "Polly has the best father in the whole world," fortune's weathercock veered around to a stormy quarter—not suddenly, but slowly, surely, and a cloud blurred the sunshine. If we could but see, not into futurity, but into the present, with the sharpened vision of omniscience, what a different face the world would wear to most of us. To Hiram Supplee the trouble that sprang upon him was as inexplicable as lightning from a summer sky, yet it had been a solemn certainty, an inevitable consequence of the past, for years before. The black, poisonous seeds of our misfortunes are not sown upon the day they bear their bitter harvest. Long they lie hidden, many suns, many showers nourish them, then when the hour of fruition comes and fate presses to our lips these apples of Sodom, with their ashes in our teeth we cry, "unjust! unjust!"

Polly's mother, as an ambitious girl of fifteen, had settled down to her sewing machine as a matter of course, and stuck to it, heavy as it was, until she had mastered all the mysteries of laps, [illegible] and welts, and made a first class hand at her business. At twenty she married, and there were times when she acknowledged secretly that it was a good thing for her that Hiram Supplee had asked her to be his wife. Setting aside the fact that she loved him, she felt she had escaped through him a new and awful peril which had not entered into her calculations when she left school to learn her trade—the peril of ruined health. To take a rugged, blooming young creature as she was then, and bind her, if not by actual ropes, yet by obligations that act as effectually, to a course of life whose labor

begins at sunrise, and often does not end at sunset, and expect her to come to the physical perfection of womanhood, is to sow thistles and expect grapes. However, no matter what fools expect, the fruit is inexorably according to the seed, and nature made no provision for the driving of a machine either by steam or foot power during the period that she herself is at work fashioning the delicate mechanism of a girlish frame. None of her daughters ever sat down to such work under such conditions and escaped bodily injury, and for all her bright face, her brilliant color, her high spirit, there was somewhat amiss with Polly's mother on her wedding day, and she knew it. She could look back and name the very hour, [were?] bending over her glancing needle, she was first startled by the sudden, frightful beating of her own heart, when she seemed to suffocate, and the disordered blood streaked her cheeks with purple. She was as brave, physically, as she was ignorant hygienically. She had learned many times at school about the globe upon which she dwelt, but of her own body and its needs she knew no more than she knew of how the inhabitants of Mars exist. Her teachers, spiritual pastors and masters had respectively enlightened her as to the interior of Africa, the topography of heaven and the structure of a cloth machine, but of herself she had no knowledge whatever. The girls who were her associates were equally wise, and though they often had what they vaguely called "spells," they had but one remedy for such unaccountable freaks—the heroic remedy of "working it off." Playing it off was a suggestion which, even if it had occurred to them, was almost impossible of accomplishment, and its reverse succeeded so ill in her case that, as I have said, it was deliverance from death itself when Hiram Supplee asked her to marry him. She never spoke of her trouble, even to him, though it came and went again till she had grown almost used to it, but one day, just after Polly was seven, such a paroxysm seized her as rendered further concealment vain.

There is no household scent so distasteful to the nostrils of a man, be he lord or laborer, as the steam of wash day; and when Hiram Supplee came home that night and stumbled into the midst of a disorder as unusual as it was amazing, he knew that his wife's illness was alarming. Like a man, he was scared, unreasonable, tender and angry by turns. It was the d—d washing, of course, that had done it, and there should be no more of it in his house! He would kick the tubs out of doors himself. Did she wash to kill herself? Had he ever exacted or asked her to do it? Did she intend to die and leave him, and what would become of him when the light of his life went out? All this, while she gradually recovered breath and strength; and then, with his arms around her and his tears upon her cheek, she promised to set upon the drabbled throne of a Monday morning a new queen, one Mrs. Muldoon, the garrulous washwoman of an adjoining alley. The shock of his wife's indisposition was the cloud that blurred the sun, and it was months before he regained his peace of mind; but as men learn to live, to plant, to laugh, and even

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to sleep in dangerous proximity to the volcano whose hot overflow may destroy them, so he learned at last to go to work in the morning and to return at night without the torturing anxiety which at first had haunted him, and by degrees the matter would have been forgotten by them both except for the continued reign of Mrs. Muldoon. "Do as you please in anything else," said he, "but Mrs. Muldoon has come to stay;" and as there was no recurrence of the trouble he came to regard that invaluable servant as a sort of mascot who kept away the evil he dreaded.

But like other invaluable servants, Mrs. Muldoon was subject to vicissitudes of fortune, and one bright Monday morning she was among the missing. Doggedly resolved that wash days should not hereafter go from under her personal supervision, Hiram Supplee set out with his dinner kettle under his arm to interview the worthy woman as to the cause of her defection. He found her in a state of outrageously obstreperous grief, with all the other inhabitants of the alley gathered around her in various degrees of sympathy. Mikey, her only boy, had been "[hurt off?]" that very morning and brought home to her apparently dying. But this was not the worst: some one, he did not understand exactly who, had sent for the "gardeens," and the "gardeens" had sent for an ambulance, and both Mikey and his mother, with the undisguised and utterly [illegible] terror of almshouse hospitals which characterizes people in their circumstances, and with behavior that maddens philanthropists one and all, were bewailing, entreating, demanding to be let alone in the corner of the rookery they called home. One look at the deadly white face of the Irish lad, with his soul in his blue eyes, melted the soft heart of Hiram Supplee.

"Do you want to keep him here?" he asked the half-crazed mother.

"Kape him!" she cried, "kape him is it? [I'll mar?] the face of the man touches me boy!" and with eyes flashing, hair flying and the anger and pathos of her voice piercing the marrow she gave every indication of carrying out her threat.

The greatest trouble was that while she nursed Mikey she would probably "be in the rears wi' me rint," and it presently transpired that the landlord himself had undertaken to relieve her of her burden and himself of a shortage by sending the boy to the almshouse. Pressed as he was for time, it was not in the nature of Polly's father to look on such distress unmoved. With his dinner kettle still under his arm, he "went her security" for a month's rent, promised that neither Mikey nor his mother should be troublesome charges to the "gardeens," and returned to his own home to tell his wife what he had done.

"You take some money Mary," said he hurriedly, "and run 'round there and straighten things out for them. It's an awful thing to die in the almshouse—awful!—but I've got to go"—and again he started for the factory and cheerfully submitted to the docking for lateness which awaited him, the discipline of the work day world grimly refusing to countenance unpunctuality and having no leisure whatever for the amenities or charities of life.

There was good material in Mikey and he did not die, nor, owing to Hiram's suretyship was he again molested. When he arose from his bed he crept around to the house of Polly's father, and while Polly herself stood by and heard it all, he thanked them for their kindness, and in the grateful [effusiveness?] of his heart promised to repay the debt when he was able. His mother had already begun to "wash it out," but the boy insisted that money could not pay it and grasping Hiram's hard hand he exclaimed, "Livin' I'll pray for ye, and *if ye die I'll rivirince yer dust!*"

"And then how father laughed," said Polly when she told me. "Oh, you might have heard him at the corner, for it was like the mouse who was grateful to the lion! Father was almost six feet high, and Mikey looked so sick and thin, and it did sound funny to promise to reverence a big man's dust."

Hibernian Mikey could have said nothing more absurd indeed, nor could fate have done anything to equal its absurdity except to bring it true.

A year afterward Hiram Supplee came home one night, but there was, for the first time in his recollection, no little Polly in the doorway to meet him and kiss him hard enough and often enough to get her cheeks "all grimey" from the dirt upon him. He entered the house; no supper sizzled on the stove, though the table was set; but that was Polly's work he knew "by the look of things;" the mother's hand was wanting. Wondering, he crept softly up the stairs and chuckled to himself when he saw that he had stolen a march upon them as the pair lay napping on the bed. Polly's arms were round her mother's neck, her red mouth pressed so near that her breath stirred the hair upon her mother's temple. He had brought the child some flowers he had bought of a belated "darkey" at a corner, and these he still carried, having forgotten to lay them down with his kettle.

"I'll just stick them in between the two, and I'll get the supper myself for a joke," said he mentally. Bending lightly over he opened Polly's warm fingers and placed the flowers within them; in so doing his hand came in contact with his wife's cheek. It was the merest touch, casual as a falling leaf, soft as the brushing of a butterfly's wing, but it's icy chill[sic] struck terror to his very heart, and told him all there was for him to know—she was dead; though he had not planted this fruit of Sodom, he was compelled to eat thereof, and for that night he "supped full of horrors."

Sic in the original; probably "its icy chill".

There is no need to dwell upon his grief and misery, it is with their consequences alone that we have to do. Some natures recover gradually from such blows, others, less elastic, go scarred to the grave, and Hiram Supplee was of the latter.

Regardless of advice, he sold his possessions, gave up the key of his home, and taking his dark-eyed little girl by the hand he went out into the world to find a new foot-hold for himself and for her in a boardinghouse. He felt instinctively that

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where he might have gone among men and roughed it, Polly could not go; and though he was glad to have women care for her and praise and pet her, he fought shy of them himself, and no more thought of marrying again than he thought of turning Mahommedan. Gradually life for him and for Polly resolved itself into a periodic pulling up of stakes and moving from one caravansary to another. It was not easy to take root in places whose financial basis was so unsteady that the constable was a constant menace, nor in refuges where the daughters of the landlady, and often the landlady herself, were bent upon forming matrimonial alliances, however unwilling the party of the second part might be. It was not conducive to health to be half starved, nor was it altogether comfortable to be robbed, and so, though these rolling stones gathered very little moss, they gained a vast amount of experience which, like a collection of old keys none of which by any chance ever fitted the particular lock to be opened, never did them any good whatever in the seven years it took to acquire it. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, as his grief grew more bearable under time's softening influence, and as Polly grew taller, slenderer, more companionable, Hiram Supplee once more lifted his head, took heart and hope, and began to feel that there was still light in the world and good days, though he had long groped in despairing darkness.

"I've saved nothing," said he to himself, "for how can a man save who has neither home nor wife? But I'm a rich man still. There's Polly, as pretty as a picture and as true as steel, and there's my trade"—and then he resolved that when Polly was sixteen they would go to housekeeping together, and quit forever the Sahara of boarding. But a man has only to set his feet upon the Avernian slope to find out how vicious a kick fate can give him to facilitate his descent into the depths below. He had prided himself upon his trade, he had been loyal to it, and what is rarer, he had loved it. In the years that had elapsed since the death of his wife, changes, almost unnoticed by the silent, depressed workman, had been busy in the factory, but they had not affected him, and he toiled on assiduously, sure of his own ground whatever happened about him. Like a bather who has kept his face oceanward too long he suddenly became aware how far from land he had been borne by the current, and when he turned, it was too late. His trade indeed!—the firm that employed him was one of the most enterprising in the United States, and one fine morning saw a machine set up in their work rooms which could do not only what he could do, but for all his skill, do it better, quicker, cheaper, and multiply his productions fifty fold. His trade was worth no more to him then than Robinson Crusoe's gold was to him on his island—but he could learn a new one; he could feed the machine that did his work if he chose to take half price for the service. Now he was poor indeed, and in bitterness of spirit he cursed what he called his "luck," and like a fool, "a precious fool," his employer said, he took down his hat, gathered up his tools and shook the dust of the old factory from his feet. From one shop to another, from one firm to another he went with his two skillful hands trying to earn his bread in the accustomed manner, and wherever the spirit of invention had not yet entered he found work readily.

But it was a duel between the man and the times in which he lived, and inevitably the man was worsted. Like a bankrupt whose assets are in inverse ratio to his liabilities, as his own value depreciated the value of all that was precious or necessary to him grew overwhelmingly fast. Living was dearer, board higher, a few yards of material no longer clothed Polly, nor a half dollar bought her baby shoes. With the money he had realized seven years ago from the sale of his household effects he had insured his life in her behalf, and this he sternly resolved should never lapse if he could help it. It was but for five hundred dollars, and he had been punctual in his payments, but he began to be anxious and uneasy lest even this should slip from his grasp as all else had done, and it was in his

hour of greatest depression that Polly herself, who had never known a care as yet, flew to his rescue. Cunningly, as is the way of women, she set about it. She told him she was tired to death of the boarding house, she stroked his beard so thickly streaked with grey, and wished she could go elsewhere, anywhere, somewhere, and have something to love—for she could not even have a kitten. She knew the sweet-est lady and the loveliest baby in the world, and if he would let her go and wheel the coach she would be the happiest girl under the sun. She managed it so well that she had been gone a month before he realized that little Polly was earning her own living and had wheedled him into a cheerful compliance with her wishes.

It was about this time that I made her acquaintance, and a prouder, lovelier girl I had never seen. To watch the flush with which she mentioned "my father," to note her enthusiastic belief in him, and her admiration for him, eminently unsuccessful as he had ever been, was a most curious study. Love like hers ought to have saved him—for my part, I thought it would, but upon Avernus is neither pause nor resting place, and from the day Polly undertook to help him his troubles descended upon him like the hail that strips the strong oak of its branches. A complaint which he had inherited, but which had never caused him an hour's discomfort, quickened by grief, anxiety and poor living, and probably aggravated by his occupation, suddenly made its appearance, but so lightly he counted pain, and so great were his powers of endurance that it never conquered him into what he called "coddling himself" for so much as a day. He had only himself now to support, and though work fluctuated and prices were poor, he still held his own, drawing, heaven only knows, how much of comfort from his devoted Polly. She was cheerful and radiant of face; she told him, as she had already told me, her golden dreams, and he, too, half believed them possible.

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Then, long as I had foreseen the event, baby May died, and Polly's place knew her no more. This was Polly's first sorrow, for child as she was, she had never realized how great her loss had been in the death of her mother, but it was not Polly's way to grieve and die; she fought her griefs, tooth and nail, and lived them down.

"I've found work," she said; such nice work[sic] in an office, where there are only two other girls. The gentleman is as old as father, and he's very kind to me. I've told him all about father, and that's the reason, I know."

Poor lonely bird! flung from the nest to be trampled under foot of men—a week later Polly, humiliated to the very dust, knew differently. When the postman brought her a note bidding her hasten to her sick father's side she laid her head upon her desk and wept. It was her dinner hour, and as her fellow clerks went home, she was done, or thought she was, when an arm stole round her, and a voice whispered words in her ear that caused her to spring, quivering with shame and terror, from her chair. She was face to face with the man who employed her, but she waited for no more than that assurance. Snatching her hat from its peg, wild with nervousness and fright, she flew through the street, and fell almost fainting, at my feet. "Don't tell, don't tell, never tell father," she entreated, "it would kill him if he knew it," and soothed at last, she departed to go to his lodgings at the other end of the town. For months after this I did not see her again, but I knew she had obtained work in a shirt factory, and then the winter and the long distance and her twelve or fourteen hours' work seemed sufficient reasons for her continued silence. All that happened in the interval I had from her own lips since, and will give you without embellishment or comment.

"Father was so ill all winter, but nothing could keep him in bed when there was a day's work to be had, for it was like death to him to owe a week's board, and to the last he never did. But the lady where he had his lodgings took him up a cup of coffee one day when he was almost delirious with pain, and she asked him if it wouldn't be better for him to go to some hospital. He said he thought it would, but charged her not to tell me when I came, and so she promised, because of course she could not keep us both for nothing, and she wanted father to go.

Sic in the original; probably "she said;"such nice work".

"By night he was out of his mind, and she had him taken away, and then she sent me a postal and told me he had gone to the hospital. I work in the factory, you know, and the rules are so strict that no messages are allowed, nor no notes delivered, until work is done, and there the card lay all day—and I thought he was so much better!—and it was long after 7 o'clock when I got it. If it had only said where the hospital was, but it did not, and I never waited, but flew to father's lodgings to find out. The snow was over my shoe-tops, and I had no money, because I had spent every penny to get him medicine when I was there before, and it took me so long. When I did reach the place at last, and the lady told me where he was"—oh, if you had but seen Polly when she said '*where* he was!'—"I dropped right down at her feet like a stone—for they had taken him to the almshouse! 'You must excuse me,' she said, 'but it is the only place you can get a man into without any trouble, and a lodginghouse is no place for a man as sick as he was. He was out of his mind, and never knew a thing about it, so you need not worry over that.'

"If you could die when you want to," cried Polly with her lips pressed tight and her face as white as the wall, "I would have died there from the horror of it all, but you must live to suffer," said the child of sixteen, "and I never knew how strong I was until then. I knew where the alms house was, but it was nine o'clock and the snow drifts were awful, but nothing—not if it had snowed fire—could keep me from father. I ran, and I stumbled, and I tore my way through the streets, and the wind and the storm seemed to help me more than they hindered, for the snow hid me so that I wasn't afraid and the wind blew me along, and by half-past ten I was at the gate, but it was locked and barred, and they never heard me, though I beat on it with my hands and feet, and begged them to let me in. I wrapped my shawl tight around me, and I sat down on the stone step and waited till it was morning, then a man came and let me in. When I told him my business he directed me to an office farther on, and there a man looked over a book for father's name, and he found it and gave me a card, and he sent me still farther on to the doctors. The one to whom it was directed took it, and then tossed it aside, saying:"You can't see Hiram Supplee, he's dead." By this time I was crazy, and though I tried hard to keep very still I heard myself as if it was far off, screaming, 'Father, father,' and I could not stop though they said, 'Wait a minute, that's a mistake! Quit crying so loud and you shall see him.' It was only when they threatened to put me out that I could cry softer, and then a man told me to come with him, and he'd show me a patient who had been operated on that morning at four o'clock, and perhaps, after all, it might not be the person I wanted. He took me to a place, 'the dead house' he called it, and said: 'Now, when I stop before one of those boxes you'll know that is the one to look into;' so we went in, and when he stopped—oh! my God, there lay father with his gray beard all streaked with blood—my father—dead!"

And so it was that in the end Mikey, whose words Polly never forgot, did reverence to the dust of Hiram Supplee, for he buried him as he might have buried his own father, and did not count the cost. The insurance money never became available while I knew Polly, for by some crick of the law[sic] the officers of the company would not pay it to a minor, and Polly wanted five years of being twenty-one. Her work and mine finally separated us, but it was only a month ago that I saw her—who could ever mistake Polly?—pass like a flash, and she wore a silk dress, and a brave show of jewelry, and I knew by

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that that she, too, is swiftly descending Avernus, for it was night, and she was "not afraid."

C. L. ECKEL.

Sic in the original; probably "trick of the law".

Not Bedtime Yet!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Not bedtime yet! The night winds blow, The stars are out—full well we know The nurse is on the stair; With hand of ice, and cheek of snow, And frozen lips, that whisper low, "Come, children, it is time to go, My peaceful couch to share."

Not bedtime yet! We long to know What wonders time has yet to show, What unborn years shall bring; What ship the Arctic pole shall reach, What lessons science waits to teach, What sermons there are left to preach, What poems yet to sing.

And when, our cheerful evening past, The nurse, long waiting, comes at last, Ere on her lap we lie, In wearied nature's sweet repose, At peace with all her waking foes, Our lips shall murmur, ere they close, "Good night!" and not "Good bye!"

The Proposed English National Party.

Nineteenth Century.

Such a party would not, however, be a party of moderation only, for moderation is but a negative virtue; it would be also actively constructive. Keenly alive to the spirit of the times, it would recognize the fact that Demos is now master of the situation, and would set itself to redress every form of social injustice that could be dealt with by amending the statute book. It would be the party of liberty as distinguished from the party of license. While opposed to all schemes of confiscation like those advocated by Mr. Henry George, it would acknowledge to the full the duties attaching to the ownership of land, and frankly admit that there may be an unearned increment which ought to be laid under contribution for the general benefit. While repudiating the absurd notion that in a civilized or any other country all men are, or can become, equal, it would seek to perfect the system of our national education, so as to help to efface the dividing line between class and class. Proceeding on these lines, it would gain the confidence of the steadiest of our workmen and of the whole of the middle class, whose interests are bound up with the security of private property and the maintenance of public order. It would, in a word, embody the principles of true liberalism as well as of progressive conservatism. And it would be a safeguard against the tyranny of the multitude, the greatest danger to which a democracy is exposed, for its method would be the reverse of the socialistic one—individual rather than state action.

A Wag in the London School Board[sic].

London Truth.

They have some funny fellows, it would seem, upon the Swansea School Board. The other day, Mr. James Rees a humorist[sic] of the unconscious order, gave notice of the following motion:—

Sic in the original; probably "A Wag in the Swansea School Board (?)".
Sic in the original; probably "Mr. James Rees, a humorist".

"That in the opinion of this Board, the time has arrived when the services of all married women employed as teachers by this Board should cease, and that three months' notice be given to all such teachers to terminate their engagements, and that in future no married women shall be employed as a teacher under this Board."

Moved by this and another notice, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe then came down with the following resolution:—

"That having seen Mr. Harris's and Mr. James Rees's notices of motion, and believing that it is a cheap electioneering dodge to catch votes, this Board resolves not to listen to either."

Whereupon, Mr. John Powell capped the collection with the following:—

"That in the opinion of this Board, the time has arrived when the services of all married men employed as teachers by this Board should cease, and that three months' notice be given to all such teachers to terminate their engagements, and that no married men shall be engaged as teachers, and that in the opinion of this Board marriage is a failure and a fraud."

"Take Away That Bauble."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Something occurred in the house of commons last night to parallel which we must go back to the days of Cromwell. As every one knows, when the speaker is presiding, the great golden mace lies before him on the table. When the house is only in committee it is supended[sic] down below. A chief duty of the serjeant-at-arms is to place the mace in position, but this he, or rather the deputy, somehow forgot to do when Mr. Speaker mounted the chair at the fag end of this sitting. Debate began—it was too late. A whisper passed—the unhappy official saw—he was horrified. A long quarter of an hour, then the adjournment. No one had called attention to the missing mace. Promptly the deputy serjeant, with a sigh of relief, shouldered it and whisked it out of the chamber. A reporter of forty years' experience assured me that never was there precedent for the omission; and it is doubtful whether the neglect of the sacred immemorial ordinance does not nullify all transactions done during the period which to one official at least must have been very literally a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

It Lasted Fourteen Years.

"Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce" sinks into comparative insignificance says the New York *World*, beside the patent infringement suit of the Webster loom company against Messrs. Higgins, the carpet manufacturers. An accounting has been rendered on the judgment secured by the plaintiffs, who sued for almost $30,000,000, and they have been awarded—nothing. Of the two defendants one—Nathaniel Higgins—died during the litigation. Of their original counsel both are dead—Judge Hoar and George Gifford. Senator Conkling, who had long ago resigned the case to Mr. Griffin, is also dead. The patentee of the motion which brought Messrs. Higgins into trouble, and the two brothers, the Messrs. Duckworth, who invented subsequent improvements, are also gone. William Duckworth died suddenly from an accident, and his testimony had to be rushed to his death bed to be signed a few hours before his decease. All of the defendants' original experts are dead, and on the other side similar fatalities have

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Sic in the original; probably "suspended".

marked the contest. William G. Smith, the president of the Webster company, once worth $250,000, has sunk his fortune in the fight, and Mr. Webster, after sixteen years' struggle, sees everything lost.

Just Think of It!

The London *Star* remarks that the British constitution was in terrible danger the other day. It says:

> It is an invariable rule of house of commons procedure that whenever the speaker is in the chair the mace should lie on the table. Only in committee does it take a modest place underneath. But when the speaker was unexpectedly summoned to the chair at six yesterday evening, young Mr. Go[sset?]t, the assistant sergeant-at-arms, had no time to get at the sacred relic, and had to let it lie under table[sic]. The house shivered and looked at the glass roof as if they expected it to fall on them. Mr. Gossett was in a quandary as to whether he should interrupt the sitting and place the mace on the table or let it lie. Ultimately he decided on a policy of masterly inactivity. No point of order was raised and to-day the British constitution is much as usual.

Another Pest.

Iowa Health Bulletin.

"I tell you, sir," said Dr. —— one morning to the village apothecary, "I tell you, sir, the vox populi should not—must not be regarded."

"What, doctor?" exclaimed the apothecary, rubbing his hands, "you don't say that's broken out in town, too, has it! What unhealthy times these are!"

Sic in the original; probably "under the table".

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QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Wheat Imports.

OWATONNA, Minn.—About how much wheat is imported into the United States yearly and how much duty is collected from same, if any?

O. H. KALLSTED.

In ordinary years we import scarcely any wheat or wheat flour. Last year the amount of foreign wheat and wheat flour entered for consumption and withdrawn from warehouse was 6,005 bushels of the former and 1,029 barrels of the latter. The duty paid on the wheat, at 20 cents a bushel was $1,201; on the flour, at 20 per cent ad valorem, was $674.

Our exports during the same year were: wheat, 101,971.949 bushels; wheat flour, 11,518,449 barrels.

The Cotton Question.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.—I have become interested in the controversy on cotton exports published in THE STANDARD. I observe that, as in the case of the blind men who described the elephant, each of your correspondents gives one cause as *the* cause. While it is a fact that the cost of manufacturing cotton is increased by the tax on dyestuffs and bleaching materials, and none the less true that the increased cost of machinery and buildings causes an increased capitalization of the company or firm engaged in the manufacturing, which, in turn, demands larger returns for interest, insurance, repairs and deterioration in value; while, further, it is doubtless true that manufacturers learn to look to the home market as the *summum bonum*, and foreign buyers become imbued with the idea that the United States is a dear place to buy—from experience in other articles—still the main fact remains that our restricted market is largely caused by the fact that the amount of the produce of the country wishing to buy cotton which would realize a given quantity of that staple in England would buy less in the United States on account of the high tariff on the foreign purchaser's product. I believe that this more than compensates for any difference in the cash price of the cotton product which might exist in favor of this country.

A. W. HARTMAN.

Value, Its Cause and Rightful Owner.

TOPEKA, Kan.—(1) If it is true that values attach to land solely by reason of the growth of community, is it not equally true that the greater efficiency of the labor of the civilized man over that of the savage is also due to and arises from the same cause?

1. Does it not logically follow, then, that all the product of the labor of civilized man over and above that bare subsistence which may be gleaned by the primitive methods of the savage, belongs to the community?

2. Suppose a baker supplies a community with fifty loaves of bread; this amount being the limit both to the demand for his product and his ability to produce. Directly the community doubles its inhabitants and the demand for bread is accordingly doubled. The baker's capacity to produce being limited to fifty loaves per day and the demand being for one hundred, of course he is enabled to double his former price. The question is: Does this added value, which has arisen solely by the growth of community, belong to the baker, or to the community which created it?

A. A. AVERY.

1. Yes.

2. If a man's labor has an efficiency which he has not produced, that is no ground at all for taking the extra efficiency value from him if his labor is really his own property. He has to apply his labor in using the common stock of knowledge bequeathed by past generations, and access to this stock of knowledge is free to all, no system of taxation being needed to make the access freer. But access to land is not free unless we tax it according to its full value, putting the man who uses a valueless piece on an equality with the man who uses a valuable piece.

3. You seem to have an idea that bread making is a monopoly. It is not; and if demand increased, so would supply. If one baker could not produce enough other bakers would. There might be an excessive demand temporarily, in which case the baker is entitled to whatever increased price his products bring, that being one of the chances that all business men can count on. He would also have to stand any loss if the demand should suddenly decrease.

DETROIT, Mich.—(1) Under the new system would accumulated wealth escape its just share of the tax?

1. I am told the single tax idea is not a new or an original one. Is this the case?

J. K. FINEHART.

1. Wealth would escape taxation; "wealthy" people would not, because they are all occupiers of more or less valuable lands. Of the rich people you know, how many are not owners, part owners or occupiers of valuable building sites, railroad rights of way, mines, farming lands, wharf privileges, etc? These, you understand, are not wealth, but monopolies. And do you suppose the very wealthy people as a class would so bitterly oppose the single tax if they were going to escape taxation by its operation? The single tax would destroy the power that wealthy people have of controlling monopolies and extorting taxes from the community, and as a consequence enormous fortunes would cease to exist.

2. It is not. All, or nearly all crown revenues of England were in the middle ages derived from the landowners. In France in the 18th century, a school of political economists known as the "physiocrats" advocated raising all revenues from the landowners, and Adam Smith is said to have acknowledged that this system was the only logical one. But the development of the idea is modern.

W. B. SCOTT.

What Lies at the Root of the Whitechapel Murders.

London Star.

It becomes a serious and solemn question for us whether we are to accept these hideous crimes not simply as beyond the power of detective agencies, but as incidents in the growth of what we call civilization, erratic development of brain pressure, the result of morbid tendencies in overworked men. There is no precedent for these deeds, with the possible exception of the Texan atrocities. They have sprung upon us like a thief in the night. They are as unfamiliar to ordinary experience as the wildest of nightmares. One thing, however, we can do, and that is tell the truth about them, and admit that truth to our own consciences. Could the murder fiend, looking the wide world over, find a choicer field of operations than Whitechapel? We hear of missionary efforts in the east end. Year by year, no doubt, a few heroic men and women

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pluck some brands from the burning, but what impression do they make on the mass? Little enough, we fear. Here is a population thousands of whom live on the brink of starvation; thousands of whom live in one room; thousands of whom have no past, no future, no joy in childhood, no hope for age, no rest, and yet no healthful toil. *Thousands of them scrape together exactly one-half of a pitiful wage in order to keep a hovel over their heads.* Even the workaday blessings of science—light, well paved streets, decent drainage—they do not know. Their girls work for thirteen, fourteen, fifteen hours at a stretch. They marry—if they marry—at a terribly early age; they have children who reproduce the physical and moral ailments of their parents, and add to them. Their physique is deplorable; their want of interest in any subject but what concerns their daily bread is more deplorable still; the absence of gaiety and light and color in their lives is, perhaps, the most deplorable of all. No tongue can utter the truth about their lives, no pen can picture their lot, and we have not even a chastened Zola to do for London what he, on the whole, manfully and truly did for Paris.

Something, at all events, we can and must know, and something we can and must do. . . . Let us look to Whitechapel and the sweating system, and content ourselves with no solution of labor questions which does not solve them. There lies our crux; there lies our duty, and if we do it, our hope of better things than the horrors which fill our minds to-day.

Mr. Summers Certainly Never Saw Senator Ingalls, Voorhees or Riddleberger in a Coping Mood.

London Echo.

Mr. William Summers, M. P., is not by any means impressed with the oratorical level prevailing in the American senate. They have no Gladstones and Brights over there, but, instead, "long winded speeches of the dreariest imaginable kind, read from MS." An American senator's eloquence is, as a rule, nothing more than "unnatural bombast." Public speaking must, indeed, be at a low stage when in their very senate they have no one who, according to Mr. Summers, can cope even with Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Irish ;Landlords[sic] and the English Democracy.

Reynolds's Newspaper, London.

The government proposal to make another *present of £5,000,000 of the British workers'* earnings to the most infamous section of Irish rack renters is one of boundless effrontery.

In the first place, the toilers cannot, in their present miserable condition, afford to play the part of money lenders, even if they were assured of interest the most handsome. Many thousands of them are out of employment, many

more are homeless wanderers, many are immured in work house bastiles, and many are slowly, silently, but surely dying of insufficient food, shelter and clothing. They are harassed by inexorable rates, taxes and other burdens to such a degree that it can be confidently predicated of the majority of them that "life is not worth living."

Those of them that have any leisure to reflect on the causes of this untold misery have for some time—thanks especially to the enlightened teaching of the "Prophet of San Francisco" (Henry George), whom we are once more delighted to welcome to our shores—come to the conclusion that the cause of causes is the ungodly institution of landlordism. To the rent demon they have learned primarily to trace their woes. He is the monster that has desolated the fair face of the country, and peopled the towns with vagrants, paupers, prostitutes, thieves, and "Jack Rippers."

This being so, if there is one clear determination in the popular heart stronger than every other, it is that landlords great and small, titled and untitled, shall on the earliest available opportunity receive, metaphorically speaking, "a short shrift and a long rope."

To the British "masses," the Irish landlords in particular are peculiarly obnoxious. The toilers now know Ireland's sad story pretty well, and understand the full dread significance of such words as "absenteeism," "eviction" and "coercion." They loathe the whole system of rent rapine, and would as soon think of paying an Irish landlord five millions sterling, or even fivepence, as of sacrificing their own children to Moloch.

They Don't Fancy Sixteen-Story Buildings.

London Star.

The kindly offer of the American elevator company to find room for us all in London by piling us up to the skies until our houses, as Hamlet said, "make Ossa like a wart," is plausible enough. The imagination pursues the scheme until it sees a dozen superposed Londons, with a snow line at the ninetieth story or thereabouts. But what would be the temperature of our streets when overshadowed by these horrible brick precipices or roofed in by their viaducts? There would be at least four stories of blackbeetles to begin with, not to mention rats. In low lying regions like Thames street the stray dogs would lose their eyes in the cellar-like gloom, like the fishes in the caves of Kentucky. The beats of the postmen and policemen would be vertical instead of horizontal. Window cleaning would be done exclusively by steeple jacks. The clearing of the snow from the roofs would produce avalanches. And, though we should all go up in elevators, we should come down in the manner of Mr. Baldwin, who ought to lose no time in negotiating with the elevator company, since his parachute is obviously the complement to their machine.

Isn't It About Time for the American People to be Undeceived?

New York Evening Post.

All arguments which import that trusts are good for trade, or at all events not demonstrably-bad[sic], are equally applicable to the monopolies granted by the Tudor and the Stuart sovereigns of England. The greatest monopoly the world has ever seen, and the most baleful, was the East India company. The arguments for sustaining the exclusive privileges of the company were exactly those which are now adduced to sustain trusts. It was contended that nobody could monopolize the products of India to any harmful extent because the Dutch, the French and the

Sic in the original; probably "Irish Landlords".
Sic in the original; probably "demonstrably bad".

Portuguese bad equal rights,[51] of trading with that country, and that their competition would regulate prices satisfactorily—the East India company all the time trying to expel them from the country, for the most part with success. This specious and sophistical argument deceived the British public for above a century, but it finally broke down with a crash: and the real prosperity of Indian trade, both in Great Britain and India itself, dates from the destruction of the monopoly.

Burdette on Cranks.

What would we do were it not for the cranks? How slow the tired old world would move, did not the cranks keep it rushing along. Columbus was a crank on the subject of circumnavigation, and at last met the fate of most cranks—was thrown into prison, and died in poverty and disgrace. Greatly venerated now! Oh yes, Teelmachus[sic], we usually esteem a crank most profoundly after we starve him to death. Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of the blood. Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on steam navigation; Morse was a telegraph crank. All the bold abolitionists were cranks; John Bunyan was a crank, and any one who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank. And, bye and bye, the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, and a half complete monument to his memory crumbling down in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived.

Deal gently with the cranks, my boy. Of course some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man, because he knows only one thing and you can't understand him. You thank heaven you are

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not a crank? Don't do that, my son. May be you couldn't be a crank if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather vane; almost aay man can do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks very carefully for the best man in the community. Before you thank Heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election.

NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.

Another new process for converting iron into steel has been patented this time by the joint efforts of an American and a Frenchman. The American is John W. Bookwalter, a large manufacturer of agricultural implements and the man who made a strong light for the governorship of Ohio on the democratic ticket several years ago. He is quite a traveler and when last in Europe he met a French inventor, whom he brought to this country. As the result of their joint labors, says the *World*, and experiments in in steel works which Bookwalter erected at Springfield, Ohio, a process has been discovered whereby a pig of iron can, in eight minutes, be converted into the rarest quality of steel at an expense of over $2 less per ton than by the Bessemer method. This product is of such a quality that a piece six inches long can be tempered at one end into the finest tool material, while the other end can, while cold, be bent double without breaking, and even, so great is its malleability, flattened like a pancake. Car wheels of one-half the weight of those now in use can be manufactured from it with case-hardened rims and their bodies as tough and fibrous as wrought iron. Bookwalter's next trip to Europe will be for the purpose of establishing in England and France factories of this steel, which now threatens to revolutionize one of the greatest industries of this country.

According to a recent report in some of the Philadelphia newspapers, a large company, backed by millions of dollars, has proposed to the secretary of the navy a striking and possibly effective scheme for the defense of that

Sic in the original; probably "Portuguese had equal rights".
Sic in the original; probably "Telemachus".

harbor and the harbors of other cities from the attacks of an enemy's fleet by shooting ignited petroleum at the unfriendly ships from the bottom of the river and burning them up. The rear admiral has been directed to study closely the harbor of Philadelphia and its approaches. The petroleum defense scheme, the originators of which have induced the government to make this preliminary examination of the Philadelphia harbor, is a brilliant one in more respects than one. A company has been organized at Washington to develop the plan and to show its practicability. It is proposed to sink perforated iron pipes in the river bed and the approaches to the harbor, through which petroleum can be forced to the surface of the river by machinery and at a high pressure. In this way a fierce stream of blazing oil can be sent down on the enemy's fleet to destroy it or drive it away.—[Scientific American.

A French engineer who rejoices in the name of Imbs has invented a method of aerial transit, by which he proposes to convey passengers from Paris to Calais in an hour and from Paris to St. Petersburg in eight hours. M. Imbs, it should be stated, is not a baloonatic. His principle somewhat resembles that of "telphrage[sic]," invented by Professor Fleeming Jenkin. A shuttle shaped boat of enormous length is to be supported on elevated rails, and drawn by cables passing over rotatory drums, whirling at [fatuous?] speed. The railway (if such a term may be used) need not be horizontal, but each section of it must of course be straight. The system, as the inventor remarks, is only applicable to long distances, and will leave the local traffic of the existing railroads undisturbed.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

In the way of advertising, a new device has been hit upon by one of our large dry goods firms. At a small, but conspicuous, stand in the store a neat girl sells postal cards and stamped sheets of paper at less than the face value of the stamps. The postal card is only three-quarters of a cent, and a large sheet of writing paper, made so as to enclose itself by folding, with a two cent stamp in the corner, is only a cent and a half. These are sold in as small quantities as desired, provided only that the fractional prices multiply into even cents. How does the seller get a recompense? By printing announcements of his goods, with notices of particular bargains and special inducements across the edges of the cards and sheets. By this means he circulates his advertisements at a low cost. I asked him if it paid. "Not directly," he answered. "It attracts momentary attention, sets customers to talking, and is therefore worth doing for a little while; but the only advertising that proves solidly advantageous is that which is done in newspapers of a large circulation. We have tried everything, and we have found that advertising in good journal invariably pays, while these odd devices are only of transient worth."—[New York Sun.

The new "drop a cent in the slot" weighing machines which are rapidly displacing the "drop a nickel" style, are made in such a way that when one person has weighed and the index hand has come to a rest, the machine locks itself, and cannot be used again until another copper is fed into its maw. The nickel machines can be made to weigh a dozen persons for one payment by having the person who is being weighed remain on the stand until the next person gets on, after which No. 1 gets off, No. 2 watches the hand move back until it stands still at his weight, when No. 3 gets on and No. 2 off, and so on. This machine does not lock until all are off and the index moves back to zero again.

The methods at present in use for the prevention of rusting of steel and iron have all the same object, namely, the formation of a coating of magnetic oxide of iron; but all of them are more or less unsatisfactory. Considerable time is usually required, and there is no certainty that the protection will be perfect. M. de Meritens has been experimenting for some time on an electrolytic method of obtaining the same result, and has finally been successful. The article is exposed to a current of electricity in a bath of warm water. The article to be coated is made the positive pole or anode, while a strip of carbon, copper or iron, serves for the negative pole or cathode. The current is slightly stronger than that required to decompose water. The operation should be conducted in the same manner as electrotyping. In the course of a few minutes, black coloration appears on the article, and after

Sic in the original; probably "telpherage".

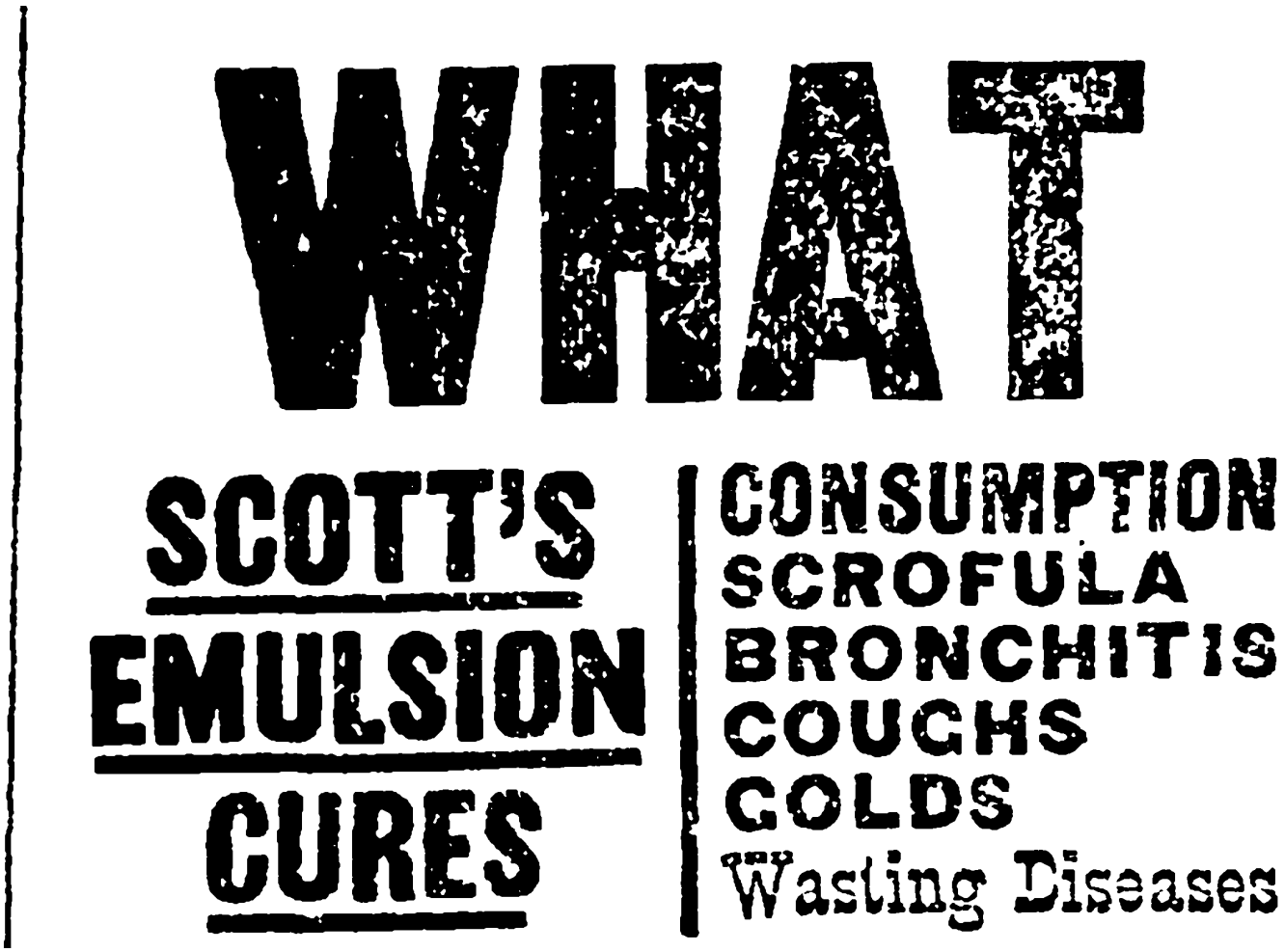
one or two hours the coating of magnetic oxide of iron is of sufficient solidity to resist polishing. The processes employed hitherto for coating steel goods require at least eight or ten days, and only imperfect results are obtained when applied to wrought or cast iron. De Meritens's process treats all sorts of iron and steel effectually in a few hours, requires no preliminary preparation, and can be applied as easily to rough as to polished surfaces. The coating is a brilliant black, is very hard, and it is difficult to attack it with lime; moreover it is not easily wet by water.

An ascension was made in Peter C. Campbell's air ship on Coney island last Saturday in the presence of 500 spectators. James K. Allen, a professional aeronaut of Providence, had been on Coney island for two weeks, awaiting an opportunity to ascend, and as the weather was suitable he concluded to make the ascent that afternoon. The balloon is cigar shaped, 60 feet long, and 42 feet in diameter in the center. The car and flying machine is suspended from a bar running lengthwise under the balloon. The car is provided with several propeller wheels similar in form to those of steam ships, and they are so placed that the aeronaut, working one or more with his hands or feet, may drive the ship ahead, back her, or raise or lower her, provided the air is sufficiently still. She is steered with a rudder at the forward end. There are two oars to facilitate the landing of the ship. The oars have long handles and are in the shape of a fan. Hydrogen gas was used. Mr. Allen first went up 250 feet and then brought the ship back to the spot it started from in order to allow photographs to be taken, he seemed to have no difficulty in doing this. Then he ascended some 500 feet, where the ship remained stationary for a few minutes and finally under the guidance of the aeronaut moved about in differ-

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ent directions. After half an hour's manœuvering he directed its course to the northeast and descended in the village of Sheepshead bay. He said that in all its movements, with a few minor exceptions, the ship obeyed the actions of the propellers.

[Advertisement] Scott's Emulsion



p7_fig1

[Display block: large woodcut lettering]

WHAT

SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

CONSUMPTION SCROFULA BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

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[Advertisement] Concord Co-operative Printing Company

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104 Elm street, cor. Canal, N. Y.

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[Advertisement] T. R. Co.

OWN a Single Tax Paper, see 7th page, 4th column, Standard, Nov. 24. T. R. Co., 52 Concord st., B'klyn

[Advertisement] PRANG'S ART PUBLICATIONS.

WHO TAKES THE PRIZE?



p7_fig2

[Illustration: outline engraving of six babies in a row, the one at left in a bonnet; the "Prize Babies" picture. No caption or lettering within the picture.]

The above illustration gives only the outlines of a picture which bids fair to be one of the most popular we have ever issued. It is one of our latest productions, and has all the charm of novelty. It is called the

PRIZE BABIES

and represents a baby judging upon the respective merits of a row of the most bewitching little babies that the suns of six months have shone upon. The face of the sweet baby judge is clothed in doubt, and well it may be, for surely such a collection of ideal darlings was never seen before.

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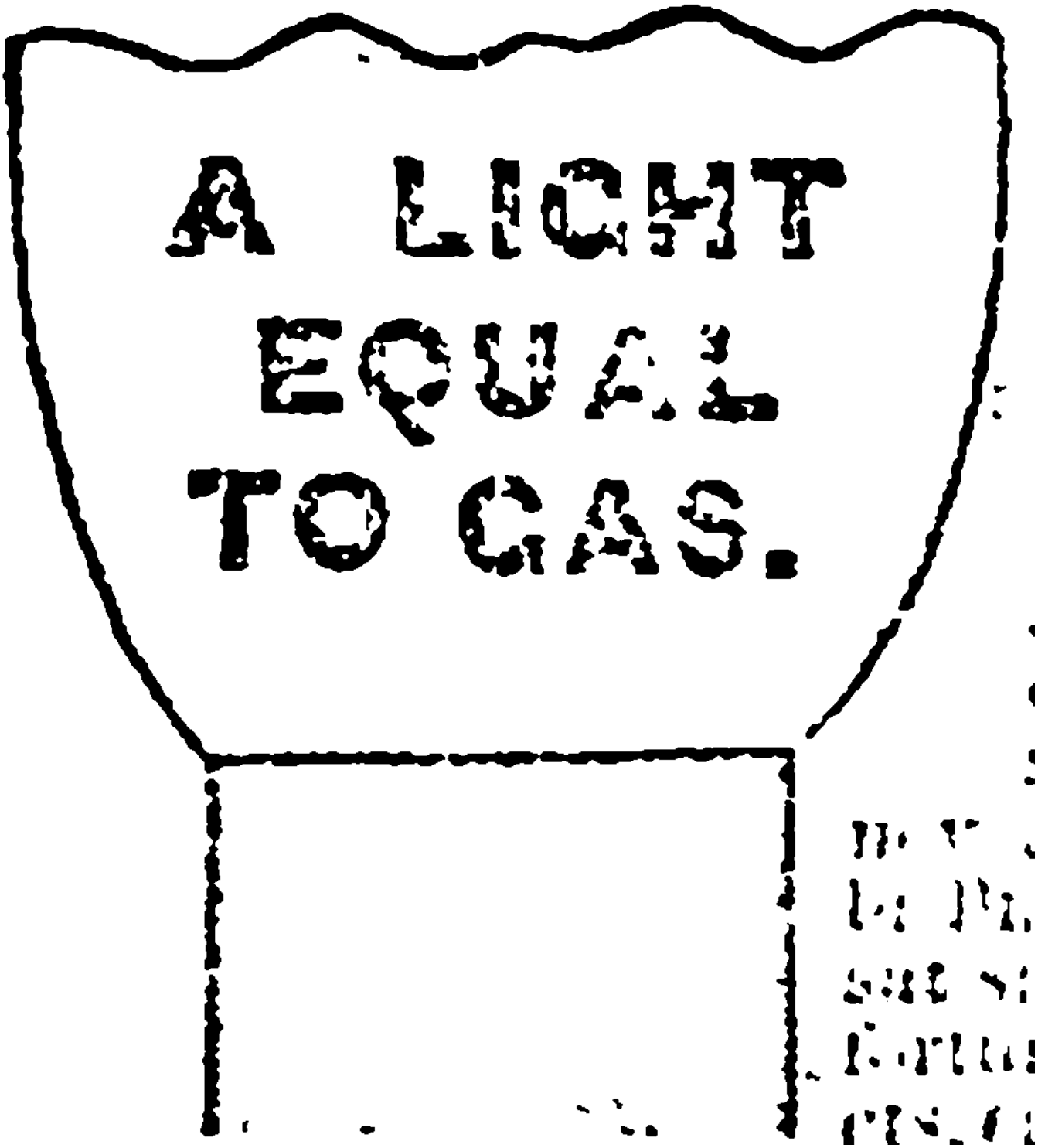
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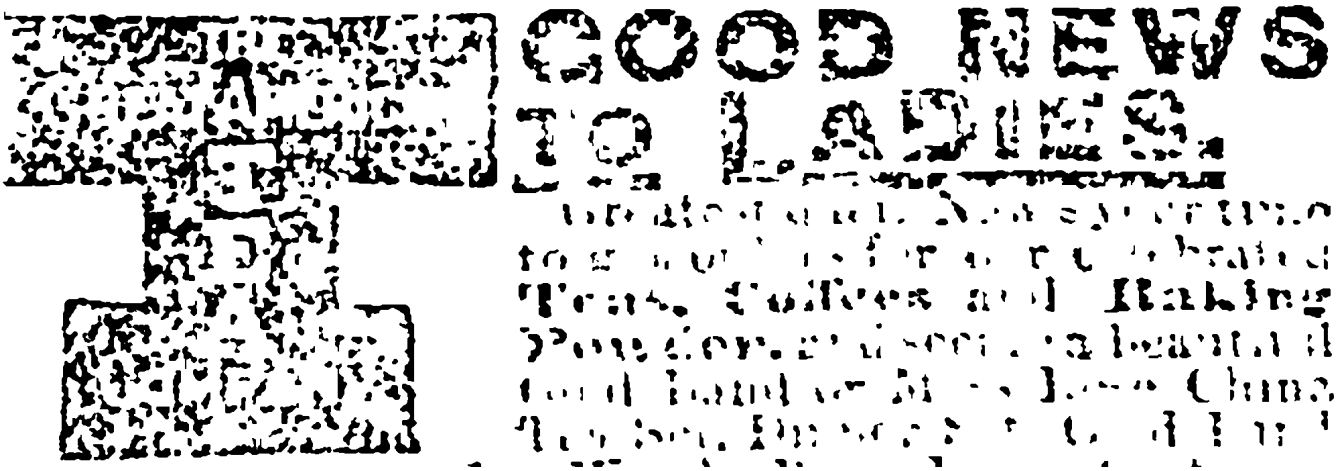
p7_fig3

[Illustration: outline of a lamp chimney lettered “A LIGHT EQUAL TO GAS.”]

Everlasting Wick. The Great Invention of the Age. Requires no trimming, as it will never burn out. Nothing but the oil burns, as the wick is made of "Mineral Wool," which cannot burn, and so there can be no escape of black smoke or soot to discolor the chimney, &c. Gives a white, clear, brilliant light. We guarantee satisfaction. Agents can make fortunes with it. Retail price, 10 cts. each. We will send 3 sample wicks for 10 cts. Small size wicks, 20 cts. per doz., $2.25 per gross. Medium size, 25 cts. per doz., $2.75 per gross. Large size, [30?] cts. per doz., $[3.25?] per gross. One gross, assorted sizes, $2.7[5?]. All postpaid.

Address, F. O. WEHOSKEY, Providence, R. I.

[Advertisement] The Great American Tea Co.



p7_fig4

[Illustration: T-shaped decorative cut (a tea-set or premium design, details indistinct) beside the display lettering "GOOD NEWS TO LADIES."]

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Caster, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address

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[Advertisement] Mrs. Agatha Munier Atkins

MRS. AGATHA [MUNIER?] ATKINS WILL continue to receive pupils in solo singing and vocal sight reading at her residence, [illegible] E. [23d?] street, New York.

[Advertisement] Pennsylvania Agricultural Works



p7_fig5

[Illustration: engraving of a portable steam engine on wheels driving, by a long belt, a saw mill at right; the advertisement text is set around the cut.]

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

Farquhar's Standard Engines and Saw Mills.

Send for Catalogue. Portable, Stationary, Traction and Automatic Engines a specialty. Warranted equal or superior to any made.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR & CO., York, Pa.

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Thirty pamphlets on various phases of the social problem. The question of the hour. All should understand it. Will be sent post paid on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps, or will be sent free to any one sending twenty-five cents for six months' subscription to the *Tax Reformer*, a sixteen page journal. Address, SINGLE TAX PRESS, [illegible] Lexington ave., N. Y.

[Advertisement] Piso's Cure



p7_fig6

[Decorative lettering: "SINGERS" drawn as musical notes on a staff.]

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

[Advertisement] Bible & Land

BIBLE & LAND. Rev. JAMES B. CONVERSE. $1.00, post-paid. MORRISTOWN, TENN.

[Advertisement] James Bogan

JAMES BOGAN, PRINCIPAL AGENT for James Means' $3 and $4 shoes. 226 BOWERY, near Prince street.

[Advertisement] Holman's Pulmonic Syrup

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[Advertisement] LAND AND LABOR LIBRARY

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4. A Christian Minister on the Remedy for Poverty. Hugh O. Pentecost. 2 pages.
5. A Sum in Proportion. T. L. McCready. 2 pages.
6. Settler's Nightmare. Louis F. Post. 4 pages.
7. New York's Docks. J. W. Sullivan. 4 pages.

Sic in the original; probably "imported on order.".

8. Unemployed Labor. Henry George. 4 pages.
9. Mysterious Disappearance. Lewis Freeland. 6 pp.
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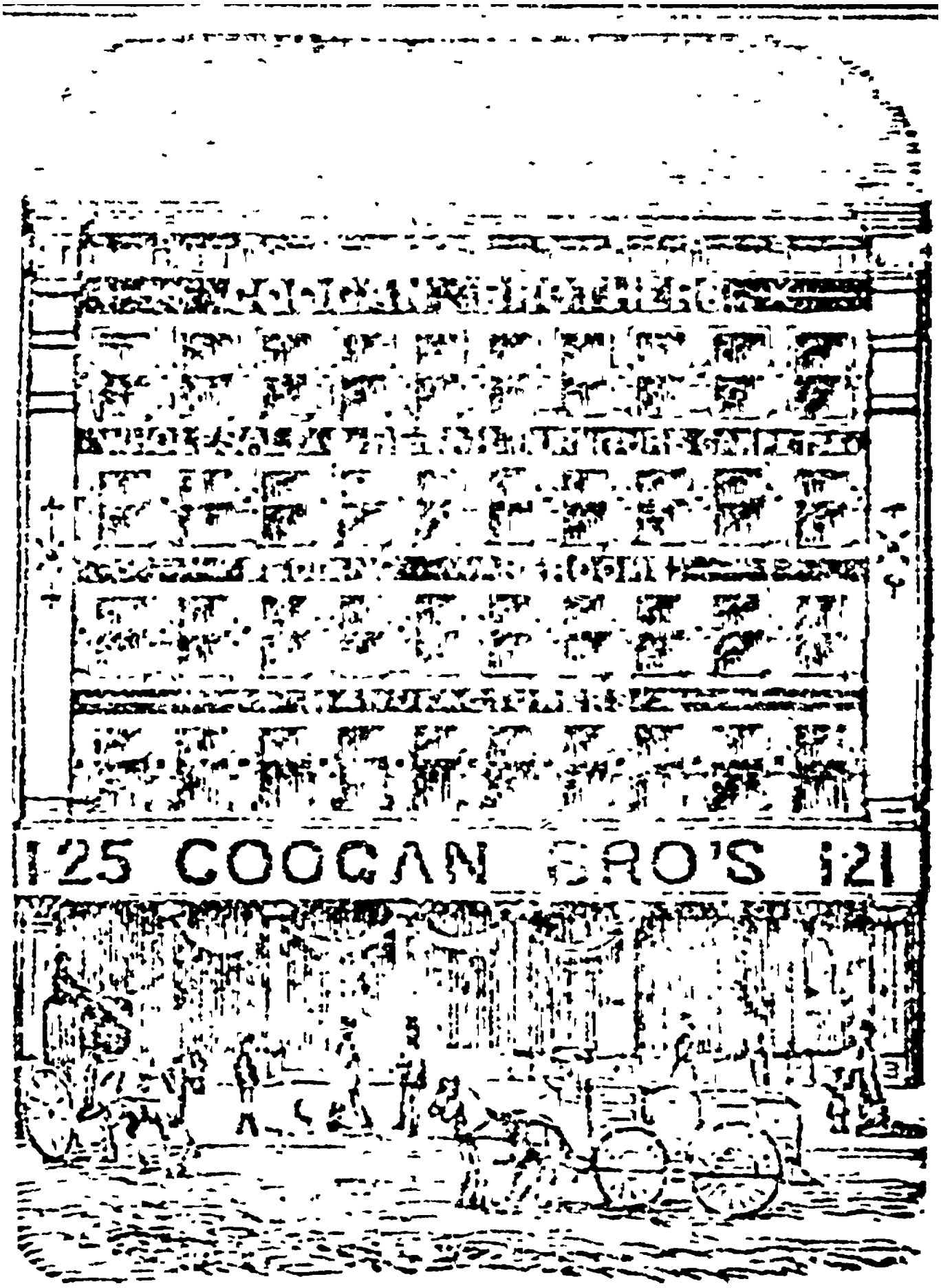
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[Illustration: engraving of the Coogan Brothers store, a five-story building with carts, horses and pedestrians in the street. Signs on the facade, as far as legible: “COOGAN BROTHERS” (top band); “WHOLESALE & RETAIL FURNITURE & CARPETS” (second band, partly illegible); third and fourth bands [illegible]; shop sign “125 COOGAN BRO’S 121”.]

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CURRENT THOUGHT.

A Defense of Spiritualism.

"Why I Am a Spiritualist" is what Mr. A. E. Newton undertakes to tell us through the medium of the *North American Review*. And he does it in a very readable and thought inducing manner—not by any means seeking to provoke controversy or to show cause why other people should become spiritualists, but simply recounting in modest words the reasons why he himself believes in spiritualism.

A spiritualist, Mr. Newton tells us, is "one who believes, or knows, that communication with excarnated spirits is possible and actual," and who also "holds to doctrines of an elevating, refining, spiritualizing tendency, and aspires to exemplify these in thought and life, seeking to make spirit communion contribute to that high end." And the reasons why he is a spiritualist in this sense of the word are:

> 1. Because for more than thirty-five years I have enjoyed the privilege of conversing, more or less freely and frequently, and in the privacy of my own family, with beings (invisible to myself) claiming to be excarnated human spirits—many of them relatives and personal friends well known in their earthly lives—and who have given conclusive evidence of being what they claim to be.

> 1. Because through this intercourse and the demonstrations and experiences that have accompanied it, I have been led to entertain conceptions of the universe—material and spiritual—of deity and the divine Providence—of the spirit world and its relations to this; of man, his duty and destiny—in fact, of all which is embraced in the domains of religion, philosophy and ethics, which are to my view not only eminently rational, but expanding, uplifting, spiritualizing and soul satisfying beyond anything and everything I have been able to gain from any and all other sources.

Judging by the recital of experience which follows this catalogue, we think Mr. Newton might more properly have put his second reason first, or better still, have omitted his first reason altogther. He is, it seems to us, a spiritualist because spiritualism satisfies his hunger for an answer to those awful questions, Why? Whence? Whither? with which the soul of every man who has a conscious soul is baited and perplexed. He does not accept spiritualism because he has held converse with excarnated human spirits; but he believes he has held converse with spirits because he has accepted spiritualism.

It is so with all religions; their strength is in their teachings, not in their miracle fables and wonder workings. While the teachings satisfy, or tend to satisfy, the religion grows and flourishes, and the signs and legends are accepted with careless faith or noiselessly dropped. When the souls of men reject the teachings, the religion fades and dies, and a million miracles would be powerless to revive it. Men don't accept the religion of Christ because they have first been convinced of the immaculate conception, of the star of Bethlehem, of the visit of the Magi, of the miracles, and of the resurrection on the third day. They believe in Christ because something in them responds quickly and unfailingly to Christ's teachings. And it is because the teachings of the Christian churches of to-day

strike no responsive chord in the great bosom of humanity that modern Christianity is dying like a vine severed from its root.

And it must be admitted that there is much in spiritualism to satisfy the hunger of the soul. It must be sweet indeed to feel assured that those we love and have lost are still with us and around us, though invisible; happy themselves, and waiting lovingly for us to join them; watching over us, sympathizing in our sorrow, rejoicing in our gladness; seeing the end from the beginning, and knowing that all is to be well at last. What bliss of heaven beyond the sky could compare with the joy of waking from death's momentary sleep to meet the wife mourned for years, to feel the soft kiss of the little child not lost but gone before, to grasp the hands of old friends and comrades thronging round in welcome, to know of a surety that pain, and misery, and poverty, and lies were forever done with, and a new and happy life begun. What wonder that men should grasp a faith that promises such things as these? What wonder they should cling to it, in serene, unshaken confidence, regardless of argument, disproof, and ridicule?

Prison Labor Competition.

What shall we do with our prisoners? is a question that, here in the state of New York, is pressing for solution with an urgency that will not be denied. We have set our traps cunningly, and caught a certain number of professional depredators on society—men who have appropriated, by illegal methods, the fruits of other men's toil. We have got them—several thousand of them, with plenty more to come—and now what are we going to do with them? Shut them up, of course, that goes without saying—to shut up the man who troubles it is the first impulse of civilization —who ever heard of a civilization without jails? But having shut them up, what are we going to do next? It looks like a simple question, but it isn't simple at all.

It is not a simple question, because, whichever way we answer it, we are

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bound to give justifiable offense to somebody. If we keep the prisoners in idle separate confinement, they become first sick, then melancholy, then crazy. If we set them to work at productive labor, their competition takes the bread out of the mouths of non-criminal laborers, who very naturally object to being made to suffer for the sake of punishing men who never did *them* any harm. If we put them to purely penal labor, such as crank turning or shot carrying, experience shows that they become brutalized to a frightful extent. And if we let them herd together in idleness they lose all discipline, and become an unmanageable mob of ruffians. A few years ago we rented out the labor of our convicts to manufacturers; more lately, we set the convicts to producing wealth for the state's benefit under official superintendence; now, we have given that up, and keep our prisoners idle in their cells. And the prisoners are showing signs of sickness and insanity. What are we going to do about it?

Mr. Superintendent Brockway of the Elmira reformatory tells us in the December *Forum* what *he* thinks ought to be done. And Mr. Brockway's opinion is entitled to much respect. For he is a penologist of experience and reputation. He fully appreciates the fact that the object of imprisonment is not only punishment, but reclamation. And in his conduct of the reformatory he is said to have been remarkably successful in redeeming younger criminals to honesty.

Here is Mr. Brockway's plan, stated in his own language:

> Three several specific objects are included in any proper prison labor system organized for the public welfare. First of all, the prisoner must be prepared, in his capabilities and his disposition, to subsist by honest effort in legitimate pursuits. Secondly, his labor in prison must contribute considerably toward his support. Thirdly, the products of his labor must be so marketed as to minimize the effects of competition. To attain these ends, three general conditions are required, namely: centralized control of the industrial prisons in each state, aided by mutual agreement between several states, for the control and conduct of prison labor; classification of the prisoners in each state into at least two classes, the corrigible and the incorrigible; and the employment of prisoners, mainly within the penitentiaries, at mechanical work, solely under direction of the state, without the intervention of agents commonly termed contractors.

> Almost any experienced warden can, from his personal knowledge of them, easily draw up two accurate lists of his prisoners: one of such as cannot probably be now reclaimed to honesty, the other of those whom it is possible to reclaim. The incorrigibles must work for production alone, simply to pay their way, and may be employed in certain large, coarse industries which shall be monopolized by the state. If by such monopolization of an industry private interests are invaded, let the state properly compensate therefor, at the beginning, when injury can clearly be shown. The state condemns to the use of chartered railroad corporations private property, and provides the means of determining the amount of compensation due owners. Why then should not the state, when it desires itself to appropriate an industry for the general public good as concerned in the efficient management of its prisons, provide compensation for actual monetary losses thereby occasioned to individuals? It is believed that the payments to be made on a proper showing of real damages would be, or might be, inconsiderable in amount; but whether these would be large or small, the plan seems equitable, and would remove every semblance of argument against prison labor for this class of prisoners—the incorrigibles. Let the confirmed criminals, who cannot or will not be persuaded to live industriously and properly when at liberty, be compelled to contribute, by their labor, while imprisoned for crimes, toward their own support. Who will object, since nobody in particular is injured and everybody is more or less benefited? The particular labor system for these incorrigibles becomes now a matter of trifling concern; the tax payer alone is interested.

> For the remainder of the criminals, the corrigible class, estimated to comprise about two-thirds of the prisoners in any state, quite different arrangements must be made with regard to employment. The purpose now is not merely profit, but rather rehabilitation. Society requires that corrigible criminals shall be fitted for freedom in the shortest time and returned to be absorbed in the orderly and provident population. If a prisoner of this selected class proves to be incorrigible he should be relegated to his proper division, to be employed in state-absorbed industries, solely for production, always provided, of course, that apparently incorrigible criminals on giving evidence of a capacity for improvement, may be assigned to the higher classification, there to receive preparation, in industries and otherwise, for their safe return to liberty. Prisoners of the corrigible class should be trained to habits of industry in the particular branches wherein they should and naturally would have been engaged, if instead of becoming criminals they had remained good citizens.

> For this class of prisoners, in the more populous states, unremitting, systematic, mechanical employment is indispensable; a great diversity of occupations is required, with the same machinery and the same methods which prevail in free shops or factories; in quality of workmanship and in the daily output per man, the work of the prisoners must equal that of free laborers of like ability and experience engaged upon similar work outside of prisons; the wages paid the prisoners should also be the same, the prisoner, like the citizen, paying fairly out of his honestly earned wages for everything supplied him; and the merchandise thus produced, of equal quality and at equal cost, must be marketed as other merchandise is marketed. Then the corrigible prisoner may be allowed, and should be restricted to, the minimum volume of expenditure properly and probably required by him in his station after release; and he should also be required, out of his earnings, to contribute his proportion to maintain the indigent of his prison community, as frugal citizens contribute to the support of the dependent among them.

That such a system might be productive of singularly good results, so far as the convicts themselves are concerned, we are very willing to admit. It would be strange indeed if any class of men should fail to be improved in morals by a guarantee of never failing employment at remunerative wages. Even the incorrigible class would, it seems to us, be made somewhat less incorrigible by such organization into state protected trades unions, with absolute security against competition, strikes and lockouts. But in his zeal for the welfare and improve

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ment of his prisoners, Mr. Brockway seems to us somewhat *forgetful* of the rights of the non-convicts who form the majority of the population.

If individuals have a right to monopolize the privilege of using certain portions of the earth's surface, they have an equal right to monopolize the privilege of productive industry. Mr. Brockway evidently sees the connection between the two things, and it is to his credit that he does. If it is right for the state to compensate individuals out of the public purse, for land taken for public purposes, it can be no less right for it to compensate other individuals, in the same way, for occupations similarly appropriated. But this is not to say that both things are right, but rather that both are wrong; and to create labor monopolies, for the mere purpose of buying them out, would be simply to add another public robbery to the one already existing. Moreover, who is to be recognized as entitled to payment—the employers or the employed? There would be a queer stir if *that* proposition should ever come to be seriously discussed.

As for Mr. Brockway's plan for the corrigible prisoners, it may be sufficient to note that, were it adopted, there would be few more promising careers open to the average American youth than the serving of a twenty-years' term in state prison. He would go in, say, at twenty; he would have steady employment at good wages for twenty-five years; he would be kept out of the way of temptation; he would have excellent food, clothing and shelter, with the best of medical attendance when ill; he would live, perforce, a life of virtuous frugality, putting by money all the time; he would get the best sort of religious instruction and plenty of good books to read; he would have nothing to worry him, and he would come back to the world at forty-five with robust health, with confirmed good habits, with an appetite for pleasure not dulled, but bridled, and with capital sufficient to start in a business which he would have thoroughly learned. If Mr. Brockway could get an institution started on that system and call it a Familistere, or a united protective association, instead of a *state prison*, he could charge a premium for admission and fill the institution in a month. But it would be pretty rough on the unfortunates who couldn't afford to enter.

No, Mr. Superintendent Brockway. You came pretty near seeing the truth when you talked about buying out industry franchises; but elsewise you are fearfully astray. So long as some men are allowed to monopolize the privilege of utilizing natural opportunities, so long will the privilege of labor continue to be a boon to be begged, or a franchise to be bought. And honest men who have to struggle in fierce competition for permission to employ

their brains and muscles in production will never cease to protest against the bestowal, on men convicted of dishonesty, of a right of which they themselves are robbed.

So the paradox comes up again. The Sphinx repeats her riddle: "What are you going to do about it?" Well, what *are* we going to do about it?

Four Handed Spinners.

Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in The Popular Science Monthly.

A young chimpanzee that accompanied me me[sic] on my last return trip from Antwerp, would examine the construction of a padlock with the interest of an amateur mechanic, and once passed a whole hour in the vain endeavor to solve the enigma of a baby-rattle—a perforated shell inclosing a number of metal pellets. After scrutinizing the marvel from all possible points of view, he made a cautious attempt to open the shell with his teeth, but the reprimand of a spectator at once made him relinquish that plan. He then deposited the shell on a [rug?], and, turning it over and over, frequently stopped to listen, as if comparing the results of his various experiments. My [Cutch?] baboon, too, will examine a picture-book, page for page, and occasionally use his fingers to verify the impression of a striking illustration—an experiment which apparently fails to dispel the illusion of a looking-glass, for after the experience of a hundred seances, he still persists in making a grab at the empty [air?] *behind* the frame, in the obstinate hope of corroborating the material existence of his Doppelganger. After thoroughly familiarizing himself with the contents of my sitting-room, he has ceased to overhaul my shelves; but the introduction of any novel object at once re-excites his curiosity, and for similar reasons the wary four-handers of the South American tropics promptly emerge from their hiding-places at sight of a speckled dog—a zoological phenomenon too wondrous to be ignored from motives of discretion. An unfamiliar sound, the tinkling of a cow-bell in a new clearing, or the whirr of a buzz-saw, is equally sure to attract the attention of the four-handed aborigines. They will pursue the strolling bell-ringer for miles, and often stop to compare notes in a sort of solemn whisper.

Effects of Hasheesh.

Science.

A. M. Field has recently recounted his experience under the influence of hasheesh. He smoked the hasheesh until he felt a profound sense of well-being, and then put the pipe aside. After a few minutes he seemed to become two persons; he was conscious of his real self reclining on a lounge and of why he was there; his double was in a vast building made of gold and marble, splendidly brilliant and beautiful beyond all description. He felt an extreme gratification, and believed himself in heaven. This double personality suddenly vanished, but reappeared in a few minutes. His real self was undergoing rhythmical spasms throughout his body; the double was a marvelous instrument, producing sounds of exquisite sweetness and perfect rhythm. Then sleep ensued, and all ended. Upon another occasion sleep and waking came so rapidly that they seemed to be confused. His double seemed to be a sea, bright and tossing as the wind blew; then a continent. Again he smoked a double dose and sat at his table pencil in hand to note its effects. This time he lost all conception of time. He arose to open a door; this seemed a million years. He went to pacify an angry dog, and endless ages seem to have gone on his return. Conceptions of space retained their normal character. He felt an unusual fulness of mental impressions—enough to fill volumes. He understood clairvoyance, hypnotism, and all else. He was not one man or two, but several men living at the same time in different places, with different occupations. He could not write one word without hurrying to the next, his thoughts flowing with enormous rapidity. The few words he did write meant nothing. This experience

Sic in the original; probably "me".

admirably illustrates the close relationship between states of real insanity and transitory affections induced by psychic poisons.

Important Social Event.

Evening Sun.

Mr. Bilk Van Boodle expects shortly to enter the charmed circle of society, owing to a small operation on the street that netted him nearly a million.

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WHAT IT COSTS TO DRESS AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Clothes, as Carlyle's ingenious professor of things in general long since pointed out, have a considerably higher mission than the mere protection of the human body from the scorching sun or the freezing blast. They are a part of society, just as stamps are a part of the postal system; and as the one-cent engraving that suffices for a pound of newspapers bound to Alaska would be out of place and useless on the letter addressed to somebody across the way, so the clothes that would be in every way suitable for Asbury Park or Ocean Grove during the bathing season, would attract attention and censure if worn at a meeting of the society for the regeneration of the heathen by the distribution of moral pocket handkerchiefs and tracts. Especially is this true of female clothing. As there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, so is there one style of dress for the young woman confessing herself a miserable sinner in church, and another, totally different, for the same young woman approving herself a remarkably happy sinner at a ball, and still a third, when she stands up to be united in the bonds of matrimony to another sinner of the male persuasion. The young lady's dress is an index to her thoughts and momentary occupation; and by a simple inspection of her costume, the expert in such matters can tell whether she is going to take her mistress's baby out for an airing in the perambulator, or waiting for a gentleman to accompany her to the Patriarchs' ball.

What does it cost to dress a young woman? Not a European aristocrat, of course—that's different. Those purple blooded females are kept in stock for the admiration and occupation of the ordinary red blooded vulgar herd, and have of course to be dressed up accordingly. But the plain every day democratic American girl, with the every day sort of venous and arterial circulation—what does it cost to dress her? This is an interesting question, and an important one too. Because if the ordinary American girl's ordinary American papa knows authoritatively how much it ought to cost him to dress his ordinary American daughter, he can judge whether his ordinary American income is adequate to the expense, and, if necessary, insist on having his wages raised, or apply to congress for more protection for his industry. If a thousand dollars a year is enough to provide a girl with the necessary changes of raiment, it is well to know it, and keep her within that limit. If [$5,000?] a year is necessary, it's well to know that too. "*Be sure you're right, then go ahead*," should be the motto of the happy American workingman in settling his daughter's dress allowance. General Harrison's apophthegm about cheap coats and cheap men applies to either sex. Surely no American carpenter or bricklayer wants to have a cheap daughter.

A *Herald* reporter has been wrestling with this question, and publishes the result of his perquisitions in a recent issue of that paper. Like a sensible man, he went to headquarters for information. Wanting to know the cost of dressing a young woman, he went *to* a young woman and got a statement in detail. What he learned cannot be better told than in his own words. It will be understood that he is interviewing his young lady informant:

> I have a very nice wardrobe this year, and it cost papa just [$3,6??]. When we came home from Europe I brought just two Paris dresses, because, don't you know, if you can't say, "Some of my things are imported,"

you are really nobody. One was a perfect love of a ball dress, you know. I wore it the other night, that pale yellow tulle, all embroidered in silver, with the big yellow sash and satin bodice. It looked very simple, but it cost me [$500?], and then papa had lots of duty to pay on it. It was made from a special design and the design destroyed, so that it could not be duplicated.

Then I brought over a carriage dress. I haven't worn it yet—I'm waiting until the other girls wear theirs, then I shall come out in mine. It was quite a cheap gown; only cost [$150?]. It is in four shades of fawn and of silk and velvet, made in one of those long directoire redingotes that are so much worn, with a sash of crimson. It was made for the Princess Somebody, I believe, but she would not pay her last bill, so they sold it to me for half price. You need not say anything about that, though."

Here she paused for a moment, and I asked her if her dresses were as costly as those of the Misses de Patteur up the avenue.

"I should hope so! Why, those girls employ a $5 dressmaker and do all the plain sewing themselves and their father dresses the whole five of them on [$3,000?] a year! I do not think I am at all extravagant, but I could not dress on [$500?] a year."

Then we came back to the subject of her clothes and what they cost.

"Some sweet little dancing gowns, one for each of the Delmonico balls, only cost me $100 each. I have a specially nice one for the Patriarchs to-morrow—a white silk crepe lisse, with an accordion pleated skirt all tucked with white satin ribbon, and a jardiniere of lilies of the valley down one side and about the waist of the brocade, and an empire sash of cloth of silver. Ghormley made that.

"Then there is one for the new year's ball of light red Brussels net, all caught up with tiny black humming birds, and one for the last assembly, of rose pink gauze, made a la Grecque—awfully sweet gown! I have just seven of them. I need a fresh one for each ball, you know, and then I wear each one four or five times at small dances and the opera and dinners. With my imported dress that makes only eight ball dresses—not at all extravagant, do you think?"

After assuring her that I would not do such a thing, we proceeded.

"Well, you see, I needed two new street costumes, so I went down to Redfern, and he turned me out two beauties for [$150?] each, both with hats and jackets to match. One is that dark green and black cloth gown that fits like a glove. I wore it yesterday, you remember—big buttons down the front and long, strait flaps to the polonaise. Directoire, you know. Everything is directoire and empire this year. I have a plain cloth jacket with that and a little velvet toque, with a prince's feather in it. This blue cloth, touched up with the silver braid, is the other dress. I wear it with a long boa."

But when I asked about the coat to go with it I was informed that none was required, because the gown was lined all through with chamois skin, and was as warm as a sealskin without the bulk of the latter. So do not imagine when you see one of your feminine friends walking about without a jacket, and the thermometer down to zero, that she is silently freezing. She isn't. If she hasn't a chamois lining to her dress she has one of cotton batting; but this latter only in case she is very thin, when it serves a twofold purpose of giving her warmth and rounding out her angles.

"My tea gowns were marvellously cheap. You know that green and pink brocade, all bordered with humming birds' wings, so bizarre?" continued my tutor. "Well, I only paid [$82?] for that. A perfect bargain I call it.

> Then I have that morning dress of pink and white flannel made Marguerite fashion and the one of pearl gray cashmere. They cost me [$30?] each. I had them made at home. I should like two more tea gowns. I hear one of the Van Vantry girls has seven, but I can not afford it this year, shoes and stockings cost so much, you know."

> It was quite shocking to hear that ball slippers of satin were $12 a pair, and you could pay more for them if you wished. Swell walking shoes, with patent leather tips, were either [$5?] or [$8?] and house slippers [$3?], and as for silken stockings, [$3?] and $4 were the prices always paid for plain ones, and I was told

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you could dance a hole in the heels in one evening without much trouble.

> A church dress is quite necessary. It is the fashion to be very plain at church, and the women, I believe, try to see who can dress the plainest. A black alpaca, with a very quiet short seal jacket or a cloth with scroll braid, is the correct thing, and a small velvet or cloth bonnet, without strings. This rig, without the sacque, can be procured for something like $50.

> Furs form quite an important item. My debutante said every one had to have a fur wrap of some kind, that short sealskins cost $150, shoulder capes $50 and $75, sable ones $150, and monkey skins and beavers $22, so I decided on the monkey skin, with a muff for $5. As for these long boas that look like boa constrictors, they come at all prices, from $5 for a Russian hair up to $500 for one of finest Russian sable. Mrs. Astor, I learned, wore a $4,000 sable garment when she felt like it.

> "A pretty opera cloak is very necessary," said my debutante, after we had wandered away from the furs. "I have a Red Riding Hood one this winter, made out of cardinal cloth and lined with swan's down. It cost $53. My cousin Lulu has one of silver brocade, lined with azure and edged with black fur. Her's cost $70, I think. You can get an opera cloak for very little if you wish; and as for gloves, I only wear two dozen pairs a winter, and at $3 each they scarcely count; but for ruchings and handkerchiefs and lingerie I spend about $50 a year on each of them."

> "Is the summer expensive?" I asked.

> "Expensive!" she echoed, "why, I hope you don't think me expensive." I spend more on my summer clothes, of course. You see there are new Easter dresses to get, and for Newport it is absolutely necessary to have two lace gowns, four or six of silk mousseline, crepe, gauze and similar fluffy materials, and they all cost so much, just for the material. Even a plain white mull, the way they are made with ribbons and lace, costs about $50. You cannot get a fashionable *modiste* to make a gown under $20, and most of them charge double that amount. Four serge, cashmere and flannel dresses, two of pique, three of satteen and parasols and hats to match each one is about what one needs. Of course if you wear white you can do with less.

> "I get two riding habits—one for summer and one for winter wear. They are both made of Melton cloth, and cost me $100 each, with [$50?] extra for a covert jacket. The two will last me three years I expect."

> "Anything else?" I asked, feeling my heart faint.

> "Oh, yes! Hairpins. They are pretty expensive now. Real tortoise shell ones cost $1 each, and then a Japanese dressing gown and veils and hat pins and all those little things."

> I went down to my club and made out this little bill:

> Two imported ball gowns..... [$450?] Six home made ball gowns..... [600?] Two street dresses..... 300 Tea gown..... 82 Two house dresses..... [60?] Two pairs satin shoes..... 24 Two pairs walking boots..... [10?] Three pairs house slippers..... 6 Church dress..... 50 Monkey skin furs..... [27?] Opera cloak..... [53?] Ruchings, handkerchiefs and lingerie..... 150 Hairpins..... 10 Total..... $1,822 Ditto for summer clothes..... 1,822 Grand total..... [$3,644?]

And so we know all about it. If you want your daughter to be dressed as an ordinary, self-respecting American girl *should* be dressed, it will cost you between [$3,000?] and $4,000 a year. If you are willing to sacrifice some of the self respect, employ "a five-dollar dressmaker," and let your daughter do her own plain sewing. It can be done for [$50?] a month; but you must expect to be talked about. The *Herald* reporter's investigation is all very well, as far as it goes, but it leaves some matters in painful uncertainty. There is that five-dollar dressmaker—how does she get along? Does she spend [$3,600?] a year on her dress, or only [$600?]; and where does she get it? But perhaps she is only a pauper laborer, recently landed from Europe, and not yet awakened to a proper sense of self respect.

What's In a Name?

The Youth's Companion.

Turkey, well stuffed, was on the table, and the little girl of the family found the dressing very much to her taste.

"Give me some more of that," said she, when she had eaten her portion.

"What, Mamie?" said the mother.

"Please give me some of that."

"Now, Mamie, you should ask for what you want by name, and not say 'some of that.'"

Mamie looked distressed, but finally puckered up her lip, and said:

"I want some of the clothes."

Princely Salaries.

The salaries paid to British colonial governors are worth recalling. Bermuda, with 15,000 parti-colored inhabitants, and 2,000 acres under cultivation, pays [£3,000?]; bankrupt Jamaica subsidises Sir Henry Norman to the tune of £6,000; out of its £16,000 of annual revenue, Fiji, with its handful of white settlers, pays its governor £5,000 a year; and British Guiana is saddled with a governor at £5,000, a lieutenant-governor at £1,500, and an administrative *entourage* whose collective pay is close upon £20,000 a year, its total revenue being considerably under half a million.

The Tsar and His Big Lead Shield.

A correspondent from Russia writes: "Not long ago I had an opportunity of examining the tsar's railway carriage, which was broken to pieces in the late accident, and I discovered an enormous bed of lead at least three feet in thickness attached to the bottom of the carriage. This was put there as a protection in case the nihilists succeeded in exploding one of their subterranean mines. But the great weight which was in consequence added to the carriage doubtless caused it to run off the metals, and so brought about the catastrophe."

Not a French Prince.

Harper's Bazar.

Waiter (gorgeously attired, to young lady at ball)—May I have ze plaiseer to—

Young lady—Well, really, sir, my card is about full and, and—

Waiter—To bring ze cup of ze coffee?

Young lady (discovering his identity)—Certainly stupid.

p. 8, col. 6

[Advertisement] Pears' Soap



p8_fig1

[Display advertisement set across the heads of columns 5–6 (placed here for convenience; it sits above the start of column 5), large decorative type]

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands

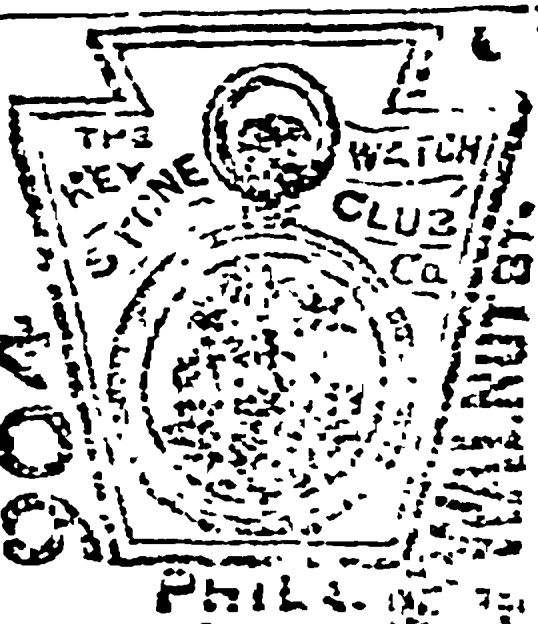
Brightclear complexion

Soft healthful skin.

[Advertisement] Our $43 Rail Road Watch (Keystone Watch Club Co.)

OUR

$43 RAIL ROAD WATCH



is specially constructed for the most exacting use and is the BEST Railroad Watch made. It contains numerous important patented improvements of vital importance to accurate timing—*Patent Dustproof, Patent Sun Wind,* &c., which we control exclusively. It has 15 Genuine Ruby jewels in settings, and is *accurately adjusted to heat, cold and isochronism. It is fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service to any $90 watch.* Price $43, either all cash or in Clubs, $1 a week. Open face or hunting. Our $1 a week Club System, while as convenient to the buyer as any instalment system, is a *wholesale spot cash system* to us. The Co-operation of the club

p8_fig_watch

[Illustrated advertisement in a decorated border: keystone-shaped emblem lettered “THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO.” with “904” and “PHILA.”; the side borders carry city names and addresses in tiny vertical type, largely illegible (“NEW YORK”, “904 WALNUT ST.” legible); at foot a cut of a small figure with a watch.]

OUR $43 RAIL ROAD WATCH

is specially constructed for the most exacting use and is the BEST Railroad Watch made. It contains numerous important patented improvements of vital importance to accurate timing—*Patent Dustproof, Patent Stem Wind, &c.*, which we control exclusively. It has 15 Genuine Ruby jewels in settings, and is *accurately adjusted to heat, cold and isochronism. It is fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service to any $90 watch.* Price $43, either all cash or in Clubs, $1 a week. Open face or hunting. Our $1 a week Club System, while as convenient to the buyer as any installment system, is a *wholesale spot cash system* to us. The Co-operation of the club members sells us 43 watches in each $43 Watch Club, and we get cash from the club for each watch before it goes out, though each member only pays $1 a week. This is why we give you more for your money than any one else and why we are doing the largest watch business in the world.

An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.

The Keystone Watch Club Co

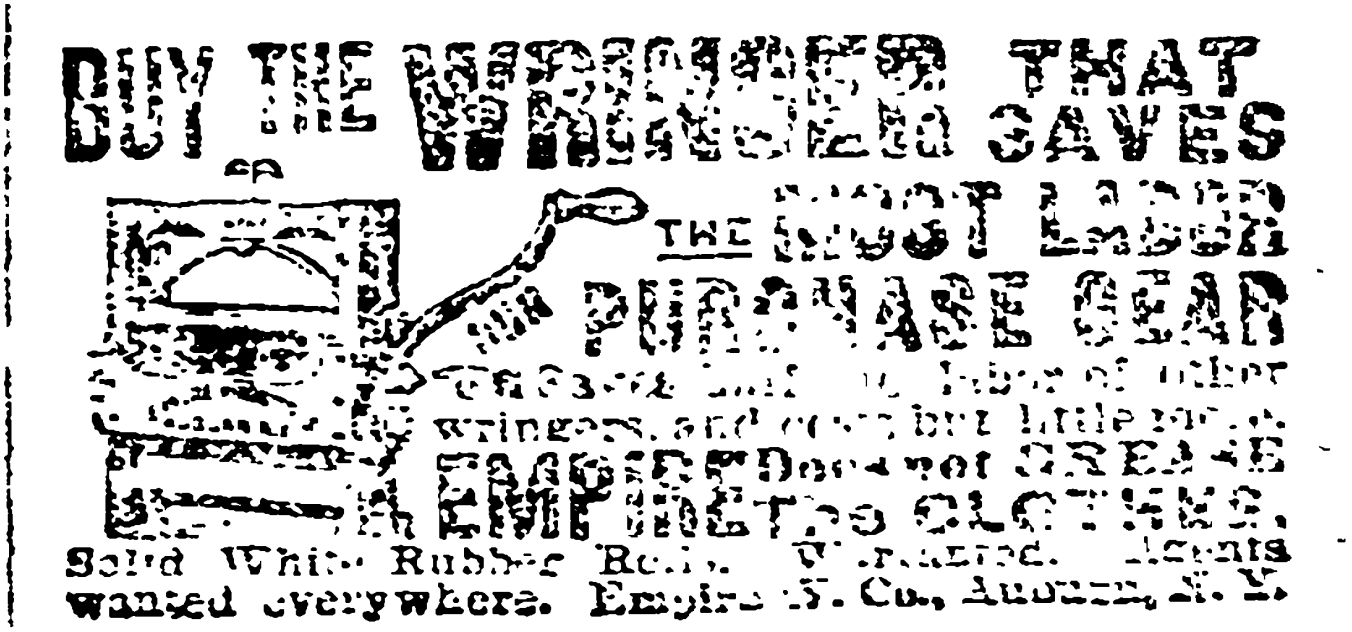
Main Office in Co’s Own Building, 904 WALNUT ST. PHILADA, PA.

Agents Wanted.

Ajax Watch Insulator, $1.00

A perfect protection against magnetism. *Fits any Watch.* Sent by mail on receipt of price. [pointing hand] *We refer to any Commercial Agency.*

[Advertisement] Empire Wringer



p8_fig_wringer

[Advertisement with a cut of a clothes-wringer; display lettering partly worn]

BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR

THE PURCHASE GEAR

[Saves?] half the labor of other wringers, and costs but little more.

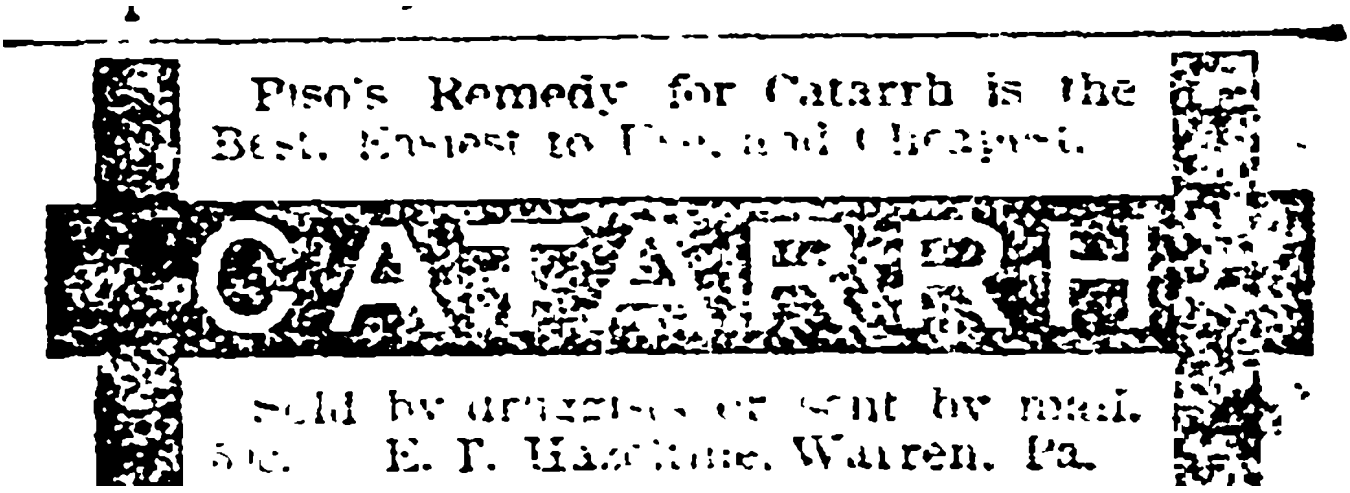
EMPIRE Does not GREASE the CLOTHES.

Solid White Rubber Rolls. Warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. Empire W. Co., Auburn, N. Y.

[Advertisement] Heaven and Its Wonders (American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society)

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, THE WORLD OF SPIRITS AND HELL, described from things heard and seen, by [EMANUEL?] SWEDENBORG, "Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." Also *THE LAST JUDGMENT*, as witnessed by him in the spiritual world in 1757; The Doctrine of Life, The Sacred Scriptures, The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine, in all, 750 octavo pages mailed prepaid for $1.00. Discount to the trade. Address, American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society, 20 Cooper Union, New York City.

[Advertisement] Piso's Remedy for Catarrh



p8_fig_catarrh

[Display advertisement: the word CATARRH in white letters on a black ornamental bar]

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. [50c.?] E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

[Advertisement] Cure for the Deaf



p8_fig_deaf

CURE for the DEAF by [Peck's?] Pat. [Improved?] [Cushioned?] Ear Drums. Whispers heard distinctly. [Comfortable, invisible?]. [Illustrated?] book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 353 Broadway, N.Y. Name this paper.

[Advertisement] Kansas City, Mo. – J. H. Bauerlein & Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FIVE YEARS REAL ESTATE FIRST MORTGAGE COUPON BONDS.

In sums of [$100?] to [$5,000?] each, bearing interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum. Interest payable semi-annually. These bonds are secured by first mortgages on Kansas City property worth three and four times the amount of bonds. Prompt payment of principal and interest guaranteed at maturity. Interest collectable through your own bank, with New York exchange added. Recorded mortgage forwarded with each bond.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT

issued in amounts of [$100?] and upward, bearing interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum. Certificates of deposit are secured by first mortgage bonds deposited with a trustee, a special [deposit?] [receipt?] [illegible] to that effect, from the trustee, is attached to each certificate issued, therefore making the certificate of deposit an absolutely safe investment.

When ordering securities write your name in full, also that of your city, county and state.

J. H. BAUERLEIN & CO.,

Security Building,

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

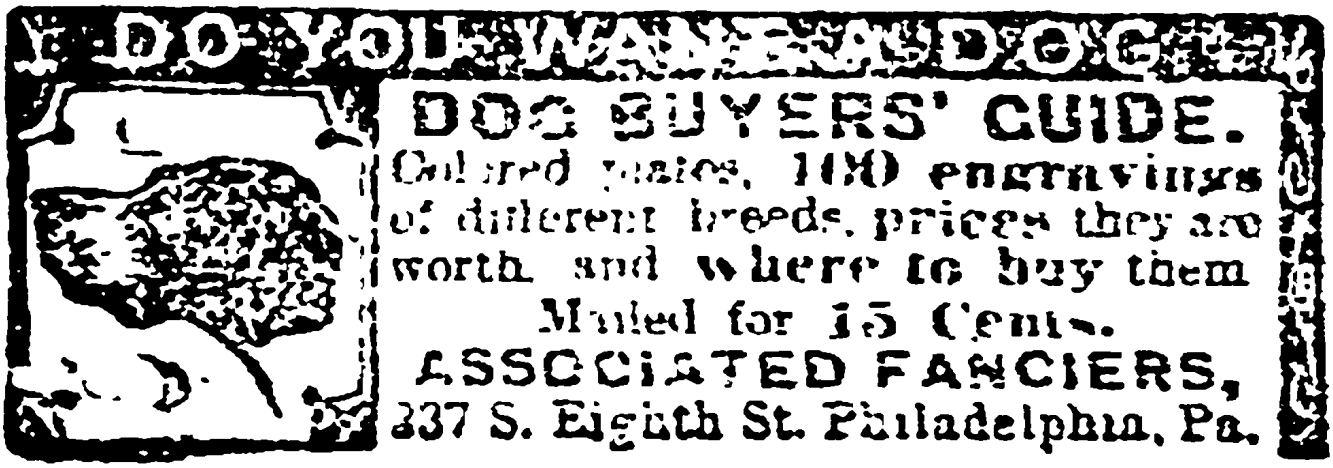
[Advertisement] Are You Ruptured? (Frink's Rupture Remedy)

R[ARE]U[YOU]PTURED?

[Display heading: the large letters R, U and ? with the small letters "ARE" and "YOU" set above the line and "PT" and "RED" below, reading "Are you ruptured?"]

That is the question. Are you ruptured? If so, use FRINK'S RUPTURE REMEDY, the only quick, safe, sure and permanent cure for hernia (breach) or rupture. This great remedy has cured many persons every year for the last twenty years, and they have stayed cured. It cures by penetrating through the pores of the skin and building up and strengthening the abdominal wall, at the same time closing the hernial opening. The Remedy is generally used in connection with a truss. Children in arms are cured by the remedy alone without the aid of a truss. Soreness caused by chafing or pressure of truss pads, relieved immediately. The pressure can be relaxed gradually and the truss abandoned altogether in six to eight weeks. Price of Remedy, sufficient to cure an ordinary case, $5; sample package, containing enough to show good effect, $1. Sent by mail post-paid, upon receipt of price. Full directions accompany each package. O. FRINK, sole proprietor, [234?] Broadway, New York. (opposite the post office.)

[Advertisement] Do You Want a Dog? (Associated Fanciers)



p8_fig_dog

[Advertisement in a black ornamental border with a cut of a dog's head]

DO YOU WANT A DOG?

DOG BUYERS' GUIDE.

Colored plates, 100 engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them Mailed for 15 Cents.

ASSOCIATED FANCIERS, [337?] S. Eighth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

[Advertisement] Wanted—Agents (Slaner & Co.)

WANTED—Agents for the [Milward's?] [Calyx-eyed?], Self-threading Needle; preserves failing sight, a help to good sight. Perfect bonanza for canvassers; sample package 10 cents. Send for circular to headquarters, [SLANER?] & CO., Providence, R. I.

[Advertisement] Improved Monitor Incubator

IMPROVED MONITOR INCUBATOR. Hundreds in Use. Illustrated circular. A. F. WILLIAMS, Bristol, Conn.

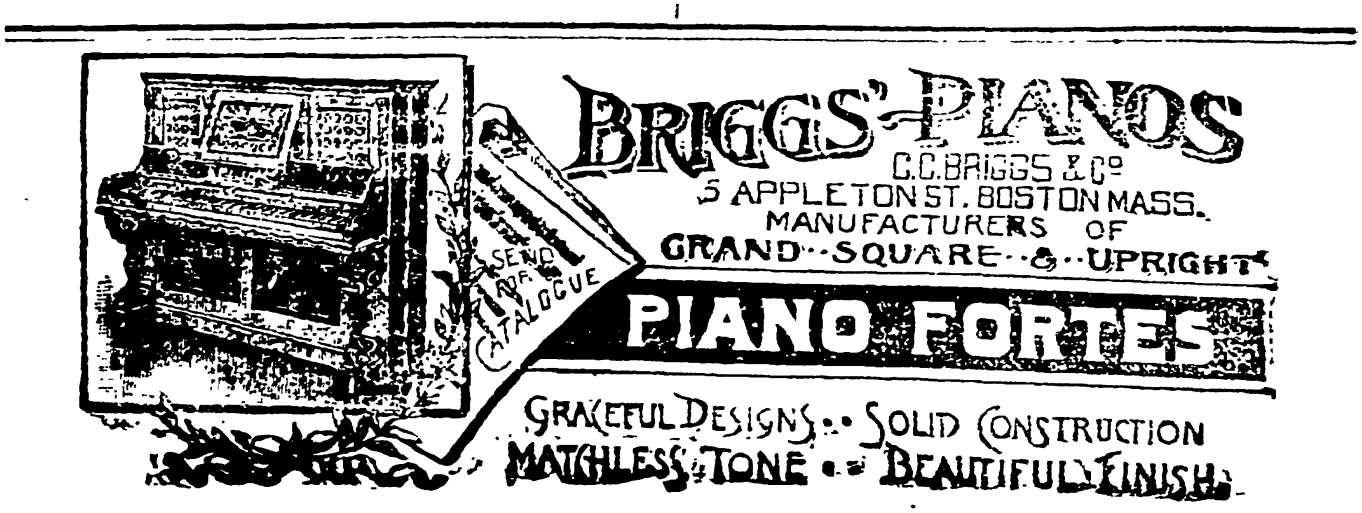
[Advertisement] Who Does Not Want a Christmas Present? (Empire Wringer)

WHO DOES NOT WANT A CHRISTMAS PRESENT? It is well to buy a useful one, and among the best and which will be most appreciated is an Empire Wringer.

[Advertisement] The Single Tax Military Band

THE SINGLE TAX MILITARY BAND AND ORCHESTRA. JAMES [BEGGS?], Director. Music Furnished for All Occasions. Address 154 SEVENTH AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

[Advertisement] Briggs' Pianos



p8_fig_briggs

[Illustrated advertisement across the foot of columns 5–6: cut of an ornate upright piano at left, with a banner/card reading "SEND FOR CATALOGUE"; foliage below]

BRIGGS' PIANOS

C. C. BRIGGS & Co

5 APPLETON ST. BOSTON MASS.

MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND · SQUARE · & · UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES

GRACEFUL DESIGNS · SOLID CONSTRUCTION

MATCHLESS TONE · BEAUTIFUL FINISH.

Damaged type restored

Letters that were broken, blotted or missing in the print and have been written as intended. Listed so they can be checked against the scan; they are not footnoted in the text.

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
1	[Notice to subscribers of the Chicago Enquirer]	Standard	Standard
1	SHALL WE INVADE NEW JERSEY?	contributors	contributors
1	SHALL WE INVADE NEW JERSEY?	soarce	source
1	ABOUT HENRY GEORGE'S TRIP.	wonderful	wonderful
1	ABOUT HENRY GEORGE'S TRIP.	Irish	Irish
1	ABOUT HENRY GEORGE'S TRIP.	nationalizer	nationalizer
1	ABOUT HENRY GEORGE'S TRIP.	whether the	whether the
1	ABOUT HENRY GEORGE'S TRIP.	brilliant	brilliant
1	TOLSTOI IS WITH US. An Interview With Him at His Home at Yas	Telstoi	Tolstoi
2	From the Nor' Nor' West.	a-rolling	a-rolling
2	From the Nor' Nor' West.	pe ple	people
2	A Fight to the Death for the Privilege of Working Cheaply.	Privilege	Privilege
2	Why the Historical Society Cannot Build.	thirking	thinking
2	The Victor's Thanksgiving.	chumps	chumps
2	FOR A SINGLE TAX CLUB. The Project Being Steadily Pushed For	John Breun g	John Breuning
2	FOR A SINGLE TAX CLUB. The Project Being Steadily Pushed For	Louis Morri-,	Louis Morris,
3	We Must Make a More Direct Fight.	c.earness	clearness
3	We Must Make a More Direct Fight.	re form	reform
3	To Get at the Farmer.	demo●ratic	democratic
3	You Don't Catch Billy Radcliffe Napping.	ofir	our
3	HERE'S A CHANCE FOR WASHINGTON. Mr. Hemingway of the Central	tney	they
3	WHAT WE HAVE DONE. Mark You the Progress of the Ballot Refor	[1885?]	possibly 1883
4	[Editorial dateline and notice on delivery to subscribers]	early	early

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
4	[Editorial dateline and notice on delivery to subscribers]	merning	morning
4	[...]BOUT A WALKING STICK.	whittle	whittle
4	[...]BOUT A WALKING STICK.	instance	instance
4	[James C. Carter on making sugar]	All	All
4	[The Times advises workingmen]	has	has
4	[Brooklyn bridge report and the elevated railway]	$160,00[0?]	$160,000
4	[Sugar duties on the Westmeath cargo]	and	and
4	PROTECTED AMERICAN INDUSTRY.	labor	labor
4	PROTECTED AMERICAN INDUSTRY.	Harlem	Harlem
4	PROTECTED AMERICAN INDUSTRY.	bunks	bunks
4	PROTECTED AMERICAN INDUSTRY.	benefit	benefit
4	PROTECTED AMERICAN INDUSTRY.	$2[0?].80	$20.80
5	MR. BROWNE'S APOLOGY.	Me lord	Me lord
5	MR. BROWNE'S APOLOGY.	you came forward	you came forward
5	MR. BROWNE'S APOLOGY.	I'd li e to know	like
6	[PO]LLY'S FATHER.	Mahommedan	Mahommedan
6	[PO]LLY'S FATHER.	h●s	his
6	[PO]LLY'S FATHER.	fath●r	father
6	[PO]LLY'S FATHER.	tol●	told
6	Just Think of It!	Go[sset?]t	Gossett
7	Wheat Imports.	101,971.949	101,971,949
7	Value, Its Cause and Rightful Owner.	decreas[e]	decrease
7	Burdette on Cranks.	tc sneer	to sneer
7	Burdette on Cranks.	almost aay man	almost any man
7	NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.	a strong light for the governorship	a strong fight
7	NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.	experiments in in steel works	experiments in steel works
8	Effects of Hasheesh.	Hasheesh	Hasheesh

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