

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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GARDEN SECRETS.

A bouquet of Louis Philippe's reign
Tells a brief story of a faithful twin,
Who, being parted by some cruel chance,
Went from out the dream of rich romance,
But made a way by which their hearts could
Wend
Each unto each, in love's embrace to blend.
In this wise they their secret solace found
The yearly flowers that from the loosened
ground
Sprang up and blossomed, but to strew the
clouds
With shriveled petals, yielded them their pods
Of sun-dried seeds; and these they gathered off,
Laying them by with sighs and murmurs soft.
Then each would make a little parcel, tied
With love knots that all other eyes detected,
Which they gave to them some tender message
brought—
With vows of steadfastness unending fraught—
And these they dared unfasten without fear
That any tell-tale mistive should appear.
Then in the spring, when garden tree-tops rang
With music of the birds that in them sang,
These lovers, leaping on leagues asunder,
strewed
The flower seeds on the now turned soil, be-
dewed
With tender tears; then, through the summer
breathed
The same sweet perfumes—the same blossoms
sweet.
Year after year was made this interchange
Between those two whom time could not es-
tra-
nge, or distance, or the absence of fond words;
Until at last the troping minstrel birds
Came in the spring, and sang not for they found
Within each other a little hearted mound.
—C. H. Laders, in St. Louis Times-Democrat.

TWO MINUTES LATE.

Mr. Brown's Experience at Catching Early Trains.

MR. BROWN is going to the city on the seven o'clock train, Monday morning. Important business demands that he should go on that train. The nine o'clock express would not answer his purpose, at all. It is imperative that he should catch the seven o'clock mail.

He tells this to his wife on Sunday evening, after they get home from Rev. Dr. Dingley's stirring lecture on Total Depravity.

Mrs. B. is absorbed in reflecting on the terrible condition of everybody, and the wicked in particular, and does not pay much attention to Brown's little communication. She manages, however, to comprehend that he wants his breakfast at six o'clock, sharp. It is ten minutes' walk to the station, and Brown is a corpulent man, with symptoms of heart disease, and it is dangerous for him to hurry.

Mrs. B. calls the cook, and gives her order for breakfast. The cook is an estimable young lady, and she has a "follower," who will stay later than he should, and Maggie is sleepy mornings, and cross too. For we have always observed that girls whose lovers stay too late at night are invariably cross the next day. Maggie is no exception. It is just six o'clock when she gets out of bed. It is a foggy morning, and so dark that she overslept herself. The fire is out in the range. The coal refuses to burn. The kindlings are damp. The chimney is disposed to smoke. Every thing is at cross purposes.

Mr. Brown is stamping about overhead, in his very crackliest boots, trying to button on an extremely stiff linen collar. Buttonholes are never big enough, unless they are too big, you know. Off comes a button, and Mrs. Brown is too busy quieting the baby, to attend to such a thing as a button. Button, indeed! when that darling little cherub is crying her precious eyes out at being waked up in the middle of the night by her bad, naughty papa, who is going to Boston, or some other wicked place. Little sugar, honey, birdie, so she wails!

Brown puts in a pin, and proceeds to button on his cuffs. One cuff button is missing. He rushes round the room frantically—overturning cologne stands, bottles of paragonic and soothing sirup, hat boxes, ribbons and the pile of be-ruled and be-fluted dry-goods on the

rocking-chair, which his wife wore last night to that lecture on Total Depravity. Mrs. Brown spitefully tells him he needs to treat the house down; and directly he finds the button in the wash bowl, where he remembers to have heard it drop last night.

In a not very placid frame of mind he goes down to breakfast. Coffee fearfully hot, and potatoes fearfully cold. He tries a mouthful of the scalding liquid, but he ejects it almost instantly, and sprinkles into fashionable polka spots his clean shirt bosom and the fresh tablecloth. Feels like swearing, but remembers that he joined the church last week, and profanity is forbidden.

He chokes down a morsel of soggy bread and watery potatoes, and begins a plate of oatmeal mush, which he is eating for his digestion; but the distant whistle of a locomotive strikes on his ear. He starts up—men who are going anywhere in the railway cars always start at the sound of a whistle—even

when they know that their train is not due for two hours.

He looks at the clock. Just fifteen minutes of seven. No time to put on his overcoat, or muffle up his throat. He must do that as he goes. He crushes on his hat, seizes his sachel, crams into it a bundle of papers, a half-finished novel, which he means to read by the way, and a pair of shoes which his wife got in town for Sadie, the oldest girl, which were too small and must be exchanged.

He dashes out of the front door—the sachel in one hand and his scarf in the other, and his overcoat on his arm. Mrs. Brown screams to him from the chamber window:

"John, you are never going off without kissing darling little Daisy?"

So he goes back and gets through the kissing ceremony, and hears, as he rushes down-stairs, Mrs. B. telling him to get ashes of roses, sixteen yards, and be sure and not forget that chinchilla for Tom's coat, and mind and get the shoes with steel shanks.

When he is ten yards from the house he finds that he has forgotten his watch, and by the time that is secured he has just eight minutes in which to make a ten minutes' walk.

Whistle sounds in the distance as he tears along. Jones screams to him from the piazza of his house, as he smokes his after-breakfast cigar, that he'd better hurry, or he'll be late.

Brown puts on a little more steam and puffs along. That overcoat is desperately heavy. So is the sachel. He tries to change them from one hand to the other. Down goes the sachel in the mud, and out roll those shoes and a bottle which Mrs. B. is sending to town for "baby's drops." He secures them at last, and starts upon the run. Nothing but running will save him now.

People along the way become excited about the thing. They rush to the curbstones to see how he is coming out. Small boys wave their hats to him, and shout:

"Go it, old Fatty!"
And he hears from a small army of gamins, who are playing marbles, such cheering remarks as these:

"Two-forty!"
"I'll bet my money on him!"
"Good bottom!"
"Git the pole!"
"Pocket the sweepstakes!"
"Go it, Foots!"

Brown is angry enough to shake the breath out of the individual bodies of the little wretches, but he remembers that free speech was one of the privileges for which our forefathers fought,



HE REDOUBLES HIS EXERTIONS.

and bled, and died, and he forbears—and, besides, he hasn't time.

All the dogs in town are congregating to see him off, and the barking is most enlivening. Dogs seem to know that a man running for a train has no time to kick them, and his extremity is their opportunity. Dogs are very sagacious animals.

Brown does not venture to look up lest it should take time, but he knows by the sound of the bell that the train is running into the depot. He redoubles his exertions. The perspiration is pouring in a stream down his forehead, and his clean shirt feels like a wet sheet "pack," but he has hopes. Puffing and blowing, he stumbles on the rear end of the platform.

"Two minutes late!" yells a bystander.

Brown strikes into a gallop, resolved to do it or die.

The bell rings furiously.

"All aboard!" shouts that diabolical conductor, in his gilt-banded cap; and the train begins to move.

Brown waves his sachel in the air, but when did ever the spectacle of a waving sachel melt the stony hearts of a set of railroad employes? They rather enjoy Brown's agony. They lean out and grin at him as they glide along. His blood is up; he makes a flying dash for the hand-rail of the last car, and swings himself to the platform, minus his hat, which bounces off and rolls helplessly in the gutter.

Never mind the hat, let it go. He has done it, if he was two minutes late. Yes, sir. Brown is going to the city on the seven o'clock train. He is.—Kate Thorne, in N. Y. Weekly.

To Speak Correctly.

Where there is a tendency to speak flatly, or as it is commonly expressed, "through the nose"—a great error, since the difficulty is decidedly a failure to get the tone through the nose—the practice of lip sounds, in which the dramatic thought is lip expression only, will in time do away with all tendency to mumble and confuse sounds. With clearness of speech once established the next efforts must be directed toward volume or power of voice. Here the aid of a good teacher will be found invaluable in showing the pupil the difference between energy of tone and refined subtlety, the one crude and unpleasing as the uncultured sounds which proceed from savage lips, the other polished, thrilling, pregnant with suggestions of deep and rich emotion of hope, faith, affection, reverence, love of God, of humanity, of liberty, of country, or any other of his thousand and one interests to which a human mind may lend itself.—Jennens Miller Magazine.

AN OMINOUS YEAR.

What the Close of the Year 1890 Has Revealed.

The record of the Republican party for 1890 is one that the party would gladly expunge from its annals. It commences with the dictatorship of Speaker Reed in the National House of Representatives, and closes with a desperate and insane effort in the Senate to impose upon a free people bayonet rule at elections. The proceedings of the Republican majority in Congress have been characterized by usurpation of the most reckless description, disregard for the choice of the people by unseating legally elected Senators and Representatives, shameless extravagance to the extent of seriously embarrassing the Treasury, the passage of a bill outlawing importers, and the infamous tariff bill, which has caused such disastrous disturbances in the channels of business, the exposure of frauds in Government departments, the attempt to place the force bill, the subsidy bill and a highly dangerous financial bill on the statute books.

The year 1890 is also memorable for the grand uprising of the American people on the fourth of November, which almost annihilated the Republican party, and taught political desperadoes that there was a power unsafe to defy. Quay, Platt, McKinley, Reed and all the bosses that strutted so insolently and confidently on the political boards for the first ten months of the year, are now objects of contempt and derision. In American politics, therefore, it may be seen that 1890 was a most notable year. The McKinley tariff law has had the immediate effect of increasing prices and cutting down wages, of stimulating the creation of trusts and adding to the long list of business failures. The close of the year found the Secretary of the Treasury in a dazed condition of mind as to the outcome of the financial situation, and Republican financiers in Congress tinkering with a bill that is likely to complicate the situation still more. It was, indeed, a very ominous year for the party and Administration that entered upon it with such confidence and in high spirits.—Albany Argus.

JINGO JUGGLERY.

The Disturbing Element in the Republican Party.

An Oregon friend of Mr. Blaine is quoted as saying, by authority, that the Secretary "is not advocating reciprocity for a Presidential boom, but only for the good of the country." This alleged confidant of the Maine politician's ambitions adds that "Spain and Spanish-speaking countries annually consume 4,000,000 barrels of flour not produced in their countries, the duty on which is \$5.80 a barrel."

This may not have any political bearing, but it sounds remarkably like the sentiment of that letter about a "single bushel of wheat or a single barrel of pork," which beyond question was a powerful political factor in the contest between "The Man from Maine" and his ambitious and bumptious rival, ex-Czar Reed.

The Blaine spokesman concludes by saying that "the United States could furnish every one of those barrels of flour, if they got the chance. You can put it down that Blaine won't run in 1892." This is a clear case of "non-sequitur." To attempt to construct so strong a platform for Blaine for the mere purpose of announcing that he won't stand on it would be a sort of nonsense in which astute politicians do not indulge.

If the Republican platform for '92 is going to be the Blaine platform of partial free trade through optional reciprocity, it is hard to see how any other than Blaine himself can stand upon it. President Harrison clearly could not without an absolute surrender to his Cabinet officer. If the President should make that surrender, he would surely alienate the McKinley elements as represented by the declaration of the officers and organs of the Protective Tariff League and the Manufacturers' Club.

With respect to principles, as well as with regard to possible candidates, the condition of the Republican party is one of seemingly hopeless discord and disorder.—N. Y. Star.

THE RESULT OF OPPRESSION.

The Outcome of a Tyrannical System of Merciless Exaction.

The Farmers' Alliance is the product of indignation and despair—indignation at the merciless exactions imposed on the agricultural interest by the Republican party and despair that the other great National party would ever be able to obtain the supremacy and right the wrongs perpetrated by its powerful adversary.

That this indignation was originally well founded is beyond question. It is doubtful if the all-important industry of agriculture was ever subjected in any country, except perhaps, in feudal France just before the Revolution, to so many crushing burdens as the Republican party heaped upon it in this.

It is also beyond question that the despair of the Democratic party ever coming into power was also originally well founded. Those who organized the Alliance saw nothing between them and eternal spoliation but the unaided strength of the farmer.

Since this vista was presented times have altered. The policy of the Republican party has been changed only to intensify it, and the indignation which was originally justified by that policy has now more justification than ever. The relief that party pretends to give is merely illusory; the burden has in reality been grievously augmented, and the hypocrisy which seeks to sugar over the superadded wrong is a fresh motive for new detestation.

But on the other side of the picture there has been a genuine and decided change. There is no room now for despair as to Democratic supremacy and the permanence of that supremacy. The Republican party has had its day and must go. The exigency which called it into existence is long over. The great party of the future in this country is the Democratic party, and no oppressed popular interest ever looked to that party in vain.—N. Y. World.

THE PLUTOCRATIC RADICALS.

Measures for the Perpetuation of Sectional Strife.

Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, is the gentleman who so recently showed his sincere regard for the welfare of the country by securing two cents a pound on maple sugar from the Treasury for the sap-boilers of that State. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, is a Senator who during a long legislative experience has never failed to use all the power of his intellect to serve the ends of the Northeastern "Commune of Capital." Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, is as subservient a tool of plutocracy as is Mr. Hoar, and he has moreover a record in connection with the worst period of jobbery in the navy which has fixed his moral status so that no one is at all in doubt concerning it.

These three men constitute the triumvirate which is attempting to coerce the Senate into passing the Davenport force bill, under which elections are to be controlled by District of Columbia returning boards, backed by bayonets. Behind this bill is "the American Protective Tariff League," the association of monopolists organized to furnish the fat fund of 1888 and to control money and supply through Federal legislation.

It is because of this demand for the bill that Messrs. Hoar, Chandler and Edmunds are so determined on its passage. A strong sentiment has grown up in the West against Northeastern control of money, and the agricultural States of the South sympathize with it while in the South from year to year there is growing up a stronger competition in manufactured goods with the North. The result of this, if not checked, will be more and cheaper goods in the market and more money to buy them with. The tariff prevents the agricultural States from buying outside the country, and the plutocratic States of the Northeast have in so much a monopoly. But the tariff can not be used to prevent Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee from manufacturing their own cotton and other raw materials in competition with the plutocratic States.

The only method by which this "over-production," as the Northeastern trusts call every thing which cheapens the necessities of life, can be prevented is by reviving the old sectional quarrel on the line of a manufactured race issue. The plutocratic radicals are attempting to do that for the South, while at the same time they are trying to keep money and supply controlled against the West. When every thing else fails them, when the West rises in a tremendous revolt against them, it only makes them the more desperate and the more determined on returning board and bayonet. Only through such means can plutocracy maintain the control it has usurped over a free people.—St. Louis Republic.

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

—The pudding-head leaders, who have brought the Republican party to its present forlorn condition, don't know any thing and don't want to learn any thing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Speaker Reed's remark that this is a time for patriots to keep their mouths shut, taken in connection with his impressive silence since the elections, leads to the inference that he considers himself a model patriot.—Boston Herald.

—The first result on wages that has occurred since the McKinley bill became a law, in this locality, seems to be a reduction of ten per cent. in our largest steel works. As the McKinley bill has advanced the price of most of the necessities and comforts of life from ten to twenty per cent., is the reduction in wages of ten per cent. in the nature of compensation?—Pittsburgh Post.

—It looks very much as if President Harrison and Secretary Blaine were attempting to imitate the policy of the third (and last) Napoleon, who sought to amuse the French with outside questions because the internal situation had become intolerable. But have these statesmen forgotten the National humiliation and calamities which followed the Napoleonic policy?—Philadelphia Times.

—In the defeat of the force bill the Democrats in the United States Senate have earned the gratitude of the country, and the people will look with equanimity on the crocodile tears shed by Mr. Hoar and his allies. Not even the flood of oratory favoring legislation for the benefit of silver-miner owners will lessen the feeling of rejoicing at the escape from the intended basis for further investments by Dudley in blocks of five.—Chicago Times.

—"The Federal elections bill is dead," says the New York Age (Rep.), organ of the negroes. "It has gone to keep company with the Federal education bill. The Republican party has broken faith with the voters of the country upon two or three measures upon which it won the elections of 1888. The best interests of the Afro-Americans have been cut to pieces in the House of their friends. The treachery of the Hayes administration has been repeated under the Harrison administration."

Benny's Room.

Harrison by the aid of his officeholders triumphed in the organization of the Indiana Republican State Committee, and his "boom" for re-election is now well started in the Hoosier State. By what means this virtuous statesman hopes to accomplish his re-nomination is revealed by this remark, credited to a member of the committee who is heart and soul for the President: "You all know that we carried the election by the use of 'boodle' in 1888, and that we lost it in 1890 because it could not be used to advantage and because of the new Australian election law. We must have a chairman who is smart enough to get around that law, and it must be good of some sort." And the State so prolific in Dudleys, which gave its electoral vote to Garfield for Dorsey's "soap" and was won for Harrison with Dudley's "blocks of five," gave to Harrison as a flimsy Abates one John R. Gowdy, who, it is to be hoped, is "smart enough" to violate law and steal a State.—Chicago Times.

PITH AND POINT.

—Driven out by Rudeness.—"Why did the soprano leave?" "She said the preaching interrupted her conversation with the tenor."—N. Y. Sun.

—Dick—"What on earth have you been doing, Jack—showing coal!" Jack—"No, I've been talking notes with a fountain pen."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Judging from Results.—"Does your daughter play on the piano?" "Waal, she says she does; but I kinder thinks she works on it."—Fort Worth Gazette.

—Have you ever observed that when a woman is buying a cheap quality of any thing, or a small quantity of it, she generally "buys it for a friend?"—Boston Traveller.

—"Well, good-bye, dear nephew. If you should happen to be in want of money you can write to me." "Here is the letter now, uncle, if you will be so kind."—Pflugende Blatter.

—You say that all dreams are due to something influencing the sleeper at that particular moment. How do you account for my dreaming the other night that I was dead? "Probably the room was too hot."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Have you noticed what a vast quantity of information old Simple has acquired during the last several days?" "Yes. It is easily accounted for. His fifteen-year-old son returned from boarding school last week for a short visit."—Norristown Herald.

—Ethel—"I am so anxious about my new dress! I shall insist on having my dress-maker make it fit me. It will then be sure to look well." Map—"Yes; but wouldn't it look better if you insisted on having the dress-maker make you fit it instead?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Time's Changes.—Brown—"So you could never understand a woman?" Cobwigger—"No. Before marriage I occupied my time in making myself out worse than I was; now it takes me every minute of my time to make myself out better than I am."—Epoch.

—Medical science threatens to circumvent all the ills that flesh is heir to, and as in time there will be no such thing as death the earth will soon become crowded. Therefore hold on to your real estate. It can not help going up several hundred per cent.—Boston Transcript.

—By Proxy.—"John," said Rev. Mr. Goodman to the hired man, "are you a Christian?" "Why—no, sir," replied John. "Do you ever swear?" "I—I sometimes a little keener like in my talk." "I am sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of \$4 for thawing out a waterpipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of way as if it were your own bill."—Chicago Tribune.

CAMPAIGN THUNDER.

How a Candidate was Crushed by a Penny-a-Liner.

As about eight out of ten men one meets nowadays are up for the Legislature, county sheriff or some thing, it is not surprising that a large proportion of these politicians are of the self-made variety that could not deliver an intelligible speech if they were to be hanged. The result is that the hard-up penny-a-liners are turning an honest penny by supplying these tongue-tied statesmen with ready-made campaign thunder.

The other night there was a most enthusiastic primary meeting at Petaluma, during which an aspirant for county clerk was introduced.

The gentleman laid a voluminous-written speech on the desk and started in. He had only got as far as "Fellow citizens," when a hungry-looking party in a week-before-last shirt, and whose whole appearance denoted destitution, stood up in the front row and hispered:

"How about that little amount?"

The orator coughed, colored, looked fixedly at the gallery, and strove to continue.

"I say," continued the interrupter, more loudly, "you know what I told you—cash down, no sale."

"I'll—I'll see you in the morning," gasped the mortified politician.

"Morning don't go," replied the creditor, doggedly. "You can't play the morning dodge on me; I'm dead on to you fellows, I am. You've got to put up or shut up. Pungle out that \$12 right here, or nary an orate."

"I haven't got that amount with me," murmured the distinguished speaker, fumbling in his clothes. "Just—just sit down, and I'll see you later."

"Later be blowed," growled the pencil parer, and reaching up he transferred the manuscript to his coat-tail pocket and walked out. The crushed nominee took a back seat on the platform and wept like a child, while the band filled in its time by "Listen to the Mocking Bird," with variations.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Mahogany Packing-Cases.

There are few instruments or pieces of apparatus more delicate and fragile than many of the costly and intricate productions of mechanical skill in general use to-day by electrical companies for the purposes of refined electrical measurement, and it can easily be understood that the difficulty of shipping these expensive and easily deranged instruments from place to place without risk of damage from careless handling in transit is a perplexing question both to manufacturers and users. A famous English electrician says that he early adopted a plan which proved so successful that he has adhered to it ever since. Finding that careful packing and conspicuous labels stating the contents to be "glass, with great care," were not always sufficient to prevent breakage and damage to delicate parts, he hit on the idea of sending out all his instruments in beautifully polished mahogany cases, with brass handles and mountings. The exquisite appearance of the cases appealed successfully even to the callous natures of porters and dockhands; they positively had not the heart to scratch the immaculate polish by rough handling, and the freedom of the instruments from damage amply repaid the extra cost of the luxurious cases.—Chicago Daily News.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE FARMER AND THE SINGLE TAX.

It is a favorite notion of the pro-poor press and platform that the land value tax will never be accepted by farmers or small home owners. If that tax were what its ignorant opponents describe it these classes would be hostile; but when the farmer and rural home owner learn what the tax is, as those of New York State will in the political campaign this fall, they will be even more eager to adopt it than the artisan classes of the city have been.

W. T. Hopkins, of Enterprise, Kan., forwards a clipping from a paper of his State which gives a fair idea of the way the land value tax is misrepresented to farmers. After a long statement of what he supposes the land value tax to be and how it would affect the interests of farmers, the editor says: "This is a plain and simple statement of the Georgian land tax theory, put in the vernacular of the common people." It would be better English and nearer the truth to say that it is a statement of the Georgian land tax theory, put into the vernacular of an ignorant editor.

According to this Kansas quill, "under the George regime, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the manufacturer—men of every trade and profession who own no land and who only represent billions of dollars' worth of personal property—will escape all taxation, and the whole burden will be thrown upon the farmer and home owner, except where business men carry on enterprises in their own stores and mills." There is more ignorance to the thousand ems in this quotation than there are puns in the funniest of Tom Hood's jingles.

Until we raise up a class of lawyers, doctors, merchants and manufacturers who can live without land, we shall have no man of either class who, under the land value tax, can escape his share of public burdens. They all pay a land value tax now and to the full annual value of the land they use; but it goes into the pockets of landlords instead of going into the public treasury.

This Kansas editor seems to think that a man who did not own the land he used would be untaxed. It is true he would not pay any more for the land than he pays now, but he now pays all he ought to pay. The trouble is that he pays the wrong man. He would pay no less under a land value tax except as the land he used fell in value, but so long as that land had a value he could not escape taxation. And he ought not to pay for any thing but the land value he appropriates. That, and that alone, of his wealth is produced by the community, and belongs to the community; his personal property and land improvements being of his own production, the community has no right to take them. When the community compels him to pay for the land value he appropriates it takes only what belongs to it; but when it compels him to give up to it of the products of his labor one penny over and above the land value he has appropriated it robs him.

It is not true, however, that lawyers, merchants, manufacturers and doctors represent billions of dollars' worth of personal property. What the astute Kansas editor means by personal property may be itemized as railroad stock, corporation and government bonds, and so on. Of the value of this class of property, very little is a property value at all. So much of corporation stock and bonds as represents actual labor products, like rolling stock, rails and stations, is property value, and ought to be free of taxes; first, because the community did not produce these things, and second, to encourage the production of more. But so much of such stock and bonds as represents special privileges and "water" is a mere device of robbery, bearing a relation to the industry of our time similar to what pirate ships bore to commerce a few generations ago.

When we propose to exempt labor products from taxation, we mean labor products. As for public franchises that are special privileges, we would abolish them altogether.

And how about the whole burden of taxation being thrown upon the farmer and home owner?

The Kansas editor will certainly exclude tenant farmers. It is strange that he does not classify tenant farmers with "men of every trade and profession who own no land;" for surely if doctors are to escape taxation tenant farmers will too. The truth is that tenant farmers, like doctors, will pay the same ground tax that they do now, except as it falls in consequence of the fall of land values, and that what they pay will find its way into the public treasury instead of settling, as it does now, in the coffers of landlords.

And why does not the Kansas editor classify mortgaged farmers with doctors, lawyers and merchants?

The mortgaged farmer is to the extent of his mortgage, a tenant farmer.

That the whole burden of taxation will be thrown upon farm owners and home owners is false upon the face of it. How about mine owners? How about factory owners? How about water front store owners? How about the owners of vacant lots?

The burden of taxation that house owners will have to bear will depend upon the value of the land upon which their homes are built. If they build on the most desirable land in the community—as poor home owners never do, by the way—they will have a high tax to pay; if they build on the least desirable land in the community—as poor home owners are now compelled to do—they will have little or no tax to pay; and according to the desirableness of the land upon which they build, from the least to the most desirable, so will their taxes be graduated. If they adorn their grounds, embellish their houses, enlarge their living accommodations, or otherwise improve their homes, their taxes will be no more than if they left their homes run down to the level of pig sties.

Which is better for the home owner—to be taxed on every improvement he makes as he is now, or to be taxed only

for the special privileges by way of location that he enjoys and to be left free to improve to the extent of his desire?

The burden of taxation that farmers will have to bear will depend, like that of the home owner, on the value of the bare land they appropriate. Farmers are now taxed on the value of their land, their buildings, their fences, their drainage, their stock and their produce. Let our brilliant Kansas editor submit to the farmers of his acquaintance the alternative of a tax on all these values or on the value of the land alone, and see which they will choose.

When the average working farmer appraises the value of his buildings, fences, drainage, stock and produce in one class and the value of his bare land in another, he will find that the totals are about as four to one. The total of the first class it is proposed to exempt; but under the present system the total of both classes is taxed.

And this is not all. When taxes are imposed solely on land values, so much land that is now held out of use for speculation will seek a market that the value of all land will fall; and as it falls the farmers' tax will recede. It is probable, if the speculative value of land were eliminated, as it would be under the land value tax, that the value of the average working farmer's improvements, stock and produce, compared to the value of his bare land, would be as ten to one. In many cases it would be as the whole is to nothing.

Home owners and farmers now bear the burden of taxes, and the land value tax would emancipate them. When we consider the special privileges that the wealthy classes enjoy, their taxes are exceedingly light compared to those of the house owner and the farmer, whose special privileges are meager. The only special privilege that the average home owner and working farmer enjoys is the exclusive right to a piece of land, the value of which relatively to the value of the wealth he produces is a trifle; but there are mine owners, city lot owners, railroad owners, telegraph owners and currency makers whose special privileges, relatively to the wealth they produce are in value close on to a hundred times. Owners of coal mines, for example, get thirty-five cents a ton for all coal mined; how much wealth do they produce? None. Under the land value tax, which bears only upon special privileges, they, and such as they, and not the home owner or the farmer, would bear the burden of taxation; and it is in the interest of beneficiaries of these special privileges that the farmer is appealed to defeat the land value tax.

Thus far of the farmer who owns his farm and the head of a family who owns his home. But what of the tenant farmer and the tenant house holder, two constantly growing classes? They must now pay annually to a landlord all that their land is worth and an indirect tax on what they consume, as well as direct taxes. Under the land value tax they would pay no more for the land than they do now; indeed, they would pay less, for land values would fall with the increase of the market supply of land. They would pay no more for the improvements that they do now, but less; for with the increase of production and reduction of land values both parties to an exchange would get more with less work. And they would pay no taxes on what they consumed, nor any other tax except what they paid to the landlord in the form of ground rent.

But the sum total of benefits to the farmer and the home owner is not yet reached. The average farmer and the average home owner are workmen. I have considered, so far, only the benefits they will enjoy as consumers; their benefits as producers are yet to be seen. We have already observed that their interests as capital owners and laborers are greater than their interests as land owners; therefore a tax that exempts their interests as land owners, must be beneficial to them. And so it is. The wages of their labor will rise with wages generally.

Stating the proposition in the terms of political economy, the land value tax will raise the margin of production, and as wages rise with the rise of the margin of production wages will rise with the imposition of the land value tax. In terms more familiar to the Kansas editor, the land value tax will abolish the value of all land not especially desirable. Any land that is not in demand for use will bear no rent; and land that is not more desirable, even though in use, will also be free of rent. Consequently, occupiers of such land will have no tax to pay. Now, there is a great deal of just such land, but because it is held out of use for speculation users of land must take up with less desirable locations, and as wages are regulated by the produce of the least desirable land in use wages are lower now than they will be when the more desirable locations are to be had free of rent or purchase price.

By wages is meant, of course, the return for one's labor, whether paid by an employer as in factories, or directly out of his produce as in the case of farmers. Hence, the condition of a working farmer in his capacity of producer, as well as in that of