The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1891. VOL. XLVI.—NO. 25.

I. DUNNO AND I. KNOWIT.

I. Dunno started out on a memorable trip,
With a valiant companion, I. Knowit;
"Let us feel our way slowly," says slow I. Dunno.
I. Knowit says: "Let us just go it!"
And one would go fast and one would go slow,
In this trip of I. Knowit and slow I. Dunno.

I. Dunno picked his way, felt about with his cane
And carefully tested the bridges;
I. Knowit rushed on, like a late express train,
Over mountains and rivers and ridges;
He looked back and cried: "Get a move on, old slow!"
"Oh, I'll go my own jog," said old slow I. Dunno.

I. Knowit got tangled and lost in the swamp
And well-nigh submerged in the mire;
I. Dunno he found out, in his leisurely romp,
That the ground was too soft, and went higher:
"I'll poke with my cane wherever I go
And stub along easy," said slow I. Dunno.

I. Knowit crawled out all covered with mud,
And banged and battered with bruises;
Says he: "A fellow with fire in his blood
Can duff in just wherever he chooses."
"'Tis better to go kinder mod'rate and slow,
And not get banged and battered," said slow I. Dunno.

I. Dunno traveled slow, but he got far ahead
Of the rapid onrusher, I. Knowit.
I. Dunno still said: "Let us carefully tread;"
I. Knowit still said: "Let us go it."
I. Knowit brought up in the swamp of Dontcare;
I. Dunno reached the beautiful land of Getthere.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

A KENTUCKY DUEL.

An Office Boy's Mistake That Caused Serious Trouble.

COL. BEDFORD ASHLEY, like every true Kentucky gentleman, loved fast horses and pretty women. At the age of forty Col. Ashley was prosecuting attorney in his native town, stood at the head of his profession in popular estimation, enjoyed a comfortable income and only needed a wife to complete his happiness.

Miss Nellie Hawthorne, only daughter of Judge Hawthorne, was the belle of the village, and among her score of admirers it was plain she preferred Col. Ashley, who had been devoted to her since her return from school.

Judge Hawthorne and Col. Ashley were warm personal friends. They agreed on politics, attended the races together and backed the same horses, the judge always placing implicit confidence in the colonel's judgment. The judge loved his pretty daughter very dearly and he was well pleased when his dearest friend, Col. Ashley, asked and obtained his consent to seek the hand and heart of Nellie. "But I can not give her up for a long time yet," said the judge, "and if you win her love, Ashley, you must be content to wait awhile before you ask for her hand."

Col. Ashley pressed his suit at the court of Cupid and won it. Pretty Nellie Hawthorne blushingly acknowledged that she loved him very dearly and would become his wife whenever her father gave his consent.

The colonel had promised to wait awhile for the wedding, but in a few weeks the waiting seemed very long and he determined to see the judge and if possible induce him to name the day.

A portion of Col. Ashley's savings he had invested in race horses, and he owned a small string of very fine flyers. He had purchased most of his horses from Col. Newton Harris, a veteran breeder of thoroughbreds, who kept a sale stable in town, his farm being several miles in the country. One day Col. Harris brought in from his farm a very promising young filly, and he determined to offer her first to his friend Ashley, who wanted to purchase two or three more fast ones. Meeting Ashley on the street Col. Harris told him about the filly. "Go down to the stable any time and tell the boys you want to see the bay filly, Nellie. You will buy her as soon as you have seen her good points."

Col. Ashley promised to call at the stable at the first opportunity.

The same evening the colonel called to see Miss Hawthorne, and the happy

"HERE'S THE LETTER, SIR."

lovers agreed that next day the judge should be asked to name an early day for the wedding.

On his way down town the following morning Col. Ashley stopped at the stable to look at the bay filly. When he arrived at his office he found he must prepare a brief in an important case at once, but before he went to work he wrote two notes and gave them to his office boy to deliver. As these two notes proved the beginning of the correspondence which resulted in a duel, they are here copied verbatim. The first was to Judge Hawthorne, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR—I can wait no longer. Nellie has consented to be my wife. I know how dear she is to you and how hard it will be for you to give her up, but I shall call on you this afternoon, present my case and plead with you to sustain the decision of the lower court and name an early day for our marriage. Remember our future happiness depends on your answer. As ever, your friend,

BEDFORD ASHLEY.

The other note was to Col. Newton Harris, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR—I called this morning to look at your favorite filly, Nelly, and must say she was a disappointment. Her legs are a trifle heavy, she is narrow chested and her neck is too short. With all these defects and the doubtful pedigree of her sire it would be folly to expect much of the filly. I do not care to add her to my string. Thanking you for your offer I am your friend, BEDFORD ASHLEY.

Two hours after sending these notes Col. Ashley was in his office busy preparing a brief. The door opened suddenly and Judge Hawthorne's secretary entered with a letter in his hand. A smile of pleasant anticipation was on Col. Ashley's face as he opened the letter, but as he glanced at its contents his countenance underwent a great change. The letter was from Judge Hawthorne and read:

"SIR—I shall not ask or accept any explanation of the outrageous insults contained in your letter of this date. I demand that you at once make a full apology, both to my daughter and myself."

For a moment Col. Ashley was speechless with astonishment and then he quickly arrived at the conclusion that his audacity in asking for the hand of Miss Hawthorne was regarded by her father as an insult. Col. Ashley was a gentleman, a Kentucky gentleman, the social equal of Judge Hawthorne, and no man must so much as intimate that he would insult a lady.

Judge Hawthorne's secretary soon returned with the following letter from Col. Ashley:

SIR—In reply to your communication of this date, in which you state that I have insulted your daughter and yourself, I have the honor to inform you that a friend of mine, empowered to act for me, will call on you within an hour.

Respectfully, BEDFORD ASHLEY.

Within the hour Col. Ashley's friend waited on Judge Hawthorne with a challenge to mortal combat. The judge in his note to Ashley had stated that he would not accept any attempt at an explanation, so there was nothing left for him to do but to choose his weapons and name the time and place of meeting. He soon found a friend willing to act for him, and the two seconds, without further consultation with their principals, proceeded to arrange all preliminaries for the meeting. Sunrise the following morning was the time agreed upon and the place was an opening in a beautiful grove only five miles from town. All parties could take carriages in town at daylight and reach the ground in time.

Every effort was made to keep the affair quiet, so there would be no interruption, but in some way it leaked out, and before midnight half the men in town knew that Judge Hawthorne and Col. Ashley would fight a duel at sunrise, and no one knew the exact cause of it. Among others who heard of the affair was Col. Ashley's office boy, and when he learned that the duel had been brought about by a letter he was very

"STOP THIS! STOP IT AT ONCE! I SAY."

much alarmed. He had delivered Col. Ashley's note to Judge Hawthorne, but had been unable to find Col. Harris. The conviction that he was in some way responsible for the coming duel grew on the boy until he was unable to sleep that night. He tried to find Col. Ashley, but the colonel was in the hands of his friends and could not be seen.

At daybreak of the morning of the duel Col. Harris was aroused from slumber by a loud knocking at the door. He went to the door and found Col. Ashley's office boy. The lad was pale with fear and trembling in every limb.

"Please, sir, the kunnel's gone to fight a duel!"

"A duel? Col. Ashley gone to fight a duel!"

"Yes, sir, he's goin' to shoot the judge. It's all about a letter, and one of them's to you, so I thought maybe you might get there in time to fix it. Here's the letter, sir. I couldn't find you yesterday."

Col. Harris tore the letter open, glanced at its contents, and at once knew a terrible mistake had been made: the letters had gotten mixed. Without waiting for coat or hat Col. Harris ran to his stable, mounted his favorite bay filly, Nellie, and in five minutes he was riding towards the duelling ground at a derby winning pace.

Clear and sharp two pistol shots rang out, but the anger of Col. Ashley and Judge Hawthorne had made their nerves a little unsteady, and the bullets went wide of the mark

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?"

Both principals shook their heads and again they were placed in position. Before the second could give the word to fire flying hoofbeats were heard, and a moment later Col. Harris rode up between the principals.

"Stop this! Stop it at once, I say. It is all a mistake. Here is your letter, judge; give me mine; the boy got our letters mixed!"

Judge Hawthorne was forced to read the letter placed in his hands by Col. Harris. As he finished reading he threw down his pistol and going over to his opponent he said, as he extended his hand: "Col. Ashley, it was all a mistake; I have just received the letter intended for me. I apologize and Nellie shall name the day for the wedding."

"And you shall have Nellie, the bay filly, for a wedding present," said Col. Harris, when he understood the matter.

—Walter L. Hawley, in St. Louis Republic.

THE WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The Latest Novelties in Dress and House Furnishings—Rouge in Public.

Although pure white table linen is considered in the best taste at present a novelty in tea and coffee cloths is called the Dresden. The cloths are embroidered on the finest satin-finished white linen in the rich colorings which are seen on Dresden china.

Gray seems to remain the favorite color in the selection of the street and visiting gowns for spring wear. The shades are so numerous that both blonde and brunette can make a becoming selection, although sometimes a mistake is made and one sees a dark-haired and dark-eyed woman attired in a gray gown of the pinkish tints, which is decidedly trying.

The newest bouillon cups resemble the chocolate cups in shape, being quite high, with a slightly flaring edge. Of course they have the double handles, usually of gilt.

Dresses of light weight serge in dark blue are very much liked for every-day wear both by the business women and many sensible women of leisure. These gowns are made in simple tailor style and without trains, as all gowns should be which are intended for street wear for women who haven't their own carriage.

It has long been an everyday sight to see women use powder in public, and it has even been considered fashionable to carry a small silver powder box and puff. As I say, I have been quite accustomed to seeing powder used publicly, but I was somewhat astonished a few days ago to see two women use rouge in the ladies' dressing room at one of the railway stations in the city. When I thought the affair over I wondered at my astonishment, for I could not see much, if any, difference between the use of powder and rouge. Possibly it was because most women have willingly acknowledged the use of powder but are simply horror-stricken at the mere suggestion of painting.

A friend of mine has just copied in plain and fancy striped surah an imported gown which had excited her admiration and envy earlier in the season. She had a straight skirt made of plain black surah with a ruffle of the same about the bottom narrower in the front than at the sides. Then the coat is made of the fancy striped black surah, lined with a peculiar shade of blue. This isn't quite as elegant as the model gown of faille and brocade, but it is very effective, nevertheless, and decidedly better suited to a limited purse.

The wash silks are being utilized for outing dresses, and will be pretty and suitable for beach wear, but hardly heavy enough for mountain climbing and tramping. Tennis costumes of these silks are very pretty and comfortable.—Marion M., in Chicago Herald.

Changes of Latitude.

It has been pointed out that the shifting of masses of air and water may explain the recently-observed changes in the earth's axis of rotation. A German physicist, Herr Lamp, notes the displacement northward of the maxima of air pressure in the trade wind region, and of ocean currents, as the sun rises in summer, and that the water passes back to the southern hemisphere as our winter approaches. It is calculated that the change observed in the latitude of Berlin (about five seconds) would be brought about by the movement of twenty-five hundred cubic meters of water from thirty degrees south latitude to thirty-five degrees north latitude, producing a rise in sea level of only four inches. The reality of the oscillation of the axis is to be tested in different parts of the world—including the South Pacific—by further observations, and the results will be awaited everywhere with great interest.—Toledo Blade.

The Finger Ring.

There are two precious stones that tend to make the hand look extremely white, and these are the emerald and the sapphire. Women, more than ever, are wearing rings on their fingers. How many know where the first ring came from. Straight from fairy land. A merry sprite who loved a little fairy, danced with her on the green until he was drunk with moonshine, and he lost his ring. It was found by a peasant girl and she gave it to her lover, and these two were happy ever after. That's the story of the first ring. One hopes it will be the story of every ring that is ever given for dear love's sake.—N. Y. Sun.

Boarding-House English.

I lived at a boarding house some years ago and sat at the same table with a lady and gentleman whom the world would term nouveau riche. The gentleman was very fond of relating the adventures of his youth, and would do so in terms more picturesque than grammatical. One day came a tale of an orchard robbery.

"I clumb the tree," said he, "and—"

"You musn't say clumb, interrupted his superior two quarters, "you should say clamb." The story was never finished.—N. Y. Telegram.

Miseries of Wealth.

Mr. Pinchpenny—I worked and slaved many a long year for my money, only to find at last that wealth does not bring happiness.

Mr. Slimpurse—Doesn't it?

Mr. Pinchpenny—No. I can't spend a dollar without putting money into some one else's pocket.—N. Y. Weekly.

Room in Front.

"You're ambitious to go to the front quickly, eh, my boy?"

"Yes."

"Easiest thing in the world. Become bell-boy in a hotel. Have to get to the front then. No, never mind the thanks. Always glad to encourage ambition."—Light.

A Difference of Dollars.

Primus—Why isn't Hall received in the society if Ross is?

Secundus—Hall's father was an absconding cashier.

Primus—So was Ross'.

Secundus—Ah, but Ross' father kept the money and Hall's didn't.—Judge.

ENVIOUS OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

Some of the Things the Women Put Up With in Japan.

During my recent visit to Japan, says Henry T. Finck, several girls told me how glad they would be if they had the opportunity and means to go to America. They had probably heard of the United States as being the paradise of women, and felt that Japan was not exactly an earthly Eden for them.

Americans call pretty girls angels, and adore them as goddesses. The Japanese, on the contrary, compare men with Heaven and women with earth. Probably no "foreigner" knows the Japanese as thoroughly as Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, who has been professor of philosophy at the university of Tokio. "Most Japanese men," he says, "even in this very year of grace 1890, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. The way in which they are treated by the men has hitherto been such as might cause a pang to any generous European heart."

This contempt for women is shown in the minutest details of life, as for example in mourning etiquette, which prescribes that animal food should be abstained from and mourning garments worn for one hundred days in case of a paternal grandfather, but only ninety days in case of a maternal grandfather, ninety days for a paternal uncle, but only thirty days for one on the maternal side, etc.

According to the "Greater Learning for Women," there are five feminine vices which four women of every five possess—disobedience, malice, slander, jealousy and stupidity—whence arises their inferiority to man. Every woman's four possible virtues are such as chiefly benefit man—gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness.

A Japanese Buddhist text says that "A woman's exterior is that of a saint, but her heart is that of a demon."

Every tourist who has visited Japan will agree as to the malicious falseness of these ungallant remarks on the gentle, courteous, sweet and graceful little women of the island empire.

It is not easy to observe these women in their homes, because it is not the custom among the Japanese to invite friends, least of all foreigners, to their houses to dinner, tea-houses being always chosen for such a purpose; but in these tea-houses tourists have opportunity abundant to discover and resent the untruthfulness of the charge that "these low and aggravating girls have had no proper education; they are stupid, obstinate and vulgar in their speech," which is brought against the poor hand-maidens, whom he, on the contrary, always finds ready to serve him, ever smiling, and even willing to fan him on a sultry summer afternoon.

Imagine an American waiter girl doing such a thing.—N. Y. Continent.

ONE CONSIDERATE GIRL.

She Was Mad When She Saw What A Chance She Had Missed.

Says a clever woman: A maiden whom I know was both a Bohemian and a conscientious creature, and she felt annoyed when a young man called for her in a carriage. She had met him at a friend's house, and for the sake of the friend had accepted the invitation to a theater matinee; but she only knew of him as a young lawyer, and they are not rich as a rule. The seats in the theater were the best, and the carriage awaited them at the close of the play. "Why will men be so foolish?" she thought, adding to herself that society girls ought to be ashamed of themselves to force men into habits of such extravagance. The worst of it all was that before he directed the driver he asked the girl which of two costly restaurants she would prefer. One was famous for ices and the other for more substantial refreshments. I have said she was Bohemian—enough so to be ready for spring chicken or chops after the theater. If left to herself she would have chosen some unpretentious place; but no, it was either the most expensive ice or the most expensive supper. She gasped and heroically chose the cold alternative. There she ate three frozen puddings, to her escort's horror and her own peril. She didn't intend to have his whole month's earnings spent on that one evening for her, though. Then she found out, after it was all over, that he was the son of the richest sort of a bondholder, and that he just had an office and was a lawyer for amusement, upon which she could have bitten off her own tongue and lunched on that."—Chicago Journal.

A Fight Between Bears and an Engine.

While crossing "Rattlesnake Trestle," near Lakeland, Fla., the other day two large bears were overtaken by a train. The bridge was too high to jump from, and, finding escape impossible, the bears turned, stood upright and faced the train with fore-paws up in prize-fighter style. The engine dashed one of them off the trestle, but the other was thrown up into the air by the cow-catcher, and in his fall clutched the brass rods in front of the locomotive. Desperate with pain he growled savagely and scrambled along towards the cab, where the stoker's face was visible. The stoker had just been raking the fire and made a lunge at his ferocious assailant with the great red-hot poker. With a terrific howl the poor beast tried to spring upon the stoker, but lost his footing and fell almost under the wheels. He lost part of a hind leg, but in spite of all his wounds he picked himself up after rolling down the embankment (by this time the train was off the trestle), and bounded off into the woods. The blood-stained engine was visited by appreciative crowds as soon as it reached the next town.—Chicago News.

—A recent invention promises to be more far-reaching in its immediate practical results than any which has preceded it in the annals of mechanical discovery. It consists in the use of hardened steel ball-bearings for all wheels, pulleys, or revolving shafts, with a view to accelerated speed and many other incidental advantages, by reducing friction to a minimum and almost inappreciable quantity.

PITH AND POINT.

—"Is he a good sculptor?" "Yes, he's a bust-er."—Boston Gazette.

—"One thing I like about our new man," said a member of the firm to his partner, "is that he's reliable. You can always tell what he is going to do next." And what is that?" "Nothing."—Washington Post.

—Wool—"Old Scroggs seems to want to get all he can for his money." Van Pelt—"Doesn't he? Why, that man wouldn't take an ounce of prevention if he could get a pound of cure at the same price.—N. Y. Herald.

—Embracing a Privilege.—"You certainly told me to embrace my privilege." "Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter." "No, but to embrace your daughter is a privilege."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Of Two Evils.—Nobbsie the office boy.—"There's a man downstairs says he's goin' to kill yer, and a beautiful young lady as wants to go on der stage." Manager—"Well, show the man up."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mamma—"Dolly, remember, you have promised not to flirt with a single married man this summer." Dolly (under her breath)—"Thank fortune! That lets me flirt with the married married men."—Chicago Globe.

—Her Gentle Voice.—Brown—"No doubt you often think of your late wife, Mr. Graymare?" Graymare (a widower)—"Oh, yes, I woke up suddenly last night and felt sure I heard her voice, but it turned out to be thunder!—Saturday Evening Herald.

—Putting in His Time.—First Reporter—"Had any assignment to-day?" Second Reporter—"Yes, I had a funeral two hours long." First Reporter—"Two hours! I should think it would have worn you out." Second Reporter—"Oh, I didn't mind it; I wrote up my joke column."—Boston Courier.

—An Eloquent Silence.—Dressmaker—Did your husband, madam, receive my little bill for your dresses?" Mrs. Bingo—"Yes, I believe so." Dressmake (anxiously)—"And what does he say?" Mrs. Bingo—"I don't know. He hasn't spoken to me since he received it."—Dry Good's Bulletin.

—Jack Hardup—"Oh, Miss Ploutot, may I hope at all?" Miss Ploutot—"No, Mr. Hardup, this must go no further, but I will be a sister to you." Jack Hardup—"Well, then, Miss Ploutot, just remind the old gentleman that I'm his son; I'm afraid he might forget me in his will."—Yale Record.

—No Grief in His.—"I am truly, sorry, Johnny," said the friend of the family, meeting his little boy on the street, "to learn that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was nothing saved?" "Don't you waste no grief on me," replied Johnny. "All of paw's old clothes were burned up in that fire, and maw can't make any of 'em over for me this time. I'm all right."

—Mrs. Desporte (looking up from her newspaper).—"I really think they will finally do away with prize-fighting altogether." Mr. D.—"What makes you think so, my dear?" Mrs. D.—"Well, I think the movement is in the direction of reform. I just read of a fight where they discarded those cruel, ugly, clumsy big gloves, and fought with kid gloves."—Harvard Lampoon.

HE GOT THE JOB.

A Student of Human Nature Who Welted Carpets for a Living.

"Do you wish me to beat any carpets, lady?" he asked of the woman who came to the door. "I'll guarantee to do it thoroughly and at a moderate price. A better day—"

"No, I don't," snapped the woman, already out of patience by the visit of two peddlers and a tramp, and she stepped back to shut the door.

"I half expected you didn't," said the unruffled carpet-beater. "I might have believed what the woman across the street told me."

"What did that lying Mrs. Higgins tell you?" queried the woman sharply, opening the door which she had half shut.

"She said it was no use for me to call here; that you didn't have anything but an old rag of a carpet that would fall to pieces if any one tried to beat it."

"She did, did she? The impudent hussey!" said the woman, almost too angry to speak. "Come right in, my man, and take up my heavy brussels. Take it out in the front yard and beat it as hard as you know how, until I tell you to stop. I'll pay you double price and give you your dinner besides." And, to herself, she said: "I'll let the hatefull thing see whether it's an old rag or not."

And the diplomatic carpet beater called to his assistant out on the sidewalk, and remarked to him when they had taken the carpet out where Mrs. Higgins could see it that it was a cold day when he couldn't get a carpet to beat.—Boston Herald.

A Parrot Policeman.

We can easily believe that some parrots are as good as policemen. Not long ago two young men sold a parrot to the wife of a night watchman in New York. A few nights afterward one of the young men visited the house with the intention to steal the parrot he had sold, but the bird shrieked out: "Papa, papa!" until it woke the mistress and frightened away the robber. A Chicago parrot also scared a burglar. He was trying to gain an entrance into the house by the dining-room window, when he was startled by a voice that asked him to "come off the perch." Long silence ensued, and the burglar began work again. This time a sepulchral voice cried: "You'd better go away!" The rogue dropped his tools at once and fled, with his hair fairly standing up on end.—Aolden Days.

Very Long.

"I tell you, Dauber, art is long."

"You've found that out, eh?"

"Yes; I went to see a panorama this morning."—Puck.

Honor Enough.

Relative—And so you have graduated? Did you take any of the prizes?

Fair Student—N-o, but I got the biggest bouquet.—Good News.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

LOCAL OPTION IN TAXATION.

The Boston Herald, in commenting on a bill which proposes to authorize the city of Boston to determine in what class of property its taxes for municipal expenses shall be assessed, declares itself strongly and positively in favor of two great reforms—first, local option in taxation; second, the abolition of taxes on personal property.

Taxation, the Herald thinks, should be regulated so as to encourage the growth and improvement of the locality, and the locality is the best judge of what method to employ; and if the citizens of Boston, whose obvious interest it is to "offer inducements for the successful prosecution of business of all kinds" in their city, can obtain from the legislature the privilege of regulating their own local taxation, the Herald is prepared to show them how they can benefit by the change. It says:

It is well known that the city of Philadelphia has been made one of the largest manufacturing centers in the world—indeed, it is claimed by some that it is the largest—by a method of local taxation which practically exempts from imposts everything but real estate. It is of great advantage for manufacturers to locate their plants in a city that offers these financial inducements, and, consequently, Philadelphia has prospered greatly—to a much larger degree than most persons have any idea of—at the expense of Boston.

This is the policy that the Herald advocates for Boston, and it believes the people will see the obvious advantages of such a change. But the rest of the state might object to the omission of all the personal property and movable capital of Boston from the tax lists, as in that case Boston would not pay its proper share of state taxes; the Herald proposes, therefore, that all state revenues shall be raised from taxes on legacies in succession and collateral inheritances, as then it would not matter to any one locality or part of the state what property any other locality chose to put on the tax lists, for the assessments would be only for local purposes. A bill to raise state revenues in this manner has also been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature, so that the Herald programme is before the people in practical shape.

It is hardly necessary to point out the fact that if the exemption from taxation of personal property and movable capital so-called has been such a benefit to Philadelphia and would be such a benefit to Boston, the exemption of capital in the shape of improvements and buildings would be but the necessary and logical sequence of such a policy. It is obvious that to fine a man for putting up a building is as certain a method of discouraging improvement and preventing "the successful prosecution of business" as taxing his stock in trade or his personal property. The Herald might easily have shown, therefore, how Boston could far outstrip Philadelphia in prosperity by simply carrying out this principle to its logical extreme. In Massachusetts, indeed, it is especially easy to show exactly the extent to which the taxing of improvements is a fine on industry, for that state already has a law in force compelling the assessors to separate the value of the land from the value of the buildings in assessing real estate.

Single tax men, however, could hardly expect more from any leading paper than such outspoken advocacy of the reforms which the Herald proposes. Local option in taxation, such as the bill introduced in the New York legislature provides for, or such as this Massachusetts bill will effect, is a reform that will lead to the single tax quicker than any other possible reform in state laws.

Taxation in Turkey.

Few people will wonder at the degradation and poverty of the Turkish people, and the provinces under Turkish rule, when they understand the manner in which the government and the sultan derive their revenues. In an article entitled, "The Druse War," in the Evening Post of February 18, which described the revolt of a people in Palestine, known by the name of Druse, against the attempted Turkish domination, the writer gives a description of the fiscal policy of the sultan's government, that is worth reading. The Druse, who have so far managed to prevent the Turks from subjecting them to their oppressions, are certainly to be congratulated. The writer says:

So far as I know, everything in Turkey is taxed as much as it will bear, and most things have been taxed out of existence. The land tax on public land is 50 per cent. of the crops raised, on land held under private title 10 per cent., and, I believe, in certain cases or certain regions 20 per cent. There is a tax on every sheep, goat, camel, and, I believe, on every domestic animal. So high are these taxes that I have known the price paid for a sheep's wool in some regions to be less than the annual tax chargeable on each sheep. There is a tax on each palm tree, and, I believe, on other productive trees. There is a heavy tax on each fish caught. There is a duty on all goods brought into any city. There is a duty of 8 per cent. on all goods carried by water from one city in the Turkish empire to another. There is a uniform export duty on all goods of any sort sent out of the country, increased at some if not all ports by arbitrary over-valuation, against which there is no redress. There is a uniform import duty of 8 per cent. on all goods. There is a heavy road tax in the form of toll on all of the few miserable roads existing in the empire, and in many cities a further tax on each beast of burden arriving at that city. Boats, houses, almost all objects of any commercial value, also pay taxes. Mining, including salt fields, has been taxed and bought into the hands of the privy purse and the government. Tobacco is a monopoly, paying a large revenue to the government, for which the people receive very poor and dear cigarettes and cigarette tobacco. Speaking generally, it may be said that in Turkey you must for all things and all occasions pay taxes or give *backsheesh*, and generally you must do both.

Effect of the Present System.

While in all of our cities the value of land, which increases not merely with their growth, but with the expectation of growth, thus operates to check building and improvement, its effect is manifested through the country in a somewhat different way. Instead of unduly crowding people together it unduly separates them. The expectation of profit from the rise in the value of land leads those who take up new land, not to content themselves with what they may most profitably use, but to get all the land they can, even though they must let a great part of it lie idle; and large tracts are seized upon by those who make no pretense of using any part of it, but merely calculate to make a profit out of others who in time will be driven to use it. Thus population is scattered, not only to loss of all the comforts, refinements, pleasures and stimulations that come from neighborhood, but to the great loss of productive power. The extra cost of constructing and maintaining roads and railways, the greater distances over which produce and goods must be transported, the difficulties which separation interposes to that commerce between men which is necessary even to the ruder forms of modern production, all retard and lessen production. While just as the high value of land in and about a great city makes more difficult the erection of buildings, so does the increase in the value of agricultural land make improvement difficult. The higher the value of land the more capital does the farmer require if he buys outright; or, if he buys on installments, or rents, the more of his earnings must he give up every year. Men who would eagerly improve and cultivate land could it be had for the using are thus turned away—to wander long distances and waste their means in looking for better opportunities; to swell the ranks of those seeking for employment as wage workers; to go back to the cities or manufacturing villages in the endeavor to make a living; or to remain idle, frequently for long periods, and sometimes until they become utterly demoralized and worse than useless tramps.—Social Problems.

And Yet "Britons Never Shall be Slaves."

This is clear—that in Great Britain to-day the right of the people as a whole to the soil of their native country is much less fully acknowledged than it was in feudal times. A much smaller proportion of the people own the soil, and their ownership is much more absolute. The commons, once so extensive and so largely contributing to the independence and support of the lower classes, have, all but a small remnant of yet worthless land, been appropriated to individual ownership and enclosed; the great estates of the church, which were essentially common property devoted to public purpose, have been diverted from that trust to enrich individuals; the dues of the military tenants have been shaken off, and the cost of maintaining the military establishment and paying the interest upon an immense debt accumulated by wars has been saddled upon the whole people, in taxes upon the necessaries and comforts of life. The crown lands have mostly passed into private possession, and for the support of the royal family and all the petty princelings who marry into it, the British workman must pay in the price of his mug of beer and pipe of tobacco. The English yeoman—the sturdy breed who won Crecy, and Poictiers, and Agincourt—is as extinct as the mastodon. The Scottish clansman, whose right to the soil of his native hills was then as undisputed as that of his chieftain, has been driven out to make room for the sheep ranges and deer parks of that chieftain's descendant; the tribal right of the Irishman has been turned into a tenancy-at-will. Thirty thousand men have legal power to expel the whole population from five-sixths of the British Islands, and the vast majority of the British people have no right whatever to their native land save to walk the streets or trudge the roads. To them may be fittingly applied the words of a Tribune of the Roman People: "Men of Rome," said Tiberius Gracchus—"men of Rome, you are called the lords of the world, yet have no right to a square foot of its soil! The wild beasts have their dens, but the soldiers of Italy have only water and air!"

Canadian Single Taxers Going Into Politics.

Kingston single taxers may put a Henry George candidate in the field at the next Dominion election. They have called a meeting to consider the propriety of doing so.

The single tax may be robbery or confiscation or anything else its opponents may call it, but the question has come to stay and public educators can no longer afford to ignore it. Not only so, they will have to study it, and that is just what the majority of its detractors has not done. The man who presumes to publicly discuss the question without first reading "Progress and Poverty" will not add to his reputation for wisdom.—Hamilton, Ont., Times.

THERE is but one way to remove an evil—and that is, to remove its cause. Poverty deepens as wealth increases, and wages are forced down while productive power grows, because land, which is the source of all wealth and the field of all labor, is monopolized. To extirpate poverty, to make wages what justice commands they should be, the full earnings of the labor, we must therefore substitute for the individual ownership of land a common ownership. Nothing else will go to the cause of the evil—in nothing else is there the slightest hope.

This, then, is the remedy for the unjust and unequal distribution of wealth apparent in modern civilization, and for all the evils which flow from it:

We must make land common property.—Progress and Poverty.