

Incidentally the increased tax has caused a decrease of 20 per cent in the consumption of alcoholics. More than \$20,000,000 has been derived from the tax on unearned incomes of more than \$750 a year and on earned incomes of more than \$15,000. The super-tax on incomes of more than \$25,000 has produced \$15,000,000. The extra death duties falling on estates of more than \$25,000 yielded \$35,000,000. Idle, undeveloped land produced in revenue \$2,500,000 this year, and next year will return \$3,500,000. The big feature of the budget, however, is the tax on the unearned increment of land, and this will not be levied until all the land in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales is valued by the state. Experts now are working at this gigantic task, but will not complete the work for three or perhaps four more years. When it is finished the world will have the opportunity of seeing a radical departure in taxation methods put into operation. The new tax, which is expected to yield many millions in revenue, will be levied when land is sold or is transferred on account of death. On these occasions 20 per cent of the increase in value above the state valuation, provided it is more than 10 per cent and is not due to improvements, must go to the state. This is an application of the Henry George principle which will be watched with interest the world over.



Patent Monopolies.

The Boston Common, April 20.—Monopoly may be tremendously entrenched by patents. Monopoly uses patents to oppress as well as to serve the public. Therefore, make the law read that an inventor may collect a reasonable royalty from all who use his invention, but that neither he nor any manufacturer with whom he contracts may monopolize the process of manufacturing under a patent. This would stop the purchase of patents with a view to their suppression, as in the case of the United Shoe Machinery Co. and Thomas G. Plant. It would remove one picket from the high fence of privilege.



The Radicalism of Sun Yat Sen.

The (Johnstown, Pa.) Daily Democrat (dem.-Dem.), May 15.—Dr. W. E. Macklin of Nanking, China, who has done so much to inculcate Singletax doctrine in the minds of progressive Chinese, finds it necessary to state that he is not responsible for the conversion of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Provisional President of China. The notion that he was responsible was perhaps a natural one to those who knew the good work that he has been doing. But Dr. Macklin wants no credit to which he is not entitled and requests his friends to give the widest publicity possible to his denial. Dr. Sun, it seems, learned about the Singletax and read the works of Henry George while in this country. It is gratifying to know that he has shown a very lively interest in the remarkable work Dr. Macklin is doing in the new Republic.



First Lady: "What are they striking for? More wages?"

Second Lady: "Either for more or less—something like that."—Punch.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN.

John P. Altgeld: Born Dec. 30, 1847—Died
March 12, 1902.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, in Illinois State Register.



Sleep softly,—Eagle forgotten,—under the stone.
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced.

They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced.

They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you, day after day.

Now you were ended. They praised you—and laid you away.

The others that mourned you in silence and terror and truth,

The widow bereft of her crust, and the boy without youth,

The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the poor,

That should have remembered forever—remember no more.

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call,

The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?

They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones;

A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons.

The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began,

The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly,—Eagle forgotten,—under the stone.
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O Wise Man that kindled the flame,—

To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,

To live in mankind far, far more than to live in a name.



THE ALTGELD TEMPERAMENT.

Written for The Public by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.



From the Chicago Record-Herald of Thursday,
March 13, 1902:

Throughout Mr. Altgeld's public career, and every moment of it was beset by bitter criticism, no one

seriously questioned his honesty as a public official, doubted his courage to do what he believed to be right, or impugned the sincerity of his advocacy of any cause. He proved the contrary whenever there was a chance. In the 1895 session of the legislature, for example, franchise corporation bills were passed, very like those which made the session of 1897 a reproach. Mr. Altgeld could have made a million, and probably millions, by letting them become laws. But they were vetoed. . . . Mr. Altgeld died poor.



It happens to be my good fortune to have been born in the house where I live today, a house on an embankment that looks out on the Governor's yard and mansion. From the earliest years I have stepped across the street to processions, speeches and the like. I have witnessed the political pageants of Deneen, Yates and Tanner, of Altgeld, Fifer and Oglesby.

Once upon a time I was in the Governor's yard when an escort of the Illinois National Guard arrived for Altgeld, the then chief executive. He was a shaky invalid, and would have been excused for riding in a carriage. His black horse threw him, and rolled upon him, but the Governor refused help and managed to climb back into the saddle. He went through it all with a sort of Spartan quietness. I can this moment recall the grim, mesmeric face, the lack-luster eye, and the unstable frame. I well remember the ease with which he led the procession, emphatically the Governor of Illinois, the horse still snorting, his conceit still vexed that this creature with the feeble knees should somehow ride him.

When Altgeld was in his prime, about the time he was riding that black horse, brainy radicalism was unknown, so far as big party policies went. Roosevelt was a "gold standard" Republican, and Debs was in jail, meditating. The widespread, amiable radicalism that pervades the upper middle class had not come. As for brash revolt, not even the crude Hearst had raised his head. The principal function of a magazine was to exploit C. D. Gibson. The principal function of a lecture course was to talk about life's noble lessons. Most of the men who, a little later, voted for Bryan in his first, the 1896 campaign, were people of a stand-pat turn of mind who had under temporary exasperation clothed themselves in rebellious words. The insurance companies were still immaculate in the land. Hughes had not yet investigated. Big Business was assumed to be automatically on the square. The "Pittsburgh Survey" had not yet appeared. No man had read after Ray Stannard Baker, Ida Tarbell or Lincoln Steffens. Brand Whitlock and Judge Lindsey had not yet emerged.

Altgeld anticipated the enthusiasms of these writers and leaders and was as studious as any of them. He received upon his devoted head

the opposition now pleasantly distributed among many reformers, some of them Governors. The Corporate powers cannot completely pulverize the chief executive of California, because the chief executive of New Jersey is exhibiting streaks of courage. But once there was only one Governor, John P. Altgeld, called the Wire-haired Anarchist of the Plains, caricatured as Guiteau the assassin.

Under the surface of his dramatic public life Altgeld's spirit worked subtly to make the forces that champion the under dog permanent in America, as Richelieu worked to buttress monarchy in France. He set himself tasks that took a lion's courage and a martyr's heart. He planned each step of his immolation amid a stupid people. He threw his reputation and health into the furnace every hour. It is a wonder that some of the men he thwarted did not die of apoplexy. And as for his ostensible friends, there must have been a sad humor in his heart when he made his appeals to the thick-necked, in convention assembled, Illinois Democrats, but none the less, little Mark Hannas. He used to speak in this wise: "Respond to the call of the age! Respond to the cry of humanity, and you can write your name against the skies in letters of glory, and win the blessings of all generations to come!" They wept at this eloquence, but little they cared.

In 1896 Altgeld controlled the Chicago convention, nominated William Jennings Bryan as a mild representative of the sort of a thing he championed, and wrote the Chicago platform, a document something more aggressive than Bryan has ever been. As I conceive the Governor, he admitted the 16 to 1 proposition as bait to get the rest of it down the throats of a somewhat frightened national party.

O present-day reformer, with your picture in every magazine, consider your debt to this man with never a magazine to back him up! Was not the opening for your career made possible, in part, by Altgeld's courage? Does not some thread of your glib and fashionable radicalism go back to that gritty Chicago platform, to what was in it beside the silver plank? Does not a great deal still in the future, depend upon the fact that Altgeld forced the sloppy, mushy Democratic party to be absolutely uncompromising for once?

Dodge it if you will, O follower of William Howard Taft, or of Theodore Roosevelt, or Robert M. La Follette, or Victor Berger, your idol owes his present relations on the chessboard to the forgotten player. In some fashion or manner Altgeld's voice speaks through every faction now. They may not like it, they may champ the bit, but that strange Richelieu is in the saddle. Aspiring young souls may not know it, but they spread their wings easily because he aspired at fearful cost, not only the death of his body, but the death of his name.

What I say of him might be asserted, from a dif-

ferent point of view, concerning one or two other figures of his time. But Altgeld was my idol, my particular idol among public men, and I can not help saying why.

I have before me a collection of discussions of the Governor the day after his death. The paragraphers eat their own words. He would have been immortalized, if the memorial notices had been printed as many days in succession as the lifetime attacks. They were careful not to praise him till quite sure of his demise. They chronicle with literary sobs how twelve thousand of the unfortunate filed past his coffin that lay in state in the Chicago public library. The procession continued long after dark. Some estimated that twenty-five thousand went by.

The death notices reviewed with full justice all his doings but one. It received such casual mention as is indicated by the clipping which begins this article. It was set down more elaborately by Louis F. Post in *The Public* for March 22, 1902, as follows:

One of Altgeld's acts as Governor was never openly criticised. It is briefly told by the *Chicago Record-Herald*, a Republican paper, from which we quote:

In the 1895 session of the Legislature . . . franchise corporation bills were passed very like those which made the session of 1897 a reproach. Mr. Altgeld could have made a million, and probably millions, by letting them become laws, but they were vetoed.

The truth is that one million dollars in cash had been placed at Altgeld's disposal, under circumstances which would have enabled him to appropriate it with absolute safety to himself. The sole condition was that he should sign those bills. But he vetoed the bills.

At that time Altgeld's pecuniary difficulties were pressing. From a rich man he had become comparatively poor, through no fault of his own but chiefly because he refused to join any of the respectable rings that make money for themselves and squeeze money out of others by means of predatory laws. The legislature had been bribed to enact the corporation bills in question. They were so thoroughly bribed that the Senate passed them even over Altgeld's veto, and in the House only a few votes of the necessary two-thirds were lacking. The latter body remained in session long past its hour for sine die adjournment, turning back the official clock for the sake of appearances, to allow the corporation lobbyists time to buy their goods. But Altgeld's veto stood, in spite of the Democratic leader on the floor, in spite of the Republican speaker in the chair, in spite of the lobbyists all over the House, and in spite of as fine an aggregation of respectable gentlemen at Chicago furnishing the funds as one could wish to meet.

Yet all this might have been avoided. Nothing was needed but another respectable gentleman of the same marauding type in the Governor's chair. Had Altgeld signed those bills he might have retrieved his broken fortunes, have grown as rich as the richest, have been honored by a debased press and fawned upon by the sycophants, might

have gone to associate and conspire with other such characters in the Federal Senate, and instead of being denounced as a reactionary demagogue been lauded as a progressive statesman. But he was too able to be beguiled and too honest to betray his trust. He held the mercenary plotters back, knowing full well that the rich and influential ones among them would punish him without mercy. And they did. They plotted against this able and honest Governor until even this wreckage of his fortune had disappeared. Yet, through it all he defied them and went his way—impoverished, lonely, but faithful.



THE JUDGMENTS OF SOCIETY.

From "Defence of Criminals," an Essay by Edward Carpenter.

A criminal is literally a person accused—accused, and in the modern sense of the word convicted, of being harmful to Society. But is he there in the dock, the patch-coated brawler or burglar, really harmful to Society? is he more harmful than the mild old gentleman in the wig who pronounces sentence upon him? That is the question. . . . The judge pronounces sentence on the prisoner now, but Society in its turn and in the lapse of years pronounces sentence on the judge. It holds in its hand a new canon, a new code of morals, and consigns its former representative and the law which he administered to a limbo of contempt. . . .

When the ideal of Society is material gain or possession, as it is largely today, the object of its special condemnation is the thief—not the rich thief, for he is already in possession and therefore respectable, but the poor thief. There is nothing to show that the poor thief is really more immoral or unsocial than the respectable money-grubber; but it is very clear that the money-grubber has been floating with the current of Society, while the poor man has been swimming against it, and so has been worsted. Or when, as today, Society rests on private property in land, its counter-ideal is the poacher. If you go in the company of the county squire-archy and listen to the after-dinner talk you will soon think the poacher a combination of all human and diabolic vices; yet I have known a good many poachers, and either have been very lucky in my specimens or singularly prejudiced in their favor, for I have generally found them very good fellows—but with just this one blemish, that they regard a landlord as an emissary of the evil one! The poacher is as much in the right, probably, as the landlord, but he is not right for the time. He is asserting a right (and an instinct) belonging to a past time—when for hunting purposes all land was held in common—or to a time in the future when such or similar rights shall be restored. Caesar says of the Suevi that they tilled the ground in common, and had no private lands, and there is abundant