

strated the direct connection between the law of rent and the law of wages, and proved conclusively that involuntary poverty and economic maladjustments have their roots, not in natural law or Divine will, but in that denial of natural rights on which the institution of private property in land is based.

As the means by which land might be made common property without "needless shock to present customs and habits of thought," he proposed—and proved the justice of and the economic necessity for—the abolition of all taxes on the products of man's labor, and the diversion from private pockets into the public fund of economic rent. "We would simply," he said, "take for the community what belongs to the community, the value that attaches to land by the growth of the community; leave sacredly to the individual all that belongs to the individual."

This expedient whereby economic equality and social justice may be brought about was unfortunately christened by some of his followers the Single Tax—unfortunately, because the appropriation by the community of the value it creates can in no sense be considered a tax. The name, furthermore, has become a shibboleth, the sound of which serves to divert men's attention from the fundamental economic reform at which the movement aims.

Today, the Single Tax has come to be regarded by a world staggering under injustice and hungering for social redemption, merely as the rallying cry of fiscal reformers; but in the eternal truth behind it, lie the hope of the down-trodden, and the foundation of the brotherhood of man.

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## THE SITESBURG FAIR

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*(For the Review.)*

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By BOLTON HALL.

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"I am glad to see you, though I have to get off in ten minutes," said the Man on the train as his friend got in. "They told me you'd got some queer notion about a Singular Tax—Single Tax, that's it; and I knew a sensible man like you wouldn't be carried away with any such fool fad as that. How is it?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all about that; but first I want to hear about your Great Permanent Exhibition and Industrial Fair. How's it getting on?"

"Grand," says the Man, "couldn't be better! You know we've got the finest site in the United States, climate, soil, transportation, water, everything to beat the band. Why the whole business is run on our water power and we have the best people in the country doing business there."

"Good! then you sell them the land?"

"Not any, the land is our asset, we've got lots of it, but we never sell a foot—we rent it to them forever—every man as much as he wants to pay for."

"But don't some of those big fellows take up more than they need and hold it for a rise?"

"Indeed not; it costs too much; you see if anyone sub-leased his holding at a profit we would know he was paying too little and we'd raise his rent."

"But how do you know how much to charge for each place?"

"Why, my dear boy, business men know how to fix prices; we charge just what it's worth; the highest price for the best place, and a nominal price where there's not much demand."

"Then you charge them according to their sales?"

"Nonsense; they come there to make sales—we want them to sell goods: big or little we charge only what the sites are worth—can't you get that through your head?"

"Yes, that's all right, but when they build pavillions, then you get a higher price of course."

"We do not, we need pavillions and kiosks and all sorts of things, there. I told them in the beginning we want all the land used to the best advantage: that's where the wages and trade come from. I says, 'You can't sell anything to vacant lots.'"

"If one of your people should die, you'd make a stake—his improvements—"

"Certainly not. What a man makes is his own, we don't rob the dead—he'd leave his lease and all to his heirs. You know the lease runs forever."

"But where do you get your revenue?"

"From what they pay for the locations, don't you see? We furnish lights, water, paving, police and fire protection, everything to the Queen's taste, American Woman's taste, I mean—moving sidewalk, everything, a regular town."

"You must be making a pot of money out of it?"

"Well, you see, of course I get a fine salary, but it's a co-operative enterprise—they call me Mayor and Governor and President and every old thing you can think of, but I'm really only Manager."

"Then you keep the privileges—'the concessions' for yourself, don't you?"

"Not me; the franchises belong to the public. I get all I'm worth as salary; but you just ought to see that place. Why our gardens round the business places are a show themselves. By George! if I were making a million dollars out of it I couldn't be more proud of that place. But here's my station and you haven't explained about your Single Tax!"

"Sorry you have to go; but it isn't necessary to explain it. You have done it so well yourself. What you do with the fair-ground, Single Taxers would do with all the ground—good-bye."

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THINK of a five foot shelf of books—President Eliot's or any other's—that excludes Progress and Poverty, a book having a larger circulation than any American work and one that is modifying slowly but surely the social institutions of our time.