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Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science.

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DEFINITIONS EXPLANATORY OF THE POSITION OF "THE OPEN COURT."

THE DATA of experience are perceptions.

REALITY is the sum total of all that is.

TRUTH is the conformity of cognition to reality.

[Truth being a relation between subject and object appears to be relative in its nature. Absolute truth is a self-contradiction; it would imply cognition without a cognizing subject.

At the same time it is obvious that absolute existence (in fact everything absolute) is impossible. Reality is properly called *Wirklichkeit* in German, derived from *wirken*, to take effect. Reality is not immovable and unchangeable absoluteness, but the effectiveness of things in their relations. Reality therefore implies not only existence, but the manifestation of existence also. Existence and its manifestation are not two different things; both are one.

The idea of something absolutely Unknowable is therefore also untenable; it would imply the existence of an object whose existence is not manifested *i. e.*, existence without reality; *Sein ohne Wirklichkeit*—which is a contradiction, an impossibility.]

SCIENCE is the search for truth.

The nature of science is the economy of thought. (*Mach.*)

Economy of thought is possible through application of the laws of form to thought.

KNOWLEDGE is the possession of certain truths.

[Knowledge is, so to say, the present stock or capital with which Science works. Science cannot exist without knowledge. The object of Science is not only to increase and enlarge knowledge but also to purify the present stock of knowledge from vagueness, errors, and misconceptions.

The purpose of knowledge is that of increasing our power over nature.]

MONISM is that philosophy which recognizes the oneness of All-existence, and the Religion of Monism teaches that the individual, as a part of the whole, has to conform to the cosmical laws of the All.

RELIGION is man's aspiration to be in unison with the All.

[Religion has been defined differently in the columns of THE OPEN COURT, but all definitions that have been presented are in strict agreement. Mr. Hegeler in No. 25, defines Religion as "man's union with the All" (taking the definition from the Lutheran Catechism "Religion ist der Bund des Menschen mit Gott durch Gott," and replacing the Word God by the more comprehensive word THE ALL). The editor has defined Religion as "man's consciousness of his relation to the All" (No. 24); as "Das Allgefühl im Einzelnen," the All-feeling in the individual (see

foot-note page 965); as "man's conception of the world that serves him as a guiding-star through life" (page 1180).]

MORALS are man's conduct in so far as it is in unison with the All.

[The basis of morality is religion. A moral educator or preacher may justly be asked, "On what authority dost thou justify thy precepts?" And he will tell us that his authority is not personal; he speaks in the name of universal order. Accordingly his authority is that of religion. If it were not so, all his good precepts would have no foundation; they would hover in the air like beautiful dreams that have no reality.]

ETHICS is the Science of Morals; it teaches man why he must, and how he can, regulate his conduct so as to be in unison with the All.

Natural history and the history of mankind prove that here on earth a constant progress takes place developing ever higher forms of existence.

Morally good are those acts which are in harmony with the All, *i. e.*, those which enhance progress, and *morally bad* are those which are not in harmony with the All, *i. e.*, those which retard or prevent progress.

[Religion (man's aspiration to be in unison with the All) has naturally produced many superstitious notions in the world, of its origin, and of its purpose. Similarly, science (man's search for truth) has produced many errors or false notions of reality. But all the superstitions of religion do not prove that religion as such is an illusion, and all the errors of science are no evidence that science as such is a sham.

It is obvious that religion and science, as here defined, are not contradictory to, but complementary of, each other. If religion and science do not agree, it is a certain sign that our conception of either the one or the other is wrong. The history of the human mind has been one of constant conflict and reconciliation between religion and science. Their relation has repeatedly been disturbed and re-adjusted.

The unitary conception of the world affords the only basis for the union of Religion and Science, and opens a new vista of progress for both.]

RECENT CONTENTS OF "THE OPEN COURT."

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS.

[MR. GEORGE JOHN ROMANES replies, in this contribution, to the criticisms advanced by M. Alfred Bioret in the preface of his work "The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms," recently published by THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY. The discussion, from a psychological point of view, is extremely interesting and instructive. (No. 98.)]

CARLYLE'S RELIGION. WITH REMINISCENCES OF HIS TALK THEREON.

[In this article MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY has presented a number of important and hitherto unpublished facts bearing upon the religious belief of the great Scotchman. (No. 98.)]

THE STRUGGLE FOR SALVATION.

[A critical review of a work of the same title, by PROF. BENDER, which has recently attracted much attention on the Continent. A careful study of the evolution of religion. From the German of F. MICHAELIS. (No. 99.)]

PROOF OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS IN HYSTERICAL INDIVIDUALS.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO CONSCIOUSNESSES OF HYSTERICAL INDIVIDUALS.

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[A series of original investigations, with new and unpublished experiments, by the French psychologist, M. ALFREDO BINET, upon the psychology of hysteria; including an examination of double consciousness, "automatic writing," and the various forms of anesthesia. (Nos. 100, 101, and 102.)]

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[A discourse, by GEORGE M. GOULD, M.D., of Philadelphia, upon the treatment of crime, criminal responsibility, medical jurisprudence, etc. (Nos. 100 and 101.)]

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THE EVOLUTION OF MORALS.*

BY FRANCES EMILY WHITE, M.D.

INTRODUCTION.

MAN has been characterized as "the animal untiring in the search for causes"; and this intellectual curiosity serving as a spur to investigation and therefore as an aid to progress, has doubtless done much towards securing to man his position as the supreme animal.

In slowly emerging from the state of animalhood into that of manhood, primeval man must have gradually come to recognize in himself volitions and motives for those volitions as *causes* of certain events within the sphere of his own activities; and reasoning from the less to the greater, he must early have drawn the inference that motives and volitions (similar in kind to his own) were also causes of the various phenomena occurring in the world of nature around him. Thus anger being associated in his own experience with bluster, and injury with retaliation, the lightning and the tempest came to be regarded as expressions of the fury of the gods—the earthquake and the pestilence as their modes of vengeance upon offending man. In short, the primitive philosophy was that known as anthropomorphism, a crude system of theology, whose numerous gods were merely very much exaggerated men.

Comte has said that every branch of knowledge has passed through three successive stages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive or scientific stage; and although this theory of intellectual progress has been condemned as failing in many particulars, it may nevertheless be admitted to have a certain general application. According to the theological philosophy, all things have been created by some supernatural being who is recognized not only as their source, but as their final cause—their *raison d'être*. Thus in the fetichistic theology, man is regarded as the sport and victim of numerous cruel and capricious gods; and in the Calvinistic system, it is taught that God not only created man for his own glory, but that the souls of men are saved or lost, as the case may be (and whatever this may mean), for the same glorious end.

According to the various metaphysical systems of

philosophy, a certain essence or immaterial principle exists in things (without, however, being actually a part of them), this mysterious something being the real cause of the phenomena manifested. Even the profound Kepler, after making a mathematical demonstration of the laws which he had discovered, offered as an explanation of one of them the theory, that a mind dwelt in each of the planets, directing its movements in such a way as to cause the *radius vector* to pass over equal areas in equal times. In still later days the phenomena of life have been referred to a "vital principle" resident in living matter, though forming no part of it. It was as a sarcasm on this kind of reasoning that Dean Swift ascribed the virtues of a "meat-jack" to an "inherent meat-roasting principle," and that Molière in his famous comedy, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, made the doctor impute the narcotic properties of opium to a native dormitive principle.

Theology has culminated in the merging of all the gods in one Supreme Being, such traits of character having been progressively attributed to him as have successively satisfied the growing refinement of the human ideal—the entire history of which is condensed into Comte's famous '*mot*,' that "man has created God in his own image." But as the standard of character has steadily risen with advancing civilization, men have found an ever increasing difficulty in reconciling the mixed events of providence with the just, benevolent, and paternal character ascribed to the overruling power. Hence the correlative conception of a devil, only slightly inferior in power to the Supreme Being, was inevitable and has long served a useful purpose in sharing the responsibility of a state of mundane affairs otherwise inconsistent with the divine character; and although this horn of the dilemma has rather fallen into disgrace in these latter days, the faithful still cling to it with a sort of logical instinct, feeling that a dilemma has no logical value when deprived of one of its horns.

As in theology all gods have been merged in One, so in metaphysics a like unification has been attempted and a voice has been heard crying in that wilderness proclaiming a new gospel of peace, according to which the various 'essences,' 'noumena,' and what-nots of every conceivable feather, not even excluding the

* A paper read before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1889.

ding-an-sich are reduced to a single immense negation—the Unknowable of Mr. Herbert Spencer—which is described as lying *perdue* behind all phenomena and although absolutely unknowable, nevertheless a reality (albeit a mysterious one) which underlies and is the fruitful source of all that is known.

As it is difficult to understand how true ideas of God can have emerged by a refinement of ever so great a number of false ones, so we are unable to see in Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the unknowable any real advance on the various metaphysical abstractions which have preceded this, the grandest abstraction of them all. The modern conception of God (at least in its purer phases) has ceased to be anthropomorphic; but the human mind being incapable of any radically different conception, the tendency is also towards a pure abstraction in the conception of God. The last stages in these two systems of thought (the theological and the purely metaphysical) thus approach each other; and the great Jehovah, who

“—moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;”

appears to be identical with the equally mysterious reality of Mr. Spencer—although when pressed on the point of attributing a moral character to the Unknowable, Mr. Spencer declined to answer.

Mr. Matthew Arnold thought perhaps to give a certain definiteness to the ever fading conception of God in his significant phrase—“The eternal power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness.” Now, evolution tends on the whole towards perfection and therefore “makes for righteousness”; but much importance is attached to the words, *not ourselves*, in Mr. Arnold's phrase; and evolution implies the coöperation of living organisms in the upward struggle. May then this power, not ourselves, be identified perchance with the environment which is recognized as playing the leading part in the drama of evolution?

It is scarcely probable that Mr. Arnold would have accepted such an interpretation of his phrase, since the idea of beneficence is involved in all conceptions of the power which makes for righteousness; and while the constant action of the environment upon the human race is such as to ensure progress and thus make for righteousness, no beneficence is displayed in nature; there is no recognition of individuals, no sympathy for suffering, no respect for persons, in her onward march which is accomplished by the inexorable extinction of the weak in a pitiless competition with those who are stronger or otherwise better fitted than themselves to survive. The so-called “cosmic theism,” which Prof. Fiske in this country has done much to popularize, fails to point out any power in nature, *other than ourselves*, that manifests either love or pity; and such a theism not only lacks a scientific basis but

is retrograde rather than progressive. As shown by Mr. Conway,* it embodies the bitter injustice of Calvinism, rather than the “sweet reasonableness” of Mr. Arnold.

But whether sweet or bitter, none of these theories have any genuine claim to scientific recognition; and the positive thinker rejects the doctrine of the Unknowable as not only undemonstrable but unthinkable. Neither can he accept the proposition of an eternal power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness, in the sense intended by Mr. Arnold, since such a doctrine conflicts with the facts of nature and life. Both must be repudiated along with the other theological dogmas which have flourished in the past or which still cling to a precarious existence among ourselves; for the positive philosophy is concerned with real things and with the framing of such hypotheses as offer logical explanations of observed facts. No thoughtful mind will, however, depreciate the innumerable beneficent influences which have emanated from the religious bodies representing the various theological ideas which have prevailed at different stages of the world's history—a rich legacy which we gratefully accept with respectful memories of the theoretical systems whose declining days cast backwards a melancholy light which softly blends with the dawning effulgence of a higher and purer philosophy.

The physical sciences have fully reached the positive stage of treatment. The “carpenter theory” of the universe has disappeared—even the creationists admitting a modified form of evolution; a “vital principle” is no longer offered as an explanation of the activities of living bodies; the *vis medicatrix natura* has quietly left the stage amicably hand in hand with the demon of disease, and the universal natural forces are recognized as prevailing in living bodies no less than in inorganic matter. An equal degree of progress has not, however, been made in all departments of thought, and although a science of morals has long existed in name, the subject of morals too seldom receives scientific treatment.

Comte has suggested that the point of departure of the individual and of the race being the same (a profound biological fact), the phases of development of individual minds correspond to the three epochs, already referred to, of the intellectual progress of the race, *viz.*: that we are theologians in childhood, metaphysicians in youth, and positivists or scientific thinkers in maturity. It is proposed in what follows to assume the position of maturity, according to Comte, and to examine the subject of morals from the positivist's point of view.

(To be concluded.)

* See “The New Cosmic Calvinism,” by Moncure D. Conway.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION.*

BY TH. RIBOT.

INTRODUCTORY.

WITHOUT attempting at present to define or to characterize attention, I shall take for granted that every one sufficiently understands what the term means. It is a matter of much greater difficulty to know at what point attention begins, and where it ends; for it embraces all degrees from the transient instant accorded to the buzzing of a fly, to the state of complete absorption. It will be conformable to the rule of a sound method only to study cases that are marked and typical; that is to say, those which present at least one of the following two characteristics: intensity and duration. When both these coincide, attention is at its maximum. Duration alone reaches the same result through accumulation: as, for instance, when one deciphers a word or a figure by the light of several electrical sparks. Intensity alone is equally efficacious: thus a woman will take in, in the twinkling of an eye, the complete toilet of a rival. The feeble forms of attention can teach us nothing: at all events, it is not from these that we must begin our study. Before we have yet traced the broad outlines of our work, it would be idle to note the more delicate aspects, and to waste time with subtle differences. The purpose of this series of essays is to establish and prove the following propositions:

There are two well-defined forms of attention: the one spontaneous, natural; the other voluntary, artificial. The former—neglected by most psychologists—is the true, primitive, and fundamental form of attention. The second—the only investigated by most psychologists—is but an imitation, a result of education, of training, and of impulsion. Precarious and vacillating in nature, it derives its whole being from spontaneous attention, and finds only in the latter a point of support. It is merely an apparatus formed by cultivation, and a product of civilization.

Attention, in these two forms, is not an indeterminate activity, a kind of "pure act" of spirit, acting by mysterious and undiscoverable means. Its mechanism is essentially *motory*, that is, it always acts upon the muscles, and through the muscles, mainly under the form of a cessation; and as epigraph of this study we might choose the words of Maudsley, that "the person who is unable to control his own muscles, is incapable of attention." Attention, under these two forms, is an exceptional, abnormal state, which cannot last a long time, for the reason that it is in contradiction to the basic condition of psychic life; namely, change. Attention is a state that is fixed. If it is prolonged beyond a reasonable time, particularly under unfavor-

able conditions, everybody knows from individual experience, that there results a constantly increasing cloudiness of the mind, finally a kind of intellectual vacuity, frequently accompanied by vertigo. These light, transient perturbations denote the radical antagonism of attention and the normal psychical life. The progress toward unity of consciousness, which is the very basis of attention, manifests itself still better in clearly morbid cases, which we shall study later under their chronic form, namely, the 'fixed idea,' and in their acute form, which is ecstasy.

Already from this point, without passing beyond generalities, we are able by the aid of this clearly marked characteristic—the tendency toward unity of consciousness—to reach a definition of attention. If we take any adult person, in good health, and of average intelligence, the ordinary mechanism of his mental life will consist in a perpetual coming and going of inward events, in a marching by of sensations, feelings, ideas, and images, which associate with, or repel, each other according to certain laws. Properly speaking, it is not, as frequently has been said, a chain, a series, but it is rather an irradiation in various directions, and through various strata; a mobile aggregate which is being incessantly formed, unformed, and re-formed. Every one knows that this mechanism has been carefully studied in our day, and that the theory of association forms one of the solidest acquisitions of modern psychology. Not, indeed, that everything has been done; for, in our opinion, the part sustained by the emotional states has not been sufficiently taken into account as the latent cause of a great number of associations. More than once it happens that an idea evokes another, not by virtue of a resemblance which would be common to them in their character as ideas, but because there is a common emotional fact which envelops* and unites them. There would thus remain the task of reducing the laws of association to physiological laws, and the psychological mechanism to the cerebral mechanism that supports it; but we are still very far from this ideal point.

The normal condition is plurality of states of consciousness, or—according to the expression employed by certain authors—polyideism. Attention is the momentary cessation, to the exclusive benefit of a single state, of this perpetual progression: it is a monoideism. But it is necessary, clearly to determine, in what sense we use this term. Is attention a reduction to a sole and single state of consciousness? No; for inward observation teaches us, that it is only a *relative* monoideism; that is, it supposes the existence of a master-idea, drawing to itself all that relates to it, and nothing else, allowing associations to produce themselves only within very narrow limits, and on

* Translation, by *γερν*, copyrighted under the title "The Psychology of Attention."

* See good instances in J. Sully: "Illusions," Chap. VII

condition that they converge toward a common point. It drains for its own use—at least in the proportion possible—the entire cerebral activity.

Do there really exist cases of *absolute* monoideism, in which consciousness is reduced to a sole and single state entirely occupying it, and in which the mechanism of association is totally arrested? In our opinion, this we meet in only a few, very rare cases of ecstasy, which we shall analyze later on; still it is for a fleeting instant only, because consciousness disappears when placed beyond the conditions that are rigorously necessary to its existence.

Attention (we here once more and for the last time recall the fact, that we shall only study the clearest cases) consists accordingly in the substitution of a relative unity of consciousness for the plurality of states, for the change which constitutes the rule. Yet this does not suffice to define attention. A very bad toothache, a nephritic colic, or intense enjoyment produce a momentary unity of consciousness, which we do not confuse with attention proper. Attention has an object; it is not a purely subjective modification: it is a cognition, an intellectual state. This is an additional characteristic to be noted.

This is not all. To distinguish it from certain states which approach it, and which will be studied in the course of our work (for example, fixed ideas), we must take account of the adaptation that always accompanies it, and which, as we shall attempt to establish, in a great measure constitutes its character. In what does this adaptation consist? For the present, let us limit ourselves to an entirely superficial view.

In cases of spontaneous attention, the whole body converges toward its object, the eyes, ears, and sometimes the arms; all motions are arrested. Our personality is captured, that is, all the tendencies of the individual, all his available energy aim at the same point. The physical and external adaptation is a sign of psychic and inward adaptation. Convergence is a reduction to unity substituting itself for that diffusion of movements and attitudes which characterizes the normal state.

In cases of voluntary attention adaptation is most frequently incomplete, intermittent, without solidity. The movements stop, yet to reappear from time to time. The organism converges, but in a languid, reluctant sort of way. Intermissions of physical adaptation are a sign of intermissions of mental adaptation. The personality has been captured only partially and at intermittent moments.

I must ask the reader to pardon the circumstance that these brief remarks are somewhat obscure and insufficient. Details and proofs will come later. It was merely a question of paving the way for a defi-

inition of attention which, I believe, I can present in the following form: "It is an intellectual monoideism, accompanied by spontaneous or artificial adaptation of the individual." Or, if we prefer another formula: "Attention consists in an intellectual state, exclusive or predominant, with spontaneous or artificial adaptation of the individual."

CONVICT LABOR.

BY WHEELBARROW.

I SEE by the papers that the Trade and Labor Assembly held a largely attended meeting on Sunday. Judging by a report of the proceedings, the members worked very hard at the wasteful industry of chopping sand. Convict labor was the subject of debate. This contemptible question is unworthy the dignity of a Trade and Labor Assembly. Until mechanics and laborers can rise to a grander theme than competition with convicts, and until they can conquer their fears of "over-production," they will accomplish nothing worthy to be done, either for themselves or others. By keeping down upon this lower plane, they proclaim themselves a lower caste dependent upon the charity of some, the extravagance of others, waste by everybody, and merciful acts of the legislature forbidding other people to work. They persist in limiting production, because they think that scarcity is beneficial to workingmen. It appears to me that this opinion is a serious mistake, and that the very opposite is true.

The speakers did not agree with each other on the question of convict labor. Mr. McLogan repeated the old opinion that convicts should not be allowed to work at mechanical trades, but should be confined to the "building of country roads." "This plan," he said, "would recommend itself to the rural districts." In a former article I showed the unfairness of this plan. I showed the injustice of giving convicts wheelbarrows and shovels, and setting them to work in competition with me. I showed that if convicts must be employed at useful work, they should be employed at that which is most profitable, and if they must compete with labor, they should compete with that labor which gets the highest wages, because that is most able to stand the competition. So long as knights of the wheelbarrow work upon the roads, they want convicts employed at some other kind of labor—watchmaking, for instance, or fancy needlework, anything that they don't have to do.

Mr. McLogan stated that the employment of convicts upon the public roads was the "English system." I doubt this. I think it is a mistake. I have traveled afoot over many of the country roads in England looking for a job, but I never saw any convicts working on them. Still, this is only negative evidence, and Mr. McLogan may have positive evidence the other way.

What of it? Is the scheme practical for us? If not, it must be admitted that the discussion of it is a tiresome chopping of sand. If what Mr. McLogan calls the "rural districts" are to be won over to the support of his plan, they must be persuaded that it is advantageous to them, and must be assured of an equal distribution of its profits. There are probably about 50,000 miles of public roads in Illinois, and about 5,000 convicts, although I hope there are not so many. This would give the "rural districts" one convict to each ten miles of road, making it necessary, therefore, to have less roads or more convicts. In 1862 the regiment that I belonged to was marching through Tennessee, and every night when we went into camp a lot of negroes had to be provided for, who had left the plantations to follow the flag of liberty. Our colonel distributed those negroes among the different companies as servants—so many to each mess. One evening he noticed a disturbance in the camp and inquired the cause of it. "Why," said a disputant, "our mess ain't got its full ration of nigger." The fatal objection to Mr. McLogan's plan is that it would be impossible to give each "rural district" its full ration of convicts.

Mr. George Schilling had another plan; he thought "that penitentiaries might be made self-supporting by turning them into farms, whose surplus produce could be used to feed the poor." The objections to this plan is that it might make an "over-production" of pork and potatoes, and place the convicts in competition with the farmers. Mr. Schilling, I am sure, will admit upon reflection, that he also was chopping sand. If there are in the Joliet penitentiary a thousand convicts, they ought to be able to cultivate a farm of 20,000 acres. Now, in order to keep them from running away, it will be necessary to chain them and handcuff them. This will somewhat impair their efficiency as farm hands, and the harvest home will show a very small quantity of "surplus produce" to be distributed among the poor.

Perhaps Mr. Schilling intends to have the farm walled in; if so, I am in favor of his plan. To put a high wall around 20,000 acres of land would make a good deal of "work" for brickmakers and masons. It would create employment for shovelers and hod-carriers, to both of which professions I have had the honor to belong. It would make a job for me, and this, according to a very popular philosophy, appears to be the chief business of laws and government, to give a job to *me*, and take it away from *him*.

Since writing the above criticism on the proceedings of the Trade and Labor Assembly, the justice of my position has been vindicated in a very instructive way. The city government of Washington, impressed by the wisdom of Mr. McLogan's plan, passed an or-

dinance to the effect that convicts must not compete with the aristocracy of mechanics, but must "work upon the roads." Thereupon the noble order of scavengers arose in their might, and threatened revolution. They would not allow unsavory criminals to come "between the wind and their nobility." The ordinance was repealed, and revolution averted.

I take this opportunity to explain my position on the important subject of "organized labor." I have been regarded by many able and useful organs of the workingmen as an opponent of Trades Unions, Knights of Labor, and labor associations generally. This is a mistake. I have said over and over again that in the present pressure of monopoly upon labor, it would be the very imbecility of resignation if workingmen should not organize themselves in Trades Unions for their own protection. I have merely criticized such of their laws and regulations as I thought were founded on error and injustice. I am not discouraged because the workingmen in their trades-unions disagree with me in their theory of social economics, if that is the correct phrase. It is not of much consequence, just now, whether workingmen in their associations are thinking right or wrong; the sublime encouragement is that they are beginning to think at all. They will think right in time.

That many of the doctrines now held by the trades-unions will be radically reversed by them, I have no doubt whatever. The unnatural dogma that every workingman is the "competitor" of every other workingman must go. It makes the death or illness of every wage-worker a benefit to all the rest, a doctrine which in its full development would make society a hideous thing to live in. In its place must come the nobler and the manlier principle that every worker is the helper and the friend of every other. The trades-unions will reverse the opinion that scarcity is a desirable thing, and substitute for it a belief in the blessings of abundance. They will see that not "over-production," but "under-production" means hunger to the poor man's child.

Once upon a time I worked on a railroad at a place called Longueuil, just opposite Montreal. I had to work from daylight until dark, and slept in a barn. I got a dollar a day, and the shoveling was hard, for the land round there was rocky and tough. One day, when my muscles were very tired, I tried to sneak up the plank with a light load, when the boss roared out, "Tom, fill up the 'barrow; you wouldn't put out a yard of dirt in a week." Thinking the whole matter over that night, I imbibed this industrial heresy, that in order to my happiness the laws of society should be framed, not so as to make more work for me, but less. It occurred to me also that in order to have more food, more clothing, more wages, and less work, I

ought to encourage the multiplication of all the comforts of life, and then seek by proper laws a fairer distribution of them, and in that heresy I expect to die.

LINES TO AN AMERICAN LAUREATE.*

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

"Think you Truth a farthing rusblight,
to be pinched out when you will?"
Anti-Apis, by J. R. LOWELL, 1851.

"O HAPPY days when men received
From sire to son what all believed—" †
We love the Past as well as you
But really, Master, is it true
That "nobody had any Views"
That he was anxious to diffuse,
"Insisting all the world should see
Camels and whales where none there be?"
Were there not always men more wise
Than other men, about the skies?
With often such a power to back them
That if the rest rebelled they'd whack them?
I think if you reflect you'll own a
Number of such, including Jonah,
All harping on the same old whale
Till people swore the cloud smelt stale
And plucked their courage up to scoff it
As very like a scheme of profit.
Now competition makes them dish
A varied choice of fresher fish
And sauces dosed with metaphysic
For every stage of dogma phthisic.

For heaven's sake don't "watch and wait
The last life-crushing coil of Fate"—
"Men feel old systems cracking under'em"?
Cheer up, and hang their old "conundrum
Which once Religion solved, but she
Has lost"—Ah, has she then?—"the key."
You ask,—can Science get around it?—
She doesn't say she can, confound it!
But while the parsons fume and splutter
She'll change the price of bread and butter.
She does it, and not only so
For petty lumps of hardened dough;
She'll break, and break with bloodless strife,
The corner in the Bread of Life!

It's true that "admirable Huxley
Cannot explain to me why ducks lay":
These gentlemen of science now
Give up the *wily* and seek the *hove*;
Missing that often, but agreed a
Baby has not been hatched since Leda;
Nor solve the mysteries of love
With hypothetic swan or dove.

"Who gets a hair's-breadth on by showing
That Something Else set all agoing?"—
Because old dames are sprung from others
Must men deny their own grandmothers?
Surely they'll call you indiscreet
For talking so, in Beacon street.
Your science is enough to shock
The seasoned nerves of Plymouth Rock.

Perhaps, indeed, you "might as well
Obey the meeting-house's bell
And listen while Old Hundred pours,"
But mind you don't mistake the doors:—
Here, where they stretch a point, you'd be all
Right, but next door you're damned to Sheol.
(You must have heard them lately dwell
Upon these ins and outs of hell.)

"If Heaven it reached not, yet its roll
Waked all the echoes of the soul,
And in it many a life found wings
To soar away from sordid things."
That wax-work boy we read about
Flew grandly till the sun came out;
But soaring leads to falls and bumps
That land us in the doleful dumps.
Truth's wings are short but every feather
Is guaranteed to stand the weather
And though it's natural we should mope
Analysis and telescope
May teach our children not to cry
Because the moon is hung so high.

It all depends on how we're taught
And ten to one if you'd been caught
Young, and well fed on solid facts
Instead of sermons, psalms, and tracts,
You'd not be "flattening your poor nose
In hope to see beyond your toes,"
But smiling through a different glass
Upon the boys and girls that pass
And breathing perfume from the roses
We'd blend with laurel for such noses.

When the veiled years shall bear the pall
That loving hands have spread o'er all
That now remains of childish hope
Beyond the pale horizon's slope,
Our hearts will turn to meet the sun
Like flowers when the dark is done.
Meanwhile in scientific way
I'll prove that you were wrong to say
That "nothing dances any more"
By dancing to this nursery score;—
Once on a time a little boy
Who might have been his mother's joy
Fell in a dump and pined away
Because he wouldn't go and play
But sat and sat and sat before
A tightly fastened closet door
Inside of which were pots in rows
All filled with jam—as some suppose.
He cried and cried and cried and cried
Till his tears gave out, and then he died;
All from the loss of appetite
For wholesome food—and served him right!

I must confess, that metaphor
About the wall without a door
Surrounding that "Great Mystery"
Produced a strange effect on me.
Your longing for "a pin-hole peep"
Made me feel something like the deep
And strong emotion that would work us
When, boys, we went to see the circus
And pitied those the scale of prices
Condemned to certain small devices.

* Copyright, 1887, by Louis Belrose, Jr.

† See poem by J. R. Lowell: *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1887.

You keep a key because, you say,
 It's possible that nature may
 "In her good-will to you and me
 Make door and lock to match the key."
 But though she's fond of making matches
 Her favorite line is not dead-latches
 And even this good-will, I take it,
 Is nothing more than what we make it.
 However, it won't hurt at all
 To plant a flower by your wall ;
 It's really not the place to mingle
 Wit with cacophonous jingle.

SONNET.

How many hearts since first with upturned eyes
 Our fathers sought the silent waste and kneeled
 Have burnt their offering in flames revealed
 To no man's sight, beneath unconscious skies !

Lost in the void, innumerable, they rise
 And err amid the dark of space, congealed
 With fumes from altar, stake, and battle-field
 That reeked with blood of human sacrifice.

O Heart, our earth is cold for waste of love !
 Without thy warmth there is no fire can heat
 The poor man's hearth—What need the Gods above ?—

Without thy warmth no raging blast is meet
 To fine our gold and cure the curse thereof,
 Without thy flame no torch for wandering feet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW TO ARRIVE AT LAND-VALUES.

To the Editor of THE OPEN COURT :—

I WILL try to make plain how I get at land-values and what my estimate of the farmer's taxes are for. In the cities there is beyond question a market price for vacant lots. In the country the unimproved lands have a price much varied by conditions, such as mountainous, swampy, wooded and accessibility, etc. We can have no difficulty with these classes of lands.

The only trouble we can possibly have, it seems to me, will be as to the price of improved farming-lands ; here we must distinguish the land-value from the value of the improvements upon some particular piece of land under consideration. Just at the present time, because the business of the country under our land-system does not make it necessary, we do not have the required distinction already worked out. In fixing our estimates for argument, we must do the best we can under the circumstances. In England, I suppose, the case is different. There the ground-rent is a valuation fixed upon the annual use of the land and is a fair equivalent of *economic rent*, and is about what we expect the rate of the single tax to be. A fair *ground rent* and a fair *single tax* being the *same*, one can be as easily and as justly determined as the other. Nor can I think of any reason why as just results may not be reached in America as in England when once we have had an equal experience.

Suppose we know the market-price of a farm. We can then estimate the value of the improvements. This we can get at in this way. What would the farm sell for if the barn burned off ? The value of the barn is revealed. So we may mentally annihilate the house, the fence, the orchards, until we reach a fair estimate of the naked land. You may say this is only guessing. It is no more guessing than the fixing of any other market-prices before an actual sale. It is good enough even as evidence to offer in a court of justice.

Very often a part of a farm containing no buildings is sold to

an adjoining farmer, or to one who wishes to put up buildings and have a small country-place. In these cases the improvements on the part sold are often of so small value as to be of no practical account. There seems to be no difficulty in fixing the value, which is practically a land-value and is a tolerably safe guide to the value of all similar lands in the same neighborhood. As ere in a foreclosure action, a few years ago, I sold about sixty acres of tilled land, part of an improved farm (containing the usual farm buildings, with no improvements, however, on the part sold, except an old rail fence) for \$45 per acre. Eight or ten years previously the same land in practically the same condition was sold for \$100 per acre. Here is a loss growing out of our capitalization of land-values that could not have occurred had the single tax been in operation. Individual losses are as much to be deplored as the taking by individuals of the "unearned increment." Indeed, it is more pitiable when a great loss falls upon an individual than when distributed over the community.

The \$150 estimated taxes on a \$15,000 farm in this county is the estimate of a tax-collector and was approved of as about right by some twenty-five to thirty farmers at a little meeting of farmers, that I had the pleasure of addressing on the subject of the single tax. It is intended to include in the sum state, county, town, and school-taxes. The road-tax in this part of the state is generally worked out by days' work and is not therefore included.

I see that the *Standard*, Henry George's paper, has published an article entitled "Land-Values in the United States." In looking over the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, ninth edition, I found that under the name of each county of England it gives the population and the annual land-value. A little calculation for the figures of the two, or three, counties that I had time to glance over I found that the annual land-value is from \$30 to \$35 per capita. This, as we capitalize land-values in this country, would be \$600 to \$700 per capita and corresponds very closely with the results reached in the *Standard* article above referred to.

If on further study it becomes evident that there is an almost constant relation between land-values and population, varied, no doubt, by soil, climate, social, and individual habits of the people, we will have an absolute demonstration of the hypothesis that land-values are determined by population ; or, in other words, that every one contributes to the value of land. The conclusion that that value, say \$600, which one's existence adds to the land ought to belong to that person, if to any individual, will be accepted without argument as indisputable. For it is inconceivable that any one should seriously maintain that a value that the life of Jones creates should, without consideration, become the property of Smith. If it can be shown that such ownership by Smith results in the practical slavery of Jones, enlightened humanity will hasten to dispossess Smith of his slave even if to do so it must dispossess him of his land-values, however acquired. Nor will such dispossession be an act of injustice to Smith ; it will be simply an act of justice to Jones. It is thus we regard the abolition of slavery.

If it is impracticable to put each one in possession of just his share of land-value, then we ought to see if it can be practically secured to his benefit in a public, or general, hand that will gather up all values thus created and expend them for the benefit of all. It by no means follows that because a distribution directly to each person is impracticable, even incomputable, because humanity in the creation of these values is as a living stream passing over the land, that indirectly and by regarding a great mass of humanity, a state or a nation, as a unit substantial justice may not be done to each and all. If it proves to be so attainable, ought we not to work earnestly to secure it ? Have we not already such promise and such hope that from henceforth we owe it to ourselves, to all, to give our best efforts to the study of this problem.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., 1889.

WILLIAM C. ALBRO.

THE SINGLE TAX AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE OPEN COURT :—

It is gratifying to the readers of THE OPEN COURT to learn that Wheelbarrow accepts Mr. Pentecost's advice to re-read "Progress and Poverty," as it is possible that he may thereby gain some information in regard to Mr. George's land-theory. He, in return invites Mr. Pentecost to a perusal of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and to Cervantes "Don Quixote." It is evident that he is himself familiar with the last-named book, as may be seen by his imitation of that doughty hero's celebrated battle with the windmills, which he mistook for giants. In a like manner, Wheelbarrow valiantly attacks something he doubtless deems Georgeism, and spurs his jaded hobby-horse, "Tom Clark's farm," into the thick of the fray, until, like its prototype, Rozinante, it is well nigh spent.

Wheelbarrow appears haunted by the idea that under the single tax, Tom Clark's farm would be taken away from him, and poor Tom thrown an outcast on the highway; or perhaps he fears the farm would be swept from under Tom's feet and the unhappy man left suspended in space where the land used to be.

It is strange that he cannot see that the single tax would leave Tom in absolute possession of his farm, and so long as the land about him was unappropriated, and free to whoever chose to use it, he would enjoy its possession free of all taxes whatever. When, however, the land all around him was in use, a village had sprung up and he was in the enjoyment of communal advantages, in consequence of the increased population, his farm would acquire a value distinct from his labor, and entirely due to the presence of the community. That value would be taxed into the common treasury, to be used for the benefit of Tom himself as well as his co-heirs in the goodly heritage of these United States, and the single tax would cover all governmental and public expenses in lieu of all other taxes.

It is hard to see how Tom is to be injured by this proposed substitution for manifold taxes of one tax, which is in fact no tax at all, but a rent paid to all for the use of a common property. Perhaps though, Tom does not care to partake of communal advantages, or to pay for the enjoyment of the same. Perhaps that was the cause of his aforesaid fleeing from the haunts of man and far from the madding crowd, and settling himself on such an undesirable section as can be bought nowadays for \$2.50 an acre. If this is the case, there is but one thing for Tom to do. As fast as population comes about him, he must sell out his improvements, and, like little Joe, "keep moving on." If such is his strange humor, he can easily keep ahead of civilization and the single tax.

But if, on the contrary, Tom has been driven to that lonely exile by the unjust monopolization of land nearer home, and would like, twenty years from now when population has gathered about his isolated farm, to revenge himself on society by pocketing the increased value its presence has given his land, it is quite true that Georgeism will "confiscate" his ability to do so on the very sound basis that two wrongs do not make one right.

Wheelbarrow does not like Mr. Pentecost's comparison of the present movement toward the emancipation of the industrial slaves of to-day and the emancipation of chattel slaves a quarter of a century ago, and says, "we commit a solecism when we compare a scheme of serfdom to that splendid achievement of liberty." He also says, "there is no likeness between a slave and a farm, nor between the emancipation of a slave and the confiscation of land."

Hold on, Wheelbarrow. In your next paragraph you confute yourself, and are guilty of a sentiment so allied to Georgeism, that it leads one to think that you are in reality a friend of the single tax, and are simply setting yourself up a willing target for Georgeites to launch arrows at, all for love of the cause.

You say, "I use the word serfdom with deliberation, because the ownership of land has ever been the political distinction between a

free man and a serf. The ownership of land is the sign and title of a free man, the inspiration of his patriotism. His very estate is called a free-holding or a freehold, and he himself is called a freeholder. Every tenure before the grade of a freehold is politically base, and I am informed that it is technically so in law."

So after all these weeks of controversy, you acknowledge the only point Georgeites contend for: that the private ownership of land involves the serfdom of all the landless ones, of those men who being obliged to pay toll to their fellowmen for permission to use the soil, occupy the grade you describe as "politically base" and as "technically so in law," whatever that last phrase may mean.

This great mass of landless serfs, you declare, have also no inspiration for their patriotism, since it is ownership of land which inspires that emotion.

It is worthy of remark, however, that it is not these politically free men and patriotic land-owners who do the fighting. Curiously enough, it is the "politically" and "technically base"; the unpatriotic masses in all countries who shed their life's blood on the battle fields, to preserve the land of their so-called country for the ownership and inspiration of a few other men.

But if the ownership of land does mark the distinction between freemen and serfs, as Mr. George has been teaching for the past ten years, what has Wheelbarrow to say to the making of all men free, by making all men land-owners—all equal shares in the common bounties of nature. There is no escape from the conclusion, a landless man is a serf. To deprive men of the right to the use of the earth is to make slaves of them in fact, whether they are called so in name or not to the men who own the land.

The single tax restores to the disinherited those rights on which their freedom depends, and it is the only way in which it can be restored, for as two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so though all have equal rights to all portions of the land of their country, only one can enjoy its possession, and the equal right of the others can only be maintained by the payment of the one who appropriates it of the greater value it possesses over lands unappropriated and fresh to use.

Wheelbarrow fought for the freedom of his black brother. Will he not join in this bloodless strife for the emancipation of the human family from the chains of tyranny and serfdom? or are his eyes so blinded by the dust of Tom Clark's farm that he cannot see God's universe beyond it?

TRICYCLE.

OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

To the Editor of THE OPEN COURT :—

IN the single-tax discussion in your paper lately much good space has, I think, been wasted in attacking and defending various persons, and in quibbling over words and phrases, so that the real question has been almost buried. It is not so important to know what Mr. George or any one else meant by certain phrases, as it is to know what is a just land system, and how we are to get it.

Your contributor touched the heart of the question when he wrote:

"No person other than the owner has any right to exact ground-rent for the use of land."

Is this true? Is it just that land should have an "owner"? No, and no again.

For, consider what it means to be an "owner" of land. "Ownership" of land to-day means the possession of certain privileges. If all these privileges are just, ownership of land is just.

What are these privileges? Broadly speaking, they are two. First, the privilege of peaceably occupying land for use. Second, the privilege of controlling land which the "owner" is not using.

The first is a right; the second is a wrong.

The first stands directly on Nature. Peaceable occupation of land, more or less exclusive according to the kind of use made, is fundamentally necessary, and therefore just.

The second is plainly needless, and necessarily interferes with the rights of others. It is therefore unjust and tyrannical.

Man is a tenant of the Earth, with a short lease. Land is to him the first necessity of life. As long as he lives, then, from his very nature and position, man has a right to use land. This right cannot be sold or leased, for it is as much his—after the bargain as before—he might as well bargain away his shadow, as his right to use land.

Contrast these simple, self-evident truths with the practice of to-day, upheld by law and custom. Our customs say that "A man may obtain, in any one of several ways, a privilege of land-control which does not die with him, but endures, forming the foundations for the rights of his heirs and assigns, to all generations. Having acquired it, he may use the land, or keep it idle, as he likes. He may sell or will this privilege to another, or only a part of it, imposing on all future buyers and users such conditions as he chooses. These they must obey under penalty of losing, not only the land-privilege, but also any improvements they may have put on it, for we still cherish the stupid maxim of our ancestors, "the land holds the buildings."

Or, he may lease it for what he can get for it, to some one who has failed to get one of these magical, everlasting privileges, and is, consequently, living in civilized society only by permission of some one who has one. What absurdities and injustices do these customs involve! A mortal acquiring immortal rights. A man of one generation dictating conditions to generations following. A human creature exacting rent from his equals, for the privilege of living in a civilized community. An aristocracy founded on transferable privileges. Private veto-power over other men's labor. No! These privileges cannot be just, for they ignore the nature of man and his necessary relations to the land. "Ownership" of land, like the Mahometan faith, rests on "an eternal truth and a necessary lie."* It is true that every man has a right to as much control over land as is needful for his use and enjoyment of it, and for the security of the fruits of his labor. It is not true that this right exists after his death or that he can by any possibility get possession of any other man's land-right, or lose his own, while he lives. The question is, how shall we get rid of the unjust privileges, without letting go the rights?

Bearing in mind the principle that every governmental reform should be, on the whole, an *abolition*,—tending toward simplicity, and leaving individuals freer from coercion than before, the most obvious remedies would seem to be these:

In the case of unimproved land, to refuse governmental assistance to the holders of paper titles against would-be settlers, meanwhile protecting such settlers from the interference of the owner or his agents, as much as from any other interference.

Similarly, in the case of improved lands, to refuse governmental assistance to the holders of paper-titles against the owners of the improvements on the land.

To refuse to record warranty deeds, or to enforce the provisions peculiar to them.

To refuse to enforce any *conditions* in deeds, old or new.

In general to assume that occupancy and use give the best title, and to refuse to consider any suits at law for the purchase-money or rent of land, apart from, or over and above, the value of the improvements on it.

These measures, although direct, and embodying essential elements of the proposed reform, would probably fail to stop trading in land, because they do not recognize, any more than our present laws do, the peculiar nature of ground-rent, which, how-

ever much its growth may be said to be forced by our unnatural conditions, seems to have its own laws, based in the nature of man and of the world.

Whenever a civilized community is growing, land-rent is growing, not always perceptibly, often hidden by the fluctuations of false or speculative rent and purchase-price, but growing, all the same.

As the gross amount of land of all kinds within a certain distance of that community is limited in quantity, simple growth in numbers, other things being equal, will cause no-rent land within that circle to become rent-bearing, and will cause the rent-bearing land to increase in value, whether in use or not. And everything which makes residence in that community more desirable will increase the rental value of land in and around it. Now, every man has not only a right to use land, but also an equal right with every other man, and to allow some men to use valuable land while others must be content with cheap land, is a denial of their equality of rights. The natural way to recognize this equality, in practice, is for the former, in some way, to pay to the latter the difference in rent, or, what amounts to the same thing, as long as we have public expenses, for all who use or control rent-bearing land to pay rent, depending upon the value of the said land, into the common fund, for public uses.

This is the single-tax—an unfortunate name, by the way, for, as "Wheelbarrow" says, it is not a tax at all, but rent. But such it is, whatever name we give it, and whatever its other virtues or conveniences, its chief merit is, that it will do away with "ownership" of land, in the present comprehensive sense of that word. That is, without taking anything from security of tenure for use, and without making the land a bit less useful, it will take away the value of the perpetual privileges we buy and sell, and will practically enforce equality of land-rights, making the aforesaid direct measures nearly or quite superfluous.

Curiously enough, however, your correspondent holds that while government has a right to collect taxes, it has no right to collect land-rent. But the fact is, that it has a superior right, because the rental value of land is made by the presence and the labors of all, and it is quite impossible to say in what proportions the various individuals have helped to that result.

Income-taxes, improvement-taxes, tariff-taxes, have no such basis in justice. They rest chiefly on convenience, and are unjust in principle; the first two, because they fail to discriminate between incomes and property earned by the individual, and incomes and property taken as monopoly gains, or tribute, and the third, because they deny freedom of production (of which exchange is a part), and tax people, largely, in proportion to their necessities.

THEODORE P. PERKINS.

LYNN, MASS.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.*

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

Ilse went towards the village with her father; there she ascended to the churchyard.

"I shall remain in the neighborhood," said he. "When the Prince leaves you, call me."

She stood by the side of the wall, looking at the grave of her dear mother and at the spot where the old Pastor reposed with his wife. The branches of the trees which she had planted here hung over her head. She remembered how fond her old friend had been of dilating on the fact that everything was just the

* Gibbon: "Decline and Fall."

* Translation copyrighted.

same in the great world as in his village, the nature and passions of men were everywhere alike, and that one might make the same experience in their little valley as amidst the tumult of the Court.

"Here my father is master," she thought, "and the people are accustomed to obey us, his children, and to regard us as we do our rulers. And their children, too, might experience what others have had to experience, were their master an evil-minded man. Yet they may ask for justice at any moment and find protection.

"How will he, the proud man, bear that his wife should not find justice or protection from the injury which has been done to both her and him? We ought to do good to those who injure us. If the wicked Sovereign should now come to me sick and helpless, ought I to receive him in my house? and ought I to place myself by his couch, when such a mark of kindness might expose me to fresh insult? I have worn a white mantle; the stain which he has cast upon it, I see every hour, and no tears wash it away. He has taken from me my pure robe; shall I also at his bidding give him my gown? O high and honorable precept, taught me by my departed friend, I tremble to obey. It is a struggle between duties, and the thought of my Felix says to me, 'No.'

"I have done with the young Prince too, however innocent he may be. I know that he once sought encouragement from the simple woman with all the warmth of his heart, and my vanity has often told me that I have been a good friend to him in his high yet lonely life. Fearfully have I atoned for this vain pride. He also from henceforth must be a stranger to me. What can he still wish from me? I imagine that he thinks exactly as I do, and only wishes to take leave of me for ever. Well, I am prepared for it."

The Hereditary Prince came along the footpath from the village. Ilse remained standing by the wall of the churchyard, and bowed calmly to his greeting.

"I have made known at the capital my wish to travel," began the Prince; "I hope my request will be granted. And I have therefore come to say farewell to you."

"What you now say," answered Ilse, "shows that I have rightly judged your Highness."

"I had little opportunity of speaking to you in the city," said the Prince, shyly; "it would grieve me if you should deem me capable of ingratitude or of cold-heartedness."

"I know the reasons that kept your Highness away," replied Ilse, looking down; "and I am thankful for your good intentions."

"To-day I wish to tell you, and at the same time your husband," continued the Prince, "that I shall endeavor to make what I have learnt with you useful

for my future life. I know that this is the only way in which I can thank you. If you should ever hear that my people are contented with me, you may feel, gracious lady, that I have to thank, above all, you and yours for the strengthening of my sense of duty, for an impartial judgment of the worth of men, and for a higher standard of the duties of one who has to guard the welfare of many. I shall endeavor to show myself not quite unworthy of the sympathy you have accorded me. If you learn from others that it has benefited me, think kindly of me."

Ilse looked at his excited countenance; there was the gentle, honest expression which she had so often watched with anxious sympathy; she saw how deeply he felt that something had interposed between him and her, and how thoughtfully he endeavored to spare her. But she did not fathom the deep and powerful grief of the young man, the poetry of whose youthful life a father had destroyed. She did not guess that the punishment which could not reach the father had fallen upon the innocent soul of the son. The injury that the father had inflicted had clouded the happiest feeling of his young life—his warm friendship for the woman to whom he clung with enthusiastic admiration. But the kind-hearted Ilse understood the full worth of him who now stood before her, and her cautious reserve disappeared; with her old frankness, she said to him: "One must not be unjust to the innocent, nor be untrue to those whose confidence one has had, as I have yours. What I now wish for your Highness is a friend. I have seen that this is what your life needs, and I have observed, too, how difficult it is to avoid forming a low estimate of men when one's sole companions are servants."

These kind words of Ilse broke down the composure which the Prince had been struggling to maintain. "A friend for me?" he asked, bitterly. "Fate early disciplined me; I am not permitted to seek for or enjoy friendship; poison has been poured over the love that I felt. Forgive me," he suddenly said; "I am so accustomed to complain to, and seek comfort from you, that I cannot help speaking of myself, although I know that I have lost the right to do so."

"Poor Prince," exclaimed Ilse, "how can you look after the welfare of others, if your own life is void of light? The happiness which I desire for your Highness's future life is domestic love, a wife that understands you, and would become the friend of your soul."

The Prince turned aside to conceal the pain that this speech occasioned him. Ilse looked at him sorrowfully; she was once more his good counsellor as before.

A beggar-woman crept round the wall of the churchyard.

"May I beg of you to day?" began a hoarse voice, at Ilse's back. "When it is not the father, it is the son."

Ilse turned round; again she saw the hollow eyes of the gipsy, and cried out, dismayed, "Away from here."

"The lady can no longer drive me away," said the gipsy, cowering down, "for I am very weary, and my strength is at an end."

One could see that she spoke the truth.

"The troopers have hunted me from one boundary to another. If others have no compassion on me, the lady from the rock should not be so hard-hearted, for there is old fellowship between the beggar and her. I also once had intercourse with noble people, I have abandoned them, and yet my dreams ever hover over their golden palaces. Whoever has drunk of the magic cup will not lose the remembrance of it. It has again and again driven me into this country, I have led my people here—and they now lie in prison, the victims of the old memories that pursued me."

"Who is this woman?" asked the Prince.

The beggar raised her hands on high.

"In these arms I have held the Hereditary Prince when he was a child and knew nothing; I have sat with him on velvet in his mother's room. Now I lie in the churchyard on the high road, and the hands that I stretch out to him remain empty."

"It is the gipsy woman," said the Prince in a low tone, and turned away.

The beggar-woman looked at him scornfully, and said to Ilse:

"They trifle with us, and ruin us, but they hate the remembrance of old times and of their guilt. Be warned young woman, I know the secrets of this noble family, and I can tell you what they have tried to do to you, and what they have done to another who flourished before you on yonder height, and whom they placed, as they did you, in the gilded prison, over whose portal the black angel hovers."

Ilse stood bending over the beggar woman, the Prince approached her.

"Do not listen to the woman," he exclaimed.

"Speak on," said Ilse, with a faint voice.

"She was young and finely formed like you, and like you she was brought to that prison, and when the mother of this man removed me from her service because I pleased the Sovereign, I was appointed to serve the stranger. One morning I was made to ask for leave of absence from the imprisoned lady, because she was to be alone."

"I entreat of you not to listen to her," implored the Prince.

"I listen," said Ilse, again bending down over the old woman, "speak low."

"When I came back the next morning I found a maniac in the house instead of the fair-haired lady, and I escaped from the place in terror. Do you wish to know through which door madness made its way to that woman?" she continued in a low murmur. Ilse put her ear to her mouth, but sprang suddenly back and uttered a piercing shriek, hiding her face with her hands. The Prince leaned against the wall and wrung his hands.

A loud call sounded from the carriage-road, and a man hastily approached; he held out a letter while still at a distance.

"Gabriel!" exclaimed Ilse, hastening towards him. She tore the letter from him, read it, and supported herself convulsively against one of the stones of the churchyard. The Prince sprang forward, but she held out the letter as if to stop him and exclaimed:

"The Sovereign is coming."

The Prince looked terrified at Gabriel.

"He is hardly a mile from here," announced the exhausted servant. "I overtook the princely carriage, and succeeded in getting ahead of it. The horses are struggling along the unfinished road, but the bridge between this and Rossau is now scarcely fit for horsemen or carriages; I was obliged to leave my horse behind; I do not believe they will be able to cross it, except on foot."

Without saying a word the Prince hastened down the road to Rossau. Ilse flew with her letter in her hand up the rock to her father, who came with Mr. von Weidegg to meet her.

"Go and pay your respects to your master," she called out wildly, to the Chamberlain. "My Felix comes!" she called to her father, and sank upon his breast.

People were collected near the temporary bridge between Rossau and Bielstein. Gabriel also hastened back to the water; he had met Mr. Hummel there, who was passing up and down along the bank looking across the stream.

"The world is wretchedly small," exclaimed Mr. Hummel, to his confidant, "people always meet again. One who has been galloping, like you, should take care of himself; you are exhausted, and look greatly changed. Sit down on this log and rest yourself like a sensible man."

He pushed Gabriel down, buttoned his coat, and patted him on the cheek with his large hand.

"You must be in great need of refreshment, but the best we have here is a water-perch, and I do not like to treat you like a despicable New Zealander, who in the booths at a fair consumes five cents-worth of raw whittings. Take the last restorative of a Parisian traveler."

He forced him to take a piece of chocolate.

A few steps from them, at the bridge, stood the Prince with folded arms, looking at the water, which on the side of Rossau had spread itself over the meadows and low fields about the town. Rapidly did the expanse of water increase; on the nearest part of the new road, which had not yet been paved, puddles of water gleamed between the heaps of sand and the wheelbarrows of the workmen; the road projected like a dark strip out of the muddy flood. A few individuals were coming from Rossau; they waded through the thick mud of the road and supported themselves timidly by the smooth poles which supplied the place of the bridge-rails. For the water rushed violently against the beams instead of flowing deep under the arches, and the spectators on the Bielstein side called aloud to them to make haste. The Chamberlain hastened down to his silent master and looked anxiously in his face. He was followed by the Proprietor.

"If I could do as I wished, I would break these tottering planks with my own hands," he said, indignantly, to Mr. Hummel.

"The carriages are coming," called the people. The Sovereign's carriage with four horses drove at a rapid trot through the gate of Rossau. Beside the Sovereign sat the Lord High Steward. The former had during the wearisome journey been in a state of gloomy stupor; an occasional wild word, and a look of intense hatred, was all his intercourse with his companion.

The courtier had in vain endeavored to draw the Sovereign into quiet conversation. Even the consideration of the two servants sitting at the back of the open carriage could not restrain the Sovereign's mood. Exhausted by the secret strain of this journey the old gentleman sat, the attendant by his invalid, and his sharp eye watched every movement of his companion. When they drove out of the town into the open country, the Sovereign began, musingly:

"Did you recognize the horseman that overtook us in such haste?"

"He was a stranger to me," said the High Steward.

"He conveyed information of our arrival; they are prepared to receive us."

"Then he has done your Highness a service, for they would hardly have had any anticipation at the hunting-lodge of your Highness's important resolution."

"We are not yet at the end of our drama, Lord High Steward," said the Sovereign, tauntingly; "the art of foreseeing the future is lost. Even your Excellency does not understand that."

"I have always been satisfied with observing cautiously what surrounds me in the present, and I have thereby sometimes guarded myself from being disagreeably surprised by the future. If by any accident

I should myself be prevented from carrying out my rôle in the drama of which your Highness speaks, I have taken care that others shall act my part."

The Sovereign threw himself back in his seat. The carriage went on through the mire, the horses floundered, and the coachman looked back doubtfully.

"Forward!" called out the Sovereign, in a sharp voice.

The Hereditary Prince awaits your Highness at the bridge on foot," said the High Steward.

They went on at a good pace, the coachman with difficulty restraining his horses, who were frightened at the glittering expanse of water and the roar of the flood.

"Forward!" again commanded the Sovereign.

"Permit the coachman to stop, your Highness; the carriage cannot go further without danger."

"Do you fear danger, old man?" exclaimed the Sovereign, his face distorted with hatred. "Here we are both in the water—the same fate for us both, Lord High Steward. He is a bad servant who abandons his master."

"But I wish to restrain your Highness also," replied the High Steward.

"Forward!" cried the Sovereign again.

The coachman stopped.

"It is impossible, most gracious master," he said; "we can no longer go over the bridge."

The Sovereign jumped up in the carriage, and raised his stick against the coachman. The man, frightened, whipped his horses; they reared and sprang off to one side.

"Stop!" cried the High Steward.

The frightened lackeys readily jumped down, and held the horses. The High Steward opened the carriage door, and scrambled out.

"I beseech your Highness to alight."

The Sovereign sprang out, and, casting a look of vindictive hatred at him, hastened forward on foot. He stepped on the bridge, and the flood roared around him.

"Stay back, father," entreated the Hereditary Prince.

The father laughed, and advanced over the tottering planks; he had passed over the middle of the bridge and the deepest part of the stream; only a few steps more and his foot would touch the shore of Bielstein. At that moment there rose up near the bridge a bent figure, that cried out wildly to him:

"Welcome to our country, Gracious Lord; mercy for the poor beggar-woman. I bring you greeting from the fair-haired lady of the rock."

"Away with the crazy creature," exclaimed the Chamberlain.

(To be continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

A DEFENSE OF JUDAISM VERSUS PROSELYTIZING CHRISTIANITY.

Isaac M. Wise. Cincinnati and Chicago: *The American Israelite*. Price, 75 cents.

THE SAME. Seventieth Birthday Souvenir from the Author, with Portrait.

The little work of Dr. Wise is put forth in answer to the question, why the Israelite cannot embrace Christianity. In substance Dr. Wise's position is as follows. Judaism is the religion of intelligence. Judaism denationalized is universal religion, for it is in full accord with what reason dictates and conscience directs. The Israelite, in judging those not within the pale of Judaism, does not discover a sinner in every human being, nor does he see the gates of hell ajar for all who do not believe as he believes. The man who lives up to the dictates of his conscience and to the best of his knowledge, of whatever creed he be, is no sinner; "all good men will inherit their share in eternal life and bliss;" there is therefore, in the eyes of the Israelites, no necessity for proselytizing. The proselytizing mania, in fact, has ever been accompanied by misery and inhumanity; it has shown itself to be the opposite of true religion; it has shown itself to be in contradiction to the highest principles of conscience, right conduct, love, morality, and justice. The covenant of the Israelites with God was made "for us and our children forever"; it was everlasting, "everlasting like the hills and the mountains"; "by the will of God and the testimony of the Sacred Scriptures every Israelite and his descendants are obligated and sworn to remain faithful to their colors," and, therefore, "any one who steps outside of the family of Israel is a deserter, a renegade, who perjures his ancestor and rebels against the will of God." The Orthodox Christian, by his belief in Scripture, is bound to admit this conclusion, and consequently when he "saves a soul" by conversion, *ex hypothesi* he sends one to perdition. "We have then a right to maintain," says Dr. Wise, "that the proselytizing mania is no longer, or in fact never was, under the control of rational argument or the dicta of conscience." Dr. Wise then states that the Jew cannot accept Christological dogmas "because he knows that the story upon which these dogmas are based is not true and cannot be true as told by their accredited authors and understood by their dogmatic expounders." Thence he proceeds to develop that thesis; rejecting the evangelical story from historical motives; showing that the testimony of the miracles is inadmissible; maintaining that salvation is promised to all men who do not wilfully destroy the divine in human nature, and that "mundane happiness" depends on morality and reason and not on Christology. Dr. Wise, examining, in full, Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, the Psalms, and Zachariah, finds no Christology in the Bible. Christology, in fine, the author asserts, can never become the religion of all mankind.

AGNOSTICISM AND CHRISTIAN THEISM: Which is More Reasonable? 24 pp. Price, 10 cents. *Charles Watts*.

THE SUPERSTITION OF THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY: A Plea for Liberty and Justice. 26 pp. Price, 10 cents. *Charles Watts*.

THE GLORY OF UNBELIEF. 24 pp. Price, 10 cents. *Charles Watts*. Toronto: *Secular Thought Office*.

In the first of these three pamphlets Mr. Watts concludes for the reasonableness of Agnosticism. The discussion embraces (1) What is Agnosticism? (2) Its relation to the Universe and Christian Theism; (3) Is it sufficient to satisfy man's intellectual requirements?

In "The Superstition of the Christian Sunday," Mr. Watts inquires into the origin of the Sabbath, discusses Sunday as an institution, points out the inconsistency of Sabbatarian practice, contrasts Sabbatarianism and morality, and closes with a plea for a free Sunday and a day of rest.

The "Glory of Unbelief" is an eloquent review of the important rôle that Skepticism has played in history and the development of thought.

In the *Art Amateur* for August "Montezuma" in the Note Book gives a very lively account of the American Exhibition at the Paris Exposition. If any one wishes a striking specimen of impartial criticism (if that means a cut now on this side and now on that, as the monkey divided the cheese between the two cats, leaving the expectant reader as much without an opinion as said cats were without cheese) he may be delighted with the remarks on the noted portrait painter John L. Sargent.

The critic speaks in one place of the elegant portrait of Madame W. "as she stands full of grace against the warm gray background," and next of two other portraits "neither of which," he says, "can be gratifying to the friends of the sitters." Another portrait "is painted with much distinction," while of a picture of a Mad. K. it is severely said, "The loudness of the color is in keeping with the vulgarity of the pose, and in fact of the whole picture, the lady is holding up her train clutching it with both hands as if in celebration of washing-day." Either Mr. Sargent is a very unequal artist or his critic changes his moods very quickly. The reader may come to the conclusion that he had better not make up his mind about Mr. Sargent in a hurry, and so the artist may get more justice than he would from a more flattering notice. Theo. Child says good things of the English pictures and French sculpture, but what will please us most is "On the whole, the exhibit of the United States is very remarkable and as satisfactory as could be expected." How much this remark means we should like to be told. The illustrated article on pen-drawing is very interesting. A full account is given of the sale of the Secretan pictures which has attracted so much attention chiefly on account of Millet's "Angelus." The results of the sale were over a million dollars. Since this notice was written the newspapers inform us that the "Angelus" will come to America after all. This would seem hardly right if we did not recall that Millet was recognized in this country as soon as, or sooner than in his own.

The other articles are mostly technical, valuable to the amateur worker rather than to the general public. E. D. C.

Die heutige Nationalökonomie in England und America (The Present State of Political Economy in England and America), by Gustav Cohn (Leipzig: Duncker & Humboldt, publisher), is a bright sketch of what England and America are doing in political science.

An interesting illustration of ecclesiastical evolution is contained in the recently published pamphlet of William James Potter, entitled "The First Congregational Society in New Bedford, Massachusetts." The exposition of Mr. Potter is historical and formed the subject of three long discourses prepared to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the present church of the Society, of which Mr. Potter is now the pastor. The pamphlet is 151 pages in length; valuable documents and letters are published in the appendices.

"Germanic English: A Scheme for Uniting the English and German languages on Saxon and English bases in such a way as to obtain a language understood by the whole Germanic Race almost at first sight and one that can most easily be learned by Russians, Indians, Chinese, Japanese, and the African tribes for commercial and missionary purposes on account of being built on a concentrated homogenous base, and on account of furnishing a key to all the higher derived and compounded words; A language scheme requiring the least preliminary study to understand,"—is the self-explanatory title of a pamphlet of 64 pages, by Elias Molee, Proprietor and Editor of the Bristol News, Bristol, Day Co., Dak. No philological comment is necessary.

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