

## DEMOCRATIC HOUSEKEEPING.

From *Common Sense*, of Cleveland.

The large house has ceased to be an investment owing to the scarcity of domestic servants.

The servant problem has ceased to be a problem for the simple reason that there are no servants.

A woman up in Chicago fought off flat or hotel living by building a servantless house.

Nearly all the first floor is one large room in which the family actually live. There is also an entry hall with a small ante-room to one side for formal callers; a kitchen in the rear that is as well lighted and decorated as any room in the house and as compact as that of a kitchen in a dining-car, with every inch of space carefully thought out. There are paneled lockers and its utensils selected to serve a decorative purpose; that is, the pans and kettles are of harmonious shapes in copper. The cooking heat is supplied by electricity and an electric motor and compressor supply compressed air for cleaning purposes.

There is no dining-room, mind you!

The family eat before the fire in winter, and out on a wire and vine-screened porch in summer.

The food is brought in to wherever the table may be, on a little two-story rubber-tired wagon that is equipped with a warming lamp. The different courses are taken off by the mistress without rising from her place. When the meal is finished the "dead" are cleared away into the lower story of the wagon and the whole drawn to the kitchen.

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## LAND TENURE IN GERMANY'S ONE SUCCESSFUL COLONY.

From *The Westminster Review*, as Reprinted in the *New York Sun* of July 20, 1908.

The system of land tenure adopted in Kiao-chau is largely responsible for this phenomenal rise of a previously unknown place. On taking over the land at the price ruling before the seizure by the German government, the order of September 2, 1898, stipulated that the buyer of land shall pay a tax of 33 per cent on the increased value and that if a plot of land is not sold for twenty-five years the owners shall pay tax of 33 per cent on the increased value found by assessment to have taken place. The owner of land has to give notice of any intended sale, and (in order to prevent under-assessment) the government has the first option to buy at the owner's figure. In addition every land owner has to pay each year a tax of 6 per cent of the capital value of his land. The owner's valuation is taken, but again (in order to avoid under-assessment) the government has the right to buy at the owner's figure. This tax effectually stops all speculation in land and prevents the holding

of land idle. The withholding of land from use is further checked by the regulation that if land is not being built upon at a certain date, in accordance with the stipulated plan of building, the owner forfeits his right of property and the government takes it back, paying only half the assessed value. Instead of forfeiting the right of property the order of December 31, 1903, imposes a progressive land value tax, which effects the same purpose of forcing the land into use.

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## THE BRAIN-FAG OF THE REPUBLICAN EDITORS.

Lona Ingham Robinson in the *Des Moines Daily Tribune* of August 21.

Every day it is becoming more obvious how hard pressed Republican papers are for persuasive editorials in the coming Presidential campaign. If the truth should be told, the daily editors must tear their hair and gnash their teeth as they actually come up against the problem of a daily grist of Republican campaign stuff, with all argument, recent history and circumstances on the other side of the fence. They begin to realize that they are trying to win a game against an antagonist holding the right bower, ace, king and queen, while they have only the left bower, some small trumps and the joker; and they don't want to say anything about the joker. . . .

So the distracted editor gives another frenzied wrench at his thinning hair and emits such gleams as: The undefinable quality of political capital by which a public man holds the public interest is seldom found in a man who has been twice defeated as candidate for the Presidency. Seldom by a man whose middle name begins with J., but it is usually possessed in a notable degree by a man who has always held appointive offices and whose middle name begins with H. And although we said last June that Mr. Taft was sent out to the Iowa University as a feeler, to test the strength of the public interest, and did not raise a ripple of interest, why of course it was speaking relatively, having in mind at the time Mr. Bryan, of whom the people are so tired that they have no interest in him at all, or at least if the opposite sometimes seems to be the case—here the editor holds his head under the faucet till he revives. Then he turns on the cartoon orator to fill in the space on the front page, and goes on writing on Fleas, or Huckleberries, or Elbow-sleeves. Someway a picture-lie does not seem so bad as a printed one; the expressions are funny and a laugh is a laugh after all.

But the cartoonist, secretly admiring Bryan all the time, has rheumatism of the brain and paralysis of the heart; he is harried all his days and slumberless at night. Then, although he knows that the ax ought to be laid at the root of the tree

of protective tariffs, he pictures Taft neat and dapper, daintily sawing off a few dead branches from a tree whose fruits are supposed to be United States industries; as one would say the fruits of the weevil is wheat, the fruits of the potato bug are potatoes, the fruits of the cabbage worm is cabbage. Then of course there was angry Bryan, with an ax in hand cutting down at the root of the tree when all those nice "U. S. industries" would fall to the ground. . . .

Never did subsidized charcoal have a harder time of it. At the last gasp, begging a reprieve, he is told to rehabilitate one of the old cartoons of 1900 or 1896. There we have Uncle Sam behind a general merchandise counter, saying to the commercial traveler just arrived, grip in hand, "Yep, trade's pretty fair, but we ain't buying much till after election. If Taft is elected come around and I'll stock up; if it's Bryan—well, I don't know what." The difference between this and the original cartoons of the two previous Bryan campaigns, is this: The general merchandise store would very likely have been a big factory; instead of Uncle Sam there would have been the boss; instead of the drummer there would have been the gaunt factory hand; instead of Taft, McKinley; instead of "Well, I don't know what," would have been, "We shut down for good," or "Don't come near us," or "You may go to h—l."

This note of doubt just marks the difference between the former campaigns and the one now on. But it shows to what straits the "Jo-Uncle Cannon" party is put, that it must revive their old scare, that of shutting down work if Bryan were elected. The threat was intended principally for timid, ignorant or foreign voters, and deceived no one of judgment, for it was evident that the same old dollar-trapping would go on the day after election as before, no matter who was President. And nothing but a trust makes money by closing down. So it is the trusts, not Uncle Sam, that makes the threat. And that is where the partisan Republican of to-day finds himself: bound to defend the trusts. He did it eight and twelve years ago, because he thought they were good things and made supplies cheap; if he was in a small business he thought their success was his success. Now he knows better, and still must defend them though he knows they are eating him up.

But Mr. Cartoonist, you are too late to fool your traveling man. Too many business concerns have been swallowing up smaller ones and throwing out traveling men, they have got wise. So have the independent small capitalists. They know they have much to fear, from what the Standard Oil Party has already done; and all they can see to fear from Bryan is solely on the authority of that same party, and they have

passed the "don't know what" stage. They are at the "I'm going to try him" stage.

But meanwhile what a pity it is that so many of our brightest editors and cartoon artists will have to take hospital treatment for nervous prostration, brain fag, etc., for this tremendous strain devolving upon them the next two months. We can withhold our pity for the spell-binders, they merely go out and amuse the crowd as an excuse to deal the joker.

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## THE DOMESTIC INFELICITIES OF THE HORNBILL.

(With No Apologies to Professor Herrick.)

For The Public.

The female [Indian Hornbill] having entered her breeding place in one of the natural cavities of the mopane tree, the male plasters up the entrance, leaving only a narrow slit by which to feed his mate, and which exactly suits the form of his bill. The female makes a nest of her own feathers, lays her eggs and hatches them, and remains with the young until they are fully fledged. During all this time, which is some two or three months, the male continues to feed her and the young family. The prisoner generally becomes very fat, and is esteemed a very dainty morsel by the natives; while the poor slave of a husband gets so lean and weak that on the sudden lowering of the temperature, which sometimes happens after a fall of rain, he is benumbed, falls down and dies.

—Hartwig, "Winged Life in the Tropics."

Continuing the above interesting bit of natural history, it may be narrated that at last it happened that the female Hornbills, having grown accustomed to the domestic atmosphere, remained contentedly, and for the greater part contentedly incarcerated during the entire season. One of these secluded birds, in talking over the situation, was heard to argue in this wise:

"Look at that shameless Mrs. Robin, flying about out there and helping to get worms for the young family, exactly as though her sphere were not the nest. Horrid thing! the violent, unladylike way she can go after supplies for their larder is nothing short of disgusting, I really have to say. Mrs. Ostrich, too, my dear, has no sense of propriety. I assure you I am most credibly informed she is in the habit of going to the club at night, leaving the future hope of their family to be destroyed by any passing enemy, if Mr. O. did not take upon himself the duties neglected by his undomestic wife. As for Mrs. Hawk up yonder, she positively is larger than her mate, and they do say that that poor male also assists in hatching out the eggs. Never heard anything so scandalous in my life. Look at her swooping about in the air up there. I honestly believe her wings are as long and strong as those of any male. How do you suppose she happened to be so de-