

larger clump of pipes for another year.
—Mrs. S. E. Jelliffe, in *The Outlook*.

THE SINGLE TAX IN A NUT SHELL.

The people have achieved, and still possess, political equality. By virtue of that political equality they may, when they will, establish their social equality and industrial freedom. They have not yet used their political sovereignty to that end. They have heretofore used their political power to establish and maintain the institutions of aristocracy, and those institutions have, of course, brought the same evils and miseries to the people of this country that they had previously brought to the masses of the people in the monarchical countries of Europe.

Indeed, it is simply foolish to imagine that the institutions of aristocracy will operate more favorably to the people in a democracy than they would under a monarchical or an aristocratic government. It is the institution that crushes—not the method by which it is sustained. It does not matter whether an evil institution is sustained by the votes of a class, as in Europe, or by the votes of the people, as in this country.

Henry George has pointed out the plain, simple, moral and efficient means by which the blighting curse of landlordism can be removed from the new state of Washington and from every state in the union.

The cause of land monopoly in this country—in every country—is the desire that men have to enrich themselves by appropriating the unearned increment which attaches to land in every community with, and in proportion to, the growth of its population, industry, enterprise and virtues. This increment, being produced by the whole people, and not by the owners of the land to which it attaches, belongs, of natural right, to the whole people, who produce it. If taken by the whole people for public use, by the perfectly legitimate, moral and proper exercise of the power of taxation, the incentive to land speculation would be at once destroyed. Speculation in land would be instantly stopped. No man would hold land except for actual use and improvement. All such holdings would be speedily reduced to the reasonable requirement of each occupier, measured by his capacity and the character of his business. All this would be determined, not by arbitrary legal limitations, but by the intelligent self interest of the occupier himself.

Land not so used would be opened to the millions of landless American

citizens for their independent homes and industries. The people restored, under natural conditions, to their natural element, would, like Anteus of old, instantly derive new strength and vigor from it. The lives of millions of noble men and women that are now, throughout our land, wasting and perishing under the restraining blight of exclusion from the land, would burgeon and blossom like flowering plants from which great rocks have been rolled away. The crushing competition of the helpless surplus of labor would disappear from the labor markets; involuntary idleness would be a thing of the past; the recruiting office of the army of pauperism would be closed forever; the vices and crimes that spring from hopeless penury would be no more; the insanity that comes from the awful agony of the fear of want would cease to afflict our people; the independent dwellings of the poor that would illumine our land would be truly "homes of domestic affection," fostering the virtues of honor and industry, and the noble army of oppressed womanhood, now crushed to an un-American serfdom, would be translated from the sweatshops and other slave pens to become,

Blessings of good men's lives,
Thrifty and sober wives,
Mothers of heroes, the charm and the
pride of our land.

The effect of so simple a change in our fiscal system as the adoption of the single tax would thus produce a marvelous revolution in social and industrial conditions, and present to mankind such an example of universal and uninterrupted prosperity and happiness as would make all the nations of the world pure democracies within a decade.

All this would be but the application of a plainly written law of God to the affairs of men; but carrying the principles of pure democracy to their logical conclusion; but executing the promise of the American declaration of independence, which holds "that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—Hon. Jas. G. Maguire, in *The Seattle Daily Times*.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF WATERWORKS.

Cozily nestled among the New England hills is a little village, most of whose houses border on the four sides of one of those commons so often found in New and in Old England. On a hillside half a mile distant is a never-failing

spring, from which hollow logs convey clear, sparkling water to a little wooden tank on the common. Auger holes have been bored in the sides of this box to represent shares of stock, and from each of these holes a pipe extends to supply water to one of the houses scattered around the common. For nearly a century these shares of stock have been handed down from generation to generation. Only shareholders are supplied with water. No annual charges are made, the cost of slight occasional repairs being divided equally among the shareholders.

The difference between this primitive water supply and that of New York city is as immense as is that between the populations involved, yet the difference is more one of degree than of kind. In the great city every inhabitant must be a water consumer, and under municipal ownership he is in a sense a shareholder. In each case the plant is conducted solely for the benefit of those supplied, and not to make a profit on the capital invested. No one objects to cooperation in the case of the little community. Why should it be urged that the great city, in adopting virtually the same plan, is overstepping the proper limits of government and trespassing upon ground that should be reserved for private capital?—M. N. Baker, in *The Outlook*.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

Extracts from an article on "The Czar's People," by Julian Ralph, published in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

In a sentence, Russia is a huge farm, comprising a seventh of the land surface of the globe, and a twenty-sixth of its total area. It has half a dozen men to manage it—according to the policy of one of the six—and the people are divided into 10,000,000 of men and women of the more or less comfortable, more or less educated class, and 119,000,000 citizens, the mass of whom form the dullest, rudest, least ambitious peasantry in Europe. If one travels over Russia to spy out the land, he may go for days across it from west to east without breaking the continuous view of a flat disk, whose only variety lies between its farmed flatness and its waste flatness, its squat, shrinking, unkempt villages and its sandy districts wooded with thin birch or evergreens.

Everywhere it is new, rude and untidy.

Or he may start for the almost limitless forest that belts the north of Russia and Siberia and travel for a greater number of days over a precisely similar flat and tiresome reach of farmland, everywhere slovenly and unkempt, and varied again by sparse woods and

villages of brown thatched huts, each village crowding around a huge white Greek church with oriental towers and points of gold. Mud roads that are mere rough trails; low-browed, shaggy-haired, dirty men and women, of the intelligent status of Indian squaws, are the only other objects he will see.

To obtain a view of what any European would honor with the name of scenery he must go to the further boundaries of the European half of the empire—to the lovely wooded and rocky islets and emerald lakes of Finland in the west, to the not very scenically grand Urals in the east, to the charming hills by the Black sea in what Russia calls its Riviera, or, further south, to the truly splendid, the magnificent scenery of the Caucasus.

But the men of Russia who see the bulk of their country see only the steppes, marshy or sandy in the north, and black and rich in the south, but everywhere a checker-board of farms and waste places, everywhere flat as a table, and everywhere untidy, or, where the people congregate together, squalid. There are notable exceptions to this very general rule, and they are in the cities. Warsaw is not Russian at all, but Polish, which is to say, eloquent of the best genius of Europe. St. Petersburg is artificial, planned to be an imitation European town, and maintained as such by the government in spite of its still great unpopularity with the mass of the people, even of the most enlightened among them. Moscow is disappointing as a European city, and yet, outside the Kremlin, is nothing else; and Odessa is a very lively modern commercial and cosmopolitan capital. Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, is rather small to put in the list, but is one of the finest small cities in Europe—and is not Russian. Most of the other cities, small and large, except Nijni-Novgorod, which has been denationalized and rendered excessively commonplace by the government in order to render it the artificial setting for an exotic exposition, are more or less primitive, shabby, dirty, native—Asiatic.

And now as to Russia and the Russians. As long as I tried to compare Russia with the countries of the west, and to consider it from a European standpoint, I found myself more than disappointed, almost hostile to it. The sight of the desperately poor millions—unconsidered, nonconsidering, at rest in their cattle-like condition; the comprehension of the vastness of the gulf between the millions upon millions of them and their few, so-called, betters; the shabbiness and want of pride of

the soldiers, and the dirtiness and filthy quarters of the sailors—these were not comparable with American or European institutions, except at such a disadvantage to Russia as to arouse indignation at the thought that such conditions were the natural outcome of the system of government. How could European comparisons be made in a country where the poems of Heinrich Heine are not admitted, and the possession of a modern gentleman's library is an act of treason punishable with exile to Siberia? With what feelings must one who goes to Russia to compare it with France, for instance, arrive at the knowledge that in the main the mental cultivation possessed by the upper classes is a mere surface polish, that a civil engineer knows nothing but his science, and that every specialist has had his learning confined to his specialty? Or learn that when a servant girl goes away on a visit, and fails to announce her safe arrival at her destination, the police, on being applied to for news of her, present a report of every step she has taken since leaving her employer, every person she has spoken to, every shop she has called at, one might almost say every breath she has drawn.

These are a few of the thousand things that a tourist sees or feels or learns in Russia to make him judge it severely, if he considers it as European. The mistake of so considering it is encouraged by as many other things that are copied from those of Europe. St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Sebastopol, are all built like European cities, with European-looking houses facing European streets, with horse cars and cabs and shops as full of Berlin-made trash and Viennese rubbish as are the shops of all European capitals, from Christiania to Constantinople. One cannot see in a day that, however they look, these cities are all under martial law. No one can know at a glance that the porters at the doors and gates of the dwellings and hotels form part of the police system. It is not apparent to the newcomer that every Russian he sees is numbered, and carries his passport in his pocket, and is as dependent on it for his safety as if it were a log to which he was clinging in mid-ocean. No, the cities and their scenes and inhabitants and the manners thereof all seem European. One cannot look into the houses of the rich and powerful and know that only the public rooms are ordered tidily, and that the private parts of the houses are neglected, not even the beds being made up, very often, until it is time to get into them again. Nor can a stranger see into the head of the Russian who

casually mentions Moliere or Thomas Jefferson and perceive that he merely repeats these names, but has not read Moliere's plays, or studied the declaration of our independence.

But let the visitor to Russia pursue his comparisons until, as nearly everyone fails, he concludes that he must be doing Russia an injustice—until he comes to reflect that the basis and root of its civilization are Asiatic and not European. Then the task of studying the huge, growing, progressive empire becomes easy and more pleasant at once. Let him once say: "Russia is Asiatic," and with the change of this view-point he sees everything differently. Then he stops criticising and begins admiring. He is not in the last and most primitive corner of Europe. He is in the first and most advancing country of Asia.

If any Russian objects to that view-point, he will not find fault or contradict if it is said that at least Russia is a land that lies between Europe and Asia.

I considered it Asiatic when its resemblances to what I had seen in other countries of the east forced home the comparison. And from that moment I was able to judge it calmly. In Asia the systems of government are less military, but Russia is forced into militarism by her contact with Europe. The lack of machine-like discipline in the Russian soldiery is truly Asiatic, and so are the stagnation, patience, suffering and squalor of the people. In Russia they are drunken instead of being gamblers and opium-smokers as in China. The absence of a middle class and the gulf that takes its place are Asiatic conditions. In Russia no man except a member of the cabinet or a diplomat dares to discuss politics. In other Asiatic countries the people are not forbidden to discuss them, because they have never shown any inclination to do so. No more the 119,000,000 muzhiks of Russia. Their intellectual activity never goes beyond the affairs of village, family, farm, or employment. Their most active interest is in religion, but they make of that such a mere tissue of forms and mechanical or automatic practices that it is carried on without any more mental effort than the activity of a victim of St. Vitus' dance. The leaven of progress is not in the muzhik any more than it is in the coolie. If Russia's system of government is to be threatened or altered it must be by the ten million who reflect the European ideals in their dress and manners, and who present fertile ground for the propagation of European reforms—the seeds of which, in the form of free speech and free press and

free literature, are denied to them. Russia's danger is from the top; the bottom is sodden.

SOUND ADVICE TO THE CUBANS.

Soon Cuba will be boss of itself, and the Cubans will own their own lands. We say to the Cubans, Keep the lands for yourselves. Keep them for your descendants, and keep them public lands forever. Let the rents from them go to the government. Don't sell them to your local politicians or sacrifice them to sharp American capitalists who will come prepared to buy and bribe.

Make up your minds that whatever your government owns when it is first formed it will always own and you will find yourselves in a very fine situation as regards taxation and troublesome trusts.—New York Journal.

EXPOSITION ITEMS.

It is hard for an exposition to fall upon war times. If we were not otherwise absorbed we should at the present moment be giving our best attention to the Trans-Mississippi exposition now open in Omaha. But as the various important and remarkable features of the fair come to light, though only in small type on the sixth and seventh pages of the newspapers, and as the beauty of the buildings is conceived from the illustrations published in the magazines, it is to be hoped that a growing interest will be excited, which will work to the enlightenment of our Atlantic-facing easterners as to progress in the west, as well as to the pecuniary and educational advantage of our brethren beyond the great river.

Among interesting items that we have noted are these from Godey's Magazine:

The plan of the grounds, the grouping and design of buildings, the scheme of color, all are wholly different from any former achievement. The buildings are given the tint of old marble, while a charming color-design provides that one-third the height of the colonnades, and the window-trim and cornices, are finished in dull, Pompeian colors. This makes the buildings one glowing mass of tints, and will prove not only a delight to the eye, but an education in color.

The Indian exhibit is to be the most wonderful and complete that the world has ever had the opportunity to witness. Every known tribe in North America will be represented at the exhibition, and it is now planned to set aside certain days for the respective festivities of each separate tribe, bringing representatives to the number of 3,000 or 4,000 directly to the exposition grounds en masse for the purpose of participating in the ceremonies, and thus affording to the public a realistic interpretation of the many phases in the life of this fast-dying race.

Brave old Gen. Gomez, when he has fought Spain to the last ditch and torn

her brutal flag from the last staff in Cuba, may have to fight the Morgans, Hannas, Elkinses and others in order to preserve enough of the island on which to be buried!—Columbus Press-Post.

A certain Cleveland (O.) attorney has two bright children. They are quick at imitation and have a talent for making up games in which they cleverly burlesque their elders. A few days ago their mamma found they were playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older the physician, with a silk hat and a cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feels awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum-hum! coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer.

"How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle with what looked like either bread or mud in it and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every 17 minutes—al-ter-mit-ly."

"How long mus' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor. "Good mornin'!"—The Kingdom.

We maintain that a man may be slain, enslaved, or defrauded, quite as unjustly by a government as by a private individual and that such crimes on the part of a government are usually incomparably more prejudicial to the great body of society than any amount of individual crime that could reasonably be expected to take place in a civilized country. No instance can be adduced of a country being brought to ruin and degradation by individual crime, whereas legislative crime has produced revolutions, persecutions, civil wars, anarchies and decays innumerable.—P. E. Dove.

The church cannot be much better in the end than it can succeed in making the world. The great object for which it longs and prays touching its own

life will not come about directly, but indirectly through its service in the life around it. The church is intent upon unity. That will not be brought about by any force working from within, not by agreements or adjustments or concessions or compromises. The unity of the church will come in only through the brotherhood of man.—Pres. W. J. Tucker.

Mr. C.—"I was reading to-day in the paper that during the last century 100 lakes in Tyrol have disappeared." Mrs. C.—"I shouldn't wonder a bit. You know these tourists will take away almost anything they can find."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Newspapers conducted by lost souls that make merchandise of all things that inflame men's worst passions," is the way an anonymous writer in the Atlantic Monthly scathingly describes one of the factors in our war excitement.

The editor of a certain paper once complained of me because, among other fatal lapses, I had "left the Gospel" and had "meddled with morality." And that man was a church member!—Rev. S. Z. Batten, in The Kingdom.

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