

The Public

A National Journal of Fundamental Democracy &
A Weekly Narrative of History in the Making

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Vol. XV.

CHICAGO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1912.

No. 756

Published by Louis F. Post
Ellsworth Building, 537 South Dearborn Street, Chicago

Single Copy, Five Cents Yearly Subscription, One Dollar
Entered as Second-Class Matter April 16, 1898, at the Post Office at
Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL

Government by Experts.

Woodrow Wilson's analysis of government by experts is characteristically pithy and eminently sound. "Experts don't see anything," he said at Sioux City, "except what is under their microscope—under their eye." Whether or not he meant by his use of the singular instead of the plural form to imply that they see with only one eye, it is the fact. Just as the microscopist falls into habits of sensing nothing except through the eye he glues to his microscope, though he keep the other open, so do all experts tend to lose perception of relative values between their own specialties and the rest of the universe. This makes them good witnesses on the particular facts of their respective specialties, but it detracts from their judgment on general relations. Though they be good witnesses, they may be bad jurors. Useful as advisers on particular points, they are apt to be worse than useless as arbitrators, legislators or executives. This is a reason why, while needing experts in government, we should beware of government by experts.



The Campaign for Governor in Illinois.

It is easy enough to understand why Illinois Republicans, outraged at the rotten condition in which they find their party, should vote for a decent "bolting" Republican in preference to any Democrat. The career of the Democratic party in Illinois is not of a kind to make it an inviting

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refuge for Republicans disgusted with their own party. Nor is it difficult to understand why Democrats who have borne the stench of their party with almost perfect patience, should turn toward the Progressive Party of Illinois with a long drawn breath of relief. Yet it is possible for both, by following this course, to disappoint by their own inconsiderate action their own highest hopes.



In so far as there may be no choice, or not much of a choice, between Republican and Democratic candidates, the impulse to have a good clean political picnic of a time during the campaign, no matter what happens at the election, may be indulged with good conscience. But when the choice is between a Deneen and a Dunne, as is the case with the next Governorship of Illinois, the propriety of that kind of self-indulgence may be fairly questioned.



Edward F. Dunne is worthy the support of democratic Democrats and of democratic Republicans alike. It is reported that he was weak as Mayor of Chicago; his weakness consisted in a conscientious inability to yield to the temptations that were thrust before him. It is also reported that he is a Catholic, and therefore under ecclesiastical influence. Well, there are Catholics and Catholics; and Mayor Dunne was never dominated by the ultramontane machine. His defeat for re-election as Mayor was attributable more to that very machine than to any other single influence, the cause of it being his refusal while Mayor to yield political obedience to it. The other enemies he made as Mayor should make his election as Governor sure. They were spoils politicians to whom he refused allegiance where public interests were at stake. They were the newspapers whose shameless orders he refused to obey. They were the "underworld" exploiters whose filthy bribes he spurned. They were the Big Business combines whose destructive graft he exposed. Trace any of the assaults upon Mr. Dunne's administration as Mayor, any of the attacks upon his ability or his character, and if you reach the true source you will find it in the directors' rooms of big monopolies and the sanctums of parasitical newspapers.



For the public interests, Dunne was the best Mayor Chicago has had for many a year. For the public interests, he is a man to make the best Governor since Altgeld. Shall the slanders of

disappointed private interests defeat him? Whatever "bolting" Republicans may do, will democratic Democrats aid those private interests? The election lies between Dunne and Deneen. Those who do not vote for Dunne will in effect be voting for Deneen. If they really want Deneen, this is well enough—is at any rate not to be condemned. But if they do not want Deneen, it were well for them to take a lesson from *those who don't want Dunne*. As those who don't want Dunne intend to vote for Deneen, those who don't want Deneen will get Deneen unless they vote for Dunne.



Mixing Religion and Politics.

An example well worthy of wide imitation has been set by the North Shore Congregational Church of Evanston, Illinois. Under the supervision of a church committee, meetings are to be held in the church building for the orderly discussion of live political questions. This is indicative of the true relation of religion to politics. It is a very intimate relationship. So intimate is it that the religious or the political organization which separates religion from politics, thereby puts a question-mark upon its own genuineness. But the true relation is not one of command and obedience. It is such a relation of intelligent intercourse between religious-hearted and civic-minded men and women as this Evanston church has undertaken to promote.



Federal Taxation.

Here is an inquiry from Frederick Z. Marx, the Chicago lawyer, which may not improbably have occurred to other readers of *The Public*. Quoting from *The Public* of September 20th at page 890 as the text for his inquiry, Mr. Marx writes:

You say, "If you support Wilson's policy of tariff for revenue only—the furthest point possible in the direction of international free trade without amending the Constitution," etc., etc. I do not know why a Constitutional amendment is necessary in order to have international free trade. Can you find time to enlighten me?

This Constitution does not forbid international free trade in precise terms. Neither does it in precise terms require the taxation of imports. Consequently, no Constitutional amendment is necessary as mere matter of Constitutional expression. But it has long been considered necessary as a practical matter.



By the Constitution, paragraph 1 of Section viii, Congress has power "to lay and collect taxes,

duties, imposts and excises." This clause, considered by itself, creates all the authority needed for raising revenues in such manner as to establish free trade as absolutely with other nations as it exists between our States. But by paragraph 4 of section ix Congress is forbidden to levy any kind of direct tax except "in proportion to the census" provided for decennially by paragraph 3 of section ii, which requires that "direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers." The taxing power of Congress is therefore limited (1) to *indirect taxes* such as imposts or duties on imports, and excises on domestic production; and (2) to *direct taxes* apportioned to each State according to its population. Now, it is believed, and not without reason, that indirect taxes on home productions sufficiently high to yield the necessary Federal revenues would be economically impracticable, or at any rate as objectionable as indirect taxes on foreign productions. If that be true, then Congress is limited, under the Constitution as it is, to a choice between (1) imposing direct taxation per capita, or (2) interfering with international free trade to the extent that a tariff for revenue on imposts would do so.

But what direct taxes would yield the necessary revenue? There is probably only one kind. Land value taxes would undoubtedly do it; and these taxes would not obstruct trade at all, but would make it freer by loosening the power of the great land-monopolies—mines, pipe-line and railroad rights of way and terminals, city spaces, etc., etc. Two difficulties, however, stand in the way of Federalizing land value taxation. Even if the Constitution permitted its untrammelled adoption, national sentiment in favor of it is not yet strong enough to override the hostility of the Interests. Local demonstrations must be made, and national thought be thereby and otherwise stimulated, before Federal revenues can tap that inexhaustible and steadily increasing fund of publicly earned wealth. This, of course, is not a Constitutional obstacle; but even if public sentiment were fully ripe for land value taxation, the contention that it is Constitutionally impracticable would be plausible and strong. For, if the land value tax be regarded as *direct* in law, as it undoubtedly is in economics, it would have to be levied not in proportion to all the land values of the country, but in proportion to the land values of the several States with reference to their proportionate populations. That is to say, the landowners of a State of large

population relatively to its land values would have to pay higher taxes for Federal purposes than the landowners of a State of small population relatively to its land values. This would probably be as difficult a barrier to surmount as the most stringent Constitutional inhibition.



Direct Legislation Work in Ohio.

In assigning credit to individuals for the victory for the Initiative and Referendum in Ohio on the 3rd, we could not name as many as we wished, but the fact must not be ignored that George F. Burba, editor of the Dayton News, and Congressman Cox, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio at the coming election, gave Mr. Bigelow steady and efficient support. They were among the prominent men without whose aid his own work might have been inadequate.



"Letters to the Editor."

A friendly correspondent, Mr. Joseph H. Fink of New York City, protesting against the reference to the New York Tax Reform Association in our editorial on Allen Ripley Foote of Ohio, which appeared at pages 866 and 867 of The Public of September 13th, writes:

From the reports in The Public one is only able to know one side of the story, that is The Public's side, as it will not publish letters on the subject. The readers of The Public take sides, and of course a great deal of hard feeling will be created. I would suggest, therefore, if the position of The Public is right, that it will allow its readers space for answer or criticism.

Mr. Fink has been misinformed. No denial, explanation or defense of Mr. Foote's activities or affiliations has been refused publication in The Public.



As to our correspondent's suggestion that space be allowed for answer or criticism, we accept it in the fair sense in which we presume it to have been made. Space for uninformed or irrelevant criticism, or for unverified statements of fact by uninformed persons, should not and will not be published merely because their writers wish it. Such publications would be useless to readers, and readers also have rights. But authentic denials or explanations will be accepted as a basis for editorial retraction, if convincing; if not sufficiently convincing for that, they will be given reasonable space. The Public is not an open forum for multifarious controversy. Neither has it a department of "letters to the editor," nor any substitute for

that traditional receptacle for effusions which none but their writers are likely to read. It is regarded by its readers—too much so perhaps—as giving editorial endorsement to all it prints. But, and for that very reason among others, it is desirous not to misrepresent—either editorially or in the letters it publishes. The Public does not intend (by its own statements or implications, nor by printing criticisms of its statements or implications, nor in any other way) to misjudge or misrepresent any person, group, situation or cause. This has always been its policy, and never have its columns been purposely closed against any authoritative correction of any erroneous statement of any material fact.



IS AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE DESIRABLE?

Is it worth while to attempt to restore our flag to the high seas? Do we in war or in peace need an American merchant marine? Should we attempt to reverse the national policy that has all but driven our flag from the over-sea commerce?



While it is no more necessary, economically speaking, that a nation should carry its products in its own ships, than that a merchant should haul his goods in his own drays, yet conditions may arise to make a merchant marine desirable both in war and in peace.

The American battleship fleet that went around the world demonstrated more than was intended. Battleships without coal are as useless as guns without powder; and in case of hostilities not one of the twenty-seven colliers that waited upon the fleet would have dared approach it.

True, we could have sent out some of our coasting fleet, but these vessels are smaller, slower, and in every way inferior to the great over-sea ships.

And the disadvantage of transporting troops would be still greater. It was a simple matter to throw a few troops into near-by Cuba, with only Spain to oppose us; or to send men to the Philippines with no naval opposition; but how would it have been in the face of England, Germany or Japan?



But it is in time of peace that ships render the best service.

So long as the dominant force in this country strove by means of high tariffs to make of it a hermit nation, the question of over-sea shipping

did not matter. But somehow the laws of trade have not respected the laws of man.

Our foreign commerce, in spite of restrictive tariffs, has increased five-fold in the past fifty years. And since trade will continue in spite of artificial barriers, and in view of the fact that even Protectionists are now seeking by means of reciprocity, subsidies, and dollar-diplomacy to find new markets for American goods, the question arises as to whether our goods should be carried in American or foreign bottoms.

There is a sense in which trade does follow the flag.

Where the smaller and newer trade routes are controlled by the ships of a single nation, it is but human nature in action that prompts shipowners to favor their own countrymen. This has been brought vividly to view by the recent efforts of our merchants and manufacturers, who are trying to build up trade with South American countries.

Nearly all the commerce between this country and Brazil, for instance, is carried by foreign ships, most of which have a triangular course, taking manufactured goods from Europe to Brazil, where they load with coffee for this country, and return to Europe with our products; and so meager is the direct service, that passengers from New York to Rio de Janeiro can save time by going via Liverpool.

A merchant of Rio, responding to the stimulus of the dollar-diplomacy that had secured a reduction of twenty per cent of the Brazil tariff on American cement, ordered a consignment in February, 1910, which he disposed of at a profit. In January, 1911, he placed a larger order, but this the British steamship company refused to carry at the former rate. It was, however, finally prevailed upon to observe its own tariffs, and the second consignment of cement was disposed of at a profit. In June, 1911, a third, and still larger, order was placed for American cement; but the British shipowners advanced the freight rate to a point that covered the difference between the tariff on English and German cement, and the lower rate on American cement that had been secured by our dollar-diplomacy.

The same condition obtains in regard to American flour. The United States Government secured a reduction of twenty per cent in the Brazil tariff on American flour; but the British steamship companies immediately advanced the freight to correspond. Later, our government secured a further reduction of ten per cent in the tariff on flour, and again the freight rate was advanced, so that, in the words of F. Kramer, the Rio merchant who

ordered the cement, "the U. S. Government practically worked for the British companies, and the cost today, taking equal prices into consideration, is higher for American flour."

This is a startling reminder of the action of our own trans-continental railroads, which, when the California fruit growers had secured higher Protection in the Aldrich tariff, advanced their freight rates to absorb it.

It is also an illustration of the power of transportation companies over the production and distribution of wealth. Ships of all nations compete for our trade with Europe. It is there that our four steamships ply—the sole remnant of our once great trans-Atlantic fleet. But between this country and South America, where the service is so largely in the hands of the British companies, it is not surprising that there should be discrimination. It is to meet this condition of affairs that the Pan-American Mail was formed this year to operate ships between New Orleans and Brazil and Argentina.



The condition of American over-sea shipping would be amusing, were it not so pathetic. Our exports to Brazil for the year ending June 30, 1911, amounted to \$26,431,857,¹ of which English ships carried \$19,473,855, and American ships, \$136—one hundred and thirty-six dollars. We did better with Argentina, where \$577,954 was carried in American bottoms, and \$39,120,509 in British. Of our imports from Brazil for that year \$93,191,117² came to us in British ships, and \$620—six hundred and twenty dollars—came in American. How the British ship owners must smile when they see us raving over the Monroe doctrine!

Whoever it was that said Americans had lost their sense of humour spoke without regard for the fact. We have humour in abundance; but it has been commercialized, and our Artemus Wards have taken to writing Protective tariff schedules and shipping laws.

STOUGHTON COOLEY.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS

SCHOOLS FOR FOLK CENTERS.

Louis F. Post in the Chicago Daily Press of September 6.

Two Presidential candidates urge the use of school houses for political meetings. Good. There

¹Table No. 6, page 771, of the Annual report on Commerce & Navigation for 1911, U. S. Dept. Com. & Labor.

²Table No. 3, page 361, of the Annual Report on Commerce & Navigation for 1911, U. S. Dept. Com. & Labor.

is no reason for shutting out political education. It is the most important kind, and the best place for it is at neighborhood meetings in schoolhouses.

Objections to such meetings were well enough in a way, when politics were in the "dirty pool." Perhaps, though, the "dirty pool" wouldn't have lasted so long if such meetings had been common; political education earlier might have ended political skulduggery sooner. But, anyhow, those objections don't hold now. People are more democratic in the fundamental sense.

Didn't the election in Ohio prove it? Those "Buck-eyes" were undemocratic enough to vote down woman suffrage. But they adopted the Initiative and Referendum. They made Ohio the first old and big State east of the Rockies to welcome this advance agent of fundamental democracy. We ought to install that mechanism of people's power in Illinois before we permit any other Constitutional reform. The people of Illinois could then get anything they want, and head off anything they don't want. But it will be installed in Illinois. It is coming in every State. Parasites of politics may delay it, but nothing can stop it. How to use their power for the common good is now the question for the people throughout the Union.

What better way of learning could there be than at folk centers in school houses? Of course the rooms would have to be cared for specially. They must be made as orderly and clean for school children the morning after a folk-center meeting as the morning before. But this is only a matter of money, and not much money, either. And it would be the most profitable kind of investment for everybody.

Folk centers in schoolhouses would dry up the local ginmills and saloons, almost the only hospitable folk centers we have now. They would center attention upon the public affairs of neighborhood, city, county, State and Republic. The folks about home would grow familiar with common interests and turn from heedless citizens into intelligent and eager voters. We should have politics for political principle instead of graft. Under the Initiative and Referendum, the people would rule; and at their schoolhouse centers they would learn to rule wisely and fairly.

The schools themselves would progressively improve, in accommodations for children and in educational service to children, if the advice of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt to open the schoolhouses for political folk centers were adopted.

NEWS NARRATIVE

The figures in brackets at the ends of paragraphs refer to volumes and pages of The Public for earlier information on the same subject.

Week ending Tuesday, September 24, 1912.

Presidential Campaigning.

The Progressive Party's candidate for President, Mr. Roosevelt, is on a continental speaking tour. At Tucson, Arizona, on the 17th, he made

this specific declaration, as reported by the Chicago Tribune, a Progressive Party paper, in its issue of the 18th:

In the nation we have the chance to set an example for all the States. We have the city of Washington. We can make it a model city. And we have Alaska as a Territory in which the government can build railroads and operate them, and can keep possession of the coal and water power, leasing for development both the coal and water power on terms favorable to the people as a whole and not parting with the fee. If I am elected President, and I have in Congress anything like a party that will support me, I shall call an extra session, to be devoted exclusively to putting into Federal law every provision recommended in the plank dealing with social and industrial justice. The action of the government should be along three lines. In the first place, the government itself should be made a model employer. We should have the workmen's compensation act, the act providing for the living wage, and the minimum wage for women. We should have the proper safeguarding of machinery. We should have all these acts applied to the government service—the postal service, the military service, the Panama canal, everywhere. So far as we have power over interstate commerce the laws should be applied thereto—that is, to the workmen engaged in interstate commerce. Then the city of Washington should be made a model city

Mr. Roosevelt's campaigning had turned southward on the 24th.

The Democratic candidate for President, Mr. Wilson, is making a western speaking trip, in the course of which, in a speech at Sioux City on the 17th, he declared against government by experts. "I want to warn the people of this country," he said, as reported by the Associated Press, "to beware of commissions of experts. I have lived with experts all my life and I know that experts don't see anything except what is under their microscope—under their eye. They don't even perceive what is under their nose, and an expert feels in honor bound to confine himself to the particular question which you have asked." In illustration of the last clause of his statement, Mr. Wilson said:

I suppose that most of you know that a great controversy arose because Dr. Wiley, who was in charge of the pure food administration, objected to the use of benzoate of soda in certain things that were sold to you, particular in cans, for food. Now a nice thing occurred. The gentlemen who wanted to use benzoate of soda persuaded the President, Mr. Roosevelt, that this was a scientific question and therefore he ought to have a board of chemistry to determine it. Mr. Roosevelt picked out some of the most eminent and honest chemists in this country, headed by a personal friend of mine, the president of Johns Hopkins University, and submitted to them this question: "Is benzoate of soda hurtful to the human stomach or to the human digestion when taken internally?" Observe that that was the only question

submitted to them, and that was exactly what the people who wanted to use benzoate of soda for wrong purposes wanted to limit the inquiry to. Because these gentlemen had to say that benzoate of soda in itself was not harmful to the human system, as I believe it is not. But they were not asked this question: "Can benzoate of soda be used to conceal putrefaction—can it be used in things that have gone bad to conceal the fact that they have gone bad and to induce people to put them in their stomachs after they have gone bad?" They were not asked that question, because if they had been they would have said "Yes, it can be used in that way." Dr. Wiley knew that it was so used and in that way.

William J. Bryan began his speaking campaign for Mr. Wilson last week. At Salt Lake on the 18th, his first speech in Utah, he compared Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft as follows, as reported by the United Press:

Any man who opposes the Initiative and Referendum is not in sympathy with the people. Both Taft and Roosevelt worked openly against this measure. Taft has been standing still, and the people have marched right past him. He considers the people incapable of managing their own affairs, and has no confidence in them. I will give him credit and say he does not pretend to. Roosevelt, on the other hand, professes great confidence in the people, but this is a sham and he proposes to rule as a despot if he should have his own way.

Mr. Bryan was speaking in California on the 24th. At Los Angeles on the 23d, he said of Mr. Roosevelt and the trusts that—

Mr. Roosevelt says the trusts have come to stay, and he denounces the Democrats for wanting to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist. Mr. Roosevelt says you must not try to prevent monopoly. Just regulate it. Let it grow and grow; let it merge and merge; let it consolidate and consolidate, but watch it. My friends, he watched it for seven and a half years and it merged and merged, and when it got to a doubtful point, when it did not know whether it could merge or not, it went to him and asked him and he said: "Yes, merge." I don't believe that we can long maintain political independence when we have lost industrial independence. Mr. Roosevelt's plan has brought corruption into every State government that has tried to control franchise-holding corporations.

As reported by the Chicago Tribune of the 20th, which supports his candidacy, Mr. Roosevelt advocated at Denver a recall for Presidents and "besides expressing in no uncertain language his opinion of Bryan" "charged the Democratic nominee with making 'inaccurate statements of facts.'" The same paper of the 22d, reporting Mr. Roosevelt's appearance at Topeka, said:

Here in Kansas, where the Progressives are militant and aggressive, Col. Theodore Roosevelt ceased his tender consideration of Gov. Woodrow Wilson

and went after him in hammer and tongs fashion. He charged him with "absolute misstatement," with "deliberate misrepresentation," and with "directly inverting the truth," in connection with the Progressive policy for the settlement of the trust question.



At Hoboken, N. J., on the 21st Mr. Wilson, in warning the people against electing James Smith, Jr., to the United States Senate, said:

I have never been aware of any personal feeling on my part in any political contest against any individual. There is no man in New Jersey that I care to fight or to oppose because of his personal quality. The United States is not choosing men now by their private characters merely; it is not choosing them for their likability; it is not choosing them because they are fine fellows, but it is choosing them because they understand the interests of America at this present moment. And many a man bred in the old school of politics is being rejected now, not because he does not hold his convictions honestly, but because he holds convictions from which the country has turned away. We are at a critical juncture in the history of America and at a critical juncture in the history of the Democratic Party. There is only one condition upon which the Democratic Party can gain the confidence of the nation, and that condition is that it should have itself through and through absolutely committed to progressive policy. Just so certainly as it turns back, just so certainly as it makes any other choice, it will be rejected now and need have no hope whatever of being chosen again for our generation. The amazing thing to me is that men do not everywhere see this; the amazing thing to me is that men do not see that those who are put, not only at the head of a ticket, but in every place on every ticket, must represent this new impulse of Democracy or else Democracy will be discredited. We are not speaking our own individual opinions. We are the spokesmen of a great progressive force in this nation. Why is it that some men who would naturally ally themselves with the third party in this nation are now refusing to do so? Because they say there was no excuse for the formation of that party after the profession of principles and the nominations of the Baltimore convention. Before the campaign began the very leaders of that party admitted that I stood by the very thing that they profess to stand for; and the contest now as between parties is to gain the permanent confidence of the people of the United States who have made up their minds that we must move forward with the change of circumstances and the altered necessities of politics. Therefore, any man who stands in the way of this great movement of humanity must stand aside. He cannot walk with the triumphant hosts of the great democracy.

At Scranton, Pa., on the 23d, Mr. Wilson said of "regulated monopoly"—

Mr. Roosevelt himself has spoken of the profits the corporations get as prize money, and his objection is that not enough of the prize money gets into the pay envelopes. I agree with him. But I want to know how he proposes to get it there. I searched his programme from top to bottom and the only pro-

posal I can find is that there shall be an industrial commission charged with the supervision of the great monopolistic combinations and that the government shall see to it that these gentlemen who have conquered labor shall be kind to labor.



Wisconsin Republicans.

In the platform adopted on the 18th by the Wisconsin Republican convention, no reference is made either to Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt; but Senator La Follette is mentioned as the leader in "the onward movement in which Wisconsin has been the pioneer," "the principles for which he contended and established there," having "now become the fundamental guaranty of representative government in all progressive States of the Union." Home rule, and the Initiative, Referendum and Recall are demanded, as are a minimum wage for women, and the La Follette plan for a "gateway amendment" to the Federal Constitution.



New York Politics.

An anti-Tammany movement under the name of the "Empire State Democracy," named a State ticket on the 19th with Frederick W. Hinrichs as the candidate for Governor, but announced that if the Democratic State convention nominates a ticket not dictated by Tammany Hall, and acceptable to the Empire State Democracy, the latter's candidates will be withdrawn.



High Prices.

A special report upon the cost of living in the United States for the past ten years was given out on the 22d by the Bureau of Labor at Washington. The supplies under investigation were fifteen food staples and coal. The places of investigation were the important industrial centers of 32 States. The object of the inquiry was to ascertain the relative cost of living in the Labor class. Following from the report is a tabulation showing increases in the cost of the specified food staples as compared with the average prices of the same foods during the ten years ending June 15, 1912:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Granulated sugar....	8.5	Smoked hams	61.3
Strictly fresh eggs...	26.1	Cornmeal	63.7
Fresh milk	32.9	Rib roast	63.8
Creamery butter	33.3	Round steak	84.0
Wheat flour	39.3	Pork chops	86.0
Pure lard	55.3	Smoked bacon	96.7
Hens	58.1	Irish potatoes	111.9
Sirloin steak	59.5		

Prices for Pennsylvania anthracite coal, stove size, were higher on the 15th of April, 1912, than the year before, in 25 out of 29 cities investigated, and unaltered in the other 4; chestnut size had ad-

vanced in 25 out of 27 cities, and bituminous in 17 out of 32. [See vol. xiii, pp. 1, 15, 82, 108, 121, 132, 139, 147, 155, 296, 325, 350, vol. xiv, p. 1031.]



The Labor War.

During the past week the conspicuous battle points in the Labor war in the United States have been in Utah, Colorado, Minnesota and West Virginia. [See current volume, pages 433, 439, 465, 487, 512, 538, 562, 564, 582, 756.]



In Utah, deputy sheriffs were fired on at Bingham on the 18th by miners who are striking for an increase of 50 cents a day in wages from the Utah Copper Mining Company. No one was injured. The sheriff applied to the Governor for troops.



At Lafayette, Colorado, where a coal miners' strike has been on for two years, 500 shots were exchanged on the 18th between non-union miners within a company's stockade and a party of unknown men who attacked the stockade. The men within the stockade were having a dance at the time of the attack.



Martial law in the coal regions of West Virginia was extended territorially by Governor Glasscock on the 18th so as to include Fayette county where disturbances had been reported. The mining companies have rejected Governor Glasscock's overtures, agreed to by the striking miners, for an arbitration.



In connection with a street car strike at Superior and Duluth, which the company refuses to arbitrate, news dispatches published on the 20th reported that on the 19th at Superior "a mob of 5,000 strike sympathizers destroyed thousands of dollars of street railway property and seriously injured many non-union street car employees."



Direct Legislation in Colorado.

A judicial attack upon the Initiative and Referendum amendment to the Constitution of Colorado has fallen through. The amendment was questioned by the political and corporate interests that center at Denver. In the lower court their assault upon the amendment as having been unconstitutionally adopted for lack of certain technicalities, was sustained, though with a strong dissenting opinion by the minority member of the court. Having then been carried to the Supreme Court of the State, that body decided on the 23rd

that the Initiative and Referendum amendment was properly adopted and is a valid part of the State Constitution. [See vol. xiii, p. 1213; vol. xiv, pp. 39, 265, 771.]



Mexican Revolutionists in the United States.

The Mexican revolution has spilled over into the United States, and various insurrecto officers have been captured by United States troops in Texas, among them Colonel Pascual Orozco, Sr., father of the general of the same name who heads the revolutionists in the northern Mexican States. Colonel Orozco and five other officers were tried on the 30th before Commissioner Griffin at Marfa, Tex., for violation of the neutrality laws, and were found not guilty. Colonel Orozco and Jose Cordeva were immediately rearrested at the request of the Mexican consul at El Paso. An effort will be made to obtain their extradition to Mexico on a charge of murder. [See current volume, page 898.]



A Central American Policy for the United States.

The American Minister to Nicaragua, Mr. Weitzel, has received instructions from Washington embodied in a note which he was ordered to present officially to the Nicaraguan government, and unofficially to the revolutionists. According to the Washington dispatches of the Chicago Inter Ocean, the American purpose is to foster true constitutional government and free elections, and to this end strong moral support will be given to established governments against revolutions based upon the selfish designs of would-be despots and not upon any principle or popular demand. Force will be used if necessary in maintaining free communications with and to protect American ministries and legations. This policy is declared to have been adopted in San Domingo, Panama and Honduras. The instructions denounce the revolutionary General Mena as one who would restore the methods of former President Zelaya, adding—

In discountenancing Zelaya, whose regime of barbarity and corruption was ended by the Nicaraguan nation after a bloody war, the government of the United States opposed not only the individual but the system, and this government could not countenance any movement to restore the same destructive regime.

The policy of the United States in the present disturbance is declared to be "to take the necessary measures for adequate legation guard at Managua, to keep open communications and to protect American life and property." The moral position of the United States is thus stated:

Under the Washington conventions the United States has a moral mandate to exert its influence for the preservation of the general peace of Central America, which is seriously menaced by the present uprising, and to this end in the strict enforcement

of the Washington conventions and loyal support of their aims and purposes all the Central American republics will find means of valuable co-operation.

[See current volume, page 900.]



The Partition of Persia.

Persia's sad effort to preserve her independence, with Russian and English "spheres of influence" hovering over her like two grim shades face to face waiting for spoil, came to a practical end when last winter the useful and successful American Treasurer-General, Mr. Morgan Shuster, was driven forth by Russian influence, backed by cosacks, against the courageous and heart-broken protests of the Persian Assembly, while England watched in silence. [See current volume, pages 37, 62, 83, 109, 206.]



During the present week Sergius Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign minister, has been in London in conference with Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary for Foreign affairs, with the future of Persia as chief topic of discussion. The Associated Press dispatches assert that the practical division of Persia between Great Britain and Russia appears almost assured. The necessity of preserving order in the interests of trade is the principal reason advanced. The Manchester Guardian, in opposing the project, says: "The Foreign office, although not ordinarily oversolicitous about trade interests, knows well how to quote them for its own ends." The dispatches of the Associated Press continue:

Since the signing of the Anglo-Russian convention of 1907 for the maintenance of Persia's independence and integrity, and incidentally for the division of the country into British and Russian spheres of influence, there has been a steady growth of this influence and a corresponding shrinkage of independence in Persia. The exact division of territory will not be easy. The Russian papers claim Teheran. If the Emperor gets the capital Great Britain's share will be decidedly the smaller value. Some of the Liberal papers bewail the disappearance of Persia as the "buffer" state and foresee a great increase in the British military establishment when the British-Russian boundary is drawn across the middle of what is now Persia.



China.

In spite of the "Six-Power" disapproval of the \$50,000,000 loan from a union of London bankers to the Chinese government, a portion of the loan has already been paid over, namely, \$2,500,000. It was stated from London on the 20th that the remainder of \$25,000,000 would be paid this year, and the second half of the loan in 1913. [See current volume, page 899.]



The China Society of America, of which Louis

Livingston Seaman is President, Andrew D. White, honorary President, and President Yuan Shi Kai of China one of the honorary Vice-Presidents, on the 22nd addressed an open letter to President Taft, appealing for prompt recognition of the new Republic of China on the part of the United States. The letter says in part:

The China Society of America, impatient of your protracted delay in formally recognizing the Republic of China—a delay that not only prevents the prosperity and development of the country but that menaces its very life by threatening the maintenance of the integrity of its territory—now appeals to you again promptly to grant the recognition its people have so honorably won. Months ago Congress passed a joint resolution without a single dissenting voice, urgently recommending the immediate recognition of the Republic. If it is not granted the friends of China must appeal to public opinion.



The Dalai Lama, the antiquated priest-ruler of Tibet, who left Lhasa after the desecration of that sacred city by British invasion in 1904, and wandered helplessly in China, finally taking refuge in Darjeeling in British India, has recently returned to Lhasa. The British government is now protesting against China's supposed intention of incorporating Tibet as a province of the Republic, on the basis of the suzerainty exercised over Tibet by the former Chinese Empire. The British government recommends that China should limit herself to advising the Tibetan government upon foreign policy through her representative at Lhasa, and British recognition of the Republic is refused until a new agreement upon the subject of Tibet shall have been drawn up between China and Great Britain. [See vol. xiii, p. 232.]

NEWS NOTES

—The 19th universal Peace Congress opened at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 23d.

—The 15th international Congress on Hygiene and Demography opened at Washington on the 23d.

—The fourth National Conservation Congress is called for October 1, 2, 3, and 4 at Indianapolis. [See vol. xiv, p. 1031.]

—Hernando DeSoto Money, United States Senator from Mississippi since 1899, died at Biloxi, Miss., on the 18th at the age of 74.

—Governor Deneen of Illinois has issued a proclamation calling for the general observance of Oct. 9th as "Fire Prevention Day."

—The National Conference of Catholic Charities, in biennial session at Washington, resolved itself into sections on the 23d, to discuss charitable work and organization.

—At the municipal election in Fairhope, Alabama, on the 16th, the Socialist candidate for Mayor, J. F. Johnson, was elected with 23 votes, the Singletax can-

didate, J. M. Pilcher, receiving 21, and the third candidate, Mayor Greeno, receiving 22.

—The Republican National Committee expelled, on the 18th, four members who have allied themselves with the Progressive Party, and accepted the resignations of three others.

—Henry George, Jr., was renominated for Congress on the 17th by the regular Democratic convention of the new 21st Congressional District of New York. [See current volume, page 851.]

—A "general strike" was reported from Brussels on the 23d as about to be projected throughout Belgium by the Socialists (to begin in November) in support of a universal suffrage amendment to the Constitution which the government is opposing.

—Paris dispatches of the 21st stated that the French police have warned Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughter, Christabel, who were there, that if any disturbance occurs while Mr. Asquith, the British prime minister, is passing through the city, they will be expelled from France. [See current volume, paper 698, 702, 712, 780.]

—Mrs. Mary Leigh, the suffragette recently convicted of a deadly assault at Dublin, Ireland, upon Mr. Asquith and John Redmond with a hatchet, was released from prison on the 20th on account of ill health caused either by self-starvation or enforced feeding in consequence of her refusal to eat, or by both. [See current volume, page 780.]

—At the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, on Sunday, October 6th, a meeting is to be held for the purpose of starting a Statewide movement in the interest of progressive legislation in Ohio. Plans for the meeting are being made by Herbert S. Bigelow and Daniel Kiefer, and it is expected that Mayor Newton D. Baker of Cleveland and Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo will be among the speakers.

—In a clerical letter of the 17th, Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee officially ordered Catholic parents to cease taking their children from Catholic schools and sending them to public schools unless especially permitted. "When not properly excused by the bishop," this Archbishop's letter reads, Catholic parents thereby "commit a grievous sin and cannot receive the sacraments of the Church."

✓ —The bloodiest battle so far in the Italo-Turkish war was fought near Derne on the Mediterranean coast on the 18th. According to the Italian reports, their side lost 61 men killed and 113 wounded, while the Turks and Arabs left more than 800 dead on the field. Another severe battle was reported near the city of Tripoli on the 20th, with Italian losses in killed and wounded put at 200. [See current volume, page 899.]

—Governor Harmon of Ohio announced on the 19th that the amendments to the State Constitution proposed by the Constitutional Convention and voted upon by the people on the 3d, had been validly submitted, that each one of them which received a majority of the vote cast for and against it has been validly adopted, and that it is his purpose to issue a proclamation accordingly. [See current volume, page 897.]

—Thousands of British workingmen in mass meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, adopted a resolu-

tion on the 23d protesting against "the unwarrantable arrest and trial of Ettor and Giovanitti, who are charged with being 'accessories before the fact' to the murder of Annie La Pizza, who was shot by a policeman during the strike of textile workers at Lawrence, Mass." The resolution "calls for their immediate release." [See current volume, page 900.]

—A march of women from London to Edinburgh in October is planned as a suffragette demonstration. It is expected that the parade will occupy five weeks. Speeches will be made at various places along the route. Thirty suffragette organizations are expected to participate. Some of the women will be afoot and some on horseback, and as it is announced that many aged and invalid women will go, it is presumed that they will be provided with carriages. [See current volume, page 780.]

—The People's Institute of New York, founded by Charles Sprague Smith and now under the Directorship of Frederic C. Howe, has organized a Bureau of Municipal and Social Efficiency for the purpose of (1) expert study of municipal and social problems and the making of local "surveys," (2) maintaining a bureau of experts in taxation, assessments, sanitation, etc., (3) establishing a clearing-house for information on municipal and social affairs, and (4) assisting to standardize municipal and social activities so as to make results easily comparable.

—A characteristic demonstration of suffragettes, followed by their being mobbed, occurred at Llanystumdy, Wales, on the 21st, on the occasion of a speech by Lloyd George in the village of his boyhood, which several other cabinet Ministers attended. Welsh suffragettes had endeavored to prevent the suffragette demonstration, but a party from the English organization nevertheless went into Wales for the purpose of disturbing the meeting. When they began doing so the Welsh crowd at the meeting mobbed them. [See current volume, pages 698, 702, 712, 780.]

—The Hungarian parliament, which opened on the 17th, spent much of its first two days in factional rioting. The uproar began as soon as Count Stephen Tisza, Speaker of the lower house, entered the chamber. At the close of a stormy session the Speaker had the police put out the Opposition members with violence. Count Tisza was elected Speaker on May 22 last. He is an opponent of universal suffrage, and on this issue his election was contested with a bitterness that resulted in violence in the chamber and in bloodshed on the streets. Stormy scenes were witnessed in the Parliament during its closing sessions in June, culminating in an attempt being made to assassinate the Speaker. [See current volume, pages 512, 564.]

—A decision by Secretary Fisher of the Department of the Interior, revoking an order of ex-Commissioner Valentine of the bureau of Indian Affairs which forbade the wearing of any religious garb or insignia in government Indian schools, was confirmed on the 2nd by President Taft. The conclusion of the Secretary, as confirmed by the President, was, in the President's language, "that those persons who are now engaged in teaching in government schools as members of the government civil service, and who are wearing the garb, should be permitted to remain in the service, and while discharging their duties to wear the garb."

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

PRESS OPINIONS

Wilson's Campaigning Method.

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



Monopoly the Essential Principle of the Progressive Party.

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



The High Cost of Living.

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

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



Bryan's Survival of Abuse.

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



Land Value Taxation.

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

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

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

RICHARD COBDEN.

Apostle of Free Trade: 1804-1865.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



JIMMIE'S INFANT INDUSTRY.

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

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

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

*From an old leaflet of the Cobden Club.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and then apparently lost himself in staring idly over the mellowing lights of the great city. The smooth-shaven, heavy jowls and the lean lips were as immobile as ever, yet at intervals the old man's eyes traveled across to the little clock that was slowly counting out the minutes of the New York day. And one of the heavy-knuckled hands covered with the loose, parchment skin of old age abstractedly fondled an unlighted cigar that would ordinarily have been half consumed by this time.

A muffled buzzer sang at the side of the desk, and a second later a faded little secretary appeared. "Your son is outside, Mr. Gorem."

"Send him in," ordered the old man curtly. He swung around at the desk, lighted the cigar briskly, and began shuffling among the scattered papers. "Prompt—maybe he's got the goods. He ought to have—from me, anyhow. Or maybe he wants the allowance," he added grimly to himself. "On time, hey?" He looked up as his son entered the room. "Ma told you what I wanted you for?"

The younger man nodded as he lighted a cigarette. "Said we needed the money—I'm getting a big boy now—time to go to work, put my shoulder to the wheel, and all that sort of thing," he answered flippantly.

The old man snorted. "Well, made up your mind what business you want to go into, hey?" he asked.

"Well, Dad, I've come down to talk it over. But you know I've no taste for business—what need, anyway? You've got more money than you or the rest of us can use. Of course," he went on seriously, "if we were like most families and you needed me, why, you know, Dad, I'd pull along in the yoke with you like all possessed. But as it is, I don't feel that I'm a shirk."

"You won't be a shirk, Jimmie—you've got my blood in ye—and it's time to begin. I've got some pride o' family, and I made my own pile myself—I've got the pride of wanting to see my son do what I've done, and with a better chance at the start than I had—peddlin' tinware. In the next place, there ain't room in this country for a man that won't work, whether he's one of these rich hoboos or just an ordinary poor one; and then, for another reason, I don't intend to be one of these fool fathers of rich men's sons, spending the dollars they don't know the value of."

"But you've made enough, more than enough, Dad—you can't use what you're making now," argued Jimmie.

"That's not the point," retorted the old man harshly. "A man's what-d'ye-call-it, hey?—destiny, that's it, destiny—is work—and work is anything from peddling bananas or tinware, like I did, to bossin' from the top o' the heap, like I'm doing now. My money's going to give you a better chance to choose than I had—now then, what ye going to have, hey?"

It was a crisis for Jimmie, but Jimmie did not

know it; for, like most crises, it looked very commonplace. A score of times Jimmie had escaped with audacious ease; this was merely another time, probably.

"From any one else, Dad; that would sound like an invitation to have a drink. But if I've got to choose right off, it's only fair to begin at the bottom and peddle bananas as you suggest," said Jimmie gaily.

The old man leaned forward grimly. "All right, selling bananas it is; I'll take you at your own word. And," he added bluntly, "if you go back on it now—well—"

"The banana business!"

Jimmie recognized, a trifle late, that he had really passed a crisis. In the momentary whir and adjustment of ideas, an impossible picture arose in his mind of a young man and a two-wheeled cart piled high with sprawling yellow fruit. "Oh, I say, Dad, that's only a joke!" he exclaimed.

"Joke nothing! Or 'if it is, it's your joke, ain't it? You make a wish, just like a story-book, and here I am like the fairy godmother that makes it come true—like that!" He cracked his big knuckles in illustration.

But the harshness died out of his voice as he went on: "Why, Jimmie, son, I don't care what it is you're in; but I'll put you at the top o' the heap. You needn't worry about pushing a cart through the streets—I did that, or pretty much that, when I started. But you'll start right—big business, modern ideas, and all that sort of thing. Bananas! By gad, I'll show the world what the banana business ought to be!"

He punched a button under the rim of the big desk, and the faded little secretary popped into the sanctuary. "Fix up a room for Jim outside somewhere. Put a desk in here for him till it's ready." The faded secretary slid noiselessly out.

"Jim, you'll come down-town with me mornings after this. Your business at first will be to sit tight—mostly to stop, look, and listen, as the railroad signs say. You can go up home now and tell Ma that your salary will be what she thinks your allowance should be—now that you won't have time to spend it."

Jimmie accepted the state of affairs with an easy adaptability, though still a trifle dazed at the swiftness with which events had crystallized. "All right, Dad! Hooray for the banana business if you say so—this automatic choice is a great load off my mind. Want me to go home by way of the docks and pick up a few bargains in left-over bunches?"

"You don't know enough," retorted the old man curtly. "I don't reckon you know enough about business to start anywhere but at the top." His face hardened in abstraction for an instant.

"If anybody cares enough to know, you might

say that you're the secretary to the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company."

Jimmie whistled. "Swell name that, Dad! When I can reel out an offhand inspiration like that, I'll be qualified to sit among the big guns, too. After this I'll never be able to look a banana in the eye without taking off my hat to it."

The old man's harsh features softened again, and he walked across and laid his heavy-knuckled hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Why, Jimmie, son, there's no greater world to conquer than that of modern business. You've got brains—ain't I your father?—and with me back of you we'll found one o' these financial what-d'ye-call-'ems—destinies, no dyn-asties—that's it, dynasties. I'll show you. Tell Simmons I want to see him," he concluded abruptly as they reached the door together.

Before the old man had returned to his desk, Simmons, the drab little office secretary, was again at his elbow. "Mr. Jim said you wished to see me, sir?"

"Yes, everybody gone? Well, call up Griscom and tell him to meet me at the club this evening; important. Get Foote on the wire—tell him to be there, too."

Griscom was chief of the old man's staff of permanent counsel, and Foote was his chief consultant on legal matters of importance. Big-boned, gaunt, and taciturn, after Gorem's own pattern. Foote had risen by the sheer force of a cold and powerful brain from the shady twilight zone where he had been the chief legal bulwark of a long-dead political gang, until he was now almost a symbol of adroit legal and intellectual ability. The old man had once remarked—it was the nearest he ever came to a compliment: "Foote don't waste any time telling me what the law won't let me do; he shows me how to go ahead and do it!"

As Simmons withdrew, the old man dropped into his chair and began to think. His cigar went out; absently he drew another from the drawer and as absently lighted it. The city below him veiled itself in the amethyst twilight, and little lights pricked the depths like stars from an inverted heaven; his eyes saw nothing; time, space, hunger, all were forgotten while the agile, shrewd old brain tested swiftly shifting plans.

This banana project was the sudden result of a domineering nature and a peevish impulse. It was new, untried; his friends would regard it as freakish; yet there was never a thought of change: The banana business for Jim it must be. He had dealt with the great staples—steel, mines, traction, railroads, and once a venture in a textile consolidation. The perishable commodities that needed quick markets were, to him, an unexplored field. Yet he knew the principles that had made his success in other fields, and never for a moment did his faith in his own powers falter. Besides, this appealed to him because it was the beginning for Jim.

Jim's beginning—He thought of his own: the dull, deadening battle with poverty; then the slow rise with others as humble as himself until chance gave him a sudden lift. But it was not until the war that his first really big strike had come. The old man recalled his first partner, now long dead, and their start in army contracts; how first a slight change was made in the contracts and then how, observing the possibilities, they had schemed and maneuvered to get them still further changed. It had cost money, too; but it was worth it—getting the specifications altered to easier conditions after the contract was awarded.

That was long ago, and it was very raw work, but it had given him the tip; some special privilege—illegal, legal, or natural—that was the point. Once that was attained, no commercial genius was needed to bring in a flood of dollars. Given a monopoly, and no brains were needed to make it profitable. He had dealt in monopolies and special advantages—privileges—governmental and private, tariffs and rebates, and monstrous fortunes had followed.

He had no politics, although he would have denied this angrily; and he always proclaimed his party label with unction. Whatever ideals his party might have had, he had for decades met it on the common ground of—"business is business," and the establishment of a profitable business the chief end of man. "Business is business" had indeed served him as a bill of rights and a creed of humanity.

Jimmie's entry into business rapidly absorbed him. He had faith that Jimmie had brains; but the brains would take time to develop. And meantime he had no mind that Jimmie, his son, should have his name linked with failure. But how to put the banana business on a fool-proof basis—that was the problem.

At first he had thought of organizing an expanding chain of stores with their own wholesale distributing warehouses. With the heavy financial backing for which he would be the sponsor, it could control the trade after the field had been cleared in a relentless war of competition. But there was no iron-clad monopoly in this; competitors could spring up again and could not be permanently controlled. It would be neither profit-tight nor fool-proof. It would require a commercial genius at the helm, and he had no illusions; Jimmie was not that.

Then the old man's mind turned to controlling the source of supply. A vision arose of a fleet of steamers plying to the tropical ports that were established centers of banana shipments; but there would be nothing to prevent other steamships from competing. Or, if a monopoly *was* established, there would be nothing to prevent other tropical countries from developing the banana trade, and this again would make that most undesirable thing—competition.

No, it would not do. He could not monopolize the world's output of bananas, for the tropical banana belt girdles the world. . . . His thought was suddenly illuminated, and he broke into a raspy chuckle somewhere down his throat.

He pulled out his watch; it was too dark to see the hands, and he turned on the desk lamp. As he saw the hour he grunted: "Must be getting old when I can't think any faster than that!" A minute later he was in the elevator and dropping past the thirty doors that streamed up from the street level.

That evening he met Griscom at the club. Later, they were joined by Foote, and the three conferred late in one of the upper rooms, where they were nominally busy with dummy bridge. And the next morning the wheels began to turn, with Jimmie gravely watching each revolution.

New offices blossomed on one of the lower floors of the tall office-building, and a corps of clerks and draftsmen was detailed therein. Long arrays of filing devices and tabulating systems lined the walls, and presently the head draftsman began to report up-stairs to Jimmie and the old man with bulky rolls of blue-prints, on which were irregular patches of colored areas, with marginal notations. Maps accumulated, and more devices were installed to file them. A dozen stenographers were kept busy with subsidiary correspondence, and the chief filing-clerk from up-stairs came down and organized a system for filing and tabulating vast numbers of reports of temperatures, high, low, and mean, together with rainfalls, barometric readings, and general meteorological data.

Up-stairs the old man sat with his hand on the throttle; real estate men from the big centers came and went by his private entrance in a steady succession, and a score of confidential satellites flitted in and out. A special legal department was formed and was kept busy drafting or scrutinizing title deeds and options on vast areas of abandoned farms and other land throughout New England and the Middle States. And Jimmie, faithful each morning at his desk in the old man's sanctuary, grew dizzy in the maelstrom of shifting, whirling energy.

A trivial incident had been the foundation on which the old man had built the scheme. A little perfunctory notice in a daily paper had caught his eye some days before his interview with Jimmie. It briefly stated that from the Botanical Gardens two bunches of bananas had been sent to the patients of the tuberculosis hospital on the East River. They had been grown under glass, he read—but they had been grown in the United States! Later, when he thought over the banana problem on the evening after the interview, this recurred to him—they had been grown in the United States. It could be done; there was the proof—he would found a great American industry!

One night some weeks later, the old man

pressed a button and a powerful group gathered around the long directors' table in the private room of his up-town club. There were a couple of New England senators and a few congressmen from scattered but reliable constituencies, and the remainder were representative of the heavy-caliber, substantial business interests. On each chair lay a printed pamphlet—the charter, as it stated on the cover, of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company; folded within was a blank for stock-subscription pledges. Attached by a wire clip was a typewritten statement, headed: "For the Daily Press."

Jimmie sat at the old man's right near the head of the table. His name was printed in the pamphlet as one of the incorporators of the new company, and today he was to take an active part. He was to read a few typewritten statements, as befitted the potential secretary. As the faded Simmons ushered in the last expected magnate, Jimmie's father rapped on the table with his knuckles.

"I reckon most of you gentlemen know the purpose o' this meeting—at least in a general sort of way," he announced, "so that we can get together on some of the details. I won't take up any more time now except to say that I'm backing this proposition to the limit. It's the best project I've ever handled, and if we all stand together on it there's more profits in it than we've ever made before.

"Another thing; Jim here is to be the secretary—and there's a lot o' room in it for some more sons and relatives, and I guess that'll come in handy for most of you, anyhow. You've read the copy of the charter of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company; it's to raise bananas on the waste lands in New England, and it's drawn so that we've the power to run anything from a dago boarding-house to a pipe-line. Jim, read that statement that's been written for the newspapers, and then if there's no objection we'll send it out."

Jimmie arose with his mimeographed typewritten copy in his hand, and read:

Experiments made in the past few years in the growing of bananas under glass in the Botanical Gardens of New York have demonstrated conclusively that it can be done. A new field is thereby opened to American industry. Two bunches were recently presented to a local tuberculosis hospital in triumphant conclusion of these experiments.

No more important field for a great national industry has been opened up than that which lies in the development of this tremendous and proven opportunity. Not only will it solve the question of the enormous areas of abandoned farms and cut-timber tracts throughout New England and the Middle States, and thereby give employment to thousands of workmen, but it will react throughout the country and stimulate every industry that is related to this great development of the American home-

grown banana. This is obvious when it is considered that millions of feet of glass will be required for the vast areas of greenhouses, that thousands of tons of structural steel will be needed for the frames, and vast quantities of paint and putty to finish their construction; also, in the line of accessories, there are the boilers and heating pipes, the brick and cement, and the enormous demand for coal that will bring prosperity to all these trades.

The Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Company proposes to begin on a moderate scale and at the end of the first year to have one hundred thousand acres of these abandoned and cheap lands under glass, and to expand this acreage as rapidly as possible. It is safe to say that no industry that has been undertaken in this country in the last half century has held such tremendous possibilities of profit and prosperity as lie in the growing of the American banana. It is only natural to expect that our Government will lend its protection to such a vital national enterprise.

Jimmie laid down the typewritten page, and the old man handed him another. "This is the engineers' report. Read it, Jim. No, not all of it; just the summary—I've marked it."

And Jimmie read:

As the result of the above-mentioned experiments (the two bunches grown in the Botanical Gardens) it becomes a simple matter to arrive at the total production on the basis of the first year's operations, i. e., a basis of one hundred thousand acres under glass and planted to bananas. It is proposed to use the latest methods and intensive cultivation, and therefore the banana trees should be planted ten feet apart each way. This will give an average of four hundred banana trees to the acre, or a total of forty million banana trees. Allowing only one bunch of bananas to the tree and also figuring but two hundred bananas to the bunch, there would therefore be grown for the first year the total of eight billion, or eight thousand million, bananas.

At a profit of only one cent each, which it is proposed to add to the cost of growing and marketing, they would produce a net profit of eighty million dollars! Should the proper political and trade conditions be secured, a profit of two cents each may be considered, which will, of course, increase the dividend to one hundred and sixty million dollars for the first year. The banana will bear the first year, under proper conditions.

Jimmie sat down; his part in the meeting was now over. His father leaned forward impressively and spoke:

"I want to say that those last figures on the profits are wrong." He paused as if to note the effect. There was none, for that highly sophisticated group knew the old man too well to be startled by anything except a loss; and he never lost. "They're wrong," he continued, "they're too small. It will cost, roughly, fifty thousand dollars an acre to put the land under glass. In order to make a return of ten per cent on that investment it will be necessary to add six and a quarter cents to each banana above the cost of produc-

tion. And there'll be nothing to stop us making it more—within reason, of course."

The head of the Sheet Glass Trust rattled his copy of the charter and looked over his glasses fussily.

"Six and a quarter cents apiece for a banana, Mr. Gorem, is a pretty high price, even if it is extra fine and hothouse grown. They're six for a nickel generally around my office—sometimes less." He was a thrifty man of noted thrifty habits, and a quiet smile went around the group.

The old man cracked his knuckles cheerfully: "Six and a quarter cents apiece!—Who said six and a quarter cents apiece! I said six and a quarter cents above the cost—net profit—and probably more. I propose, Mr. Parkinson—and gentlemen—that our first crop shall sell for *thirty* cents apiece! It'll cost twenty-one cents each to grow 'em—can't be done for less under glass."

A gentleman in a white waistcoat leaned forward interestedly; he was the Consolidated Steel Trust.

"I take it," he remarked, "that you have, Mr. Gorem, of course considered the question and the relation of the present supply of bananas from the tropical countries? They are quite ample, and quite cheap, I believe?"

"Yes, I've considered it," returned the old man, "and I don't propose that another banana shall be landed on these shores. What's a tariff for, hey? Ain't it to protect American industry and capital, hey? *I propose to have it made as dangerous to bring a banana into the United States as it is to forge a check, commit bigamy, or smuggle a petticoat!*"

It was the president of the Consolidated Woolen and Textile Trust who chuckled dryly from the lower end of the table. "I follow you all right, Gorem, but isn't it a trifle, so to speak—ah—drastic? Thirty cents a banana—pshaw!"

"Well, if it is," retorted the old man indignantly, "it ought to interest you good and plenty. If you textile people can get rubber arctics tariff-taxed as woolen goods and then get a duty on them of forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent additional, this ought to be right in your line. If there's anything more drastic or fantastic than that, it ain't in my banana proposition!" He prodded the table with a big forefinger in emphasis. "*Forty-four cents a pound* on woolen clothing is more than I'd have the nerve to ask for a tariff on bananas, let alone that sixty per cent additional that you fellows put through!"*

The other leaned back good-humoredly. "Oh, that's all right, Gorem, I guess. It can be fixed for bananas, too, probably. Let's hear a little

*The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Tax Law of 1909 taxes woolen clothing at forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent additional, and rubber arctics have been included in that classification.



“Well, if They Can’t Afford Them—Why Not?”

more. This begins to sound pretty good already.”

“If Mr. Gorem will allow me,” spoke up the gaunt, saturnine chief consultant at his left, “I will run over this scheme briefly as it has been worked out and as it relates to our common interests.”

The old man nodded, and Foote went on:

“Our charter, as you note, is extremely broad. It will take a large amount of capital, and Mr. Gorem agrees to finance the enterprise; it is also desired that you co-operate. Besides your assistance, there is a large amount of European capital that stands ready to come in as soon as we can secure a proper protective tariff on bananas. Such a tariff will of course settle the question of competition and make our market iron-clad. In fact, the foreign banks stand ready to take up heavily the bonds of the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company.

“We propose to place the contracts for these greenhouses and their equipment entirely with you representative gentlemen. Incidentally, I may point out that on the strength of these very profitable orders you will be enabled to make an extra issue of stock; to put it bluntly, add a little water.”

The little group nodded appreciatively.

“Also, the moment these heavy orders become public, your water will become instantly a good, digested security. Of course the success of this project depends on the passage of an adequate tariff act, and I need not suggest that at first our united efforts must be centered in that direction. Our political party has been pledged for years to this great principle of protection for our American industry in every line, so that we can confidently look to it for support now, as in the past.”

The senators and the congressmen nodded an indorsement. A little desultory discussion followed, and then the company was formally organized, its laws were adopted, the officers elected, and the little blanks, now filled in with pledged

subscriptions, were passed over to Jimmie, in his official capacity, to file.

After the last magnate had departed, Jimmie turned to his father, who was standing before the onyx fireplace and rubbing his big-boned hands together in the way that Jimmie knew denoted perfect satisfaction.

“I say, Dad, at thirty cents a banana a lot of people will have to give up eating them, won’t they?”

“Well,” said the old man good-naturedly, “if they can’t afford them—why not?”

Jimmie thought of the office- and messenger-boys with their lunch of frankfurter and banana topped off with a spoonful of “hokey-pokey”; also of the typewriters in his own outer office who brought their lunch in a paper, with the banana as the final effect. He could not help thinking that they could just afford them *now*.

Shrewdly the old man divined Jimmie’s thoughts. “Jimmie, son, don’t get swept off by any sentimentality over individual cases. One’s got to think o’ things—big things—as a whole. Why, son, the minute I float that foreign bond issue abroad and the money’s deposited here to the credit o’ the Consolidated Tropical Fruit Products Development Company, the per capita wealth of this United States will be increased over one hundred dollars a head, man, woman, and child! Think o’ that wealth, hey!—ain’t that national prosperity? I tell ye, Jimmie, the Big Business men here are the country’s greatest benefactors. What difference does it make even if fewer bananas are eaten by them that can’t afford them, hey, if those that can, pay more for them? Isn’t there more money in circulation? Ain’t that prosperity? Bananas cost more; more money in circulation; more prosperity—don’t that stand to reason, hey?”

“I see,” said Jimmie. “And the higher we sell

bananas, the higher wages we can pay, so that the prosperity gets distributed?"

The old man chuckled abruptly. "Don't be foolish. You just pray for a proper tariff to keep bananas out o' the country, and immigration and the natural birth-rate 'll take care o' what wages we pay—that's the natural state o' man in this world—competition."

"Still, Dad, it's kind of tough on those that can't afford bananas, isn't it?"

"Business is business," returned the old man briefly. "When you go, tell Ma I'll be home early," he added significantly, and Jimmie took the hint and left.

With a score of able influences at work, it was not long before visible signs of the new business could be noted. The special Sunday editions of the daily papers throughout the country began to display blurred halftones showing typical abandoned farms and desolate stretches of burned timber tracts with their blackened, sprawling ghosts of dead trees. Interspersed were imaginative drawings of vast greenhouses, the whole enclosed in a decoration of palm leaves and bananas. Later, the Sunday specials became more definitely informative; they were crowded with comparative statistics in a sugar-coated form—a ragged peon holding a bunch of fruit with a diminutive Uncle Sam gazing longingly at it. This was the present. The future showed the comparative size reversed, while a prosperous, square-capped workman clasped the avuncular hand across a colossal banana. Occasionally the magazines drifted into the field, emblazoned with banana half-tones.

Rapidly sentiment roused itself on the great issue of a national, American banana and the inevitable prosperity that would follow the properly tariff-taxed fruit.

In the rural districts farmers' associations endorsed the banana and its protective tariff. In those same districts justices of the peace, road supervisors, school boards, poundmasters, and constables were elected—and occasionally defeated—on this burning issue of a national industrial patriotism. It was not long before the sentiment for the American banana seemed to spring from the very bosom of the people and merely to be reflected in the pages of the daily press, from the stalwart metropolitan journals on down to the little country sheet with its "patent insides."

The tariff must be revised; a tariff tax must be placed on the foreign, tropical banana that would effectually prevent its competing with the proposed national project; no longer could the country submit to the demoralizing effects of the exotic, pauper-grown fruit. The demand was specific, insistent, and there was no doubt that Congress would be forced to take up the question in response to the popular will.

When Congress met, the old man called Jimmie into his room. "You might as well go over to

Washington a spell," he remarked. "Things are going all right, but it won't do you any harm to look on—and learn, maybe."

So Jimmie packed up and hied him to Washington and sat through the slow hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the lower House, the first preliminary. Foote was there, in the background, but marshaling the forces. Many of the faces Jimmie recalled from the memorable meeting in his father's office weeks before. These men were experts in trade and industry, and were cheerfully bearing witness before the committee to the benefits of an adequate tariff on bananas. The amendment to the existing tariff act would place a tariff tax of thirty-two cents apiece on each banana—this amount having been decided upon as sufficient to afford the ordinary leeway.

It was a foregone conclusion that the bill would be reported favorably out of the committee, as finally it was.

Then came delay, though the bill was advanced as rapidly as possible on the House calendar. Its advocates knew that a few chronic malcontents might oppose it on the floor, but its passage was assured; in the main it was recognized by its party sponsors as an opportunity for some oratorical efforts that might come in handy back in their home districts.

When the Banana Bill, as it was popularly known, was moved, a flood of minor oratory broke forth. Faithfully Jimmie followed it from his seat in the gallery. It was the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee who was to make the closing speech. When it was known that he would speak, the old man himself came over and sat next to Jimmie. It was Jimmie's own business that was being launched; it was the old man's last project—he knew it; and to have this foremost orator speak in this case was, in a way, like his delivering the salutatory for the opening of Jimmie's career in commerce. Therefore the old man was on hand.

The chairman began with a review of the history of this country; he read the minds of the early fathers of the Republic and praised their transcendent wisdom. Those first early taxes on imports, he explained, were but the indication of the finger of Providence in our destinies.

"In those early days of struggle, Mr. Speaker, our country was poor; they dealt thriftily in small figures and had but faintly grasped the full principles of national prosperity. And I call the attention of the House, Mr. Speaker—and also of that small, unpatriotic minority who oppose progress and prosperity—to the indisputable fact that our country is more prosperous today than it was then; I further emphasize the fact that our tariff taxes were small then and are greater now. Never was the relation between the tariff and prosperity more clearly evident.

"As we have increased our tariff taxes, so has

our welfare thrived. Our great West, our vast natural resources, our inventive skill, and our industry—what are these but tributes to the genius of the tariff tax! Standing before the solemn altar of History, I say to you that those qualities do not make prosperity. It is the tariff.

"In past decades of timid tariff taxation it used to be apologetically stated that the foreigner paid the tax. We are a proud people, Mr. Speaker, and today we meet the issue squarely and say that the foreigner does not pay the tax! With a proper pride and self-respect we pay our own taxes—we ask no one to pay them for us. We have taxed ourselves rich and, as new fields of prosperity are pointed out to us by the great captains of industry, we should be proud of the opportunity to put our shoulder to the wheel of taxation.

"It has been alleged that this tariff on bananas will raise the cost of the banana to the American people. What of it! Is it to be said that an American is ashamed to buy expensive things—he, the highest paid worker on the globe! For this argument of cheapness I have the least patience. As that great statesman, President McKinley, when discussing this same tariff principle during his brilliant career, said that 'a cheap coat makes a cheap man'—so do I say with all the fervor of my cause that no less does a 'cheap banana make a cheap man!'

"This bill which we report has been drawn by experts; it has been drafted on that vital tariff principle enunciated by President Taft—that a just tariff tax is one so levied as to equal the difference between the cost of production in the United States and the cost abroad, plus a reasonable profit for the American manufacturer. The Tariff Board has been of inestimable assistance in this matter, so that the tariff asked for is exact. As is well known, the cost of raising bananas in the tropics is trivial, and we therefore ask for a protective tariff on bananas of thirty-two cents apiece—the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, plus the reasonable profit."

The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee continued in a masterly protection address too long to reproduce. Then in a hushed silence he delivered the peroration:

"I see, Mr. Speaker, as in a vision, the now barren lands and stumpage of New England covered with sparkling acres of glass—greenhouses from horizon to horizon and topping the snow-clad hills of those now bleak States. Under the vast glass roofs, and in those artificially humid groves of fragrant bananas, I see thousands of happy American working men singing at their labors; in their near-by homes a multitude of happy hearts throb with joy for the blessings brought by the home-grown, all-American banana.

"As against that inspiring vision I see the present; the banana of today, a cheap, pauper-

grown fruit from a cheap, pauperized foreign country. A negro in a ragged pair of breeches and a tattered shirt—or no shirt at all—and with a machete in his hand, living in a wretched palm-thatched shack and working for less than half a dollar a day! That is the man who is growing bananas for a freeborn American people! No American will accept such a wage or such a life—nor can he compete without an adequate protection against this pauper fruit.

"Under the shadow of those Stars and Stripes that proudly floated from Sumter to Appomattox, and in the great name of our free people, I ask you to pass this bill and give justice to the American banana!"

As the speaker took his seat amid a wild scene of tumultuous applause, a mob of eager handshakers surrounded him.

The old man turned to Jimmie.

"Come on, Jimmie—no use waiting any longer. It's all over; the Senate'll pass it without debate, and you're launched in business at last, son, and it's profit-tight and fool-proof. Bringing a banana into the country from now on'll be a criminal offense, and you can make money as long as you don't have to sell bananas at over thirty-two cents apiece."

The next year the old man took his first vacation, and Jimmie slipped gradually into the sole control. Then the old man took his Final Vacation, and Jimmie was at the helm. Being, as the old man had felt, no fool, he continued to make monstrous sums of money from the banana business.

But if he had been a fool, the profits would have come in automatically, just the same.

BOOKS

PROTECTION IN AUSTRALIA.

Adam Black, Miner. By Albert Dawson. "The Daily Herald," 117 Grenfell St., Adelaide, South Australia.

This little book of eighty-eight well printed pages comes to us from the Single Tax League of South Australia. It contains sixteen chapters, written in the form of letters from Adam Black, miner, to his son, Jim, a blacksmith. Jim, in his letters to his father, asks questions as to the meaning of the stock Protectionist phrases, such as "Providing employment," "Protecting the workers against pauper labor," and "Encouraging local industries." Thanks to his fund of common sense, these questions don't trouble the senior Black—he's thought them out "sitting on a slab of coal, during smoke-o down in the mine." He discusses these and a hundred and one other Protectionist fallacies with a soundness, raciness and

humour that puts him as a writer in the old Gordon Graham class. Jim sheds his Protection ideas, but is still economically at sea. "How's the revenue to be raised?" he asks. And his old dad tells him, closing with these two sentences: "Remember, Jim, land values taxation gives everyone freedom, and freedom cannot harm anyone. It is the only solution of the social problem."

STANLEY BOWMAR.



BY WHAT ROAD?

Protection or Free Trade? By Henry George. Published by Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. 1911. Price, cloth, \$100; paper, 30 cents, postpaid.

"Which of Henry George's books shall I give him to read? He is young, not educated in economics nor very much of a reader; but he feels there's something wrong with society and is inquiring into the trouble. Which book shall it be?" Singletaxers often ask one another this question, and "Social Problems" is frequently the answer. But there is much to be said for "Protection or Free Trade?"

"Social Problems" was written partly to persuade people that a great social wrong exists, and one who is already convinced of the injustice—particularly one who is in the young flush of that hateful conviction—impatiently grumbles all through the first half of "Social Problems": "I know all that. I believe things are all wrong. What's he going to do about it?" Now "Protection or Free Trade?" plunges at once into argument, and argument about a subject well known—by hearsay at least—to the reader, as a red-hot political question—one, moreover, on which he has taken, or feels he must soon take, sides.

This fact of his being at attention, this ready-mindedness on his part, is precisely why Protectionist fallacies have so thriven—and exactly why Free-trade truths are destined to thrive instead. This audience has long been in the hall, but the Protectionists have done most of the talking. Ergo, the audience has been inclined their way. When the Free-traders really take the platform, they will take the audience also.

But about the youth and his book. Unless there is good reason to do otherwise, give him "Protection or Free Trade?" Because in his mental development interest in national comes before the interest in local politics. Because the tariff is often the only fiscal problem which his elders have attacked. Because the simple right of Free-trade has appealed to many more minds than have discovered how then to raise revenue. Because in a word, Free Trade is one of the psychologically natural and logically straight roads to the Singletax.

Give him "Protection or Free Trade?" He is ripe for it. And this book, simple in manner,

lucid in reasoning, eloquent and powerful and brief, combines better than any other of Henry George's works all the qualities for the conversion of such a youth to the Singletax and democracy.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

PERIODICALS

La Follette's Autobiography.

With its issue of October 1st, La Follette's Weekly will begin a continuation of Senator La Follette's autobiography. There will be four articles in weekly succession. The first will tell why Senator La Follette became a candidate for President; the second will tell the true story of the campaign; the third will explain why he continued as a candidate; and the fourth will undertake to show that Roosevelt is not a progressive by his own record. As La Follette has concluded his series in the American Magazine, these four articles will appear in La Follette's Weekly exclusively.



"The Filipino People."

Manuel L. Quezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines, has just issued from Washington the first number of a new monthly entitled, "The Filipino People," which is to be "an official medium for expressing the views of the people whose name it bears." The editor discloses his further purpose in the Foreword:

To promote the great cause of Philippine independence, to clear away current misconceptions respecting the character of the Filipino people and their capacity for self-government, to show the practicability and desirability of setting up an independent Republic in the Archipelago—these are the objects of "The Filipino People." . . . That the Filipino people can establish and maintain such a government it is our purpose to demonstrate by incontestable facts, drawn from the past history and present condition of the islands.

The magazine, comprising twenty-four well-printed and illustrated pages, is not published for profit but may be obtained from Mr. Quezon, 1342 13th St., Washington, D. C., for \$1.00 per year.



Budkavlen.

Budkavlen (Stockholm) for August-September gives interesting accounts of the American Singletax colonies—Fairhope, Arden, Free Acres, and Haledon, and of the German co-operative colony Eden, near Berlin, conducted along semi-Georgian lines—all of which have been highly successful. In contrast to these is the tale of the Irish co-operative agricultural colony Ralahine, which, after a short career of only two years, without any fault of its own, came to such an abrupt and tragic end under the weight of the landlord system. "The Garden City in Theory and Practice," a history of the development of the English model city of Letchworth after the plans of Mr. Ebenezer Howard, leaves one with the impression that this up-to-date experiment in city building deserves a more extended study than the space of the paper admits. As for Swedish

national politics, Budkavlen has these tariff remarks: "Members of the Riksdag (parliament) must make clear to themselves once for all, that between customhouse taxes and theft is no fundamental difference. In the one case as in the other we have to do with plunder. The main difference appears to be this, that common thieving is punishable, while tariff taxation, which in fact had its historical beginning with the robber knights, is yet allowed by the law. But one of the constitutional changes we need is to prohibit the Riksdag from putting any form of tariff taxation on the people. And what ought immediately to be settled is that no member be allowed to take part in the voting on duties which affect industry in which he himself is interested."

S. TIDEMAN.

"Ten years ago," he complained, "I was denounced as a dangerous radical. Now they are referring to me as a reactionary."

"You ought to give up the habit of changing your opinions."

"But, confound it, I haven't changed them."—Chicago Record-Herald.



"Mordecai Judson," roared Colonel White, who had been aroused in the middle of the night by a suspicious noise in his poultry house, "is that you in there, you black thief?"

"No, sah!" humbly replied a frightened voice. "Dis is muh cousin, Ink Judson, dat looks so much like me and steals everything he kin lay his doggawn han's

Revised Campaign Offer

We will send The Public from the issue of September 27 to November 8 (inclusive) to any address in the United States for ten cents, cash in advance. Fifteen, \$1.

THE PUBLIC, ELLSWORTH BLDG.
CHICAGO

Francis Neilson Dinner

Have you reserved your place for the dinner to be given to Francis Neilson, M. P., author and lecturer and President of the English League for the Taxation of Land Values?

Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Monday next (Sept. 30), 6:30 p. m.

Louis F. Post will preside, and Hamlin Garland and Margaret Haley will be two of the after-dinner speakers. Price \$1.50 per plate. If you intend to be present, the dinner committee should have your reservation immediately.

Address, Stanley Bowmar, Care of the Public Ellsworth Building, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE FIRST NUMBER OF

THE SOMERS SYSTEM NEWS

will be published early in October. It will exemplify the principles and explain the operation of
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