

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

HOW HE LIVED ONCE AND HOW HE LIVES NOW—INTIMATE PERSONAL RECITAL OF THE EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION OF MILLARD F. BINGHAM—HOW A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN OF ECONOMIC KNOWLEDGE LOOKS OUT UPON THE WORLD—HIS TALK WITH LUTHER S. DICKEY.

Among the largest contributors to the Single Tax movement, ranking the second largest indeed to the late Tom L. Johnson before Joseph Fels with his splendid munificence had appeared on the scene—is Millard F. Bingham, of Chicago. Single Taxers everywhere know how Johnson became a Single Taxer and of his activity in the movement, but beyond a very small circle, Mr. Bingham is unknown to the Single Tax fraternity, although he has been identified with the movement for the past quarter of a century. Although I have known him quite intimately it was only recently that I knew the full story of how he came into the Single Tax fold. A short time ago he took me through his new factory, the largest and best equipped plant for manufacturing printers' rollers in America, in fact in the world. From the factory he took me in his mammoth touring automobile to the lake front to watch the "birdmen," soaring over the heads of hundreds of thousands of human beings, and while I enjoyed this scene immensely, I was much more interested in hearing from his lips how he became a convert to the Single Tax philosophy. In response to my request that he tell me the story, he said: "You know, people are sometimes moved by intuition. They intuitively see or know certain things. Long before I had heard of the Single Tax, when I was scarcely more than a boy, I had heard of land monopoly. I heard of vast possessions being held by single individuals, and it occurred to me then, boy as I was, that a heavy tax on the land would force them to drop it. That was as far as I had gone. I had never studied or given any thought to economics. I knew nothing of the relation of free land to free labor. I recognized the evil and perceived what I thought to be the remedy,

but gave no thought to the application of the latter. From my youth up, I had always been a radical—a radical for what I believed to be right. I was an abolitionist because I believed human slavery to be wrong. I was a radical Republican, in the days when the Republican party stood for popular rights and liberty, but I became puzzled by what I saw of existing wrongs, and I had no perception of the remedy. I was not convinced that the preachments of some very good people were altogether true, viz: that the producing classes were always in the wrong, no matter how much they suffered or what their attitude was. I could see there was something wrong in the social adjustments affecting the laboring classes. When business was dull, and the wage workers asked for an advance, these wise men argued that they were very foolish to make such a demand in a period of depression; if they made the demand when business was prosperous they were again acting foolishly to make such a demand, for to grant it would bring an end to their prosperity. The first street car strike that I remember, occurred on the Third avenue line in New York City in 1866. I think it was then that Horace Greely said a man need never expect an advance in wages as long as there was another man who was willing to accept what he rejected or was dissatisfied with. If this were true, it was clear to me that as long as there was an unemployed class, the dissatisfied workers would never succeed in getting an advance in wages unless they could prevent the unemployed from taking their places through persuasion or fear of bodily injury. It was clear to me that the only way to better the condition of the wage-workers was to eliminate the unemployed class; the men willing and anxious to work and unable to find employment. How this condition was to be brought about was beyond my comprehension, although I had given considerable thought to the subject. I had frequent discussions over it from time to time, but received no light until I met John Z. White. He amplified his discussion by giving me a copy of Progress and Poverty. Before I had finished reading the book the truth

flashed on my mind. I had a thorough grasp of the question. I saw what affected the wage-worker, causing low wages and small returns to the business man and manufacturer. There was no difficulty for me to see that the solution of the wage-question and business depression was opening up the natural opportunities by freeing the land. This is so simple and clear to me now that I am impatient with the stupidity of those who do not see it."

"You surprise me, indeed, when you tell me the Canadian farmers are realizing that land monopoly and the private ownership of public utilities are the basic cause of making the struggle for existence so difficult and that they are coming to see that the remedy lies in the taxation of land values. I have, indeed, despaired of the American farmer ever rendering any assistance in attaining economic freedom. Some time ago, while on a cruise up Long Island sound I read 'The Story of an African Farm.' It occurred to me then that a very interesting book could be written entitled 'The Story of an American Farm,' by tracing the changes that have taken place in the social life and economic condition of the people, especially those engaged in agricultural pursuits, during the last sixty years, making comparisons between the present and the past conditions.

"My father, Samuel Bingham, was born at Hanover, N. H. in 1789, the year that witnessed the outbreak of the French Revolution. Hanover then, as now, was the seat of an institution of learning called Dartmouth College, which has graduated some important and distinguished scholars. My paternal grandfather died when my father, an only child, was quite young, and to support herself and child my grandmother opened a students' boarding house, and one of the pupils was Daniel Webster. By the death of his mother when he was ten years old my father was thrown on his own resources—and being without kith or kin—he was apprenticed by the Orphan Court to learn the 'Art of all Arts,' the craft of printing, which he thoroughly mastered and followed for many years. After leaving Hanover he plied his trade in Albany, Philadelphia and New York, and it was in the latter city that he had the

honor of 'starting up' the first cylinder press imported to this country, the 'Napier.' With the introduction of the cylinder press a revolution in the method of printing took place. Instead of a flat impression from a stationary form, the printing was done by a sheet being carried on a revolving cylinder and the impression made at point of contact between a line of type and the cylinder as the bed moved in harmony with the cylinder. The bed instead of being stationary had a reciprocating motion, that is, a back and forth motion, and, as it was continually moving while in use, some other method of inking the form had to be provided other than the buckskin balls used on the hand presses. So a contrivance, cylindrical in shape, had to be provided, that would automatically ink the form as the bed moved it back and forth and covered it with an elastic substance that had an affinity for ink. As the apparatus was round and rolled over the form, it was called a roller, and has been known as such ever since.

"Fortunately, just about that time, a substance made of glue and treacle was discovered, which could be used for inking purposes. Its adaptability for printing was discovered by accident and was used in the potteries of Stratfordshire in transferring letters to the surface of the pottery. As it had the quality of taking and imparting ink to pottery, so it could to type and was adapted to that purpose.

"In addition to the distinguished honor of 'starting up' the cylinder press in this country, my father also had the honor of making the first printers' roller used on the cylinder presses.

"With the coming of the cylinder press and a different method of inking the form, a new industry was begun, and my father, abandoning the printing business, embarked in the manufacture of printers' rollers, a business with which the fourth generation of the family has become identified. The capital employed was trivial and the business small, but it afforded the family a modest competency.

"I was born in New York City in 1847, the youngest of a family of twelve, in the old tenth ward, in Christy street, between

Hester and what is now called Canal street, and which is now over-run and submerged by the Ghetto. At that time the majority of the houses in New York were two story, basement and attic, with Dormer windows on the roof, and mainly occupied by one family. There were no tenement houses in New York then, and the only slum that existed was a place called 'The Five Points,' which is mentioned by Dickens in his 'American Notes.' It was just a short time before this that Dickens visited this country and published his 'American Notes' in which he criticised American conditions and society. But there was one thing he said which, in view of present conditions, seems startling. He said that 'a naked man walking down the Strand could not create greater excitement and wonder than could the sight of a pauper in America.' New York at that time was like other cities along the Atlantic coast. It was American in character and a city of homes. Land values were low and rents were low. We got a good house at that time for \$150 to \$200 a year and our landlord was a Mr. Goelet, who, with the Astors, Hammerslys and Roosevelts, were the large real estate owners on Manhattan Island, and became immensely wealthy through the increase of land values that followed from those days up to the immediate past and present.

"Outside of the large real estate owners and a few merchant princes, there were no very wealthy families. Living was cheap, work was abundant, and although wages, measured by present figures, may not have been as high, still, with the low cost of living they were sufficient to make life comfortable and pleasant.

"A sheep could be bought for seventy-five cents or a dollar and the best mechanics could get board for twelve shillings, which was a dollar and a half. The man who in 1860 was to be the next President of the United States got board at Springfield, Ill., for himself and wife for \$2.00 a week. This is a matter of record. The New York butcher at the time was the beau ideal of the sport. He was a lover of fast horses and indulged his liking. A popular song of the day, typical of that sport, was called 'Camp Town Races.' It told about going

to town with a pocket full of tin, to-da to-da, and coming back home with hat caved in, to-da, to-da.

"Another institution which survives was the corner grocer, even to the present day known as the 'Dutchman.' He had a grocery store in the front with a little bar behind, and the floor was covered with Rockaway white sand. On the corner of Christy and Hester streets was one of these institutions and it was said to have been frequented by Stephen C. Foster, the author of those beautiful negro ditties like 'Nellie Bly,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' etc. It is said that on a barrel-head in this Dutch grocery he wrote 'The Old Folks at Home.' That was in 1850.

"I said there were no strikes or lockouts in those days. There was one. The circumstance was told me by the chief participant. It was a complete tie-up of the Hudson River Railroad. At that time the depot was at 30th street and 10th avenue, and the train used to stand in the middle of the street and start from there at the sound of a gong. A man named William Smith, who later was a janitor in a Chicago public school, was then engineer of the Albany Express that left New York in the morning. He was dissatisfied on account of a deduction in his pay, and when the gong sounded he got down off his engine and sat on the curbstone. The conductor wanted to know why he didn't start. He said he thought he would not run that day, but would take a day off. They sent for Sam Sloane, who was then Superintendent, and afterwards President of the Delaware Lackawanna Road. He came up and said, 'Billy, why aren't you on the engine?' He replied, 'There is some dispute about my pay.' Sloane said, 'Is that all? Your pay is restored. Get on your engine and start her.' So the tie-up was off and the strike was over.

"Agriculture and commerce were flourishing in these days. The shore-line of East River from the Battery to Colier's Hook was a forest of masts. The Stars and Stripes floated on every sea and were familiar in every port. The American Clipper ships were the pride of the country and were built in the yards of the Eckfords, Steers

and Webbs up the East River. They were the fastest in the world, and most efficiently manned by the finest of crews who received the highest wages because the owners got the highest freights and made quickest passage. At that time individuals did not have to be bribed by the Government to engage in commerce, and there were no mendicant millionaires brawling for Government aid to assist them in getting richer.

"The social life was different then. It was higher in tone, and it was not necessary to chain the doormats to the railings or the steps to prevent their being carried off by the 'Goths and vandals' that now infest our American cities. We had no national debt and the city and state governments were comparatively free also. We were then living under what was known as the Walker Tariff, which was near to free trade, and had it not been for the folly and criminality of the civil war, ten years more would have seen America on a Free Trade basis with direct taxation, but from that war came most of our economic maladjustments. The farmer at that time was looked upon as a representative of the independent, self-supporting man. No one could rival him in independence and wealth, except the merchant princes, and they were few. The farmers of the seaboard States and especially of Westchester, Long Island, and New Jersey were opulent, and if you wanted to cite an instance of an important and independent citizen, you could point to the farmer. It was because of the example of his economic status that there was such a rush for the soil. That is what built up the West, even as far as Kansas. The only blot on the face and fair name of America was that of chattel slavery, but that slavery was patriarchal compared with industrial slavery. However, it was inevitable that there should be a clash and on the plains of Kansas where the two systems, that of the bondsman and the freeman, met.

"The bondsman worked for a master, the freeman worked for himself, but, as a farmer, he owned the land that his labor tilled.

'New York since then has grown larger

but not *greater*. How much *greater* could a city be than New York then, with its homes of comfort and happiness as illustrated by the fact that there was not a pauper in the country? She was indeed a *happier* rather than a *splendid* city. The tide of European immigration had not then set in, but it came shortly afterwards. The potato blight of Ireland which caused the famine that carried off two million of people, started the Irish peasantry on the road to expatriation and emigration to different parts of the world, especially to America. Railroad building and canal cutting were being carried on extensively and the brawn and muscle of the Irish laborer were employed in their construction. After the suppression of the revolution in Germany in 1848, came the German emigration, many of the prominent leaders of that revolution being among them. Where the Irish were agricultural laborers, the Germans were artisans, and they stood out in sharp contrast with the American mechanic, invading his field and by their different method of living, supplanting him, or revolutionizing his mode of life. Steam railroads were in their infancy, and the Harlem and Hudson River Railroad, running north with Albany as their terminal point, opened up the heart of Westchester County for settlement. Then began the suburban movement and villages were formed out of farm lands beyond the Harlem River. The large holdings of Gouverneur Morris were broken up and villages started, such as Morrisania, Tremont, Melrose, Fordham and Mt. Vernon. Our family caught the suburban fever and we moved to a place called Fordham, and the moving there was the first I ever saw of what might be called 'country life.'

"At that time the West was also being opened up and everybody was talking about the farm. It was not then a question of 'going *back* to the soil,' it was a question of 'going *on* the soil,' to become the possessor and *owner* of a piece of land, and it could be had for almost a song. The Public domain was then so great, so cheap and so *easily* acquired, that it was the subject of a popular song of the day, one verse of which ran—

'Oh, come along, come along, don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us
all a farm.'

"That was before the day of huge corporate 'grafters', who, when the public attention was distracted to the civil strife, got in their work through legislative jugglery to rob the nation of its patrimony in the shape of huge land grants in the aid of rascally projects. Then it was that the 'Credit Mobilier' was started, but that was a mere speck in comparison with the gigantic stealings that have since been accomplished.

"The farm fever was infectious and the family caught it, so father bought a farm at Grand Detour, on the Rock River, near Dixon, Ill. There it was that Deere first made his plows. Although I was a little 'kid,' I remember the enthusiasm the family manifested. There were four older brothers and three sisters, and I used to hear them speculate on what they were going to do on the farm and heard stanzas from what at that time was a new song called, 'Wait for the Wagon.' It ran something like this:

'We will have a little farm, with horse
and pig and cow:
You will mind the dairy while I go guide
the plow.'

"My brothers provided themselves with rifles and shot-guns and ammunition, preparatory to starting out, as the farm was situated where abundance of game of all kind, even deer, was to be had with the mere effort of taking.

"It was about the time we acquired the farm at Grand Detour, in 1854, that the first skirmish between the two systems of bondsman and freeman, began. Two years later sprang into existence the mighty party whose basic principle was human liberty and whose motto was 'Free soil, free speech and free men.' At this time America was in the forefront of economic freedom and was the Mecca of all oppressed people who could scrape together the means of emigration. She was then, indeed, a world power, for our institutions were a menace to every privileged institution in the world.

"Shortly afterwards came the clash of arms of the Civil War. The system of freedom was supported and sustained by those who were made free men by the favorable economic conditions that had prevailed up to that time. Hardly a family north or south but contributed something to the cause which they called their own.

"Out of five boys in our family, four went to the war. One in Col. E. D. Baker's 1st California, one in the 84th New York, and two in the 12th New York, a regiment noted for its discipline, its first commanding officer, Colonel Dan Butterfield, afterwards a distinguished general, and General Hooker's chief of staff.

"I long desired to visit this old farm at Grand Detour, so recently while on an automobile trip through that vicinity, I called to see it. I had previously found out the names of the successive owners who obtained it after it passed from our family, so I had no difficulty in finding the occupant. As my machine rolled into the yard, there came from the house a familiar object whom I immediately recognized as the typical American farmer. A tall, gaunt, hollow-cheeked, sun-burned man, with sinews on arms and hands that stuck out like whip cords, showing a life of toil and drudgery, an old conical-shaped, sun-burned straw hat, a hickory shirt, jean pants, and a pair of heavy, coarse shoes. For his attire, outside of his shoes, the most liberal-hearted second-hand clothes dealer would not have given twenty-five cents. I say '*familiar*' figure, because I had seen the figure, though not the individual, many times before. I had seen him among the 'crackers' of Florida, in North Carolina and South Carolina, in Virginia, in Pennsylvania, and I had seen him even in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. We had quite an interesting conversation. I told him who I was and that my father had previously owned the farm. I asked him how long he had lived there. He pointed to an oak tree of ample girth and said—"When I came to this farm a large oak tree stood where that stands. It was cut down. This one here grew from a sapling. We both grew up on the farm together and it will remain here longer than I will, as my health is break-

ing.' I asked him how much wealth he had accumulated. He informed me that he owned the farm, consisting of 230 acres, free of incumbrance, and that was practically the extent of his worldly possession. He was 67 years of age, and during all these years he had toiled and struggled for a bare existence. His farm, for which he had paid \$2,000, was now worth \$9,000, but it yielded him no more than it did when he first tilled it. I asked him what he had done with his share of the billions of dollars annually received from the bumper crops; 'Why,' I said, 'I should think a man owning 230 acres of such fine land as this ought to be rolling in wealth!' He replied, 'Oh!, that wealth exists only on paper. We ordinary farmers don't see any of it except in print.' 'Do you know,' I said to him, 'there is a man now dying in Paris who was born not far from here and the scene of his early activities was in the next town, where I stopped for dinner on my way here—the town of De Kalb. He was born and reared on a farm as you were, but he became so wealthy that on the most trivial occasion he could afford to 'bet a million.' I am sure he worked no harder than you, yet he will leave fifty million dollars, notwithstanding he dropped half his wealth by rubbing up against J. Pierpont Morgan.'

"As my family had owned this farm, and perhaps, also, because I was traveling in an automobile, the farmer listened to me good naturedly, although I could not restrain being ironical at times. I tried to give him an elementary lesson in political economy by pointing out that wealth was a product of labor applied to land; that the man dying in Paris did not have 50 millions of dollars in his possession, but that he held pieces of paper that enabled him to levy tribute on the people who produce wealth and that farmers such as he were heavy contributors to that fund. I called his attention to another type of farmer: 'There is a farmer up the river from here, in Ogle County, who owns a model stock farm of three thousand acres. His name is Lowden. He married a daughter of the late George M. Pullman. This farm was only part of the dowry which Pullman's daughter

brought to Lowden. But how did Pullman get it? Not by applying his labor to land—at least not very much of it. When my father came here Pullman was an ordinary carpenter. He conceived the idea of suspending a shelf with hinges on above the seat, on which a mattress could be placed. This was a great convenience and capital was readily secured from financial magnates, whose keen scent for dollars enabled them to see by securing the exclusive privilege of building and operating these sleeping shelves they could levy tribute from the traveling public to the extent of millions of dollars every year. At first they rented the space out from top to bottom for ten dollars a night; however, they found it would be more profitable to reduce the price. Today the earnings of this corporation would warrant a capitalization of \$200,000,000. In 1880 the capital stock of this company was \$5,000,000, and this represented considerable "water." Since then by the payment of stock dividends, from time to time, it has been increased to \$120,000,000. The farmers don't 'cut many melons' like this, do they? Notwithstanding this tremendous augmentation of the capital stock from the earnings of the company, a dividend of 8 per cent. has been paid annually since 1877, with the exception of three years. In 1885 it was 9½ per cent., in 1899 it was 6½ per cent., and in 1898 it was 28 per cent., an extra cash dividend of 20 per cent. being paid that year. A stock dividend was always worth more than if it had been paid in cash, as since 1887 it never sold below 132 and has sold as high as 215.

"Now, Lowden is a political farmer. Because he has plenty of wealth, you farmers send him to Congress, and the revenue he derives from his dowry farm of three thousand acres is a mere bagatelle in comparison with that derived from farming the public. You farmers, who farm the soil are not in the same class, not because you are not good farmers, but because they have secured some function which the Government has abdicated. Suppose the Government were to tax you and the rest of the community for improving the Rock River and build dams for generating elec-

tricity—both light and power—and then turn it over to one of your neighbors and allow him to operate it, and charge such a price as he sees fit for light and power—will he not soon outdistance you in the accumulation of wealth—even if he has less brains and physical strength? This is the common way of making millionaires. Look at the Chicago Drainage Canal. The people paid sixty million dollars for it and then through faithless legislators they permitted a few exploiters to get hold of it, and the people who built the canal have to pay these privileged few for the power that comes from it. Pullman's son-in-law sent to Congress by farmers like you is much more interested in furthering legislation that will be of benefit to the great monopolies such as the Pullman Car Company from which most of his dowry comes, than in doing anything to assist the real farmers, who live by tilling the soil. You can't point to a single act of Lowden's since he has been in Congress that would lessen the burdens of your shoulders by the fraction of an ounce.

"I enjoyed my visit to the farm of my boyhood days but I knew my elementary lesson on political economy was lost on this typical American farmer; for he will continue to vote for protection on wool even if he never raised a sheep.

"In rural districts of continental Europe I have seen milk distributed by means of a two wheeled cart in which the cans are placed, and to which is harnessed a woman and two savage looking dogs. The woman is between the shafts and guides the cart, and the dogs furnishing the motive power. More than once, in watching this inhuman position of woman, I have thought how well it illustrates bondage and slavery, and also the political condition of the American farmer. If one were to attempt to liberate the woman and the dogs, they would turn upon him as if he were an enemy, the woman clubbing him while the dogs would be rending him to pieces. But so it has ever been with the oppressed, ready to stone and crucify those struggling to free them from their burdens. Take Tom L. Johnson, for example, going to his grave broken-hearted, because the very people he had struggled for years to help, had turned against him.

"On an automobile trip through the rural, agricultural, and mining portions of the State of Pennsylvania, I had occasion to stop for a night at a farmhouse in Perry county. The family consisted of two men and three women, unmarried, but advanced in years. They were representative of that element which largely predominates in rural sections. They were intelligent, industrious and religious people, and belonged to a sect called the Church of God, a branch of the Lutherans. I do not know in what respect they differ, but at communion they wash each others feet. I noticed that everything about the place in the line of furniture was home made, and of excellent workmanship. They told me their father had made them and had also built the barns and house. All this was an indication of great industry. They said it had taken years to do it. They were born on the farm, their parents having settled there when they were young, and here they had lived their lives, died, and were buried. Yet, these people told me that they had had nothing beyond their living. To be sure, they had an abundance of what they raised, but of money possessions or savings they had nothing but a living after years of toil. I asked them if they had not shared in the blessing of high-priced crops. They said, they had heard of this, but had seen nothing of it except in print. I alluded to the beautiful farms that I had seen. They said, 'Yes, but these farms are not owned by farmers. They are owned by rich people and tilled by hired labor. They are a species of the rich man's toy.' They did not know why they were kept poor, notwithstanding their diligence and industry, and they had abiding belief in the principle of protection and felt that the welfare of the country depended upon its continuance. This, I found, prevailed throughout the country among the honest, simple, religious people. From the lithographic pictures of ex-presidents on the wall, I divined the political sentiments of the family; they represent the loyal constituency of unbreakable faith, upon which the corrupt machine of Pennsylvania relies for its supremacy.

"Looking back to the period of the war, we cannot be surprised that these good people adhere to the faith that was ground

into them in the days when the struggle was between bondsmen and freemen. They simply have not been aroused to the necessity of that new struggle, to prevent the freeman becoming a bondsman.

"While going from Johnstown to Bedford, I stopped over a day and a night at a town called Windber. Here are located the mines of the Berwin-White Company. The coal can be mined without sinking a shaft. They delve into the side of the hill which is one solid, heavy vein of pure coal. This coal is sold to the United States Navy at a high price. The mine is lighted and worked by electric power and the coal is loaded into the railroad cars without hardly a human effort. But about these mines you cannot hear the English language spoken, the miners being Slavs and Italians. Curiosity prompted me to take a look at the habitations of these protected workmen. I found they were shacks made of hemlock and cost about \$240 to erect, but were rented for about \$20. a month. They were surrounded by pools of water covered with green scum, in which sported some dirty geese. The interior was divided into two compartments by a curtain made of cheap calico. A woman, large and stout, with skirts to her knees, presided over the cooking. She was barefooted and bare-legged. Everything about the place was disgusting. Here was a picture of the benefits of protection. In this connection let me say that no city slum was viler and so far as I know, Pennsylvania is the, only State that has slums in the country districts. On another occasion, being at Newport, I saw the residence of either Berwin or White (I have forgotten which) and the mansion was so strikingly beautiful that it was printed on postal cards and sold in the drugstores. That is another illustration of the beauties of protection, for the postal cards show the *real* benefits of protection and the hemlock shacks of the workmen the humbuggery of it.

"While passing through the mining regions of Pennsylvania I was shown a place where a riot had occurred and was told how it was suppressed by deputy sheriffs and the State constabulary. It seems that even these cheap laborers, who

came from Hungary, Croatia and Italy became dissatisfied with the conditions under which they had to work and live and they resorted to a strike. But they have a summary way of handling 'Hunkies' and 'Dagoes' in this hot bed of protection. I was told by credible witnesses that these poor foreigners were actually murdered by deputy sheriffs and the armed constabulary of the State. This is the 'Keystone' of protection, and what is the outcome? It is simply an armed camp with a well disciplined National Guard, deputy sheriffs, and State Constabulary, the latter being ready for any emergency. This armed force know by the experience that summary action is quick to settle grievances. They know how order is preserved in Russia, and what business have 'Hunkies' and 'Dagoes' to come to this country if they don't obey our laws?

"From Bedford I went through Sterrett's Gap down into the Cumberland Valley, through Chambersburg, Hagerstown and the Shenandoah Valley, Va. Sterrett's Gap, together with other gaps in the immediate neighborhood, was the scene of events in which I was a participant in the days of '63, when, as a member of a New York Regiment I was stationed there during a short time when the State was invaded by the Confederates. We could distinctly hear the sound of Lee's guns on the 3rd of July when he was cannonading the Federal Centre preparatory to Pickett's charge. We rode into the valley through the town of Carlisle where the Cavalry Barracks, now an Indian school, were burned by Stuart's Cavalry on the 1st of July, 1863, and where a part of our company took refuge in a stone church, which bore the scars of the cannonading for many years. From Carlisle we went along the Pike to Shippensburg and Chambersburg, over which, in '63, I marched with blistered feet with the forces that were to intercept Lee in his retreat from Gettysburg, which, fortunately for us, we failed to do.

"The Pike was a miserable affair covered with broken stones, privately owned, and five cents a mile was charged for the privilege of rolling over it. As we needed some water, we stopped at a house to borrow a

pail and ask for the privilege of using the water from the pump. The occupant of the farm approached me as did the farmer at Grand Detour, and, as I said before, the attire was the same. Now, the Cumberland Valley is very beautiful, and to the right and left is a chain of mountains wrapped in the haze which is rendered blue by the distance. The flat valley is of various colors, with intermingling hues of green, brown and yellow, making the whole a rarely beautiful picture. So you say to yourself, 'Here is paradise', here is where the American farmer can live in wealth and abundance and feast his eye on beauty. But when I looked up and saw that figure approaching—hickory shirt, jean pants, heavy shoes, and the old conical-shaped sun-burned straw hat—all these beautiful illusions fled. I spoke to him about the farm, and asked him if he owned it. He said, 'No, I am only a tenant.' 'Who is your landlord?' He replied that his landlord lived in Shippensburg and owned one hundred farms in the valley. I asked, 'Who owns the turnpike?' He said, 'my landlord. In addition to rent I have to pay him five cents a mile to move my crops over the turn-pike.'

"Now this is the condition of many American farmers. The great majority are tenants and those that are not tenants are staggering under the burden of a mortgage. I find it so everywhere—even in Massachusetts that I know so well. A farmer who lives on a glacier moraine makes a living somehow, and is in the same condition as I have depicted. He is superintendent of a Sunday school, good, virtuous, industrious and intelligent. But he doesn't know his own condition. He is for protection on wool and other things thrown in, but he has seen those Berkshire Hills that once were covered with thousands of sheep, made bare and desolate. Those hills that were populated by families of large progeny, almost deserted, and the rich man buying whole townships and fencing them in for game preserves. I am confident that the fate of the American farmer will be that of the European peasant if the struggle between plutocracy and democracy is decided adversely to democracy. He is tending towards it rapidly.

We see it in the aggregation of wealth and the concentration of land ownership. Think of two whole counties being fenced in by a wealthy man, grown wealthy by privilege, and that done for the purpose of making a game preserve where human beings are driven out to make room for bear and grouse! It is so in Pennsylvania. A gun club composed of wealthy men of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia own two large counties in Pennsylvania and keep it in a state of wilderness. Austin Corbin, before his death, owned two counties in New Hampshire, and that too in the country that was the scene of those beautiful children's stories by Jacob Abbott, and known as the Franconia series. It was Corbin's sugar plantation I passed in coming up the Mississippi River some years ago, when a generous nation was paying him two cents for every pound of sugar he raised by the labor of convicts from the State Penitentiary. Yet this two cents a pound bounty was voted for by my poor but virtuous friend in Massachusetts, and by my farmer friends I have described, because they thought they could get paid for the few pounds of maple sugar they made. But before they could get the two cents, they found they would have to make at least 100 lbs. of sugar and travel miles to a distant city to make affidavit for the same before a United States Commissioner.

"When I come to think of the lonely life the farmer leads and the days of monotonous drudgery that are the lot of nearly all of them, I could not help but contrast their life with that of the German and French peasants. They don't live in isolation, but in villages, where they have social intercourse and diversion. *The European peasant's condition is improving.* He is moving towards a democracy, which can be seen by comparing his condition today with what it was before the French Revolution. For confirmation read the beautiful stories by Erkman-Chartrain, those two Frenchmen who made France a Republic by their literature and secured free compulsory education for France. They wrote the 'Story of a Peasant' and the fascinating tales of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, which should be in

every public library and be read by adults as well as by boys and girls, as they will instil republicanism and democracy in the hearts of all who read them.

"Travelling in Europe, either on foot or in an automobile, is much easier than in America, owing to the magnificent roads there. The roads in America are simply barbarous in comparison with the roads in Europe, and good roads are one of the distinguishing features between barbarism and civilization. The Continent under the leadership of the Great Napoleon took the initiative in the 'good roads movement,' and these roads remain as a monument to his genius today. On one of my journeys on foot through Germany in company with a friend of German birth, who came to America when a child, I got an insight into German army life, by meeting the army while enroute to its annual maneuvers in the Province of Casel. Unlike the armies of the United States and Great Britain the German army travels without camp equipage, the soldiers being billeted upon the residents of the villages through which they pass. At the house at which I was stopping a sergeant and two privates were billeted and the stables were used for the care of the horses of both infantry and cavalry. While my friend and I were observing the troops preparing for the night's halt an officer rode up and halted within a few feet of where we were standing. He was mounted on a magnificent black steed, and evidently halted to see that the men gave proper care to the horses. Overhearing us speculating as to the value of the horse he joined us in conversation by remarking in excellent English, 'I paid 1,500 marks for it.' He informed us that both he and the captain of his company were Englishmen. After he left us we learned he was a scion of royalty, the Prince of Holstein-Schleswig, cousin of the Emperor, and grand son of Queen Victoria. He was afterwards killed in the Boer War, while serving in an English regiment.

"Between the solitude of the American farmer and the social advantages of the European peasant, I would cast my lot with the peasant. I have been among them. Not the degraded peasant of the Balkans,

Hungary, etc., but the intelligent ones of Germany and France. I have been over the roads on foot and know whereof I speak. I assert from what I have seen and what I know that in another sixty years the condition of the American farmer will be that of the European peasant before the French Revolution, while the American agriculturalist will be sinking to the old level of the European agriculturalist. In America all signs point to the concentration of wealth and land, to the extension of the principle of privilege, while in Europe large holdings of land are being broken up, and privilege is being curtailed."

"But Bingham," said I, "You forget that a new generation of farmers have come upon the scene. It is true they don't belong in the States, but many of them have lived here and the old order is changing. The farmers of the Provinces of Canada do not follow the politicians; but the politicians are doing the bidding of the farmers. And they have declared for Equity, as their motto.

"But crown her queen and Equity shall usher in, for those who build, and those who spin, and those the grain who garner in—a brighter day."

"The farmers of the Westera Canadian Provinces are the vanguard of the reform forces of the world, and the farmers of the States will soon follow their lead." * * * "Of course, most of my friends think I accumulated my wealth through shrewd management of my inherited business. But that is a mistake. My fortune did not come from my father nor from my business activity. It was simply handed me by the city of Chicago, in presenting me with land values which should have gone into the city treasury. I was nothing more than an ordinary pluggler of a business man, and, although I worked hard and worried much, like the great majority of men conducting business, I merely eked out a comfortable living. At one time having a little surplus I invested it in some land east of the Chicago River. The purchase price was so insignificant that for a time I had actually forgotten that it belonged to me. But in due course the elevated loop penetrated the territory contiguous to it and without any effort

on my part—even without possessing very much 'foresight'—I awakened one morning to find myself a rich man. At another time I want to give you 'Sermons in Stones,' or 'How to get Rich without Working.'"*

PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN.

Created Province September 1, 1905. Area (square miles) 250,650. Area (acres, exclusive of water) 155,072,480. Population (Dominion census 1911, unofficial) 453,506. Area per capita, 342 acres.

COME TO STAY.

Years ago whenever the Single Tax showed up in Victoria, B. C., the clergy, the lawyers and the landed aristocracy would go down to the city council and stamp it into the ground. The press jeered, the progressives shook their heads, the people were bewildered, often frightened. At last it came back and gobbled the city.—Portland (Oregon) *Labor Press*.

*In *Munsey's Magazine* for November there is an article by Isaac F. Marcossan entitled "Why the American Farmer is Rich." While the entire trend of the article is to show the phenomenal prosperity of the farmer during the past decade, a careful analysis of the figures presented will show that this increased prosperity is a heavy burden on more than 2,340,120 farmers. Without giving specific figures Mr. Marcossan says there are "nearly four million owned farms—that is, farms operated by the actual owners," and of these he states 1,300,000 are burdened with mortgages, the latter denoting progress according to the writer. He tells us at another point in the article that we now have 6,340,120 farms which indicates that there are 2,340,120 tenant farmers. During the past decade he tells us that farm lands increased more than 100 per cent. in value—the actual figures produced are: that per acre land advanced in value from \$15.60 to \$32.50. As the value of land is due to increasing population and public improvements, does it not follow that the burden of rent will bear much more heavily on perhaps ten million of our agricultural population? Will not such prosperity make it much harder for farmers sons to secure farms? However, a careful reading of this article is illuminating and instructive coupled with the article in the same number of *Munsey's* by Forrest Crissey, entitled Princes of the Earth, America's untitled Aristocracy of Great Land Owners.—L. S. D.

SOME OF THE ACTIVE SPIRITS IN THE MOVEMENT FOR GENUINE DEMOCRACY IN CANADA.

ROBERT L. SCOTT.

The hope of attaining ultimate democracy in the western Provinces of Canada through the progressive movement of the farmers is very much augmented by a group of bright, active, energetic, aggressive young men, marching under the standard raised by Henry George, and who have a clear vision of the philosophy of Progress and Poverty. The youngest of these, and the most persistently aggressive, is Robert Lloyd Scott, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Although only identified with the Single Tax movement a little over three years yet he and A. E. Partridge, of the Grain Growers Grain Company, are conceded by all their co-workers to be the real leaders in the Single Tax movement in Western Canada. Scott was born at Chatham, Ontario, fifty miles east of Detroit, June 21, 1886, and is therefore only in his 25th year. Asked how he was drawn into the Single Tax ranks he replied:

"As a child I resented the idea of my mother having to pay duty on things purchased in Detroit. Even at that early age I could not see how a nation could be enriched by passing laws to permit one man to charge another man of the same country more for his product than the price at which the foreign commodity could be obtained. It seemed, from a national standpoint, like taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. I did not see how that could make the whole nation more prosperous. At that time, however, I did not recognize that protection takes money out of the poor man's pocket and puts it in that of the rich. I did not detect the robbery perpetrated under tariff laws. I accepted the sophistry that the increased price the consumer paid came back to him in increased wages, prosperity, or some other way, I was not quite sure how.

In due time I became a pronounced protectionist and fell before the fetish, because I believed it kept money and work at home. I did not then realize that work was not what was wanted but the satis-