

tion would be precipitated and the issue on which it would turn would be that of taxing land values.

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The (St. Louis) Mirror (ind.), May 6.—The Lords may call Mr. Lloyd-George's budget "the maddest budget ever introduced in Parliament." It is not mad. It is the sanest budget ever presented, for it is the first budget that ever purposed the laying of a tax upon the wealth created by all, for the benefit of all. The wealth taken from the land-owner is not the land-owner's. He has done nothing to earn it. He has sat idle, while every baby born and every working being in the land has increased his wealth.

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#### GOD'S ACRES.

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The Czar of Russia owns an estate that covers 100,000,000 acres.

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Acres on which he has never set foot,  
Acres on which he never may gaze,  
And one little spot where the Czar will be put  
At the end of his feverish days.

Leagues over which he never may fare,  
Miles where his pathway never may lead,  
And the millions who share hard crusts and despair,  
Ever deprived of the land they need!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

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#### OLD TOM HARDER REMARKS THAT—

##### A Monologue with a Peaceful Tint.

For The Public.

"Yes, it's true, as I was tellin' you the other day, that Tomkins is some worried because our navy isn't big enough. He thinks there ought to be a lot more officers on each ship. His mind is fearfully disturbed for fear the Japs will sail into San Francisco or Portland some day when the Commodore is out fishing, an' there won't be officers enough on board to say, 'Boys! Ye can fire her off when ye get good an' ready.' But then Tomkins' mind runs to war an' rumors of war. Ma says that it's a good thing he hain't got any more mind than he has, 'cause he'd have so much worry to carry. But we can't presume on a man havin' a great mind on \$45 a month, an' board himself.

"He's read somewhere in the Standard-Oil-and-Steel-Preferred literature that England has a bigger navy than Germany, an' Germany's got a bigger navy than France, an' Italy's got a bigger navy than some o' the other Powers, an' one or the other of 'em, he can't jest remember which, has a

bigger navy than ours. So he's in mortal terror all the time for fear that one of the Powers, or all of them together, will take a notion some day when the Secretary o' War, an' the first an' second an' third an' fourth assistants, an' some more of the Administration, are playin' golf, to sail across the seas an' wipe us—he means the United States—off the face of the earth. He says he lays awake o' nights, an' listens for the boom o' the cannon on the big war ships. So he puts what mind he has hard to work, an' thinks that Congress ought to appropriate a couple o' hundred million or so to build a dozen or more fightin' ships, an' that we should build them a little bigger an' heavier than any other war ships in the world; an' that we should provide plenty of officers to remark in emergencies, 'Fire her off, Bradley, when ye git her loaded.'

"It don't seem to make much difference what Tomkins thinks, or says that he thinks; but there are so many of him in the world that what they call thinkin' makes a lot o' disturbance, an' takes about all the profit an' fun out o' raisin' corn. The Tomkinses over in England build the biggest war ship in the world, an' then Germany an' France an' Russia an' Japan an' our Uncle Sam must go to work to build some just a little bigger; an' as there is no limit to the bets in this kind of a game it gits to be real lifelike an' interestin' to the people that put up the antes. I've heard of some o' that kind o' games that started off real peaceable like an' ended in a lot o' miscellaneous shootin' in which some o' the outsiders carried off all the stakes.

"But the Tomkinses and the Roosevelts, an' most of the people that's interested in ship buildin' an' makin' steel plates, think this sort o' thing is real conducive to the maintenance o' peace. At least they say they do, an' they keep printin' their scare words in the Standard-Oil-and-Steel-Preferred magazines, an' the Tomkinses read it so much they believe it, to the great benefit of Steel-Preferred.

"Accordin' to the Gospel o' Big Armies an' Navies, as writ down in the revised edition, there's nothin' in the world that will make a man so peaceable as the knowin' that he's the stoutest man an' the best fighter in town. He gets so sure that he can lick everybody that he loses all desire to try it on. The surest way on earth to make a nice, gentlemanly boy is to give him all the shootin' irons he wants. The minute he gits 'em he will lose all desire to fire 'em off, an' will set right down to read what the Prince of Peace said about turnin' the other cheek. Yes, accordin' to the Big Navy Gospel, nothin' makes people so peaceable as carryin' a chip around on the shoulder, an' dreamin' all the time about how you'll lick the feller that knocks it off. A strained imagination in active service might be able to see in a com-

munity o' men an' women that made a practice o' goin' round fully armed with the latest an' most effective man killin' weapons, each one of 'em with a chip on the shoulder, ready to shoot at the first awkward move, some right peaceable times, but Ma says she can't imagine that sort o' peace, an' I'm most compelled to agree with her.

"Yes! Accordin' to the Gospel of Peace writ in the Army an' Navy edition, latest revision, the way to have peace is to fight for it. An' the more ye fight for it the more peace you'll have. If ye don't keep yerself up to the top notch o' fightin' ability, some other feller that is wantin' a good supply o' peace will come along an' lam the stuffin' out o' ye, an' take all yer peace away from ye.

"So we must keep ourselves in a right peaceable frame o' mind by goin' round ready to kill somebody at the drop o' the hat, an' keep sayin' to ourselves, 'We're the most peaceful bein's on the face of the earth, an' to be sure that we keep ourselves peaceable an' calm, we go round thinkin' o' shootin' an' killin', an' spendin' our money inventin' the best ways o' wholesale slaughter. If any of you fellers think this ain't so, you better keep it to yourselves; our desire for peace is so strong that we wouldn't mind fightin' you a little bit to get it.'

"Yes, there's nothin' on earth so convincin' as the logic o' the fightin' men."

GEORGE V. WELLS.

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## THE MATTER WITH BOSTON.

Address by William Lloyd Garrison at the Dinner of the American Free Trade League, in Boston, April 29, 1909.

Boston is confessedly a sick municipality. Doctors of every school are crowding upon the patient pressing their remedies, while consultations are frequent and anxious. So conspicuous is the case that Dr. Lincoln Steffens, that approved expert on civic ills, has become a resident of the city to make a special diagnosis of the ailment. When we consider the experienced opinion of ex-Mayor Matthews, that "there is no city on the face of the earth whose municipal political corruption has developed itself in such an insidious and radical manner as in Boston," the gravity of the case needs no further emphasis.

Amid all the wordy discussions by self-appointed citizens or business organizations, the outside observer is struck by the haste to administer palliatives, and the apparent insensibility to the cause of the trouble. Suggestions are overwhelming and mutually self-destructive. The absence of clear principles to guide the necessary treatment breeds a confusion leading to despair. It is therefore in order to ask why, in considering this tragedy, the reformers studiously exclude Hamlet from the cast.

Properly it is a task for the alienist. For the adage still holds true that "Boston is not a city but a state of mind." That she is suffering from pronounced aberration is self-evident. Here she sits by the sea, a monarch by divine right of the international highway commanding the world's commerce. Having the boon of boons, she treats it with the recklessness of a profligate scattering his coins. Tantalizingly near to the coal mines and forests of Canada, within easiest reach of the iron ores of Cuba, nearer in point of time for freight purposes to old-world ports than to the cities of the Middle West, she forgets her mercies and resigns her heritage. Wealth, which by the law of gravity would seek our harbor, is shut out by artificial laws to which Bostonians cagerly consent. What greater proof of insanity? Committed to a policy that vetoes her most profitable exchange of merchandise and has exterminated once prosperous industries, she connives at a system which fattens a class at the expense of the people. Echoing the lying shibboleth that the scheme to rob labor is the salvation of the laborer, what could possibly follow but her loss of self-reliance, a pauperized spirit, and the ambition to get rich through privilege instead of equal service?

From this condition of mind logically proceeds the corruption of the city, which is only national graft adapted to municipal use. When prominent congressmen are swollen with wealth and political honor through laws of their own making, why reproach the rulers who have captured a city for using their advantage in like manner? To profit personally by office-holding has been the approved custom ever since protection made it easier for men to be dishonest than upright.

Granted that the present hue and cry is against municipal bosses whose offenses bring them within the shadow of the courts. It is safer but is it worse to commit theft under the cover of law? The acts are one in essence and the culprits are bright enough to know it. Hence the lordly disdain with which they treat the charges of Mr. Matthews. Whether legal or illegal, Lowell's dictum holds true:

The ten commandments will not budge,  
And stealing will continue stealing.

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Ignoring the demoralization which comes from conscious perversion of the people's trust, there is and must be degeneration of character among the mercantile and professional classes, evident in lower standards than those prevailing where equal laws preclude temptation. It makes a self-respecting Bostonian blush to think of the immense London and Liverpool docks, built by the enterprise of the citizens; of the deep harbors guarded and dredged by municipal expenditure; of the great shipbuilding industries of Glasgow and Belfast;