

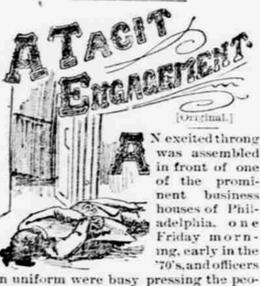
Iron County Register.

BY ELLI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI

MOTHER'S LIGHT.

A fisher boy went sailing out
The morn was fresh and fair;
He bounded o'er the waters blue
Without a thought of care.
As sights along the shore grew dim,
One tiny speck afar—
His mother's cottage on the cliff
He felt that death was near.
The morn was fair, but 'ere the night
A storm came o'er the shore grim,
And through the blind and chilling mist
He drifted helplessly.
The breakers roared the darkness fell,
The boy was filled with fear.
No light, no voice, no arm to save;
He felt that death was near.
Then like a tiny star appears
A far-off feeble light;
It faint, but steady, cheering beam
Has pierced the gloomy night.
"The mother's light," he cried with joy,
"I'll steer by mother's light."
"I'll guide me safely to the shore,
She's saved her boy to-night."
Your boy sails out in life today,
There many a storm is brewing,
And when the darkness settles down,
And wild waves round him beat,
Have you the power to guide him safe
Through sin's and sorrow's sea?
Can he about gaily through the storm
"I'll steer by mother's light?"
O parents, hold your lamps aloft
A word, a smile, a prayer,
That lights the way of your child,
May save from many a snare.
Then trim with never-failing faith
Your lamp of love and prayer,
So that your child through life, or death,
May steer by mother's light.
—Lottie W. Smith, in N. W. Christian Advocate



Excited through was assembled
In front of the prominent
business houses of Philadel-
phia, one Friday morning,
early in the '70's, and officers
in uniform were busy pressing the
people back from the open door.
A great robbery had been perpetrated,
and Mr. Sangers, the brilliant young
partner in the firm of Sangers, Wetherby
& Co., had been found that morning,
lying dead amid the ruins of the
money vault, with his hands bound
behind his back and his face disfigured
beyond recognition. The man, however,
had escaped, taking with him an enormous
booty, but leaving behind not a vestige
by which to trace their whereabouts.

Mr. Wetherby was in Europe at the
time, but was hastily summoned home
by cable, and he came to find that the
robbery had ruined him with many others.
He turned his property over to an
assignee for distribution among the credi-
tors and, with a mere pittance left,
went to live an obscure life in one of
his humblest tenements.

People remarked that Mrs. Sangers,
the mother of the murdered man, bore
the loss of her only son, Charles, with
"stoic bravery," for a year later, her
parties were as brilliant and she as
fascinating a member of the social
fraternity as she had ever been.

Our narrative necessitates a change
of scene, and to expedite matters we
must imagine ourselves ensconced in
the city of Melbourne, Australia.
George Steinhilber and Clara Winters
had known each other from early
childhood. They were children of
New England parents who had come to
this far-away country to seek their
fortune, and, finding it, became so en-
deared to the land of their adoption
that they resolved to remain citizens of
the continent.

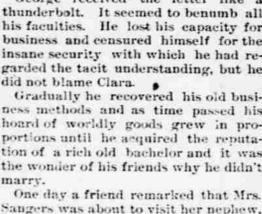
George, however, felt that he ought
to have been an American and that the
refusal of his parents to go back to
their native land was sort of scheme
to cheat him out of his birthright. So,
one bright morning, he bade Clara
good-by, with the tacit understanding
that he would some day send for her,
although they were never beyond the
press engagement, and turned his face
towards the land of his forefathers.

Clara felt very miserable for weeks
afterwards. Sometimes she thought to
herself: "Perhaps George doesn't love
me, after all, or he would have told me
so before he left; and yet, hadn't it
been understood all along?"
This last thought of love had an uncer-
tainly about it that was very unsatis-
factory, and she often wished that
George had asked her "plump out to be
his wife."

They had grown up so together that
it had been taken for granted, and they
were, unromantic persons, that
disappointment, for it began: "Miss
Clara, Dear Friend," and closed: "Sin-
cerely yours, George."
It was a very sensible, well composed
letter, but Clara detested it, for some-
how it failed to strike the right chord,
and made her miserable. George
would meet someone in the great city
better than she.

As time passed she became convinced
that George regarded their relationship
as one of friendship and nothing more,
and so was not adverse to the atten-
tions of Mr. Ellbridge Pierson, who had
recently settled in Melbourne.
Mr. Pierson was such a man of policy;
so suave, so gentle, so refined, so every-
thing but outspoken frankness, and in
fact the possessor of such fabulous
wealth that all the ladies of Melbourne
thought him a splendid person.
Although not exactly her ideal of a
man, Clara rather liked him, and poor
George's commonplace letters ceased to
cause annoyance.
Whether George suspected anything
or not is hard to tell; but one day he
wrote a real love letter, telling her that
he was doing splendidly, and hoped in
the course of a year to have a home of
his own, and asked her to come and
grace it for him as his bride.
She wept bitter tears over this letter.
"If it had only come sooner," she
thought, "for I really love him."
It was now too late, she was engaged

to marry Mr. Pierson; he had asked her
the evening before George's letter
came. She was to move into his spacious
mansion and be the wife of the richest
man in Melbourne.
Poor little Clara did not feel elated
over her fortunate choice. George's
love was sincere, there was no doubt
about that. With a sad heart she wrote
a letter of explanation, asking his for-
giveness and expressing the hope that
he would find some one more deserving
than herself.
George received the letter like a
thunderbolt. It seemed to numb all
his faculties. He lost his capacity for
business and censured himself for the
insane security with which he had re-
garded the tacit understanding, but he
did not blame Clara.
Gradually he recovered his old busi-
ness methods and as time passed his
hoard of worldly goods grew in propor-
tions until he acquired the reputation
of a rich old bachelor and it was the
wonder of his friends why he didn't
marry.
One day a friend remarked that Mrs.
Sangers was about to visit her nephew,
Mr. Pierson of New York, who had
been in the country for some years
and had married a charming wife while
abroad.
"Abroad" is a very extensive place,
he thought to himself, "and of course
it is some one else," but still he was un-
usually moody the rest of the day.
It happened not long after this that
Mr. Steinhilber was called to the metrop-
olis on business, and as he was passing
out of the ferry station amid a great
concourse of people, he caught sight of
Mrs. Sangers.
She was conversing with a gentle-
man and lady. "Her nephew," he
thought to himself, the lady raised
her head so that he saw her distinctly.
He started back in amazement. It was
she, Clara, who had changed.
There was an air of hopefulness
about her that since Steinhilber's visit
to a chill. She was not happy, he felt sure.
He gazed at her sorrowfully for a mo-
ment, and then turning hastened
through the crowd, called a cab and
soon was in the heart of the great city.
He had caught one clear look of her
husband, Mr. Pierson, and in that tall,
graceful, full whiskered man he
thought he had seen the signs of dupli-
city that marked a hypocrite.
"That man is a villain," he thought
to himself, and then the next minute
mentally added: "Phaw, it's only nat-
ural aversion for him; he may be a nice
man," but still, he was honest with him-
self as he might, there was always the
recurrent thought: "That man is a
villain."
Some time after this the papers an-
nounced the illness of Dr. David Rut-
terfield, a physician of considerable
skill, but bearing the reputation of a
grasping and avaricious man. As the
disease progressed it became evident to
the doctor himself that he had only a
short time to live. No one understood
the fatal complication better than he.
He was cool and collected, but insist-
ed on having an immediate interview with
Mr. Wetherby.
It was with strange thoughts regard-
ing the meaning of the summons that
the old man entered the sick chamber.
We pass over what transpired dur-
ing the hour that Mr. Wetherby and
Dr. Rutterfield were together, but when
the old man rose to leave he was all in
a tremble. "I forgive you, Rutter-
field," said he, with a broken voice;
"try and make your peace with Heaven."
Mr. Ellbridge Pierson came down the
steps of his fine mansion one pleasant
morning, looking his sandy hair and
whistling a gay tune. He was evi-
dently feeling more than usually at peace
with the world.
He was turning down a side street
towards one of the stations of the el-
evated railway, when a plainly dressed
old man stepped in front of him and

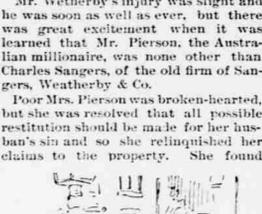


PIERSON FIELD.

men of self support, but it was a
stormy road to travel after a life of op-
ulence.
Mr. Steinhilber came to see her im-
mediately after the trouble, but she was
too proud to receive any direct assist-
ance. Business, however, began to call
him to New York much more frequent-
ly than in the past, and his friends grew
suspicious.
One day he came back with a radiant
face. There was a complete under-
standing this time.
George and Clara are now living in
one of the finest residences of the good
old Quaker city, and, after every Chris-
tening, they say to each other as loving-
ly as possible: "We must teach this
child never to make a tacit engage-
ment."
—Edwin Webb.

HARDEN YOUR MUSCLES.

Simple Rules for Athletic Practice that
Anybody May Follow.
Few men seem to be aware that five
minutes spent in daily, or even three
times a week, in exercises properly se-
lected for bringing out all the principal
muscles of the body are sufficient to set
the blood coursing freely to the ex-
tremities, to stimulate the heart, to
transmit the bowels, to stir up the liver,
to strengthen the limbs, to straighten
the shoulders and increase the capacity
of the lungs, says the Tribune.
All the apparatus required is an ordi-
nary walking stick.
Dr. C. P. Linnest, physical instructor
of the Manhattan Athletic club, recom-
mends the following exercises to
busy men on rising in the morning or
just before going to bed at night:
"For the upper part of the arms: Grasp
the cane firmly at both ends with the
hands and hold it across the chest, let-
ting the middle of the cane rest on the
breast just under the chin. Drop the
hands forward and down to the full
length of the arms rapidly and return
to position on the chest, accentuating the
upward movements. Continue this for
thirty seconds. Holding the cane as
before, pull the arms straight above the
head, full length, taking long, full
breaths. Continue this for thirty sec-
onds more.
"For the muscles of the sides: With
the arms at full length above the head
and the hands grasping the cane, as in
the end of the last exercise, swing from
side to side as far as possible, time,
the second, five seconds each.
"To strengthen the forearm: Grasp
the cane in the middle with one hand
and extend it at arm's length, on a level
with the shoulder. Then twist the cane
back and forth, like the spokes of a
wheel, for twenty seconds. Then grasp
the handle and repeat for twenty
seconds more. This will also strengthen
the grip.
"For the legs, ankles and knees: Grasp
the cane again with both hands, as
in the first exercise, and with arms
fully extended from the shoulders, draw
the right foot in from the cane, bring it
to a sitting position, by bending the knee
and ankles. Raise the heels from the
floor in going down, and after coming
up again to full height on the heels,
rise on the tips of the toes. Continue
this slowly for forty-five seconds.
"The former exercise is the more
severe will this exercise be. Don't go
down far till you are used to it. It
gives the heart a good deal to do, and
should not be executed too rapidly.
"Here pause again and take two long
deep breaths, five seconds each.
"For strengthening the neck and
straightening the spine: Presently one
hand and the other hand grasp the
top of the head. Let the elbow
point straight forward. Drop the
head forward and down so that the
chin touches the chest. Pull on the
arms so as to put a tension on the
neck muscles and then push the head
back to an erect position. Throw the
chest forward as the head and shoulders
go back. Continue this for thirty
seconds. If the head is thrown back
with the chin held down, we can hardly
help standing erect.
"Take two more long, deep breaths,
five seconds each.
"For kneading the lower part of the
bowels, stirring up the kidneys and
liver and preventing constipation, stand
erect and kick at the chest with each
knee alternately, bringing the knee up
as high and as close to the body as pos-
sible. Continue this for twenty-five sec-
onds. This gives practically a Swedish
massage to the bowels.
"Pause now and take two long full
breaths, five seconds each."—Boston
Globe.



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WORKSHOP OF THE PLANET.

What the Great Mississippi Valley Is
Doing for the World.
One hundred years ago the pioneers
from England, the advance guard of the
great column of Anglo-Saxon migration,
that has during the interval
marched to the Pacific, abolishing the
frontier and conquering the desert, de-
scended the western slopes of the Al-
leghenians into the valley of the Ohio
and disappeared in its solitudes. Chi-
cago, Cincinnati and St. Louis were
outposts of civilization, exposed to the
brand and the tomahawk. A few log
huts, trading stations and mission
houses were scattered along the crum-
bling banks of the rivers and in the
profound depths of the forests. There
were neither highways nor public con-
veniences; commerce, agriculture, nor
manufactures; no schools, churches, nor
societies; nothing but nature and his
vicissitudes, the savage and his prey.
From that unsurveyed wilderness, in
less than a century, twenty-one states
have been admitted into the union,
having an area of eight hundred mil-
lion acres, a population of more than
thirty-five million, and wealth beyond
measurement or computation. Spar-
sely inhabited, with rude and unscientific
methods, its resources hardly touched,
the states of the Mississippi Kingdom of
today produced more than three quar-
ters of the sugar, coal, corn, iron, oats,
wheat, cotton, tobacco, lead, hay, lum-
ber, wool, pork, beef, horses and mules
of the entire country, together with a
large fraction of its gold and silver.
Their international commerce is al-
ready greater than all the civilized por-
tion of the combined nations of the earth.
China supports four hundred million
people upon an area smaller and less
fertile. The civilization of Egypt,
whose monuments have for forty cen-
turies excited the admiration of the
mankind, was nourished by the cul-
tivation of less than ten thousand
square miles in the narrow valley and
delta of the Nile. The delta of the
Rhine and the adjacent lands reclaimed
from the Zuyder Zee, less than fifteen
thousand square miles, has long sus-
tained the United Kingdom of the
Netherlands, and given to a dense popu-
lation wealth, comfort and content-
ment. The delta of the Mississippi, be-
low its junction with the Ohio, richer
than the Nile or the Rhine, excels in
the combined area of Holland and Egypt,
and is destined, under the stimulus of
free labor and the incentives of self-
government to build a fabric of society
more opulent and enduring.
Add to this the inexhaustible alluvion
of the streams above and the fertile
prairies from which they descend, and
the arithmetic of the past has no
parallel with which to compare the
problems of the economy and commer-
cial future of the west. It will be pre-
dominant in the development, not of
this country alone, but of the hemis-
phere, and will give direction to the
destinies of the human race. When its
agricultural, mining and manufactur-
ing resources are fully developed, by
steam and electricity the Mississippi
valley will support and enrich, without
crowding, five hundred million people,
and be not only the granary but the
workshop of the planet.—Ex-Senator
Ingalls, in Lippincott.

HER WISH.

She Was Solicitous for the Poor Organ
Grinders.
Most people who go to Europe have
their minds set upon at least one place
or thing which they are particularly
anxious to see. This was the case with
a philanthropic spinster who had lived
in Boston for nearly sixty years. She
was to make her first trip abroad with
her brother's family.
Her sister-in-law and her niece were
mapping out the route for the six
months of the present one of them
said to her: "Now you must say
where you want to go. Aunt Maria;
we're all choosing our favorite places,
you see."
"I've heard you all agree on Italy,"
replied Aunt Maria, "and that is the
only country I have any special desire
to see."
"Why, how nice!" said the niece, in a
tone of pleased surprise. "We were
talking it over the other day, and mam-
ma said she was afraid you wouldn't
care to go to Italy. You're so fastidi-
ous; and though Italy is lovely, of course
there are drawbacks, you know."
"I presume there are drawbacks,"
said Miss Martha, shivering a little.
"I've heard of them. But you mustn't
think I want to be sitting about on
cathedral steps or damp walls, my
dear. All I wish to see is some organ-
grinders in their native land. That has
been my desire for so many years.
The men we see here look so poor and
ill fed!"
"I thought perhaps," added Miss
Martha, "if I could learn enough Ital-
ian to make myself understood by those
men, it would be a good thing for me
to advise them not to come to Amer-
ica."
"I think it would," said her listeners
in chorus; but Miss Martha never un-
derstood why they laughed.—Youth's
Companion.

A Slow People.

The Chinese appear to go upon the
assumption that there is always time
enough. A social call has no limits. A
missionary, who speaks feelingly, says:
The excellent pastor who had for his
motto, "The man who wants to see
me is always in the market," would
have modified his dictum had he lived
for any length of time in China. Not
improbably he would have followed the
example of another busy clergyman,
who hung conspicuously in his study
the Scriptural motto: "The Lord bless
thy going out and thy coming in, and
thy abode in the midst of thee." The
Chinese a violent wrench. He says
nothing long enough to wear out the
patience of long Europeans. He realizes
the truth of the adage: "It is easy to go
on the mountains to fight tigers, but
to open your mouth and out with a
thing—this is hard!"—Youth's Com-
panion.

It Will Happen.

A league for the abolishment of mar-
riage has been organized by some young
women of Boston, and so far as they are
personally concerned it will doubtless
be entirely successful.—Judge.

PITH AND POINT.

—First Class in Botany.—Teacher—
"Bobby, what is moss?" Bobby—"It's
what rolling stones don't gather,
mamam."
—He—"Do you think we ought to
take the chaperons along?" She—"Will
it be dangerous?" He—"Well, the yacht
may capsize." She—"Then take them
along, by all means."—Philadelphia
Item.
—Liquid Bait, of Course.—Tomson—
"Where are you going, Johnson?"
Johnson—"Fishing." Tomson—"What
have you got in the bottle?" Johnson
—"Didn't I tell you I was going fish-
ing?"—Yankee Blade.
—Are you going to have a dodo in
your study?" "No," said the old gen-
tleman. "I've got a portrait of Dido
and a skeleton of a dodo, and I guess
a dodo will be a little bit too much of a
good thing."—Harper's Bazar.
—"What is that lunch set out for un-
der that glass case?" asked Bunting at
the dime museum. "That is a relic of
Edgar Allen Poe." "How so?" "You
know he was so poor he missed his
meals?" "Yes." "This is one of the
meals he didn't eat."—N. Y. Sen.
—He—"You know I don't approve of
tight lacing in women. I think such
constant pressure around the waist is
highly injurious." She—"I don't think
that is what makes it so bad." He—"What
is it, then?" She (toying with her fan)—
"It is because that method is so
artificial."—Cloak Review.

As a countryman was sowing his
field, a London huckster happened to be
riding by. One of them, thinking to
make fun of him, called out to him:
"Well, honest countryman, it is you
that sow, but it is we that reap the
fruit!" "Mayhap it may be so, master,"
bawled the countryman; "I am sowing
hemp."
—Visitor—"I understand that the pub-
lic schools of this city are models of
nineteenth century progress." Little
Boy—"Yes'm, that's what everyone
says. I go to 'em." "What do you
study?" "Oh, everything—free and
drawin', an' cookin', an' bacteriology,
an' music, an' spectrum analysis, an
sewin' on buttons, an' agricultural
chemistry, an' everything."
—Johnny—Mind Disatisfied.—Mr.
Fizleton was under the painful neces-
sity of administering a severe castiga-
tion to his son Johnny. After he had
completed his labors he said sternly to
the suffering victim. "Now tell me
why I punished you." "That's it," sob-
bed Johnny; "you nearly poned the life
out of me and now you don't even know
why you did it."—Herrman's Theater
Programme.

A Difference of Policy.—Hownow.

"I hear that you are no longer working
for Grabben & Skinner." Hilly—"No,
I've left them for good." Hownow—"Why,
what was the matter?" Hilly—"Well,
I differed widely from the mem-
bers of the firm on an important ques-
tion of business policy and I could no
longer conscientiously work for them."
Hownow—"How was that?" Hilly—"Well,
you see, I thought my services
were worth twelve dollars a week, and
they thought they weren't worth any-
thing; and they seemed so set in their
views I decided to retire."—Jester.

HE COULD SYMPATHIZE.

The Terrible Adventure of a Man with His
Wife.
Almost within hailing distance of his
home the slim man in the silk hat and
light overcoat was laid low with a stun-
ning blow from a sand-bag. When he
recovered his senses he was lying prone
in the gutter and a masked footpad was
going through his pockets.
"Move and you're dead," growled the
robber.
At this moment he drew from the vic-
tim's vest two crisp one-dollar bills.
"My God! don't take that. Have
mercy."
Bewildered by the shock of the fall,
overcome by the terror of the situation,
he sobbed like a child. The highway-
man sneered.
"You won't miss it," he coldly ob-
served.
The slim figure reclining upon the
pavement might have been observed to
write:
"If you only knew, good sir—"
His voice was hollow and suggestive
of agony.
"How hard I have to struggle for
what little money—"
There seemed to be a big lump in his
throat.
"I get how I have to scheme and plan
and pinch—"
He was sobbing again.
"To wring from an unpropitious for-
tune the slender stipend you hold in
your hand."
Four hot tears dropped upon the cold
pavement and trickled noiselessly into
the catch-basin.
"Ha, ha."
The robber's merriment was of the
hard, selfish sort.
"Spare me that money," cried the un-
happy victim, with spasmodic energy.
"I get no more for a week. My wife
told me so when she gave it to me this
afternoon."
The footpad started. His frame shook.
"I'm no hog," he muttered. "This is
a meritorious case for charity."
And the clock struck twelve as he
thrust the bills into the trembling hand
of the prostrate creature and disap-
peared in the darkness.
"Virtue is its own reward," he solilo-
quized as he broke open an automatic
cigar seller, "and I can sympathize with
a man like that."—Detroit Tribune.

A Nice Legal Point.

A negro whose bruised and swollen
face and tattered clothing bore evi-
dence of rough handling recently
humped into the presence of a southern
magistrate.
"I wants you ter arrest Sam John-
sing fob battery," he exclaimed.
"For assault and battery, you mean,"
suggested the dispenser of justice.
"No, sah. Jess fob battery, sah."
"How can that be?"
"Well, sah, it was Jess dis way. Mah
meb bruk inteh Johnsing's coh
pateh, an' w'en Johnsing druv int hum
he call me a no good, fob niggar."
"I want gwine tek stan' dat howow,
so I ups an' guff him a whack with a
fence stake, sah."
"Why, then, you assaulted him?"
"Yes, sah, I did, sah. But he done
de battery. He mos' battered de life
outen me, sah?"—N. Y. Herald.

An Evitable Mortal.

First Visitor (to museum)—Did you
see that man dining on carpet tacks and
nails and things?
Second Visitor—Yes. How I envied
him!
"Enviad him?"
"Just think how he must enjoy shad."
—N. Y. Weekly.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

What the Newspapers Say.
F. Latus is enlightening the people of
Roseman, Mont., through the Avant
Court of that place, and a lively dis-
cussion is going on in the Sentinel of
Stoughton, Mass., in the course of
which a writer, signing himself, "Single
Tax," has called the attention of farm-
ers to some considerations which are
calculated to secure their favorable at-
tention.
The Reading, Pa., Morning Herald in
commenting on a statement made at
the New York real estate banquet to
the effect that though the whole of
Manhattan Island was once bought for
twenty-four dollars, some of it has been
recently sold at the rate of twenty-
seven dollars a square inch, asks this
pertinent and penetrating question:
"Who made land in New York worth
twenty-seven dollars an inch, and who
has gotten hold of the proceeds?"
The Hamilton, (Ont.) Evening Times
knows why men are idle. It concludes
a careful editorial on this subject with
this paragraph:
"Our whole system of laws is devised
in the interest of those who desire to get
without laboring to produce it. The
system was borrowed in block from
England, where it was perfected by
landlord parliament, working genera-
tion after generation with one end in
view—the spoliation and penury of the
masses by the loafing classes. Cana-
dians have tolerated this fraudulent
system for a century. Those who
couldn't find working ground without
too much effort in old Canada went to
the western states, or in late years to
Manitoba. But ungrazed land is now
becoming scarce all over the continent,
and the necessity of applying the legal
remedy becomes daily more apparent.
A sensible system of taxation, which
parliament will enact when voters in-
sist upon it, will send speculators flying
like chaff before the wind. No other
question in Canadian politics approaches
this one in importance. Tax the grab-
bers and speculators heavily, and they
will get out and make room for men
who want to work—the only men who
are of any real use to Canada.
The Erie (Pa.) Evening Herald, in an
able editorial article on the taxation of
farmers, puts the question in a new
light, and one which is likely to make
the farmers blink. It shows that farms
located at any distance from the towns
and cities have no site value; that their
value consists almost, if not entirely,
in the value of improvements, from
which it argues: "That the taxes that
the owners of the lands pay on the
ground, exclusive of the taxes on the
improvements, is assessed on a valua-
tion which does not exist," and con-
cludes that, under such circumstances,
the farmers as a class can not be in a
prosperous condition.
At the billion-dollar dinner of the
New York firm on a Belmont state
co's a reverend Mr. Lloyd drew out
great applause and cheering by saying
that the moment you make a man the
owner of his own home he ceases to be
an anarchist or socialist, whereupon the
Cincinnati Post asks if he does not
know that the Hamilton county state
of Ohio, for instance, and in the last
ten years?" and that "thousands in Ohio
who owned their homes ten years ago
are put poor tenants to-day."
The Northwestern Labor Union, of
Minneapolis, sees through a ladder
much better than does the Knights of
Labor Journal. The Journal had
pointed to the late Tory leader, W. H.
Smith, as an example of a monopolist
whose fortune was due to no special
legislation, and as presenting a case
which no tariff reform or land taxation
or free competition could reach. Mr.
Smith made his fortune as a monopolist
monopoly of the sale of paper, and
books at railway book stalls. That he
enjoyed a legislative monopoly through
the railways on which such monopoly
was conferred, was plain, and the Union
plainly states it. It says:
"A railway company is an impertinent
invasion of a government's authority,
and, which is able to and does exer-
cise the functions of a true govern-
ment, and issues special privileges and
creates monopolies in precisely the
same manner as true governments do.
And this is just how it was that Mr.
Smith was able to amass his enormous
fortune. The English government sur-
rendered a large part of its sovereignty
to the railway corporations, and they
in turn conferred upon Mr. Smith a
small part of the sovereignty they had
received from the government, and by
just this special privilege derived from
the government was Mr. Smith able to
accumulate his enormous fortune, and
if the government were to do as the single
tax men ask, and simply abolish the
special privileges it has conferred on the
railway companies, Mr. Smith's mono-
poly would fall to pieces along with the
railway monopoly which fathered it."
The rush of 60,000 individuals into the
recently opened Indian reservations has
brought the Cincinnati Post, the Meth-
odists would say, "under conviction."
In a single week, it says, men acquire
there, "by mere force of aggregation of
population, about 1,000 per cent more
wealth than the average man of the com-
munity who is lucky enough to induce a
couple of thousand of settlers to camp
around his one little stake will sudden-
ly find his land worth a small fortune,
and that without a day's work on it
either."
The Farmers' Alliance department of
the Cincinnati Golden Rule, which is
in charge of Geo. C. Ward, who is dis-
tinguished for the readiness of his pen
rather than for the accuracy of his
thought, having been called to order by
Cliff S. Walker for teaching that land
value taxes are shifted from owners to
users, the editor of the paper not only
disclaims Mr. Ward's unique doctrine,
but flatly asserts that the paper is not
opposed to the single tax.
The effects of the Reading railroad
deal are beginning to be felt. The out-
put of coal has been arbitrarily dimi-
nished, thus throwing thousands of
men out of employment and reducing
their demands for other things, and the
price has been arbitrarily raised. The
New York Herald has made a feature of
the situation, and among other valu-
able services in the matter it has inter-
viewed congressmen as to the possible
remedies.
Its correspondent expresses
his astonishment at finding "the great
hold that Henry George's single tax
idea has obtained upon congressmen,
particularly from the south and west,"
and he gives one of these interviews as
a sample. It was with Lawrence Mc-
Gann, a member from Illinois, who was
not before known as a single tax man.
Mr. McGann said:
I am not able to see how we can
reach these people. They have a right
to limit the output of coal, raise its
price, cut down the wages of their em-
ployees or discharge them, and congress

is powerless. The only way I can think of to get them by the nape of the neck and make them appreciate that there is a God in Israel is to apply to them the Henry George remedy of the single tax.

The Indianapolis Journal imagines it
has found a mare's nest in the single
tax parts of "protection or free trade,"
which Congressmen Johnson, Ethian,
Washington, Bowman and Simpson in-
troduced in their speeches, and it com-
mends these parts to the farmers of
Indiana. The Journal's suggestion of
course, that the farmers will be indig-
nant, but that is because it does not
understand what the single tax is. The
farmers will understand it as soon as
they read this best of all congressional
documents ever published, and we are
grateful to the Journal for commending
it to their attention.

Shifting the Land Value Tax.

A. E. Davis, of Independence, Ore.,
asks what he truly calls "that time-
honored question about shifting the
land value tax from the landlord to the
tenant. It is for an inquirer, not for
himself, however, that he wants an
answer. The question as he puts it is
"What would hinder a man who rents
his building under the single tax scheme
from making his tenant pay a good
share of the amount of this tax on the
value of his land?" We have answered
this question over and over. Mr. George
has fully explained it in a tract, which
we now publish; and John Stuart Mill
disposes of it so completely in his
"Principles of Political Economy" that
it seems almost a waste of space to
answer it again. But Mr. Davis is right
in soliciting an answer, and after all,
it is not strange that it should be so
often asked, for there are very few peo-
ple outside of the ranks of single tax
converts who have given any intelli-
gent consideration to economic prob-
lems. This time, however, we will not
answer it ourselves, but will let the De-
troit News, one of the leading papers
of the west, answer it for us. We
copy from a recent editorial in that
paper:
"Take, first, the owner of valuable un-
improved land. On whom can he shift
the tax? He has no tenant, at least, to
charge it up to, therefore he must pay it
himself. Nor can he shift it on some
future purchaser. The price of land is
governed by its availability, and as a
tax does not add to this, the tax can not
be added to the purchasing price.
A landlord with a poor house on a
valuable lot can not add his land tax to
his rent. The house will rent for no
more than any other house of that class
in that vicinity, no matter what the
land tax is. A cottage within half
the distance of the city will rent for
more than a cottage outside the
three-mile limit. But this is because it
is nearer business, not because it pays a
higher tax. It is worth more to live in,
as it saves, for instance, car fare, time
going to and coming from work, etc.
This value the landlord receives, and the
tenant; but the tax does not add to the
value of the land, and the tax can not
be added to the purchasing price.
A landlord can not add his land value
taxes to his house rent, because the rent
of the house is not determined by the
ground, and supply and demand. He gets all
he can now. Should he charge more,
the tenant would be compelled to leave,
for he can pay no more than his com-
petitors if for business purposes, and will
pay no more than his neighbors for re-
sidence purposes.
The money rents are increased more
houses will be built; and the moment
more houses are erected, competition
between landlords for tenants will re-
duce rents to a sum just sufficient to pay
the going rate of interest on the capital
invested in the industry of building
houses.
Under the operations of the present
system of taxation the owner of valu-
able land charges the tenant the highest
price he can get for its use. He
charges him rent for the land and rent
for the house. Under the operations of
the single tax the landlord will still
charge the tenant this land value rent
and house rent; but the house rent will
be less, owing to houses being built
more cheaply, while the land value rent
will remain the same. But right here
comes the great difference between the
two systems. To-day this entire rental
of land, money rents and the commu-
nity goes into the pockets of the land-
lord. Under the single tax much of
this value created by the community
will be absorbed by the tax. To-day
the rent a tenant pays for the use of
land stays in the landlord's pocket.
Under the single tax this rent, and the
community, will be absorbed by taxation, and, if
rightly used, will return to the com-
munity.
All political economists of note, from
the time of Adam Smith to the present
day, agree in the statement that a tax
on land, money rents and the commu-
nity, goes into the pockets of the land-
lord. Under the single tax much of
this value created by the community
will be absorbed by the tax. To-day
the rent a tenant pays for the use of
land stays in the landlord's pocket.
Under the single tax this rent, and the
community, will be absorbed by taxation, and, if
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munity.
The National Petition.