

A PERFECT EXAMPLE

(For the Review)

By CHARLES HARDON

Since 1910 the little State of Rhode Island has presented to the world a perfect example of the Single Tax principle in actual operation. In that year the General Assembly, or legislature, of Rhode Island, assuming that the Providence river, running up from Narragansett bay to the city of Providence, the flats bordering the river and covered by tide water, as well as ponds, inlets and all places suitable for the culture of oysters within the State, were the property of the whole people and to no extent whatever of any private individual or corporation, passed a law appointing five commissioners whose term of office should continue five years or until their successors should be elected, who should survey all oyster grounds and lease the same to private individuals at not less than five dollars per acre, according to the value of the location. Bounds of each lease were to be established by monuments, bounds or buoys which should be the property of the state. These commissioners were empowered to lease grounds in the name of the State, by public auction or otherwise, to any suitable person, being an inhabitant of the State, or any corporation chartered under the laws of the State, for the purpose of oyster culture and the oyster business.

These commissioners, the law says, "shall have power and authority to go upon the shores adjoining Narragansett bay and its tributaries and to establish stations or points known as triangulation stations or reference points. Such stations shall be the property of the State of Rhode Island and any person injuring in any manner such stations, shall be fined \$20.00 and costs for each offence, one half to the use of the complainant and the other half to the State. All buoys used in connection with bounding or subdividing shell fish grounds or for any purpose whatsoever in connection with the enjoyment of the rights and privileges granted by the leasing of shell-fish grounds shall be under the supervision and care of these commissioners. The setting up of the bounds, stakes, or buoys shall in all cases be done by the lessee under the direction of the commissioners."

This shows that the State of Rhode Island considers itself the owner of the oyster or shell-fish grounds of the State, leases them to private individuals or corporations and collects the rentals according to the value of the location. The State guards and protects every man's boundaries and the rentals are based not on the amount of oysters planted or gathered, but on the value of the opportunity for oyster or other shell-fish business.

Why should not the ground occupied by the citizens of Providence,

Pawtucket, Lonsdale, Woonsocket and the farming sections of the State be treated on the same principle? So far as its shell-fish grounds are concerned Rhode Island is a Single Tax State: why should not its other grounds be dealt with on the same principle? And if this principle is good in Rhode Island why would it not be good for the other states and the country as a whole? Rhode Island has set an example for herself in her relations to the other lands of the State as well as the lands of the famous Providence River Oyster and not only for herself but the world.

EDITORIAL NOTE—A melancholy interest attaches to this article. Mr. Hardon died recently in Pomona, California, active in Single Tax work to the very last. We have other articles from him which will in all likelihood be published in future issues of the REVIEW.

THE LANDLORD

(For the Review)

By BENJ. F. LINDAS

The summer home of Rufus Page lay in a wooded valley about twenty miles from the city. The house stood well back from the dusty road that tunneled through a double line of huge, scarred sycamores. Across the road from the house the close-clipped sod of a treeless pasture stretched over a rounded knoll. From the rear could be seen the outline of wooded mountains tumbling into the purple haze. The house itself was a remodeled southern mansion with great white pillars that rose from the ground to support the roof that projected to meet them.

It was Sunday morning in late spring and scarcely a sound disturbed the soothing quietness. A slight breeze tempered with a touch of approaching summer's warmth quivered the aspens that leaned over the house. Now and then would be heard the far-away bark of the barnyard dog.

To the left of the wide hall, as you entered from the low front porch, was a large room that Page had fitted for his library. He was sitting there now near the table in the center narrowly eyeing a tall well-dressed young man who was standing near the window. Rufus Page was an old man; probably past seventy, with a round bald head, round fat body, and two thin legs, so thin in fact that at first glance it gave one the impression of a body and head stuck in a chair. His narrow eyes had been pried apart by a fat nose and his hard, rough voice was a fitting accompaniment for his irascible temper. Sitting across the table from Page was his only daughter, a slight, rather pretty girl, but with a suspicious flush about her cheek bones.

"Well, Donald," came the rough voice of Page, "what is it?"

"I hardly know how to begin," answered the young man, "whenever I am out here in your beautiful, quiet home, and stroll along the shaded walks, it seems as though the realities of yesterday that had been weighing