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EDITORIAL

A Hideous Confession.

Upon urgent petitions from working women, the legislature of Illinois last winter enacted a law limiting the employment of women in factories to ten hours a day (p. 538). As the law met opposition from the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, it was with great difficulty that its enactment was secured; and in order to secure it the working women were obliged to modify the limitation they desired, from eight hours to ten. The Illinois Manufacturers' Association is now checking the operation of this law as unconstitutional. It has applied for an injunction to restrain the criminal courts from enforcing the penal provisions of the law against employers. This would have been to laugh a few years ago—the bringing of a suit in chancery to restrain public prosecutors and grand juries and criminal courts from enforcing a criminal statute! But since the judicial innovation known as "government by injunction," such a proceeding is no great novelty, and one of the judges has granted the injunction. His expressed reasons are that the law prevents a woman from exercising her right of free contract.

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A stupid reason that, for any really intelligent judge to give. The law in question is essentially in the interest of free contract; its nullification is in the interest of economic coercion. Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the Women's Trade

Union League, drives this point home when she says: "Everybody who knows what is going on in the world (except judges and lawyers) knows that freedom of contract can exist only between parties on an economic equality." It is manifestly true, as Mrs. Robins implies, that working women and their employers do not contract as economic equals. The employers can wait; the workers wait at peril of starvation. The employers command working opportunities; the workers are cut off by privilege-fostering laws. And inasmuch as this economic inequality is intensified by long hours and modified by short hours, laws limiting hours are in the direction of freedom of labor contracts, while injunctions against the enforcement of such laws are away from freedom of labor contracts. Under existing economic conditions the theory of free contract as applied in this ten-hour case, brings a mere phrase of industrial freedom to the aid of actual industrial despotism.

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Regardless however of that view of the matter, what is there severe enough to say of the hideous confession of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association in this case? Neither the Association nor its members could get into court technically without going through the form of appearing to make the court believe that its lawsuit is in behalf of workingwomen. What it wants is an injunction that will give its members the power to exact long hours of their workers. But what it had to show, technically, was that the right of workers to work long hours was at stake. So a couple of workingwomen are induced to lend their names to the suit. And now, thoughtful folks, think of the fact which this employers' association itself discloses through the affidavits of those unfortunate workingwomen. Think of this hideous confession which it makes! It proves by them that neither one of the two—faithful workingwomen, mind you—that neither of them, although one has worked faithfully at her trade for sixteen years and the other for thirty-two years, and given satisfaction—yet that neither of them gets for ten hours a day of faithful and competent work, enough wages to live upon! Isn't this confession of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association hideous enough to make baby-farming and the "white slave" traffic seem tolerable by comparison?

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When women of long experience and expert and faithful at their work, are not paid enough wages to live upon for ten hours' work a day, there is something rotten in the industrial Denmark. When these conditions exist, workers must be at an economic disadvantage in selling their work; for no one would *voluntarily* contract to work ten hours a day for less than a bare living. When this is so, there is a higher duty for judges—if they wish to be regarded as intelligent, or humane, or even as "learned in the law"—than driveling about "free contract," and granting injunctions against the criminal clauses of labor-limitation laws. And when manufacturers confess to paying to women who work for them, faithfully and competently, less than a living for a ten-hour day, it behooves manufacturers' associations to do something better than whine about the despotism of ten hour laws. If there are any decent men in the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, they should be glad to escape the odium of this wretchedly hideous confession, by explaining why they do not pay better wages. And if it is because they cannot, then by trying honestly and fairly and with as much energy as they now expend in invoking "government by injunction" against workers in duress, why it is that they can not. Is it because they are sordid and greedy? or is it because they also, as well as their hired people, are plundered? There are open minds for explanations from them. But they deserve the severest censure for giving countenance to the gross inhumanity which their own Association attributes to them by its hideous confession in this ten-hour case.

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The Working of the Democratic Yeast.

The declaration of the Saratoga conference last week (p. 794) justifies higher hopes for its beneficent influence upon the Democratic party than some of its personnel and some of the newspaper interviews gave reason to expect. True, this is no radical declaration; but radical declarations must not be demanded of political conferences designed to participate in practical politics. Since the people as a mass are never radical, leadership in practical politics cannot be so. Radical declarations are for educational use; politically they are bad tactics. What can be demanded of bodies like the Saratoga conference is not that their declarations shall be radical but that they shall be in the radical direction. To this demand that conference has fairly responded.

♣

On the tariff question it stands for a tariff for revenue only, which is as far in the direction of free trade as any movement in practical politics can go in the present state of public opinion and in the face of existing Constitutional obstacles. And

by advocating the income tax the conference goes farther in the direction of free trade than in its demand for tariffs for revenue only. For the income tax, regardless of population, would open the way to absolute free trade by supplying Federal revenue through direct taxation. Moreover, this conference declares for home rule, municipal as well as State, for the freeing of trade from trust domination, for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people, and for safeguarded independence for the Philippines. On such a platform, with candidates in thorough sympathy with it, the Democratic party could make a campaign worth the while. But we doubt the probability. The two parties today are where the Democrats and the Whigs were in the 40's and 50's on the slavery question. Each is under the heavy shadow of plutocracy. Each is officered by plutocratic agents. The reorganization of either upon democratic lines is therefore less probable, after twelve or fifteen years of internal struggle in each and especially in the Democratic party, than is a spontaneous organization of a new party out of the democratic materials in the two old ones.

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One of Father Time's Jokes.

Time makes all things right, but he likes his little joke as he moves along. Ten years ago a great war was prosecuted in South Africa by the British Empire against the Boer republic at the instance of British residents, because the Boer republic placed excessive obstacles in the way of one of the inalienable rights of man—the right to a voice in the government that governs him. Today this same old joker Time has jocosely instigated the British residents of South Africa to organize a federation which gives no voice in the government by which they are governed to any body but "persons of European descent." What the British fought for in South Africa ten years ago—the only *principle* they professed to fight for—they chuck aside when it protects the other fellow. Bernard Shaw was not far wrong when he accused the British nation (and there are others, let us confess) of a tendency to keep principles in stock only for selfish uses.

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Police Solicitations.

A custom prevails in police departments, and the police department of Chicago is no exception, of allowing policemen in couples and in uniform to canvass for the sale of tickets of admission to police functions organized for money raising purposes. This practice ought to be summarily stopped. That policemen are underpaid for the kind of service they are expected to give is true. That the dangers of their service and the inadequacy of compensation give excuse for pensions is also true. But the remedy is to raise their pay or supply the pension fund out of taxation. It is disgraceful to a city, and must be humiliating to every self-respecting member of the police force, for policemen to beg from door to door. And what are these solicitations but begging. No one buys the tickets because they want to use them. No one is asked to buy for that reason. The tickets are offered and bought as a favor to the police. When the policemen who do this soliciting go on their begging expeditions in couples and in uniform, there is an even more sinister suggestion in the practice. Let the cities stop this police begging, so suggestive of blackmail, and pay policemen what they are worth, decently out of public funds.

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Conscience Conferences.

There are many Big Business men and their lawyers, of each of whom it is said that "when he gets alone with himself and his conscience he comes out pretty near right." But, alas, how few of them seem to cultivate that society.

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Henry Browne Blackwell.

"He *is* her husband," was the correction Mr. Blackwell recently made when a friend said of him that "he was" the husband of the late Lucy Stone. A long and happy marriage was this between Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell. In their marriage they protested against the laws and customs which merge the identity of the wife in that of the husband, which give to him the custody of her person, the guardianship of their children, the control of her property and the mastery of her industry and its products. They believed that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and this was what their marriage proved to be. Neither lost marital affection for the other, but found their mutual affections strengthened by their united devotion to the public causes in which they had a common interest. Both were militant abolitionists, both were lifelong advocates of woman suffrage. Lucy Stone died many years ago; Henry B. Blackwell died on the 7th of this month (p. 877), less than a week before the death of his friend, of whom we write in another column.

Mr. Blackwell's devotion to the unwon cause to which he and his wife gave their lives, long prevented his seeing what Garrison saw, that the political party of his abolition days, which he had helped to organize and which began as a party of moral ideas and democratic purposes, had become, through the gross materials drawn to it by its grasp upon political power, politically a pervert and morally bankrupt. But he was beginning to see it. The principles of his youth were disclosing themselves to him in the public problems of his old age. In her biographical sketch in the Woman's Journal of the 11th his daughter says, "The misery in the world had impressed itself upon him more and more of late years, and he wanted to see what suggestions could be made for removing the causes."

♣

It seems especially fit to let William Lloyd Garrison the younger, in this week of his own death, pay tribute to Mr. Blackwell; so we quote from Mr. Garrison's words on the occasion of Mr. Blackwell's eightieth birthday four years ago:

His birthdays come and go, hardy annuals that challenge small attention, until the decade anniversary flowers out, and we find tongue to praise the vigor and beauty of the plant. Next to a reformer's supreme faith in the justice of his cause is abiding cheerfulness, that unfailing characteristic of our guest. He fits the Browning test of one who "never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." Up and down the land he has carried the word of duty and of hope, his ringing voice giving assurance of a buoyant spirit, rare in age and not too plentiful in youth. He never generated despondency, and his presence soon dispelled it. . . . It is his virtue that the conduct of his special cause does not diminish his interest in every struggle for human freedom. He breaks a lance for all down-trodden and oppressed peoples. Wherever a protest against tyranny is called for, you may be sure that Mr. Blackwell will answer "Adsum." . . . I forbear dwelling upon services rendered by this tender-hearted man to fellow beings in trouble. Where so many content themselves with sympathetic words or gifts of money, he has given himself, spending his time and vitality in procuring redress or aid. . . . Although so closely associated with a wife and daughter of distinction, he shines by no reflected light. Chivalrous and devoted to the limit of self-effacement, his individuality was never weakened. Fate granted him a happy environment, and a home which flippant sneerers at woman's rights, or dull ones, would do well to note. I know how distasteful all eulogy is to our self-depreciating friend, whose path of escape we have cut off; but those in daily contact with this unresting but not unrestful personality, will know that exaggeration of Mr. Blackwell's virtues is not a fault of this imperfect tribute. May he accept it as only an expression of love and respect, with accumulated interest which delicacy forbids us to compound!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON THE YOUNGER.

The most distinguished descendant of the great Liberator, the son who bore his name and inherited his message, has passed out of the world. He was the very type, in mental make-up and moral stamina, of the father whose principles he projected into the economic struggle which has succeeded the anti-slavery struggle of his father's prime. Definite in his ideals, confident of their actuality, loyal to their demands, he has traveled to the end in this world the straight and narrow path which to his view led on toward their realization.

But he was fifty years old before he saw the cross in the sky.

Until then he had lived the commonplace and contented life of one of the sons of a great reformer whose cause had won—the son of a once despised champion of human freedom whose statue now marked the spot in the metropolis of our highest culture where the man himself had been mobbed and almost hanged. The world seemed to the younger Garrison to have been fully redeemed. Some things did indeed remain yet to do. Woman was to be enfranchised; universal peace was to be achieved; religion was to be divested of superstition. But freedom had been won. He did not see that the foundations of freedom were yet to be laid.

When the call from the spirit of his father's career came to him, however, he answered it in the spirit of his father.

♣

The labor campaign in New York politics, led by Henry George in 1886, with its startling vote of 68,000—a larger independent vote than had ever before been cast in that city,—gave the first impulse throughout the country to the particular phase of the labor movement which bears Henry George's name and is now stirring British politics to its depths.

Among the manifestations of this impulse was a little weekly meeting in an obscure hall on a side street of Boston, and by merest accident William Lloyd Garrison, walking through that street, saw the sign of the meeting. It gave promise of an explanation of the doctrines of Henry George.

To William Lloyd Garrison, who then knew of George only through the newspapers, the name stood for all that was wicked in social agitation. It was to him as his father's had been to many a man as well meaning and uninformed thirty years

before. But his curiosity was whetted, and he went into the meeting.

Here he caught the echo of a once familiar note, and learned enough to tempt him to look further. He was soon convinced of the justice of George's cause, but could not see that it was a panacea for poverty, and so he wrote to George. The reply he got was, "Nor yet do I; the panacea for poverty is freedom. What I see in the single tax is the means of securing that industrial freedom which will make possible other triumphs of freedom."*

The right chord had been struck, and William Lloyd Garrison the younger awoke.

♣

Always a Republican in politics, Garrison became a Democrat—but a democratic Democrat.

Precisely as his father had been, he was unyielding in his convictions at every angle of principle. As his father had stood for Negro emancipation from chattel slavery, so he stood for human emancipation from land monopoly. And as he stood for this, so he stood for all its corollaries—freedom of citizenship, regardless of race or sex or condition; freedom of immigration, regardless of race or nationality; freedom of trade, regardless of national boundary lines.

Yet he was practical. Although he would not yield one jot of principle when principle was in question, he was never obstructive to those who were going in the direction of his ideals, no matter how slightly or timidly. Had he been a dictator, he would have switched society over to the main track at once; but as a citizen he was willing, though perhaps not always patiently content, to co-operate with his fellow citizens who did not see so far as he nor have his faith—provided they were going in his direction.

So he went with Cleveland whose traditional Democracy he abhorred, because Cleveland seemed to be going in the direction of free trade. So he went with Bryan whose financial doctrines were heresies to him, because Bryan stood for freedom against imperialism.

But on questions of principle he was righteously intolerant of the slightest deviation from principle.

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He did not have the gratification that came to his father, of seeing his cause triumph in his own life time. But this could not be, for it is a greater cause and against a more subtle and powerful enemy.

William Lloyd Garrison the elder fought a gigantic enemy of human freedom in its dying years. Chattel slavery struck back wicked blows, but they were death spasms. His were the battles of a war that was already nearing its end. He might fall in the conflict, but it was within the possibilities that he should live to see the victory, and he did.

Not so with William Lloyd Garrison the younger. The evil he fought is as old historically as chattel slavery, but its economic power is of later growth. As the primary cause of social maladjustment and the very essence of the slavery principle, it is only now coming to be recognized even by those who look for social causes back of social effects. The war against this form of slavery has but just begun, and many generations may pass away before its William Lloyd Garrisons will live to enjoy its ultimate victory.

But if the William Lloyd Garrison of our day could not live to hail the victory, he had nevertheless the opportunity—open to everyone of us—to do his part in the fight. He did it, and this after all is the brighter crown to wear.

To be in at the victory! Any coward, any fool, any knave, can do that. The honor that William Lloyd Garrison the elder earned was earned in the struggle, not in the triumph; and this honor belongs also to the son, who when the call came vitalized his father's principles instead of leaving them to moulder in his father's grave.

♣

The metaphors of war seem out of place in writing of such a man as either Garrison. The younger rejected them himself, and deplored their use by others. For war was to him an abomination. But the life of such a man makes unavoidable demands upon the vocabularies of sanguinary strife. War has been so obtrusive and spectacular a fact in the progress of the race, that it alone furnishes adequate phrases for describing bloodless struggles. Even spiritual conflicts must be described in terms of war. Did not the Prince of Peace himself came into the world to bring "a sword"?

When an era of universal peace shall have been established, its developing vocabularies may furnish forth phrases more sympathetically suggestive of the lives of these men of peace—father and son. But as it is, we can see the two only as soldiers in an army of brotherly love fighting with the weapons of peace for the cause of human justice. The elder Garrison lived through his little war and listened to songs of victory. The younger has died at the beginning of his greater war, and

*See The Public of June 1, 1907, page 206.

in the blinding smoke and distracting confusions of its preliminary skirmishes.

Though we draw upon the vocabularies of warfare, let it be understood that the connotations are those of peace. Not "the peace of the graveyard," but that peace through social equilibrium which passeth the understanding of the privileged and their cohorts.

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No uncertain prophecy, it now seems to be, that in the future the name of William Lloyd Garrison will stand in common thought, not for one apostle of freedom, but for two.

INCIDENTAL SUGGESTIONS

VISIT NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, Aug. 1.

Isn't it possible for some of your readers to take at times a tramp abroad? A long holiday comes due now and then, and where to spend it most profitably is a problem which cannot be easily solved in an age that has seen so much of the world made accessible to travellers. The writer wishes to urge the claims of New South Wales.

New South Wales is naturally one of the most favored parts of the world. By copying the follies of older countries, the inhabitants have to some extent discounted the great blank cheque given them to fill in; but they have done something to further civic ideals.

The traditional fiscal policy of the state was always free trade until that advantage was lost through joining the other states in establishing the Australian Commonwealth in 1900. But ever since 1889 the taxation of land values for revenue purposes has been an essential policy of that state.

In 1896 the principle was incorporated in the laws of the state and a tax on land values was imposed for revenue to replace revenue lost through remission of customs duties. Then in 1906 the local government act, which enabled all Shire and Municipal councils, except the city portion of the capital, to raise all their revenue from land values was passed. This has been done in a very large majority of cases.

There are therefore two reasons why New South Wales should be remembered when an American takes a tramp abroad: its real attractiveness to tourists, and the fact that it leads in practically applying the principles of Henry George.

A. G. HUIE.

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CHARITY AND REFORM.

Chicago, Sept. 5.

I wish everybody had the privilege of reading the editorial in the Public of September 3 on "Charity Begins at Home." But the original use of this adage was more complete. It ran, "Charity begins at home, and reform goes abroad." This is putting the gospel in its inverted sense, like inverting the Golden Rule: "Do the other fellow before he does you." While both are perversions of sound doctrine, both are largely, too largely, the doctrine of life. Rightly interpreted, the adage means that one is ever ready to excuse his own weaknesses, mistakes and evils, but exacts strength, correctness and good of his neighbor. Reform should begin at home, and charity should go abroad. In other words, one should reform himself and exercise charity for his neighbor. But, as the adage runs, one prefers that the neighbor should reform, while he himself remains lawless; or, "that charity remain at home, while reform goes abroad." It is time that this almost universal error was arrested and the true rendering given in its place.

A. B. F.

NEWS NARRATIVE

To use the reference figures of this Department for obtaining continuous news narratives:

Observe the reference figures in any article; turn back to the page they indicate and find there the next preceding article, on the same subject; observe the reference figures in that article, and turn back as before; continue until you come to the earliest article on the subject; then retrace your course through the indicated pages, reading each article in chronological order, and you will have a continuous news narrative of the subject from its historical beginnings to date.

Week ending Tuesday, September 14, 1909.

Journeying to the North Pole.

Commander Robert E. Peary's telegrams from Labrador on the 6th, announcing that he had reached the North Pole last April (p. 873), were followed by fuller accounts of his journey sent by wireless on the days following, while the Commander was still detained on the Labrador coast by the need of coaling and of making repairs to his ice-worn steamer the Roosevelt. The following telegrams were exchanged on the 8th:

Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 8, 1909.—William H. Taft, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.: Have honor to place North Pole at your disposal.

R. E. PEARY, United States Navy.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 8, 1909.—Commander R. E. Peary, A. S. T., Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F.: Thanks for your interesting and generous offer. I do not know exactly what I could do with it. I congratulate you sincerely on having achieved, after the greatest effort, the object of your trip, and I sincerely hope that your observations will contribute substantially to scientific knowledge. You have added luster to the name "American."

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The following message was received in Washington on the 11th:

Honorable Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.: Respectfully report hoisted Stars and Stripes on North Pole April 6 and formally took possession that entire region and adjacent for and in name of President of the United States America. Record and United States flag left in possession.

PEARY.

It was stated in Ottawa on the 12th that a ques-

tion which had been asked in the British House of Commons as to the ownership of the North Pole had been referred to Canada for reply, and that Canada's answer in effect would be that all the territory between the North American boundary and the North Pole must be recognized as Canada's hinterland. The islands, it is maintained, have been formally taken possession of by Captain Bernier, Canada's arctic explorer, who is now lost in the far north.

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Monopolistic copyright claims on the part of rival newspapers over both Cook's and Peary's stories, going to such extremes that the New York Times even obtained book copyright on a half column of brief summary from Mr. Peary, published on the 9th, have to a degree hampered the general dissemination of the actual news in regard to the expeditions in question. The main facts, however, have become common knowledge. Commander Peary with his sledge expedition left his ship, the Roosevelt, on February 15, 1909. He arrived at Cape Columbia, the last land, on March 1. He proceeded over the polar ice with seven members of the expedition, 17 Eskimos, 133 dogs, and 19 sledges, dropping as he had prearranged, group after group of his men, both the white men of his expedition and Eskimos, until he dropped his last white man, Captain Bartlett of the Roosevelt, an Englishman, at about the 88th parallel on April 2. He crossed the 89th parallel April 4. And leaving the rest of his party, with the exception of one Eskimo, before he started on his last dash, when he made 40 miles in twelve hours, he reached the Pole on the 6th. He reports taking photographs, planting flags, and depositing records. Five miles from the Pole he found a narrow crack in the ancient ice masses, filled with recent ice, through which he and his Eskimo companion worked a hole with a pickax, which enabled them to make a sounding. All his wire was sent down, 1,500 fathoms (a fathom is six feet), but no bottom was reached. In pulling the wire up it parted, and lead and wire went to the bottom, so the reel and handle were thrown away. On the return journey, begun on the 7th, still more remarkable time was made, Cape Columbia being reached again by the 23d. The expedition lost one member. Dr. Ross G. Marvin was drowned near Cape Columbia on his return to that point.

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With Commander Peary's reports of his expedition to the Pole have come also vehement denials from him of Dr. Cook's claims to priority of discovery, as in the following telegrams:

Indian Harbor, Labrador (by wireless via Cape Ray, N. F.), Sept. 7.—To Melville E. Stone, Associated Press, New York: I have nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole. This is authoritative and correct. Cook's story should not be taken too seriously. The two Eskimos who accompanied him say he went no distance north and not out of sight of land. Other members of the tribe corroborate their story.

PEARY.

Indian Harbor, Labrador (via Cape Ray, N. F.), Sept. 8 [To Mrs. Peary]:—Good morning. Delayed by gale. Don't let Cook story worry you. Have him nailed.

BERT.

Indian Harbor, Labrador.—The Reuter Telegram Company:—Cook's story should not be taken too seriously. The Eskimos who accompanied him say he went no distance north and not out of sight of land. Other men of the tribe corroborate their statement.

PEARY.

Battle Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 10.—The Editor of the [New York] Herald: Do not imagine Herald likely be imposed upon by Cook story, but for your infomation Cook has simply handed the public a gold brick. He had not been at the pole on April 21, 1908, or any other time. The above statement is made advisedly and at the proper time will be backed by proof.

PEARY.

The status of the controversy between the two explorers thus unhappily precipitated, as it appears to the general public at this time, is fairly described by the Chicago Inter Ocean of the 12th, as follows:

Peary has now told the detailed story of his dash to the Pole. In reading it one can not escape the surprising fact that it tends to corroborate Cook's narrative in several particulars. . . .

Like Cook, Peary brought back practically his own word alone to support his claim that he had attained the earth's apex.

When we come to rate of travel, Cook's fifteen miles a day seems modest in comparison with the distances Peary covered. When near the eighty-eighth parallel Peary decided to attempt to reach the Pole in five days' marches. According to his story, he made twenty-five miles on the first day, twenty on the second, twenty on the third, twenty-five on the fourth, and forty—yes, forty! on the fifth. On these last five days he traveled at an average rate of twenty-six miles a day.

And on the return trip from the Pole to Cape Columbia he made even better time. He tried, he says, on his return trip to make double the distance he covered on his dash to the Pole. "As a matter of fact," he declares, "we nearly did this, covering regularly on our return journey five outward marches in three return marches."

It is easy to figure out the average rate of speed he made on his return trip. He started back from the Pole, he says, on April 7 and reached Cape Columbia on April 23, covering the 450 miles in sixteen days. This is a daily rate of 28.12 miles a day. . . .

We learn from Peary's story that he started for the Pole earlier in the season than Cook. He started in February, Cook in March. He reached the Pole fifteen days earlier in the season—Cook fixes the date as April 21 and Peary as April 6. This would

seem to dispel all doubt about Cook's ability to travel in what is winter weather in the arctic.

Cook's references to "milling ice" and "purple snows" would seem unimportant, except that the doubting Thomases have seized upon it. Peary says that as he approached the Pole he found the ice in motion that was both visible and audible. And, though he says nothing of "purple snows," he describes the surface of the old floes as being "dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes."

So if we doubt Cook, why should we not doubt Peary? And if we believe Peary, why should we not believe Cook? Peary's is the unemotional, detailed, matter-of-fact story of a scientist. Cook's is the breathless and exultant tale of a triumphant adventurer.

If both Peary and Cook reached the Pole—and there is, on the face of things, no more reason to doubt one than to doubt the other—their expeditions must remain distinct in purpose and character. The one was a scientific achievement, the other a heroic adventure.

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Dr. Frederick A. Cook (p. 872) received on the 7th from the Royal Danish Geographical Society its large gold medal in recognition of his having been the first explorer to reach the North Pole. Dr. Cook crossed from Copenhagen to Christiansand, Norway, on the 11th, and there took the steamer Oscar II for New York. He was received with enormous enthusiasm by the Norwegians, and a special salute was fired in his honor by order of King Haakon.

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The Land Question in England.

All doubt of the early adoption of the budget (p. 875) by the House of Commons is now at an end. The problem now is what the House of Lords will do with it. They may cut out the land tax clauses and adopt the rest of the measure; but this would be revolutionary, and if the Commons refused to submit, as they doubtless would, the very existence of the House of Lords might hang in the balance. Or, they might reject the whole budget, as they have the constitutional right to do; but that would cut off public revenues, and stop the wheels of government, all for the sake of a few dukes, and this is an issue the Lords hesitate to challenge. For these reasons a speech by Lord Rosebery, announced for delivery at Glasgow on the 10th, was anticipated with intense interest, as likely to indicate the policy of the House of Lords. When Rosebery's first words were reported in London, they were ferocious in their hostility to the budget, and there was a rush to the conclusion that the Lords had decided to kill it. But when he came to his peroration he restored the old feeling of uncertainty by disclaiming all responsibility for the House of Lords. "The situation, then, remains indecisive," says T. P. O'Conner in his Chicago Tribune cable letter of the 11th, "especially as two to three weeks must elapse before the budget reaches the House of Lords and anything may happen in the interval. This indecision is reflected in the organs of the Tory party. The Times does not cease to hesitate and the Morning Post will have no alliance with Rosebery unless he abandons free trade. The Daily Telegraph alone boldly advocates the rejection of the budget. . . . The Radicals and Irish members believe the rejection of the budget too good news to be true, all parties agreeing that such rejection means the beginning of the end of the privileges of the House of Lords and a certain and early advent of home rule.

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The tremendous upheaval of public opinion in favor of the budget is pictured in the following excerpts from "Land Values" of London, which are confirmed by the British press in general:

The revolution inaugurated by the budget is making steady progress. The first notice of this overturning movement appeared in the Westminster Gazette of July 29th, in a series of letters intended to burlesque the policy of the tariff reformers. The correspondents confessed that tariff reform associated with protests against the budget was received unfavorably by the people, and the leaders of the movement were advised to dissociate themselves from the attack on land values. On August 4th a more serious indication of the change appeared in the Times. There was a respite of a few days in the discussion of the finance bill. The Times political correspondent said this had given an opportunity of estimating how opinion in the country stood on the question of the budget. "That the Government," he said, "feel themselves to be in a stronger position today than two months ago is plainly indicated by the confidence which ministers exhibit in conversation on the subject. It is also indicated by the trend of gossip, and by that curious sense of change which may be felt by those sensitive to impressions, a change comparable only to the turn of the tide upon an estuary when the moored boats swing slowly round." These faint shocks and rumbles were but the precursors of the most serious earthquake, eruption, and tidal wave that have overtaken a political party for generations. Up till this time the old landmarks had remained. The Conservatives talked bravely in parliament, on the platforms, and in the press, but on August 5th the Daily Mail and the Morning Post abandoned their old positions, and were found standing on that morning on what their readers might regard as their heads. The whole landscape was changed. What was anti-budget yesterday was pro-budget today. The fight against it was over. The country was strongly in its favor. Its new and great features had commended it to the people as nothing had done before. The same upheaval was taking place at meetings in the country. On August 4th, at Biggleswade, a resolution in favor of the budget was carried almost unanimously at a meeting called to protest against it . . The defection in the Tory Press was a result of the defection in the country. A simple promise of Liberal policy has taken the heart out of the re-

actionary Tory party. The British people were only waiting for the call to freedom in order to turn from the shams which were offered them by the tariff reformers. They never loved protection, or sat content under it for a day, but their suffering during the last generation made them intolerant of Conservatism. They were nauseated and sickened almost to death by being told that they were living under the best possible system. They knew this was a lie. The country almost to a man knows that our systems of land tenure and taxation are terribly unjust. This fact has been brought home during the last two months to the Tories in the House of Lords, in the House of Commons, and in the press. Some of these are already shaping their policy to meet this new situation, and the next few years will see an increasing number of them accepting this policy. Clear observers hesitate to say what the future of the Tory party will be, if the Liberals are faithful to this principle which has found expression in the budget. The Tories are now running an alternative scheme. In the first issue of The Budget Week by Week, the new organ of the Budget Protest League, they submit the following as the Unionist proposals: "Rate on annual ground values; taxation confined to urban land; rates to be collected by the municipalities; proceeds of ground taxation to go in relief of rates." . . . Up and down the country dukes and earls are indulging in arguments mingled with threats and appeals to the pity of the happy people who have no land and no incomes to tax . . . Lord Rosebery asked for a referendum on the budget. He has got it. The agitation has been more thorough than any carried on for years. For some time the event seemed doubtful. Two months ago, or less, it was possible for the House of Lords and their advisers to hesitate and weigh their chances of success in forcing a general election by overstepping their Constitutional powers. Their position called for sympathy in these days of suspense . . . We congratulate the Lords on their relief from the agony of suspense. They know now what the mind of the country is, and they can determine their course in the light of that clear declaration. We need not recapitulate the stages in this wonderful movement of public opinion in favor of the taxation of land values, a movement as of an avalanche or landslip. When its progress was irrestibly felt, one Conservative newspaper after another altered its tone, endeavoring to adjust it to the new conditions. There were the inevitable reproaches and recriminations among them. The bitterness of despair showed itself in the Spectator, Standard, and Daily Telegraph. The humiliation of recording or suppressing the overwhelming defeat of resolutions against the budget was too much for their temper . . . From every quarter reports come that the budget is received with favor. We are sorry for the men on whom the task of arguing against it is laid. The only means of getting a hostile resolution passed seems to be for some lord to invite people to assemble in his park, to entertain them with tea, and in return obtain a vote condemning the budget.

Taxing the Unearned Increment in Sweden.

A committee appointed early in the year by the Swedish government for the purpose of proposing methods for taxing the unearned increase of land values in Sweden for local purposes, has now completed its work, and the following are the propositions advocated by the committee, as reported by the Vernamo Posten of August 21:

In city or town, the tax shall amount to one-fourth of the increase in value, and be levied as specified below. A lower rate of taxation may be levied if two-thirds of the voters in any municipality so decide.

In country townships, the increase in land values may be taxed at a rate up to one-quarter of the increase, if two-thirds of the voters so decide.

The tax is payable upon the transfer of the property from one owner to another, and shall be paid by the seller; in case of inheritance, it is paid by the heir or heirs. When property in land has not changed hands in 20 years, the tax may be levied against the property as if transferred, and is payable in 20 yearly installments.

The primary value, in relation to which the unearned increase shall be determined, is the assessed value in 1908.

The proceeds from this tax may only be used for permanent improvements, such as the building of roads, railroads, public buildings, etc.

Henry George's Seventieth Birthday.

One of the memorial dinners in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Henry George (p. 874) was given in San Francisco on the 2d. Judge Robert Ferral presided, and the speakers were Mayor Taylor, Judge Coffey, Police Commissioner Leggett, Judge Maguire, Walter Macarthur, Richard I. Whelan, James H. Barry, Wells Drury, Andrew Furuseth, Rev. Robert Whitaker, W. G. Eggleston, C. F. Knight, Walter Gallagher, Patrick J. Healy, Herman Gutstadt, W. A. Cole, and Stephen Potter. A poem by Frances Margaret Milne was read. The speeches are reported at length and the poem is reproduced in the San Francisco Star of the 4th.

At Omaha, on the 2d, L. J. Quinby presided, and the principal speaker was John Z. White, of Chicago. Other speakers were Paul Herbert, E. C. Clark, I. J. Dunn, Harriet Heller, and J. J. Points. A Nebraska organization was formed with L. J. Quinby of Omaha as president, and E. C. Clark, of Syracuse, as secretary.

The Providence, R. I., Single Tax Club, of which Dr. J. A. McLaughlin is president, celebrated the birthday on the 2d with a "bohemian dinner" at Dr. McLaughlin's residence. David S. Fraser and T. J. Connolly were the speakers.

The Cleveland Traction Question.

Only the question of maximum rate of fare now stands in the way of settlement of the traction

fight (p. 876) in Cleveland. The traction company offered on the 7th to—

(1) allow the city to nominate a purchaser of the company's property at any time after eight years from the date at which the proposed franchise becomes operative, provided it may retain the property upon the basis of as small a return as the propesed purchaser offers;
(2) concede the point that arbitrators shall not be limited to "disinterested" persons;
(3) refer the drafting of invalidity or safeguard clause to Judge Tayler, Judge Lawrence, Mr. Tolles and Mr. Baker.

But the company makes the foregoing offer—

upon condition that the question of valuation be submitted to Judge Tayler at once; that the maximum rate of fare be 5 cents cash, including transfer, and 7 tickets for a quarter with 1 cent for transfer; and that the initial rate of fare be 3 cents cash, with 1 cent for transfer.

In response to these offers the city on the 8th accepted the offer for immediate valuation by Judge Tayler "unless it is meant to revoke the agreement that the valuation shall be by items to the extent that either party shall request, and the further agreement that the thing to be determined by Judge Tayler should be the value of the physical property and the value of the unexpired franchises of the company." As to the question of maximum fare the city replies:

The reasons for postponing the consideration of the fare question until after the determination of the valuation are so convincing that the Council regarded the company's concession upon that subject as evidence of substantial progress in the direction of settlement. We cannot conceive that the company would now insist upon reopening this settled question as a condition to its willingness to proceed at once with the valuation before Judge Tayler.

The Council thereupon offers to join the company in a request to Judge Tayler to begin the valuation of the property at once and suggests for the company's consideration the following form of letter:

Hon. R. W. Tayler, city—Sir: The Council of the city of Cleveland and the Cleveland Railway Company unite in a request that you will, at your earliest convenience, and as sole arbiter, undertake the valuation of the physical property and the unexpired franchises of the Cleveland Railway Company. The agreements reached between the company and the Council are that the valuation is to be by items, to the extent that either side requests, and that the subject of valuation shall be the physical property and unexpired franchises of the company, excluding good will and going value. The company and the Council will meet your wishes in the matter of time and place of hearings, and both, through their representatives, will produce all available data and evidence for your consideration.

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The Cleveland Primaries.

Contrary to the first news dispatches regarding the Cleveland primaries on the 7th (p. 876), to the effect that Mayor Johnson had been renominated but his supporters in the Council had been defeated, all but two of his councilmanic supporters were renominated.

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The Democratic vote for Mayor was light, there being no serious opposition to Johnson; and while the Republican vote was larger it was regarded as significantly light in view of the fact that a vigorous triangular contest was waged. Following are the figures on the mayoral vote:

Democratic:	
Johnson	15,039
Walz	1,317
Total	16,356
Johnson's majority	13,722
Republican:	
Baehr	19,020
McKisson	8,658
Chandler	1,894
Total	29,572
Baehr's majority	8,468

Walz was the Democratic councilman who turned against Mayor Johnson in the traction fight. Baehr was the "organization" Republican, McKisson the "wicked" Republican, and Chandler the "good" Republican.

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Commenting upon the result, Mayor Johnson said: "The fact that the Democratic ticket polled a total vote nearly two-thirds as large as the total Republican vote, with no contests of a kind that would get out the Democratic vote, is a splendid indication of Democratic success at the general election." He also roughly outlined the dominant issue of the campaign as he sees it. The interview appeared in the Press of the 8th and the Plain Dealer of the 9th, as follows:

The quadrennial appraisement of property for taxation will be a very important question in the campaign, whether or not the street railways form an issue. The system for levying our taxes is probably the most unjust ever known. All is in confusion, and the way is open to all sorts of tricks in the valuation of property for taxation. A great step forward was taken when the time of appraisement was changed from ten to four years, and the work placed in the hands of men elected on nonpartisan tickets. Our whole attention should be directed to securing the appraisement of property in accordance with a uniform rule. There is property in this city that is assessed at not over 5 per cent of its value. Combinations of property owners have kept their valuations to from 10 to 35 per cent, while property outside the combination is assessed at from 40 to 110 per cent of its value.

The Saratoga Conference.

At the Democratic conference for New York (p. 794) held at Saratoga on the 9th and 10th, Alton B. Parker was chosen temporary chairman. Both he and Thomas M. Osborne, who as chairman of the provisional executive committee, followed him in a speech, made it clear that the gathering was a conference and not a convention, and that its purpose was not to declare but to suggest policies for the Democratic party. This same idea was emphasized by Edward M. Shepard upon his taking the platform as permanent chairman. A telegram from William J. Bryan, read by Chairman Shepard, was as follows: "I trust the conference will strengthen the party by a straightforward declaration in favor of principles and policies acceptable to the rank and file of the party throughout the land. I am hoping for a strong indorsement of an income tax and for a specific demand for free raw material and a substantial reduction of the tariff on manufactured articles." The proposed declaration of principles, moved on the 10th by Andrew McLean, as chairman of the committee on plan, scope and address, was freely discussed. But the only dissension was over clauses relating to the income tax and the taxation of corporations. As finally adopted by the conference the declaration was as follows:

The Democrats assembled in conference at Saratoga Sept. 9 and 10, 1909, announce the following as their understanding of certain essential Democratic principles and policies:

A strict construction of Constitutions, both State and Federal, that the rights of the State and people respectively may be preserved.

Loyal support of the Federal government in the exercise of all its Constitutional powers; eternal vigilance in watching and detecting, and vigorous and persistent opposition to any and all extensions of Federal power that trench upon those reserved to the States or to the people.

A tariff for revenue only; no government subsidies to special interests, either directly or through protective tariffs.

Equal and uniform taxation, taking no more from the people than the just needs of government, economically administered, require.

The abandonment at the earliest moment practicable of our imperialistic venture in the Philippine islands, first safeguarding their independence by sufficient guaranties.

Steady adherence to the principle of home rule and local self-government by the State and each of its political subdivisions.

Rigid economy in government expenditures.

Election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

Reform in our registration and in enrollment laws, so that personal registration and enrollment shall be required in every political subdivision of the State.

Reform in our methods of election, so that each elective officer shall be the separate, deliberate, and intelligent selection of the voters of the State.

Reform in our methods of nominating candidates for public office so that nominating conventions shall be composed of Representatives directly chosen by the members of the party.

Reform in our primary laws so as to give to every citizen greater direct influence in naming candidates for office, and surrounding the primaries with such safeguards as will insure their honesty and providing the necessary time and legal machinery to insure the choice of a majority of the voters being respected and enforced, in convention and committee.

No interference with the personal liberty of any citizen except such as is essential to secure the equal rights of all the citizens.

Taxation of corporations by the State alone.

A Constitutional amendment authorizing the levy of a Federal income tax.

Enforcement of Federal and State laws against criminal trusts and combinations in restraint of trade.

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Free Speech Campaign.

Under the protection of the Free Speech Committee (210 East 13th street, New York City) Emma Goldman is making a tour of the country testing the American right of free speech. In some places this right has been grossly violated by the authorities; in some it has been protected, and in others—as on the occasion at East Orange, N. J., (pp. 532, 580, 660)—the unlawful acts of the police have been circumvented by public spirited citizens who, though not in sympathy with the Goldman doctrines of anarchism, are practical believers in the American doctrine of free speech.

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From Jacob Haussling, the Mayor of Newark, N. J., the Free Speech Committee received a response to their inquiries which breathes the old time spirit of the American ideal. Mayor Haussling wrote:

I have no official knowledge of anything tending to show that there will be an attempt to suppress the exercises of free speech by the speaker [Emma Goldman] or by anybody else in connection with the meeting, but I can assure you that if there were any such intention on the part of any of the police authorities it will not be carried out. I will not permit any interference with the rights of free speech or public assemblage while I am Mayor of this city.

Quite in contrast with Mayor Haussling's letter was the action of James E. Burke, the Mayor of Burlington, Vt. Without the slightest knowledge of what the lecturer intended to say except that she was to lecture on anarchism, and apparently with no knowledge of what anarchism means, Mayor Burke adopted the un-American method of preventing her from discussing what he called "her un-American doctrines." He first withdrew the city hall from her use, and then, supported by policemen, stationed himself at the door of a private hall her agent had hired, and "in the

name of peace, of society, and of law and order" forbade her entering.

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At Providence, the Goldman lecture was not interfered with, but the police exercised the astonishing authority of forbidding the charge of an admission fee. More or less difficulty has been encountered through these police interferences, but during the summer the right of free speech in this connection has been acknowledged in at least 10 places; and the committee announces that, beginning with September 22, specific tests of the right will be made in important cities where the police have heretofore unlawfully interfered. Among the cities selected for these tests are Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Indianapolis and Chicago.

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Worcester, Massachusetts, is one of the places where the intervention of public spirited American citizens thwarted the unlawful interference of the local police. The Rev. and Mrs. Eliot White, though holding opposite opinions to Miss Goldman's, intervened to secure to her the right of free speech and to their fellow townsmen the right of free assemblage. Local hall owners had been so intimidated by the police that it was with difficulty a hall was secured for a Goldman lecture for September 8; and after one had been secured, the owner canceled his contract because he was threatened by the police with revocation of his hall license. In this emergency Mr. and Mrs. White threw open their home in the outskirts for the lecture. Thereupon 19 policemen were sent out for the "protection of property," a service which they performed by roughly rushing the assembled men and women from the lawn; but this was stopped by Mr. White, as soon as he could make the police lieutenant understand that the "trespass' was desired by the property owner. The people were then invited back to the lawn, and here Emma Goldman delivered her lecture, which the police of so many places are for some occult reason so keen to suppress. Describing the event Mr. White writes:

Then ensued the remarkable event of a lecture on the topic, "What Is Anarchism?" by Miss Goldman, from an improvised platform under the summer stars, with an audience of 300 Worcester citizens and 19 attentive policemen, who offered no slightest remonstrance to the speaker's keen criticisms of the authorities and the detailed expositions of philosophical anarchy. The local press acknowledged it a victory for the upholders of free speech. The morning paper reported the lecture well, and now Worcester is trying to discover why permission should have been denied in the first place to set forth this technical economic doctrine, and why when denying it categorically the authorities should not have foreseen the helpless submission they would have to make to that supreme American talisman—private property right.

The following resolutions were passed by the Worcester Free Speech Committee, Sept. 9, 1909:

Resolved, that as citizens of Worcester, we seriously regret that the Mayor should have abdicated his office recently in favor of the Chief of Police, on a question so vital not only to Worcester but to the country at large, as the denial of the constitutional right of free speech in this city. And, that we hereby register our thoro disapproval of the procedure of the Chief of Police and acting mayor, in arbitrarily refusing his permission to Miss Emma Goldman to exercise a right guaranteed by the Federal Constitution to all the people without discrimination. And, that we regret the absence of Mayor Logan and Chief Matthews from the lecture on Anarchism delivered in this city by Miss Goldman, where it would have been possible for them to gain personal knowledge of the doctrines of the speaker and the spirit in which she sets them forth; such knowledge being we believe very necessary for dealing intelligently with possible situations in the future, similar to that just handled in such an un-American and unconvincing manner.

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End of the McKee's Rocks Strike.

After nearly two months of conflict, the McKee's Rocks strike (p. 847) is at an end, the strikers having returned to work. As reported in the dispatches, they were granted everything they asked save an increase in wages, which the company convinced them could not be given at this time because of slack business. It has promised, however, to restore the wage scale of 1907 as soon as business picks up. The last concession was made on the 7th, when it was announced by the employers that even the half dozen strike leaders would be given their old jobs if they chose to take them. But these men decided not to take chances. They say they will leave the neighborhood now that the strike has been won. Among the changes agreed to by the company are the following: No Sunday work hereafter; half holiday on Saturday; the promise of an increase in wages; the indefinite suspension of T. A. Farrell, chief of the company police; a printed list of prices to be exhibited in all departments, so the men will know exactly what they are to receive for piece work, and a guarantee that better conditions are to prevail throughout the mill.

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Relative to the peonage investigation the acting attorney general of the United States officially announced on the 11th that it does not appear from the evidence that a prosecution for violation of the so-called peonage law, or of the labor section of the immigration law, or of any Federal statute can be sustained; but that much of the testimony tends to show violation of the New York and Pennsylvania State law. He has addressed letters to Governors Hughes of New York, and

Stuart of Pennsylvania, calling their attention to the results of the investigation, informing them that the evidence shows that employment agencies induced men to go to the scene of the strike to take the place of the striking employes without telling the new men where they were going, what the labor conditions were at the plant, or the nature of the work that they were to be called upon to do, and without giving them a written contract in their own language setting out these things, including the matter of the wages which would be paid. All these are requirements under the State laws. Many acts of brutality committed at the plant are reported also, and the Governors are advised that the Federal agents stand ready to assist at any time in prosecutions begun by the State.

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Death of Edward H. Harriman.

Edward H. Harriman died at Turners, N. Y., on the 9th, at the age of 62. A private citizen, without official authority of any kind, Mr. Harriman absolutely controlled nearly 25,000 miles of public highways. As reported by the newspapers, his highway holdings were as follows:

Railroads in His Absolute Control:	Mileage.
Southern Pacific System	9,592
Union Pacific System	5,989
Southern Pacific of Mexico	791
San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake	512
St. Joseph and Grand Island	319
Illinois Central	4,593
Central of Georgia	1,913
Total	23,709

Railroads in Which He Held Dominant Interest:	Interest.
Baltimore and Ohio	4,532
Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton	1,037
Delaware and Hudson	845
Total	6,414

Railroads in Which He Held Important Interest:	Mileage.
Erie	2,335
New York Central Lines	12,527
Wheeling and Lake Erie	498
Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal	67
Total	15,427

Railroads in Which He Held Lesser Interest:	Mileage.
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe	10,608
Chicago and Northwestern	7,632
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	9,005
Total	27,245

At 3:30 p. m., Eastern time, on the day of Mr. Harriman's funeral, his personal representatives memorialized the event by stopping for a minute all trains on the highways he controlled. Upon his death-bed he transacted business until nearly the last, dictating letters to his stenographer until within an hour and a half of his death.

NEWS NOTES

—Gen. H. C. Corbin died at New York on the 8th at the age of 67.

—A British expedition to the Antarctic regions, including a dash to the South Pole, is announced for August of next year (p. 326).

—The Esperanto congress which has just been holding its sessions at Barcelona, Spain (p. 876), adjourned to meet at Washington in August, 1910.

—St. Joseph, Mo., adopted a charter at referendum on the 7th by a majority of 1,503 in a total vote of 4,431. The charter adopts the commission plan of government, with the initiative, refendum and recall.

—Mexico continues to be devastated by floods (p. 876) due to terrific storms with heavy rainfalls. La Paz, the capital of the State of Lower California on the west coast, was reported on the 8th to be in ruins.

—Regis H. Post has resigned the governorship of Porto Rico (vol. x, p. 83; vol. xii, p. 531), and it was announced on the 12th that President Taft would appoint George R. Colton of the District of Columbia to the position.

—The press of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland (p. 208), announces that the police authorities are about to undertake the wholesale expulsion of Jews from Finland. The Anti-Semitic movement in Finland has the support of the Old Finn party.

—After November 1 it will cost ten cents instead of eight cents to register a piece of mail matter in the United States. The maximum indemnity paid to the owner of a lost or rifled registered letter is at the same time to be increased from $25 to $50.

—Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the public schools of Chicago, has announced the abandonment of the Cooley marking system for teachers (vol. ix, p. 1,204; vol. x, p. 322, vol. xii, p. 220-22) and the substitution therefor of classifications—"superior," "excellent," "good" and "fair." The secrecy rule is also abolished.

—The tariff board created by the Aldrich-Taft tariff act (p. 777) was appointed by President Taft on the 11th as follows: Henry C. Emery (chairman), professor of political economy at Yale; James B. Reynolds of Massachusetts, at present assistant secretary of the treasury; and Alvin H. Sanders of Chicago, editor and proprietor of the Breeders' Gazette.

—The following statistics of Russian terrorism are taken from the London Labor Leader of September 3: "Altogether 841 prisoners have been sentenced to death during the first seven months of the present year, and 381 of these were executed. In Kieff prison, one of those sentenced to death committed suicide. In Tiumen four men were sentenced to death; at the second trial they were found innocent. As far as the press is concerned, the month of July has been most severe. Editors have been fined to the extent of 6,750 roubles. Some of them have been fined twice, and some three times during the month

in question. The total amount of fines inflicted upon editors during the first seven months of the year reached the sum of 54,425 roubles" (pp. 325, 563).

—"Halley's Comet," which has a periodicity of about seventy-five years, and was last here in the winter of 1835-6, has been sighted by Professor Wolff of Heidelberg. It is not yet visible to the naked eye, but within three months it is expected to add brilliance and gayety to the eastern sky. The fact of the periodicity of some comets was established by Halley in the 17th century through the identification of this comet with comet appearances recorded at significant intervals far back into early history.

—William Lloyd Garrison, second son of William Lloyd Garrison of anti-slavery fame, died at his home in Lexington, Massachusetts. on the 12th. He was born in Boston, January 21 1838. He wrote and spoke frequently for universal peace, free trade, the enfranchisement of women, and anti-imperialism, but especially for the land and labor ideas of Henry George. For several years he was president of the Massachusetts Single Tax League and for the last five years of his life he was first secretary and then president of the American Free Trade League.

—An injunction against the enforcement of the Illinois 10-hour law for the protection of working women (p. 538) was granted by Judge Tuthill of Chicago on the 12th. The suit was brought in the name of the W. C. Ritchie Paper Box Company and by two of his women employes who made affidavits that they had worked for the firm 32 and 16 years respectively and that they were unable to get living wages unless permitted to work more than ten hours a day. The Illinois Manufacturers' Association is behind the suit. The decision of Judge Tuthill was based on the theory that this law denies women constitutional rights to make individual contracts and work as many hours as they please. "The law as it now stands," said he, "virtually relegates women back to dependence." The Constitutional policy of this State is to advance the cause of women and place them upon an equal basis with men. It is her right to make contracts and to acquire property if she chooses to do so. This law seeks to prohibit her from working more than ten hours a day if she wishes to, and I think that in that respect it deprives her of her right to exercise the right of contract which is given her by the Constitution.

PRESS OPINIONS

Woman Suffrage and Henry George.

The (Boston) Woman's Journal, (equal suffrage), Sept. 11.—The many celebrations of Henry George's seventieth birthday recall the fact that Mr. George, like most of the progressive thinkers of our age, was an advocate of equal rights for women. He wrote: "The right of a woman to vote is just as clear as that of a man, and rests on the same ground. Since she is called on to obey the laws, she ought to have a voice in making them. And the assumption that she is not fit to vote is no better reason for denying her that right than was the similar assumption which has been urged against every extension of the franchise to unfranchise men."

North Pole Claims.

The (Chicago) Inter-Ocean (Rep.), Sept. 13.—The Inter Ocean, as the only Chicago morning newspaper which has not attempted to copyright the North Pole in some form or other . . . views with real regret the Tribune's efforts to strip Mr. Lawson's Record-Herald of its particular laurels as a patron of arctic expeditions. . . . Of course, there is some argument on the Tribune's side. It . . . depends on how you look at it. If you simply fix your eye on the Pole, the palm seems to go to the Tribune: Peary got there and Wellman didn't. But if you keep your eye fixed on the newspaper, the honor shifts to the Record-Herald: It did its darndest and the Tribune didn't do anything.

An Argument Against Direct Primaries.

New York World (Dem.), Sept. 10.—The nomination of Tom Johnson for Mayor of Cleveland for the fifth time by the Democrats ought to prove conclusively that the direct-primaries system is an utter failure. What better evidence does the New York legislative commission want? Why should it search further? Here is a man who could go out and make no end of money, yet he persists in annoying the most respectable class of plutocrats by raising a public disturbance over cheap street-railway fares. He shows absolutely no respect for vested rights, and yet he used to be a trafficker in vested rights himself. He knew every trick of the game. . . . What are you going to do with that kind of people when they turn radicals and agitators and insist on running for office? Elect them to office term after term and go on making mischief? The kind of political machinery that permits the people themselves to manage their affairs with such appalling results must be a menace to the State. The sacred rights of privilege and the cohesive power of the corporations are no longer secure when such things come to pass.

The Mayor of Cleveland.

The (Chicago) Voter (ind.), September, 1909.—Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, has suffered another defeat. At a recent election his latest three-cent fare proposition was lost by an adverse majority of 3,982. In a total vote of approximately 66,000 this is not so crushing as it might appear at first glance. The vote was taken on the Schmidt traction franchise, which was to be the start for extension grants to belt three-fourths of the city with three-cent fare lines. In ten months Mayor Johnson has been beaten four times. At the Democratic national convention he lost his national committeeship. He has lost money, sacrified time and health in his battles, but he is still undismayed and proposes to be a candidate to succeed himself again as mayor of Cleveland. Whatever else may be said of Tom Johnson, he cannot be accused of being a quitter. He has fought special privilege consistently and at odds, and fortunately for his cause he is still possessed of the courage to keep up the contest. It is a very good wager that he will be mayor of Cleveland again. It is also safe to assume that the battle for the place will be as picturesque and interesting

as it was when Senator Burton, obeying the Roosevelt behest, attempted to retire Tom Johnson.

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Child Murder.

Chicago Daily Socialist, August 28.—Any physician knows that a baby does not die from diarrhoeal diseases unless poison has been placed in its stomach. These diseases come from germs that are found in impure food. Whoever is responsible for placing those germs in the little stomachs is guilty of murder. We may be sure that the parents do not knowingly give poison to their children. If they are ignorant it is because they have been robbed of the opportunity to know the things that would save the lives of their children. . . . It is only the children of the working class who are being poisoned. The bulletin of the Chicago health department states that "72 per cent of these deaths occurred in the river wards, in the 'back of the yards' district, and in the rolling mills district of South Chicago." . . . Turn now to the lake shore. Here is where the people live who own the stock yards, the west side factories, the South Chicago steel mills. Here are whole wards without a single case. Was there some strange mark above the doorposts of the homes in this locality that stayed the hand of the angel of death? Yes. IT WAS THE DOLLAR MARK. Where pure food could be purchased and proper care given, there the hand of the avenging plague was stayed. Only where those lived who did the work of producing the wealth of Chicago were the babies sacrificed. Roosevelt talks of "race suicide." Here is race murder.

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The Labor Question.

The (Minneapolis) Daily News (ind.), July 14.—Union labor has been guilty of outrages in the past. We should be glad to believe that it will never be guilty in like manner again—but we are not so optimistic, human nature being as it is. On the other hand, unionized capital has been quite as guilty of outrages quite as awful as any of which labor may be accused, and quite as many of them. We should be glad to think that these things are over, but the blind hate of men like Kirby and Van Cleave forbids any confident hope. The Van Cleaves, Kirbys, Gomperses and Mitchells are thrown into an arena by forces greater than they may know, and made to fight like rats and dogs in a pit. Perhaps one is as much to blame as another. And at bottom, we common citizens are as much to blame as they. For we make and unmake institutions; and institutions make labor troubles. Kirby declares that his union is seeking to protect "peaceful and law-abiding citizens in their God-given right to labor." Does he know what that means? Does it mean only that every man has a right to work as a strike breaker or otherwise, for him and his associated employers? . . . Of course, Kirby may urge, the world is wide, and labor may find employment anywhere. But it is not true. The world is wide, but it is owned. Labor has ceased to own any world. If Kirby will throw himself into the fight for the striking of the hand of monopoly from the ownership of the earth, he will show himself capable of looking at both sides of the shield.

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Big Business at Work.

La Follette's (ind. Rep.), August 28.—Many things have transpired recently to give us an insight into the methods of Big Business. We were given a few revelations during the special session of Congress called to revise the tariff. We are indebted to the sugar trust for a very illuminating object lesson in a sure way to create and maintain a monopoly. We have seen how one corporation got what it wanted by corrupting a judge. We have observed how skillfully the people of a great city were befuddled by public utility sophistry into turning down an official who was fighting their own fight. We have found proof in another great city that public indignation against corruption may be diverted by the subtle use of four small words: "It is hurting business". We see almost every day fresh evidence of the cleverness with which seekers after special privilege shape public sentiment to their own ends. With these things in mind it is somewhat startling to read in Lynn Haines' article, printed on another page of this magazine, about another method employed by Big Business to maintain its hold upon the public. This method is secret and insidious; therefore doubly effective. It works this way: If a corporation, entrenched in special privileges, finds its hold upon these privileges threatened seriously by an association of people who have banded together the better to protect their own rights, and open fighting proves ineffective, it does not lose heart. It does not abondon the fight. It simply changes its tactics. Secretly and mysteriously it gets a hold on the organization of the association. Then suddenly the members wake up to the fact that the fighting has stopped.

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"The Old Order Changeth."

Milwaukee Daily News (Dem.), Sept. 8.—Great as is an Englishman's love for a lord—it has been said that he had rather be kicked by one of them than to be ignored—"the dukes" by the character of their opposition to the Lloyd-George budget have insured its passage and the continuation in power of the radical and liberal elements in British politics at a time when they were threatened with overthrow through popular reaction. Even the dullest of English blockheads is able to see that it is better that "the dukes" shall give up their hounds and hunting preserves than that Englishmen shall starve for want of opportunity to work through the monopolization of the land and the crushing burden of taxation upon the fruits of labor. "The dukes" of the world are falling upon evil days. Vested wrongs are losing their sanctity in the public mind. It matters nothing that the servitors of privilege are the more zealous in their defense of the means of exploitation—that they quote from court decisions that a wrong once established is clothed with the sanctity of precedent and must not be disturbed, and hug delirously the parchments on which are recorded the title deeds—it will avail nothing. "The dukes" have had their day. The future belongs to the men upon whose backs they have ridden.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

WHEN EYES TO NATURE'S GLORY CLOSE.

For The Public.

When lips are cold that Love caressed,
And still the heart that pulsed and throbbed,
What then of those our greed oppressed?
What of our fellows subtly robbed?

When eyes to nature's glory close,
And ears are dull to every song—
What matter then the height we rose,
If we have compromised with wrong?

A soul is better far than dross,
And Love and Truth above all gold;
And when we gain by others' loss,
Then all we own of worth is sold.

To lose a soul and gain the earth,
To find our joy in wealth and power,
Is paying more than worlds are worth,
For the short triumph of an hour.

In service only may we find
The peace and happiness of worth;
And Love and Wisdom, Heart and Mind,
In their good time will rule the earth.

R. E. CHADWICK.

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THE "WARRENSVILLE IDEA."

Dorothy Dale, Writing in the Cleveland Press of Cleveland's Charities and Correction Colony at Warrensville, Ohio.

The "think tower," or sun dungeon, now being finished at Warrensville, is exciting interest all over the country. Men interested in new methods of dealing with prisoners from Coast to Coast come to stand under its walls and climb the iron skeleton stairs to get the view from its broad windows. A party from New York city interested in building a better house of correction there visited it recently.

What they saw was only a corner of the big correction house quadrangle rising as the others do, one story above the rest of the structure. It is lined with windows as the hospital and other towers are. And the windows are barred, just as the others are. There is absolutely nothing to distinguish it. That is just what makes it distinctive from the rest of the dungeons of the world.

This sun dungeon is just a part of the Warrensville idea. Like everything there, it is being built on the simple humane theory that each person has a birthright in sunshine and fresh air.

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The Warrensville idea grants that a man is still a man and a woman still a woman when friends are gone and the old home lost. That's why the Colony House is set on a hill of sunshine and breezes. That's why the great building was patterned after the old mission homes of the California priests who knew how to bring so much of the out-of-doors in.

The Colony House hill is 600 feet higher than Cleveland. It dominates the magnificent 2,000-acre Cooley farm. The farm is divided into four parts—the Overlook for tuberculosis patients; the Colony for the Poor and Insane; the Highland Park cemetery, which the workhouse men will beautify; and the Correction House farm. It is two and a half miles broad and one mile long.

The buildings of the Colony House are arranged around a great square courtyard. In the courtyard flowers bloom and a fountain splashes. Facing it from every side is the continuous arched colonnade passing every department.

When the house workers are through they leave their hot kitchen or bakery to sit in the shaded portico. One jumped up quickly Thursday as we passed. He was a tall Frenchman. He talked all in a jumble and ran in gesticulating to a big cupboard. The head baker nodded assent. And out he rushed, radiant with some of the best sugar cookies that ever came out of an oven.

"Not many years ago that man would have been tied in a cell, for he is insane," said Director Harris R. Cooley. "Instead, he bakes and lives like a man here."

At the other end some old men were sitting. They had finished their tasks and were puffing away contentedly at their pipes.

But this inner colonnade is not the only air parlor of the Colony.

Leading toward the women's dining room is another colonnade. From its western arches you can look away over the fruitful acres to the city and the Lake beyond. There clusters of old women sat basking in the waning rays of the sun.

And it was the same at the old couples' cottage a little beyond. There each old couple has its own small apartment. Each apartment has its own long French window exit. And in each the old folks sat talking softly or nodding, just as they would at their own cottage door. There wasn't any use to ask questions. The sign over the door told the whole story. It reads, *"It's better to lose money than love."*

The wreckage of humanity. You'd hardly know it. For somehow the looks of bitterness and sorrow and loneliness you'd expect to find everywhere were all smoothed out in the simple enjoyment of afternoon and sunshine and a beautiful country view. Everyone said, "How do you do, Mr. Cooley," with a smile and a nod. Some got up to shake his hand. One old woman pressed her lips to it.

And now the sun dungeon is just the concrete expression of more of the Warrensville idea that a man is still a man and a woman still a woman when surly or violent.

When a man is taken up there he will find himself in a room 15 feet square. The tower contains three such, with an anteroom. Sunlight will flow in to cheer him. The rustle of the beech grove outside will send in cooling breezes. And from the windows he can look out on the broad fields of the farm, where the men who can be trusted are working in the fields or driving the wagons or doing any of the other free outdoor work that they would on a farm of their own if they had one. He will know that they are eating its good products while he has only bread and water.

"In instituting the 'sun dungeons' we simply try to put a man in normal conditions," said Director Cooley. "It will give him a chance to think things over and come to his senses. He will see that if he wants to be a member of society he must do as others do. But under this treatment he will lose no self-respect. Putting a man in the dark with vermin and darkness worked just the other way. It raised fury and revenge and hatred. This way a man will come out better, not worse, than he went in."

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TO HENRY GEORGE.

By William Lloyd Garrison. Reprinted Here from The Public of April 16, 1909, in Memory of Mr. Garrison.

Would thou wert able to revisit earth
  And note the bounteous crop that from thy seed
  Cheers the wide world, sown by thy word and deed
In days of sorrow and of parching dearth.
Unceasing wonder that from humble birth
  Come the Messiahs who mankind have freed,
  Recasting human thought, subduing greed,
Through revelations of life's priceless worth!

If death ends all, which thy belief denied,
  Sleep sweetly in the arms of dreamless death,
  Content with immortality of pen.
But if, with an imperishable breath,
Thou in another sentient realm abide,
  O may'st thou feel the gratitude of men!

Lexington, Mass., March 8, 1908.

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PRIVILEGE.

An Address Delivered by Henry H. Wilson, of Beaver Pa., at the Henry George Day Banquet, Hotel Henry, Pittsburgh, September 2, 1909.

There are times when the dead meet with the living. On occasions like this their souls come and whisper hope and help. I cannot refrain from quoting one of them:

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
  More than most of us do.
But stay, can you add to that line
  That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
  As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
  From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
  For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
  Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
  All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
  And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
  Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
  Never mind how he died.

He may have been thinking of himself, but I prefer to believe that in writing those lines Ernest Crosby had in mind no life other than the life of Henry George. Others are more capable of speaking of that life than I. My purpose in speaking is the purpose of all of us—to continue the work of that life in order that we, as well as Henry George, may not have lived in vain. The work of the "Prophet of San Francisco" was the work of every other prophet. Since the world began seer and sage have had no other task than to speak and spread the truth. For of all things truth is the most perishable. It has but one home, the open mind. It has but one friend, the open soul. When minds become clouded and souls become clotted truth perishes from the earth. If the "Parable of the Sower" means anything it means that, unless truth be cultivated constantly and with care, birds of avarice will devour it and weeds of ignorance choke it.

Many believe truth to be immortal; that right will prevail as certain as the seasons; that, while we sit idly by, God will fight and win truth's battles. Yet the world is planted thick with the graves of dead truth; and unless we place truth in the hearts of others, to grow when ours are stilled in death, truth dies with us, while the cynic again writes the epitaph:

Here is the moral of all human tales,
  'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom and then glory—when that fails,
  Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last;
  And history with all her volumes vast
    Hath but one page.

Why does history repeat itself? What murders truth? Are nations mortal, at their appointed time to be cut down and cast into the oven? Or

have they all carried in their veins some poison to sap their vitals and spell their doom? As past nations are dead so present nations are dying, and among men of honest mind there is little dispute as to the cause. Some may call it evolution—so it is. Some may call it God—so it is. What we all mean to say is that special privilege is the spade that dug the grave of empire, the power that swung back the pendulum of progress, the poison that stilled the pulse of truth. The epitome of history is not a page, but is the one word, "privilege;" and in "all her volumes vast" we read but the same sad tale—the overthrow of truth by privilege.

By privilege I mean the cause of slavery—that power that destroys free-agency, that forces man to work for others and forbids him to labor for himself. I mean tribute on land, tariff on trade, toll on travel—that tribute, tariff and toll which the law takes from the pockets of the many and places in the purses of the few. Without free land, free trade and free travel, there cannot be free men.

A land animal in the last analysis, man is a farmer and can labor for himself only upon land. A man's distance from land, measured in dollars, is the depth of his slavery. The man whose wage is on the line of subsistance is no nearer freedom than the chattel-slave whose wage is his food. Can the wage-slave of today buy freedom and a farm for less than that for which the chattel-slave could buy freedom and a farm? I answer no. But, you say, the slave had no chance to buy freedom and a farm, and the wage worker has. My friends, if chattel slavery had had the support of the argument of chance it would be in existence today. It is privilege's cunning appeal to universal avarice. But it is false. Games of chance are where something is gotten for nothing; only that is lost which is staked; only those lose who play. The game of privilege is a game of chance, but, unlike any other game, those lose who do not play. In the game of privilege we must own factories or railroads or lands, or lose —lose until we do own something privileged. The longer we stay out of the game the more we lose. Your landlord rents you your home today for $10, and will sell it to you for $1,000. Tomorrow the rent will be $20 per month, and the selling price will be $2,000. Unless we take advantage of land monopoly, land monopoly takes advantage of us. Unless we are privileged like the prince we are plucked like the goose on the common.

Yet, with all their power and all their past very little is known of privilege, very little is known of truth. Truth neglected dies—privilege neglected flourishes as a weed. Truth has one, privilege has a thousand forms. Truth is simple —privilege is a paradox. Privilege is a loathsome worm which to be killed must be crushed—to divide it is to multiply it. Compromise by truth is surrender—compromise by privilege is victory. Aaron's rod swallowed all its fellows—so does privilege. Let there remain a single privilege, which like the prophet's cloud may be no larger than a man's hand, yet it is only a question of time until it, like Louis the Fourteenth, becomes itself the state with all subjects, its slaves and servants.

Privilege crucified Christ; stoned the prophets; enslaved Egypt; destroyed Greece and Rome; plunged earth into the dark ages, and fought to keep it there; causes every war, famine and plague; creates every prince and every pauper; gives every bribe; corrupts every branch of government; turns the "Sermon on the Mount" to a laugh and the "Golden Rule" to a sneer; and sits today in court, in senate hall and throne the absolute ruler of the world, so hedged by ignorance and corruption that few there be who know where and what privilege is. For privilege preaches in pulpits, teaches in schools, writes books, edits papers, controls politics; the first truth it kills is the truth about itself; and it is the policy of privilege to appropriate and parade itself in the clothes of dead truth. Privilege has no patriotism, no religion, no country, no creed, no king but craft, no god but gold. Privilege is the root of all evil. "Pandora's Box," whence come all the ills that flesh is heir to, and which forever holds hope a prisoner. It is a "Frankenstein" man has made with which to destroy himself. A creature of man made laws, its deed of deepest infamy is to bribe and to blind men into teaching that it is a creature of God's laws. Can any sin be greater than to accuse God of such a crime?

Not so broad, not so strong, whispers conservatism. It is impossible to denounce and describe privilege in terms either too strong or too broad. I deny that I speak too generally. I challenge history to furnish an exception to any count of the indictment. I defy privilege to meet truth in open debate. It never has—its only logic has been force, its only argument to kill the truth teller.

Yes, you say, privilege is a dreadful thing—in Russia. We should do all in our power against it. But there is nothing to be done here in the United States. Let us send a memorial of sympathy to the downtrodden subjects of the Czar. It is to laugh! Privilege is as deeply entrenched here as in Russia, and is more secure than in England, Germany or France. Privilege is the power to appropriate the labor of others. In what country has so much of the labor of the many been appropriated by the privileged few as in the United States? In what other country has the concentration of wealth been so rapid? With taxation and famine Joseph accomplished it for Pharaoh in fourteen years. A land of plenty

with never a famine the United States is a close second. In what other country is the person of the privileged so safe? In what other country is the property of the privileged so secure? European countries with one accord pass revenue measures taxing privilege. The United States passes a revenue measure creating and increasing privilege. Where is government so corrupt, so deserving of contempt, so rigid for people, so pliant for privilege? Where will the hold of privilege be so hard to loosen?

When the Grand Duke Alexis and his party were traveling in America they visited a Western army post and were taken on a long horseback ride across the plains. The Russians were believed to be poor horsemen, but all went well until a corporal saluted the commanding officer and said, "Beg pardon, sir, but one of them kings has fell off." Was one ever known to fall from the backs of the people? I am reminded that there are no dukes in America. Wealth, owned but not earned, is the measure of privilege. What, then, is the difference between the Duke of the Abruzzi and the Senator from West Virginia? Is not he most the duke who steals the most?

There may be personal privilege, such as precedence in place at a dinner or a dance. Real privilege is inseparable from property. A dollarless duke is as harmless as a dove unless he has the power to appropriate the property of others. His personal privileges are nothing except as they provide and protect property. We in the United States have destroyed the semblance and have multiplied the substance of privilege. The privileges we took from the prince we have conferred in greater measure upon property. By law we enfranchise wealth to appropriate yet other wealth, to take toll from the toil of others, to reap where it has not sown. These licenses to steal we have fatuously decreed property rights, more sacred than home, more to be protected than life. The sovereignty of state and nation may take from the home father, husband and son, and leave their bodies on battle fields for buzzards. But where, where is the sovereignty that can recall, or even adequately control, these privileges which sovereignty itself has granted? Does it exist? Is it sleeping? Or has it gone hunting like the god of Baal? The courts in effect tell us that it does not exist. They persuade us that there is a "twilight zone" that sovereignty cannot enter. The court itself is this "twilight zone." There is it that truth is distorted, or seen but dimly. Not people but precedent is sovereign in the courts, and the courts are their own precedent. The sovereignty of this no-man's-land was stolen by a judge, hidden beneath his cloak, the theft concealed by a decree that the thing stolen did not exist; and such is the power of privilege to block amendment of organic law that this sovereignty, the birth-right of the people, can be recovered by an appeal little short of an appeal to arms. When the courts assume the unconstitutional privilege of vetoing sovereign acts of legislation they constitute themselves the citadel of all privilege, to be stormed by ballots while we may, by bullets if we must. If that be treason, make the most of it.

I repeat that privilege is a paradox—a child of sovereignty ever striving to dethrone its parent. The privileges created by law, together with those cradled in the courts, have become so many and so strong that today there is more sovereignty in privilege than remains in the people. I do not speak of the sovereignty that may be reclaimed by direct legislation. I speak of that sovereignty which may be reclaimed only by such sweeping constitutional amendment as shall destroy all privilege and most precedent.

Oh, the dead truth over which privilege has marched to its throne! The master builders tried to know the truth and believed that the truth would make them free. The Declaration of Independence declared all men to be born free and equal. Today that Declaration is more questioned than quoted. The Articles of Confederation of 1778 provided that the expenses of the federation should be borne by the several States in proportion to the assessed value of the lands of each. That provision lived but two years. How many times two years will pass before that provision is again the one principle of our taxation? A compromise between privilege and democracy—democracy dies and the Constitution of the United States becomes little more than sanctuary for offenders against the States. "No pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no gall, no glory; no thorns, no throne," said William Penn as he founded a state the successors to whose soil have piled pain and gall and thorns and cross high on the backs of those who labor and are heavy laden, while palm and glory and throne and crown have gone to those who neither toil nor spin. Pennsylvania! Poor Pennsylvania! Independence Hall and Schoenville Hell! With a past to make the dullest thrill with pride, she gives birth to the party of privilege, the Republican Party—can anything more be said in criticism of either? I do not mean the party of Lincoln; I mean the party of Aldrich, of Penrose and of Oliver. Yet, when asked if any good could come of Nazareth, Pennsylvania gives the world Henry George to lead in the war of truth against privilege.

Our Tom Johnson is wrong when he says that truth may lose a battle but never lost a war. I say that privilege may lose a battle but never lost a war. The war is still on. The call is out for enlistment for life. The questions this age is asking every living soul are: Will you, ye little prophets, continue to hide while privilege rules

the world? Or will you buckle on your armor and fight, side by side with truth? When error is in possession it must be driven out before truth may find a home. Where privilege holds title it must be ejected before justice may rear her temple. Cato never failed to cry: "Carthage must be destroyed!" If justice is to reign the motive of all concerted action, the one note to sound in every bugle call must be: *Privilege must be destroyed. Down with privilege! Up with justice!*

"This is a war budget—war upon poverty," said Chancellor David Lloyd George. His meaning would have been the same had he said, "War upon privilege." War upon privilege is war upon poverty. The lords of England are not fighting to maintain poverty, they are fighting to maintain privilege. War is usually destruction. But war upon privilege is not only destruction of privilege; at the same time it is construction of justice. For justice—against privilege—they mean the same thing. We are for single-tax because single-tax will destroy the privileges of land tenure. We are for absolute control of public service corporations because it will destroy the privileges of monopoly. We are for free-trade because free-trade will destroy the privileges of the tariff. Justice is merely the absence of privilege. Drive out privilege, and justice comes into her own; just as the sun in driving out darkness, at the same time brings on the day.

What is to be done? Agitate. Speak and agitate; teach and agitate; organize and agitate. Never fail to expose privilege; never miss a political meeting. Have a representative on every resolutions committee—*one* may make a minority report against privilege.

He is a coward who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak.
He is a coward who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

We may be slaves but we're not cowards. Agitate. Agitation may win. We have no other course open to us except to fight privilege to the last ditch with agitation.

If agitation fails, what then?

A husbandman had neither a yoke of oxen nor a team of mules. Owning one of each he worked them side by side. For some time the ox sulked and complained to himself that the mule was not doing its share of the work. So one night the ox stole from the barn and concealed himself in a far corner of the field. All day he lay there watching the master and the mule plowing. The ox was elated at the ease with which he had thrown off toil, and was very contented until sundown, when he became both hungry and thirsty. Also he was worried at the indifference of the master. Unable to stand the hunger and suspense longer, the ox slipped back to his place in the barn, there to find to his surprise food, water and bed as if he had done a hard day's work. The ox was unable to understand the happenings of the day, and after thinking and coming to no satisfactory explanation, concluded to ask the mule.

"Mule," said the ox, "what did the master say about me? Did he talk to you?"

"No," replied the mule, "he said nothing to me. I saw him have a conversation with some man, but I didn't hear what was said."

"Who was the man?" asked the ox.

"I am not certain," said the mule, "but he looked to me like the butcher."

As I remember that we are here tonight to commemorate the birth of Henry George, I am conscious of reverence and awe. No darkness is so deep as where ignorance clouds the eye and avarice curtains the sun. In the midst of such darkness appeared Henry George, and men looked and asked, as they had asked eighteen hundred years before: "What is this which has come to pass?" Some there were who said it was a meteor that would swiftly pass and leave darkness but more dense. Some there were who said it was a will-o'-the-wisp to lead to pitfall and to bog. The ship-wrecked poor said it was a rocket of rescue carrying lines to draw them back to land. Today we know that Henry George was not a meteor, was not a will-o'-the-wisp, was not a rocket; but is a fixed star in the firmament of truth by which every mariner must steer or have the ship of state wrecked on the rocks of privilege.

When Tolstoy bade the son of Henry George goodby he said: "I may never see you again, but I am certain that I will soon see your father. What message shall I carry from you to him?" "Tell him that I am keeping up the fight," replied the son. We must all keep up the fight. And while we are fighting let us pray the prayer I know was the prayer of Henry George:

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Tho once they would have joyed my carnal sense;
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,
A seeing sense to know the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith to turn all darkness into light.
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be both hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still farther on such as thy kingdom seek.

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How strangely men act. They will not praise those who are living at the same time and living with themselves; but to be themselves praised by posterity, by those whom they have never seen

nor ever will see, this they set much value on. But this is very much the same as if thou shouldst be grieved because those who have lived before thee did not praise thee.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

BOOKS

CITY GOVERNMENT.

The Government of American Cities. A Program of Democracy. By Horace E. Deming. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Mr. Deming drives a straight and true course between the theory that municipal government is politics and the theory that it is business. Regarding as fundamental the "difference between the policy-determining and the administrative sides" of municipal government, he would keep politics out of its administration and business out of its politics. By politics he means municipal politics, of course; for national politics is as much out of place as business is, in determining municipal policies. From these premises, the doctrine of local self government in respect of all local concerns is the inevitable conclusion which Mr. Deming reaches with irrefutable argument.

The influence of a "goo-goo" superstition is noticeable when he refers to the one-time reformation of the City Council of Chicago. It was no doubt an accomplishment to rid that city council of the dominance of the type of grafter who takes his graft raw; but when these were succeeded by a much more expensive set who want their graft cooked, the advantages of the reform are at least questionable. The Chicago Council has for several years been under the control of the type of influences which Mr. Deming describes with condemnation at page 193—"the enjoyers of special privilege," who are "constantly watchful of the conduct of city government and constantly active in securing the election and appointment of public officials favorable to their business plans." When reform members of a city council evolute out of poverty and into wealth, without any very visible reason for it but pari passu with the strengthening of privileged interests, it seems almost satirical to write of it as a body in whose honesty the people of a city confide. Yet this is what Mr. Deming does write of the Chicago Council.

In its spirit and purpose, however, and apart from some such pardonable slips in the use of illustrative material, Mr. Deming's work is the best since Howe's "City the Hope of Democracy;" and it is as emphatic in denying that failure in city government in the United States is failure of democracy. It is the denial of democracy to our cities, he argues, that has made them failures. They have been as subject provinces under State control. And he regards the city as the natural battle ground between special privilege and democracy because it is in the city that "the struggle between privilege and the common good is most constant and most intense."

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A PROPAGANDA STORY.

The Soul of the World: By Estella Bachman. Equitist Publishing House, Sta. A, Pasadena, Cal. Price, $1.00.

A rough-and-ready way of classifying works of fiction may recognize two groups, in the first of which the authors spend their art on analyzing and describing the world of life as they find it, and in the other of which we encounter the people the authors would have put into the world if they had had the making of it. In the latter group by some natural process of their creation are to be found most stories of propaganda, and "The Soul of the World" is no exception to this rule.

It is a well-written story with a style above the average of its type of fiction. The handsome, earnest characters have deep, wonderful eyes that flash at every climax in their strenuous conversations; and they fairly fall on top of each other in their sudden leaps upon the propaganda bait held out to them. While, on the other hand, there are dull, pompous, selfish persons, apparently lacking in good looks and eyes that have the power of flashing, who fail to grasp the proffered doctrines, and sometimes say stupid and irrelevant things about them. But where is the writer who believes that he has truths to offer that the world needs, who can entirely escape this naïveté in the construction of his dramatic persons?

The propaganda teachings of the book are chiefly two, with the introduction of the word "va" for a common gender pronoun in the third person, as a side issue. Second in importance is the theory of "annular evolution," the arguments for which do not seem very convincing, but it is of course difficult to introduce exhaustive arguments into a work of fiction, and Mrs. Bachman Brokaw has probably been wise in giving a picturesque rather than an argumentative presentation of the theory. And it is undoubtedly for the same reason that in connection with the chief propaganda doctrine of her book, that of "a balanced land tenure," she has presented no argument, that is to say, no argument to prove its soundness; chapters are devoted to arguments for its propaganda value. It is even difficult to gather exactly what she deems to be a balanced land tenure, but perhaps the following statement, made by the hero of the story, is as clear as any:

I have discovered that the labor applied to the maintenance of roads—or, more precisely, of those portions of the earth that must be used in common—results in giving advantages to some locations over others. Ricardo defined rent as the excess which

the same application of labor could secure from different locations. I find that "excess" to be the equivalent of the advantages just mentioned. Consequently, if those who receive the advantages pay for the labor which makes the advantages, those who labor will be compensated by those who get the results of their labor; advantages will be thereby equalized, and freedom in the use of the earth will be equal.

The facts upon which this "discovery" rests, and which might be used to prove it, are nowhere given, and without them the statement does not seem convincing; but economic facts, like arguments, are not easily woven into fictional writing, and it would be captious to demand them. Their omission, however, detracts from the completeness of the propaganda value of a story primarily written for propaganda purposes.

ALICE THACHER POST.

PAMPHLETS

The Question of Beneficent Design.

An "anatomical and physiological consideration of the design argument" of religionists (Truth Seeker Co., 62 Vesey street, New York), a lecture by a learned native gentleman of Bombay, is an antique argument in opposition to certain antique conceptions of the universe.

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The British Land Question.

"The Budget, the Land and the People" (Methuen & Co., 36 Essex street, W. C., London, price 6d), a 92-page pamphlet which opens with a preface by David Lloyd George, the chancellor of the British exchequer, is the first publication for general use which systematically presents the subject indicated by its title. The numerous citations of instances of land value increment are of more than national importance. They strikingly illustrate the theory of land value taxation locally anywhere and as a world question everywhere.

PERIODICALS

"Up the Divide" is the title of a new monthly magazine (one dollar a year) hailing from Denver, edited by Duren J. H. Ward and William Thurston Brown, and having for its purpose the pursuit of the question, "Why not see religious and social things from higher altitudes?" Its spirit is shown in an editorial by Mr. Brown which declares that the religious reconciliation men need is "not some mystical thing but a real one; the reconciliation of man to man."

✣

A story of the ten-year struggle for railway supremacy between Hill and Harriman leads in the September number of the American, which continues Ray Stannard Baker's religious series with an article on "the faith of the unchurched," and gives right of way to W. I. Thomas for one on woman and the occupations. A story—"Phoebe and the Heart of Toil"—by Inez Haynes Gillmore, while it seems from approving touches to the finale to end in a false light, is nevertheless photographic as a character portrait, and withal it is deliciously humorous.

✣ ✣ ✣

"Well," said the Eskimos, next day,
Chagrined. "It really looks
As if he didn't want to stay,
He's packed his duds and gone away,
Just like all other Cooks."

—Chicago Tribune.

✣ ✣ ✣

Enemy: "You are my prisoner."

Sergeant Binks: "Nonsense! How did you get here?"

Enemy: "Over that bridge."

Sergeant: "Then, my dear fellow, you are drowned. We blew up that bridge yesterday."—Ally Sloper's.

✣ ✣ ✣

"Say," a boy yelled in to the proprietor of a store in a prohibition town, "the express agent says for

Important Notice to Chicago Subscribers.

After September 1, 1909, the renumbering of streets in Chicago will be in effect according to ordinance passed by the Chicago City Council. In order to correct our mailing list and have The Public going through the mail to subscribers in Chicago properly addressed, you are asked to kindly send us at once your full name and address, giving both old and new numbers.

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It is also an editorial paper, and, though it abstains from mingling editorial opinions with its news accounts, it has opinions of a pronounced character, based upon the principles of fundamental democracy, which, in the columns reserved for editorial comment, it expresses fully and freely, without favor or prejudice, without fear of consequences, and without regard to any considerations of personal or business advantage. Yet it makes no pretensions to infallibility, either in opinions or in statements of fact; it simply aspires to a deserved reputation for intelligence and honesty in both.

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We aim to make The Public a paper that is not only worth reading, but also worth filing.

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Advertising forms close on the Monday preceding the Friday of publication.

you to send down for that package of Daily Tribunes right away, 'cause they're leakin'!"—Everybody's.

✣ ✣ ✣

Little Ephra'm says—"It was only natural t' expec' dat de commander ov a ship named Roosevet 'd call sum one a liar."—The Woman's National Daily.

✣ ✣ ✣

It was a genuine heathen, in the guise of a small Negro girl, who figured in an episode with a half crazed religious fanatic on a downtown street corner the other day. She had been sent to the pump there for water, and, returning, told her mammy:

"Dey was a man at de pump."

"What'd he say?" questioned the parent.

"He say, ' 'Tain't no Gawd,' " was the answer.

"What'd you say?"

"I say, 'I don't keer.' "—Louisville Times.