

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1890.

VOL. XLV.—NO. 20.

HIS LOVE NOT PERFECT.

My love, she is not perfect. Oh,
Full many a fault she has. Yet I
Am thankful that 'tis so, since also
My love she might take wings and fly!

My love thank Heaven's not human! Were
She more angelic, well I know
That never on a mortal man
Like me, would she one glance bestow.

Oh, were she flawless, how could I
Look in her face and dare to hope
That to a stunner's knock like mine
That Heaven, her heart, will ever open?

She's but a woman, willful, wild,
And bitter-sweet, but oh, how can
I wish her other than she is
When I remember I'm a man!

—Boston Globe.

BEING CHEERFUL.

Why Plunkett is a Pessimist and
Is Proud of It.

Old dog can't learn new tricks. Plunkett, as he settled back in his chair and watched the smoke from his pipe curl to the ceiling.

"And old folks must be old folks," he continued, "and must have old folks ways, and the young people mustn't expect 'em to hop, skip and jump and be merry, or judge that it is the weight of sorrow upon their hearts that keeps 'em from it."

"He mighty fine young fellow stopped here the other day to get some water and to rest a little, and in his talk to me he 'lowed that it was my duty to hop, skip and jump around and to be merry for the sake of others—a cheerful heart spreads gladness everywhere," he said, "and its just as cheap to look on the bright side of life as it is to look upon the dark. You're a pessimist, Mr. Plunkett, you're a pessimist, and you ought to change and be cheerful and laugh and grow fat."

"That big word 'pessimist,' struck my ear. I didn't know what it meant, and so, after the young fellow left me the old 'oman got the dictionary and one of Brown's gals and found out all about the word.

"That young fellow is right," 'lowed the old 'oman, "and I hope you will follow his advice."

"Right there and then I decided to turn over a new leaf, and to whistle and laugh at every thing I see, and it was agreed that the old 'oman should help me out by watching, and whenever she see me forgetful and about to depart from the cheerful schedule, she was to raise her hand and say 'Plunk,' just to remind me, for habit is mighty, and we knowed it.

"My new schedule was to begin the first thing the next morning, and that's what I want to tell about.

"The old 'oman layed erwake and talked to me that night longer than she had for thirty years before, and we built some pretty castles just like we usester build in our young days until at last she dropped off to sleep with her arm thro' over my neck, or thing she hadn't done before for years and years, and it made my heart beat young ergin, as I lay there in the darkness and practiced how to smile, and I whistled and smiled and smiled and whistled till I

went to sleep and dreamed of how cheerful I was going to be from that time on.

"The clock struck four in the morning and I waked the old 'oman, it never fails to wake her, then she hunched me two or three times and 'lowed for me to get up and make the fire, but I still dozed on till she had to give me er pretty thundering big hunch, when up I bud I bounced, rubbing my eyes, and I had it on the end of my tongue to tell her that she needn't be so darned rough, when she raised that right hand and 'lowed 'Plunk,' as we had agreed the night before. That reminded me and I riz er whistling. I felt eround and eround in the dark for my briches for fully five minutes and it was as cold as thunder, but when I got 'em I had done more whistling and more smiling than had been done in my house before for ten years.

"When I got my briches on I started for the fire-place er whistling at every step, till covin my right shin sounded ergin a chair.

"Why in the—"

"She cut me off by raising that hand and saying 'Plunk!' I couldn't see her hand but I knowed she had it raised when I heard her say 'Plunk,' and it reminded me and I could hardly pucker my mouth to blow the fire for smiling, and when the fire was built and I pulled up my briches leg and looked at the blue place on my shin I sailed in to whistling 'Old Dan Tucker,' as hard as I could just to keep down the hand raising.

"The morning passed erlong mighty cheerful and the old 'oman went out to cook breakfast with er quicker step than I had seen her have for years. As I passed by the cook-room door I struck my head in and 'lowed 'Peep! She smiled and I

smiled and as I turned erway she lit out the door with a piece of kindling that was too long and axed me to cut it in two. Oh! yes, I'd cut it, and I flew eround and got the axe like er since-the-war youngster. With the axe in my hand I took the piece of kindling and putting one end of it on the door-step and the other end on the ground I raised the axe to show her how easy it was to break such a piece of wood. I come down with a hard kick right in the middle of the kindling and it broke, oh, yes, it broke, and the ends went flying in the air and hit me covin just above the left eye and I seed stars and wondered who got the best of it—me or the kindling—but the hand reminded and I went on to the lot whistling 'Hark from the Tomb Ye Doleful Sound!'

"By the time I got through feeding the hurting hand quit and I went to the house er smiling and er whistling and mighty well pleased with my cheerful schedule.

"As I passed through the cook-room out to wash my face, I chugged the old 'oman in the ribs with my thumb like I uster to do, and smiled from ear to ear. She had her hands in the dough, but she leaned her head toward me and pouted out her lips and we kissed just like we uster, and I was so happy with our new schedule that I jumped up and tried to 'cut the pigeon wing' and got the darnedest fall flat on my back that I've had since I quit riding young

mules. I don't know how much sin I would have committed or cussing that young man that got me into this cheerful-busness of the old 'oman hadn't er raised her hand and said 'Plunk' by the time I hit the floor, and at the same time reached her other hand down to help me get up. The reminder kept me cool and I riz er whistling and er smiling, but I was erbligged to rub my back and grunt er little between smiles.

"I took er seat on the bench by my back and pressed both hands to my back and whistled 'Jordan Is a Hard Road to Travel.' As I stopped whistling long enough to say 'Plunk' the old 'oman's hand went up with that 'Plunk' accompaniment, and I riz er smiling or little smile, and went out to wash my face.

"I lathered well with lye soap and was getting my face mighty clean for a week day, when er pain struck me in the right eye and by the time I give a keen whistle the pain was in both eyes and I knowed the lye soap was getting in its work on 'em and I turned eround mighty pert to feel for the towel.

"Did you ever have lye soap in your eyes? I did, and the towel was gone and in flying 'round feeling for it I stepped off the porch and come darned nigh ruining my whole anatomy.

"I lay on the ground er kicking and er cussing and as blind as a bat till the old 'oman rushed to me and knelt beside me and wiped my eyes out with her frock and stood like the goddess of liberty with her right hand stretched to the skies, screaming: 'Plunk! Plunk! Plunk!'

"Plunk be darned. Pessimist be darned.

"Why in the Jerusalem Jehosaphat didn't you have the towel where it belongs?"

"I shook myself the same as er roaring lion and the old 'oman got erway from there and I went in and groaned and grunted and rolled and tumbled and took er solemn oath that if ary other youngster come talking to me erbout being cheerful I'll cheer 'em.

"The mocking bird may fill the air
With sounds of sweet refrain,
And the lark's gay song from o'er the hills
May answer back again;
But the owl's hoot in the gloom of night,
As bass to the whelp-o-will,
Is best in keeping with my age—
They bring a solemn thrill."

"You're right," said Brown. —Sarge, in Atlanta Constitution.

EROTIC FICTIONISTS.

Female Writers Who Put Their Talents to Unsatistactory Uses.

The incarceration in an insane asylum of an unfortunate woman novelist the other day was rather suggestive. Last year I took a lot of books of the female novelist of erotic fiction into the country with me and read them all through in a week. It gave me literary dyspepsia, but more than that, it filled my mind with the sentiment of amazement that woman of so much personal purity of character, as most of these feminine novelists are, could sink to such a depth of absolute smut and indecency in the books which they put upon the market. The reason for the sale of all their works was to be found in the dirt and obscenity of the morals of their heroines, and anybody reading them could not have pictured their writers as any thing less than feminine monsters. Yet I had a slight acquaintance with four or five of these apparently passion-tossed creatures and there was nothing about them which led me to suspect that they were not women of the conventional pattern imbued with a rather strong liking for romance. It is certain that none of the women novelists are credited by common report with resembling the dissolute heroines whom they place before the public with so much love and fervor. One of the most violent of them has gone to an insane asylum. Perhaps this will prove a warning to the rest. They are good, bright, industrious and clever women and they should stop putting their talents to such unworthy uses. Perhaps the insane asylum can hold out a terror for them, though the ridicule of the critics did not.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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PITH AND POINT.

—Those who court popularity are afraid to speak the truth.—The American.

—Only a truly selfish man can realize fully how utterly selfish other men can be.—Somerville Journal.

—Speech was given man to conceal his thoughts; but it was a needless precaution in many cases.—Puck.

—Sometimes it is those who have seemed the hardest to gain as friends who afterwards prove the most faithful ones.

—Ask a favor from your enemy and you make him your friend; ask a favor of your friend and you make him your enemy.

—The man who is always saying that he wants but little here below generally means the little he hasn't got already.—Toronto Globe.

—The good are said to be happy; but it is probably not because they spend the time thinking how much better they are than the rest of humanity.—Boston Transcript.

—Antisthenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack, yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

—Life is like an ocean, some souls, like the great waves, bear heavy burdens and carry treasures to far-off lands; others, like the foam, sparkle for a moment in the sunlight and then are cast upon the rocks or dissolved in empty air.

—The world is upheld by the voracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language, their works and effigies are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them.—Emerson.

—There are legitimately in every human soul two opposing forces—the centrifugal which draws us to our kind, and the centrifugal which causes us to isolate ourselves. We are impelled by an inward necessity to seek a social existence, and so create human society, and at the same time to vindicate the great fact of personality, and so secure individuality.—Once A Week.

—People—and sometimes those who call themselves, or would have others call them, good and upright—are pleased with any thing that has in it an element of chance. It is for this reason that, though they would not sit down to a game of cards, they will risk a ticket in a lottery, or make investments in speculative enterprises that are wild with uncertainty.—United Presbyterian.

—Knowledge, like the blood, is healthy only while in brisk circulation. Its work is to supply the veins and arteries of our mental life, thus continually being transformed into new thought and fresh activity. It should feed our whole lives, making them richer, happier, more powerful, more valuable. The knowledge that does this has attained its object, whether it be the highest culture of the schools or the practical business of the office or the factory.—N. Y. Ledger.



"IF THE OLD 'OMAN HADN'T ER RAISED HER HAND."

LAND IN BERMUDA.

It Stays in Families for Generations, and Is Not for Sale.

"What is this garden land worth?" I asked Dr. Harvey one day, as we were driving past a beautiful green field of onions.

"A million dollars an acre," he replied. "That is to say, it can not be bought. It stays in a family for generations, and nobody wants to sell, but every body wants to buy more."

It is beautiful soil, rich and mellow enough to make any body who likes gardening want to climb over the wall and go to digging. However handsome our gardens are at home, there come the yellow leaf and the blighting frost, and for five months the prettiest garden is no more than a pit of mud or a frozen turnip-field. But in Bermuda there is no sleep for the garden. It is as busy in January as in July. And every garden is sheltered from the high winds, because all of the good tillable land lies in "pockets" between the hills, the soil having washed down, no doubt, in the course of ages, slowly and deliberately, of course, but with an unwavering certainty. It was well that circumstances required it to go down hill, which was easy, or it would never have got there. In the lazy Bermuda climate, if it had been necessary for it to go up hill, it would have lain where it was through all time. With only one acre in five fit for cultivation, and the good land down in valleys and hollows, the general aspect of the islands is of a succession of cedar-clad hills. If you will let the city of New York represent the Bermuda islands, the space in it occupied by liquor saloons will just about correspond, I think, with the space occupied by gardens in Bermuda, where all the onions and potatoes are raised. But I am thinking more particularly of the Bowery and Third Avenue, where, perhaps, there are too many saloons to represent the Bermuda gardens fairly. At any rate, five blocks of hills, then one block garden, and in the garden you must imagine two or three colored women down on their knees pulling out weeds, with pipes in their mouths, big straw hats, bare feet, and a tendency to stop and rest on the slightest provocation.—William Drysdale, in N. Y. Times.

THE CANONS OF TAXATION.

Ear Marks Whereby to Distinguish Good From Bad Taxes.

All taxes must evidently come from the produce of land and labor, since there is no other source of wealth than the union of human exertion with the material and forces of nature. But the manner in which equal amounts of taxation may be imposed may very differently affect the production of wealth. Taxation which lessens the reward of the producer necessarily lessens the incentive to production; taxation which is conditioned upon the act of production, or the use of any of the three factors of production, necessarily discourages production. Thus, taxation which diminishes the earnings of the laborer or the returns of the capitalist tends to render the one less industrious and intelligent, the other less disposed to save and invest. Taxation which falls upon the processes of production interposes an artificial obstacle to the creation of wealth. Taxation which falls upon labor as it is exerted, wealth as it is used as capital, land as it is cultivated, will manifestly tend to discourage production much more powerfully than taxation to the same amount levied upon laborers, whether they work or play, upon wealth whether used productively or unproductively, or upon land whether cultivated or left waste.

The mode of taxation is, in fact, quite as important as the amount. As a small burden badly placed may distress a horse that could carry with ease a much larger one properly adjusted, so a people may be impoverished and their power of producing wealth destroyed by taxation, which, if levied in another way, could be borne with ease. A tax on date trees, imposed by Mohammed Ali, caused the Egyptian fellahs to cut down their trees; but a tax of twice the amount imposed on the land produced no such result. The tax of 10 per cent. on all sales, imposed by the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, would, had it been maintained, have all but stopped exchange while yielding but little revenue.

But we need not go abroad for illustrations. The production of wealth in the United States is largely lessened by taxation, which bears upon its processes. Ship building, in which we excelled, has been all but destroyed, so far as the foreign trade is concerned, and many branches of production and exchange seriously crippled, by taxes which divert industry from more to less productive forms.

This checking of production is in greater or less degree characteristic of most of the taxes by which the revenues of modern government are raised. All taxes upon manufactures, all taxes upon commerce, all taxes upon capital, all taxes upon improvements are of this kind. Their tendency is the same as that of Mohammed Ali's tax on date trees, though their effect may not be so clearly seen.

All such taxes have a tendency to reduce the production of wealth, and should, therefore, never be resorted to when it is possible to raise money by taxes which do not check production.

This becomes possible as society develops and wealth accumulates. Taxes which fall upon ostentation would simply turn into the public treasury what otherwise would be wasted in vain show for the sake of show; and taxes upon wills and devises of the rich would probably have little effect in checking the desire for accumulation which, after it has fairly got hold of a man, becomes a blind passion. But the great class of taxes from which revenue may be derived without interference with production are taxes upon monopolies—for the profit of monopoly is in itself a tax levied upon production, and to tax it is simply to divert into the public coffers what production must in any event pay.

But all other monopolies are trivial in extent as compared with the monopoly of land. And the value of land expressing a monopoly, pure and simple, is in every respect fitted for taxation.

Taxes levied upon the value of land cannot check production in the slightest degree until they exceed rent, or the value of land taken annually, for, unlike taxes upon commodities, or exchange, or capital, or any of the tools or processes of production, they do not bear upon production. The value of land does not express the reward of production, as does the value of crops, of cattle, of buildings, or any of the things which are styled personal property and improvements. It expresses the exchange value of monopoly. It is not in any case the creation of the individual who owns the land; it is created by the growth of the community. Hence the community can take it all without in any way lessening the incentive to improvement or in the slightest degree lessening the production of wealth. Taxes may be imposed upon the value of land until all rent is taken by the State, without reducing the wages of labor or the reward of capital one iota; without increasing the price of a single commodity, or making production in any way more difficult.

But more than this. Taxes on the value of land not only do not check production as do most other taxes, but they tend to increase production, by destroying speculative rent. How speculative rent checks production may be seen not only in the valuable land withheld from use, but in the prostrations of industrial depression which, originating in the speculative advance in land values, propagate themselves over the whole civilized world, everywhere paralyzing industry and causing more waste and probably more suffering than would a general war. Taxation which would take rent for public uses would prevent all this; while if land were taxed to anything near its rental value, no one could afford to hold land that he was not using, and, consequently, land not in use would be thrown open to those who would use it. Settlement

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

TO AND FROM SLEEPDOWN.

The town of Sleepdown is not far, in Timbuctoo or China, For it's right near by in Blinikin County, In the State of Drowsynia; It's just beyond the Tingumbobob hills, And far from the fabric of Fuddle; But you must be drawn thro' the Valley of Yawn, Or the town you can not enter.

At this is the way, They say, they say, That Baby goes to Sleepdown!

He starts from the city of Olearme, Tho' Booboo street he toters, Until he comes to Bontrey Corners, By the shore of the Sleeping Waters; Then he comes to the Johnny-Jump-Up hills, And the nodding Toddlehom mountains, And then comes the fabric of Fuddle; Heighho, And drink from the drowsy Fountains, And this is the way, They say, they say, That Baby goes to Sleepdown!

By Twilight Path thro' the Nightcap hills The little feet must toddle, Tho' the dewy gloom of Fyaway Forest, By the drowsy penins of Fuddle; And never a sound does Baby hear, For not a leaf does quiver, From the Little Dream Gap in the Hills of Nap.

To the Snoozeechannah river, And this is the way, They say, they say, That Baby goes to Sleepdown!

Away he flies over Bylow bridge, Through Lullaby lane to wander, And on thro' the groves of Moonshine valley By the Bills of Wayoffender; And then comes the fabric of Fyaway Forest, The sleepy Baby take up, Until they enter at Jump-off Center The Peckaboo Vale of Wakeup, And this is the way, They say, they say, That Baby comes from Sleepdown.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade

THE "COMMODORE."

How He Cured His Little Master of a Very Annoying Habit.

"O Mamma Terry, I've most smashed my thumb! Oh! Oh dear!" cried Winfred, bursting into the sitting-room like a small tornado.

"Oh, hush, Win! If you haven't been blown to pieces by a dynamite bomb, run over by an engine, or fallen out of a seventh-story window, there is no reason for howling so," said Thad, his big brother, looking up from his Greek.

"Do be quiet, Winny," said sister Ruth, "for you'll have a policeman and all the neighbors in here to know who is being killed!"

"But it hurts awfully!" cried Winfred. "I guess you're right!"

At that moment the bewitching strains of a hand-organ were heard in the street. Winfred ran to the window, and was perfectly quiet until the monkey and organ moved on, then he took up his doleful crying "where he left off."

"Winfred," said his mother, trying hard to speak patiently, "what is the trouble now?"

"I hurt my finger," said the little boy.

"Come here and let me see it."

Winfred held up his fat little fingers, and looked at them with a puzzled expression on his face.

"I s'pose it was this finger—or else, maybe, it was my thumb, I've 'most forgot which," he said, looking somewhat ashamed.

"The injury must have been very slight, Winfred," said Mrs. Terry, "or you would not have forgotten so soon. You have a very bad habit of crying over every trifling accident, and it makes it very unpleasant for all of us. Besides, dear habits, like threads, can be easily broken when they are little, but they grow stronger year by year, until they are like huge cables. How sad it would be, when you are a man, if you should cry every time you stubbed your toe, or got a silver in your finger."

Winfred's face grew very hot with shame.

"Course I shan't cry when I'm a man!" he said.

"I fear you will, unless you break yourself of the habit now," said his mother. "You used to be a brave little boy, but for the last year have grown more and more babyish. I really feel ashamed of you, Winfred."

"May be I shan't cry any more," said the little boy, with his arms around his mother's neck.

Nevertheless he had three more "crying spells," before bed-time.

The next day there was great rejoicing in the house, for Uncle Chester came home.

Uncle Chester was a sailor, and had been away on a long voyage. Every one liked the kind, jolly sailor, but Winfred thought him the greatest hero in the world.

Uncle Chester brought them all presents from distant lands—shells and rare curiosities, but to Winfred he brought a beautiful green parrot, with brilliant red feathers around his neck.

Winfred was so delighted that he was nearly wild with joy.

"You are the dearest, jolliest uncle in the world!" cried Winfred, hugging him till he cried for mercy. "How could you know just what I would like most?"

"I thought you would like it," said Uncle Chester. "It's a fine bird, and quite young, so it can not converse very fluently yet; but you can teach him, if you are patient. This species is very teachable. There is one thing, perhaps, I ought to mention, the Commodore dislikes very much to hear any one cry."

Winfred's face grew red as he saw Ruth and Thad smiling. He would not have had Uncle Chester know he cried for a bank full of money; and in all the fortnight he stayed, Winfred did not once cry.

But the door had no sooner closed after Uncle Chester than he cried louder than ever.

The parrot was his constant companion, and rode on his shoulder or followed him from room to room.

He would say "Commodore" quite plainly when asked his name, and when the others were laughing he joined with a gruff "Hal hal!" but the moment Winfred began to cry the bird cried out: "What a baby! Hal hal! What a baby! Winfred stopped instantly, so surprised that it nearly took his breath away, and it was several days before he cried again. But whenever the boy began to cry the parrot screamed, in a mocking tone:

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STRAWS THAT SHOW THE WIND.

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THE HEALTH OF PHYSICIAN.

A leading St. Louis physician, in an interview a few days ago, said: "Some statisticians say that the most delicate age is from sixteen to twenty-three, but I have a different opinion, based on my practical experience. I think that children from one to ten years of age are the most delicate, and yet the most neglected members of a community. People often say that a child is strong and healthy, requiring no attention, but this is a mistake. Because parents confide so implicitly in the health and strength of their children, a great portion of the deaths occurring annually are young children."

THE CANONS OF TAXATION.

All taxes must evidently come from the produce of land and labor, since there is no other source of wealth than the union of human exertion with the material and forces of nature. But the manner in which equal amounts of taxation may be imposed may very differently affect the production of wealth. Taxation which lessens the reward of the producer necessarily lessens the incentive to production; taxation which is conditioned upon the act of production, or the use of any of the three factors of production, necessarily discourages production. Thus, taxation which diminishes the earnings of the laborer or the returns of the capitalist tends to render the one less industrious and intelligent, the other less disposed to save and invest. Taxation which falls upon the processes of production interposes an artificial obstacle to the creation of wealth. Taxation which falls upon labor as it is exerted, wealth as it is used as capital, land as it is cultivated, will manifestly tend to discourage production much more powerfully than taxation to the same amount levied upon laborers, whether they work or play, upon wealth whether used productively or unproductively, or upon land whether cultivated or left waste.

The mode of taxation is, in fact, quite as important as the amount. As a small burden badly placed may distress a horse that could carry with ease a much larger one properly adjusted, so a people may be impoverished and their power of producing wealth destroyed by taxation, which, if levied in another way, could be borne with ease. A tax on date trees, imposed by Mohammed Ali, caused the Egyptian fellahs to cut down their trees; but a tax of twice the amount imposed on the land produced no such result. The tax of 10 per cent. on all sales, imposed by the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, would, had it been maintained, have all but stopped exchange while yielding but little revenue.

But we need not go abroad for illustrations. The production of wealth in the United States is largely lessened by taxation, which bears upon its processes. Ship building, in which we excelled, has been all but destroyed, so far as the foreign trade is concerned, and many branches of production and exchange seriously crippled, by taxes which divert industry from more to less productive forms.

This checking of production is in greater or less degree characteristic of most of the taxes by which the revenues of modern government are raised. All taxes upon manufactures, all taxes upon commerce, all taxes upon capital, all taxes upon improvements are of this kind. Their tendency is the same as that of Mohammed Ali's tax on date trees, though their effect may not be so clearly seen.

All such taxes have a tendency to reduce the production of wealth, and should, therefore, never be resorted to when it is possible to raise money by taxes which do not check production.

This becomes possible as society develops and wealth accumulates. Taxes which fall upon ostentation would simply turn into the public treasury what otherwise would be wasted in vain show for the sake of show; and taxes upon wills and devises of the rich would probably have little effect in checking the desire for accumulation which, after it has fairly got hold of a man, becomes a blind passion. But the great class of taxes from which revenue may be derived without interference with production are taxes upon monopolies—for the profit of monopoly is in itself a tax levied upon production, and to tax it is simply to divert into the public coffers what production must in any event pay.

But all other monopolies are trivial in extent as compared with the monopoly of land. And the value of land expressing a monopoly, pure and simple, is in every respect fitted for taxation.

Taxes levied upon the value of land cannot check production in the slightest degree until they exceed rent, or the value of land taken annually, for, unlike taxes upon commodities, or exchange, or capital, or any of the tools or processes of production, they do not bear upon production. The value of land does not express the reward of production, as does the value of crops, of cattle, of buildings, or any of the things which are styled personal property and improvements. It expresses the exchange value of monopoly. It is not in any case the creation of the individual who owns the land; it is created by the growth of the community. Hence the community can take it all without in any way lessening the incentive to improvement or in the slightest degree lessening the production of wealth. Taxes may be imposed upon the value of land until all rent is taken by the State, without reducing the wages of labor or the reward of capital one iota; without increasing the price of a single commodity, or making production in any way more difficult.

But more than this. Taxes on the value of land not only do not check production as do most other taxes, but they tend to increase production, by destroying speculative rent. How speculative rent checks production may be seen not only in the valuable land withheld from use, but in the prostrations of industrial depression which, originating in the speculative advance in land values, propagate themselves over the whole civilized world, everywhere paralyzing industry and causing more waste and probably more suffering than would a general war. Taxation which would take rent for public uses would prevent all this; while if land were taxed to anything near its rental value, no one could afford to hold land that he was not using, and, consequently, land not in use would be thrown open to those who would use it. Settlement

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