

these regions than is now produced in all the rest of the inhabited world.

But unless we can so change our economic laws, that this wealth will be more fairly distributed than it is now by, the races occupying the Temperate Zone, mankind will not be greatly benefited. I hope and believe that 'ere this change in population comes about, the Singletax will have caused such changes in our economic condition that wealth will be fairly distributed. I mean by fair distribution that condition in which each man gets exactly what he produces—no more, no less. This is all we Singletaxers ask. We do not wish any man to have a dollar more wealth than he himself has produced, or to take from any other man a dollar of the wealth that this other man has produced. We look forward to this time as not being so very far off, and when such time arrives, we believe that poverty will be abolished from this world, except in so far as there will always be some lazy individuals who will not work and who do not care to produce. But this number will be so large as to affect the general principles just enunciated.

I have been invited this evening to meet a body of Singletax friends. My thoughts have naturally run on Singletax lines. I have spent the afternoon in going through your new municipal hospital. I have been greatly impressed and think I have seen about the best arranged hospital that I have ever before been shown. I was also told that the city of Cincinnati was to have control of and was to finance the medical school in connection with the hospital. This seemed to me most desirable and advantageous for all parties concerned. Thinking in Singletax lines, it occurred to me that when revenues were generally raised under Singletax principles, every municipality could afford to have just such a beautiful hospital as the one I was seeing. I could foresee something of the kind for Panama, even now Panama could afford such a hospital, if its revenues were raised by Singletax methods.



FIGHT ON.

It's fun to fight when you know you are right and your heart is in it, too,
 Though the fray be long and the foe be strong and the comrades you have are few.
 Though the battle heat bring but defeat, and weariness makes you reel,
 There's a joy in life that can know such strife and the glory and thrill you feel!

When the wise ones pant that you simply can't, it's fun for a fighting man
 To laugh and try with a daring eye, and prove to the world that he can.
 And if you stick till your heart is sick, and lose when the game is done,

It's fun to know that the weary foe paid dearly for what they won.

It's fun to dare in the face of despair when the last lone chance seems gone,
 And to see hope rise in the angry skies like a promise of rosy dawn;
 For victory's sweet when it crowns defeat, and you learn this much is true;
 It's fun to fight when you know you're right, and your heart is in it, too!

—Berton Braley.

BOOKS

BRAND WHITLOCK'S STORY.

Forty Years of It. By Brand Whitlock. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.50 net.

The unusual pleasure of reading the recollections of an American publicist in the language of a literary artist makes Mayor Whitlock's book worth while to any one. True art tells the greater part of this story, as only noble artlessness could tell Tom Johnson's. For all lovers of Governor Altgeld, of Mayor Jones, of Tom L. Johnson the pleasure is doubled by what the author tells of his friendship with each of these statesmen, especially by his admirable interpretation of "Golden Rule" Jones. This appreciation of his own political leader and personal friend is by far the best portion of Mr. Whitlock's book. In its narrative and argument there is quick spiritual value and vital inspiration. He writes of his first meeting with Mayor Jones:

One day, suddenly, as I was working in my office, in he stepped with a startling, abrupt manner, wheeled a chair up to my desk and sat down. He was a big Welshman with a sandy complexion and great hands that had worked hard in their time, and he had an eye that looked right into the center of your skull. . . . Well, then . . . Jones said to me: "I want you to come out and speak." "On what subject?" I asked. "There's only one subject," he said—"Life." And his face was radiant with a really beautiful smile, warmed with his rich humor. . . . "What kind of crowd will be there?" "Oh, a good crowd!" he said. "But what kind of people?" "What kind of people?" he asked in a tone of great and genuine surprise. "What kind of people? Why, there's only one kind of people—just people, just folks." . . .

Men did not and do not see what Jones saw so much more clearly than any other reformer of his time, namely, that above all the laws men make with their political machines in their legislatures, there is a higher law, and that the Golden Rule is a rule of conduct deduced from that law. He saw that men, whether they knew it or not, liked it or not, or were conscious of it or not, had in all times been living, and must forever go on living, under the principle on which the Golden Rule is based. That

is, Jones saw that this great law had always existed in the universe, just as the law of gravitation existed before Newton discovered it. It is inherent in the very constitution of things, as one of that body of laws which govern the universe and always act and react equally among men. And Jones felt that men should for their comfort, if for no higher motive, respect this law and get the best out of life by observing it.

The pages about Mayor Johnson, too, are full of admiration and sympathetic understanding, and he thinks of them together. "Jones died years before Johnson; but somehow they seem to me to have appeared simultaneously, like twin stars in our northern sky, to have blazed a while and then gone out together. Different as their personalities were, different as two such great originals must have been, they were one in ideal."

But the Forty Years that make this volume are neither Samuel L. Jones' nor Tom L. Johnson's. The book tells modestly, confidently, sincerely, of the attempt by a true and brilliant man to live up to his ideals—the great and true ideals—of democracy. It traces his progress through a boyhood of comfort and thorough education, an early manhood of political journalism in Illinois and of legal practice in Toledo, into the ethical politics of that unique city as chief aide to Mayor Jones, and up to a middle age as his successor.

Yet all the while, though conscience and mind were in politics, Brand Whitlock's heart and soul were devoted to the art of literature and longed for leisure to write. A consistent fate it appears—some unsympathetic Philistine might call it a friendly warning—that, when at last this man's conscience had released him from Toledo and his appointment as American Minister to Belgium seemed to offer less arduous and toilsome responsibility—a bright hour, this peace-loving artist should find himself in the very track of the European war as the highest representative of one of the world's greatest neutral powers with all the weighty duties such a position entailed. And just as consistent a consequence of his former years of service to his fellow-men it was, that those unwelcome duties should find him resourceful and noticeably competent.

Possibly the big, confused world today has greater need for right-minded, busy statesmen of skillful pen than for onlooking authors, even of exceptional talent.

A. L. G.

PAMPHLETS

Pamphlets Received.

Prospectus of New York Somers System Service. Published by the Manufacturers' Appraisal Co., 305 Singer Bldg., New York.

Taxation of Land Values: A Bibliography. Bulletin, General Series 85, Published by the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. September, 1914. To be obtained

upon request to the Director, University Extension Division.

A Constitutional Convention for Indiana in 1916. Published by the Citizen's League of Indiana, 726 Shoaff Bldg., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Illinois Commission to Arrange Half-Century Anniversary of Negro Freedom, First Annual Report, July, 1913-14. Exposition Headquarters, 128 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

The Single Tax: An Outline for Debate. Bulletin, General Series, No. 70, Published by the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. 1913. To be obtained upon request to the Director, University Extension Division.

Amendments to Constitution of California and Proposed Statutes, with Arguments Respecting the Same to be Submitted to the Electors of the State, November 3, 1914. Certified by the Secretary of State and Printed at the State Printing Office, Sacramento, Calif. 1914.

The Lumber Industry. Part II. Concentration of Timber Ownership in Important Selected Regions. Part III. Land Holdings of Large Timber Owners (with Ownership Maps). United States Department of Commerce, Bureau of Corporations. Printed at the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 1914.



The kindergarten teacher recited to her pupils the story of the wolf and the lamb. As she completed it she said:

"Now, children, you see that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible."

One little boy raised his hand.

"Well, John," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"If the lamb had been good and sensible," said the little boy, gravely, "we should have had him to eat, wouldn't we?"—New York Times.



"I despise a hypocrite."

"So do I."

"Now, take Jackson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"O, yes; I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."—Boston Advertiser.



Worn out by a long series of appalling French exercises, wherein the blunders were as the sands of the sea, a hapless high school mistress declared her intention of writing to Florence's mother.

Florence looked her teacher in the face.

"Ma will be awfully angry," quoth Florence.

"I am afraid she will, but it is my duty to write to her, Florence."

"I don't know," said Florence, doubtfully. "You see, mother always does my French for me."—Sacred Heart Review.

Nothing to It

How easy it is to land ten-cent "Get-acquainted-with-The-Public" subscriptions is shown by the following, which comes from an enthusiastic reader in California: "Everybody works but father. He gets subs all day!" See page 984.