

other's vote. Then after each old party ticket; and both republican and democrat will often vote the same reform ticket, and thus a new party will soon come into power to displace a party of dead issues. If each voter could vote some reform ticket, and at the same time vote his old party ticket also, perhaps a majority of them would do it.  
NEWTON B. SANDY.  
Mannington, W. Va.

#### Be Sure You're Right

Editor Independent: You make the claim that, inasmuch, as the railroads are private property the government has no right to do any regulating.

I infer it is a fact that a great many, if not all, city ordinances are of a regulating nature, some of them, even, invading the homes of many citizens, for instance, in case of contagious diseases, or in ferreting out crime.

It is also a fact that there is not a railroad, a street car, telephone or telegraph line, or other public utility put in operation without the sanction and aid of government, be it town, county, state or general government. That is, the respective government gives the charter or franchise, and with it the use, exclusively or in part of public streets, or country highways, as the case may be. The government also aids the projectors of any public utility, in getting the right of way, by compelling any unwilling individual to part with any needed land, causing in some instances inconveniences, yes, even hardships. And why all this? A few words explain it all—the public good demands it. Whether this is true in all cases, I need not discuss; the stubborn fact remains, viz., wherever and whenever private or personal interest or good—and public interest or good conflicts—the former must give way.

Now, a good and just government, I take it, is supposed to protect, without partiality, the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, of all law-abiding citizens. Is that being done now? No honest man, I think, will make such a ridiculous statement. Will you insist, I pray you, that the government can not, in any manner, regulate the child of its own creation, though it may ever so much abuse its granted privileges? Must the government stand idly and helplessly by, while thousands upon thousands of our citizens are annually crippled or slain and as many more are slowly but surely brought to the verge of poverty, yes, even starvation, by the comparatively few greedy and wreckless stock-jobbing and stock-watering scheming promoters, while these rapidly accumulate princely fortunes? "By the Eternal," no, no!

Alas, it is not that the government needs to get the right to do the necessary regulating, it needs, badly needs, many, very many, public spirited men in our legislatures, our congress, our courts and executive chairs, where now such men are almost as scarce as hen's teeth. The people, largely at least if not altogether, are to blame for not putting them there.

Often I have heard and read the remarks, almost exclusively from populists, we care little or nothing for persons or the offices, principle is everything. Indeed, we need and must have the offices, not of course for the income, connected with them, but to get our correct principles enacted into law. Can a candidate, closely connected with the banking interest, be expected to work for the interest of the people in financial affairs? Or, can a railroad attorney be expected to work for the interest of the people in railroad affairs? Let us then, fellow populists, as we go plodding along towards the desired goal, though ever so slowly, yet surely, not forget, that while we keep on agitating and discussing, eternal

vigilance is the price of liberty. Let us also exercise all possible patience and forbearance toward those, that do not, as yet, travel with us. FRANCIS. Scribner, Neb.

#### Justice Marches On

Single taxers have good reason to congratulate each other over the recent information regarding the onward movement, as announced through various newspapers. Steps in the direction of absolute single tax legislation have recently been taken by the London county council; the Glasgow council, recently elected, contains twenty out of the twenty-six who are firm advocates of the taxation of land values; and the city of Bradford has adopted a resolution to the same effect.

In our own country we have most encouraging reports from the Fairhope, Ala., colony, and the newspapers of all kinds are now, more than ever before, disposed to present open columns for the discussion of the question.

The fact is that the single tax is the only way out of the woods for every monopoly-ridden nation—especially the United States. It aims at the root of fundamental evil, and shows the fallacy of trying to correct industrial evils either by war, by prayers, or by the dream of socialism. The foundation of our industrial evils is cold-blooded, iniquitous, grinding, cruel, crushing, relentless monopoly. That's the fiend now sapping the foundations of this government and paving the way for ultimate anarchy. The only remedy is the single tax—and it is coming.  
RALPH HOYT.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

#### The Inaugural Address

"We have become a great nation," said President Roosevelt in his inaugural address. Undoubtedly we have. "Toward all nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship." Undoubtedly it must.

"But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count more when shown not by the weak but by the strong." Undoubtedly they do.

"While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves." Undoubtedly we must.

"We wish peace, but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness." Undoubtedly we do.

"We wish it because we think it is right, and not because we are afraid." Undoubtedly we do.

"No strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression." Undoubtedly it should not.

But why this insistence on military force? What "strong power" is going to "single out" the "great nation" as "a subject for insolent aggression?"

What particular country is threatening us?

What power is disposed to deny us "the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness?"

What government is likely to assume that our "justice and generosity" are inspired by weakness rather than by strength?

Is there no national strength except that of standing armies and battle-ships? Then Russian, with the greatest of all standing armies, has the greatest national strength. Then all the other nations of the earth are grovelling at the feet of Great Britain, with her commanding sea power.

Even in the solemnly impressive ceremony of the inauguration Mr. Roosevelt can not forget the big stick which leans affectionately against the platform on which the oath of office is administered.

Yet how trivial are all our dangers from abroad in comparison with our dangers at home! How trifling is our foreign peril in comparison with our domestic peril! How little do all the battleships of three empires count against us in comparison with the bribery of public servants and the private looting of the public's heritage! What menace is there in all the legions of Europe in comparison with the menace of corporation control of American political institutions? What peril is to be found in the military resources of all Europe which compares with that system of organized greed and cunning which, in the language of Justice David J. Brewer of the United States supreme court, is lifting "the corporation into a position of constant danger and menace to republican institutions?"

Will Mr. Roosevelt never perceive that in trying to emphasize military greatness he is diverting the attention of the American people from the supreme danger? From the supreme menace? From the gravest influence that threatens to swerve the republic from its destiny?—New York World.

## A Dollar's Worth Free To Any Rheumatic Sufferer

I ask no deposit—no reference—no security. There is nothing to risk—nothing to promise—nothing to pay, either now or later. Any Rheumatic sufferer, who does not know any remedy may have a full dollar's worth free to try.

I willingly make this liberal offer because I know that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy may be relied upon ALWAYS to bring the utmost relief that medicine can. Years before I discovered this remedy, I studied the nature of Rheumatism. For Rheumatism is really,

#### Crystallized Poison!

Your blood is always full of poison—the poison you eat and drink and breathe into your system. It is the purpose of the blood to absorb and carry off this very poison. And the kidneys, which are the blood filters, are expected to cleanse the blood and send it back through the system clean, to gather more poison which, they, in turn will eliminate.

But sometimes the kidneys fail. And sometimes, from some other cause, the blood gets so full of poison that they cannot absorb it all. This is the start of Rheumatism. The poison accumulates and crystallizes. The crystals look like little grains of sugar or of fine white sand. The blood carries them and they increase in size. Then, when it can carry them no longer, it deposits them in a joint—on a bone—anywhere.

The twinge in your leg—the dull ache in your arm on a rainy day are the outward signs of the unseen crystals. And the twisted limbs and unspeakable anguish of the sufferer who has allowed his symptoms to go unheeded and unattended for years—these are the evidences of what Rheumatism, neglected, can do.

Rheumatism includes lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, gout—for all these are the results of rheumatic poison in the blood.

Plainly, the first thing to do is to remove the poison. But this is not enough. The FORMATION of the poison must be stopped, so that nature may have a chance to dissolve and eliminate the crystals which have already formed. Unless this is done there can be no cure—no permanent relief.

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism—something that I or any physician could feel safe in prescribing—something that we could count on not only occasionally, but ALWAYS. For the ravages of Rheumatism are everywhere and genuine relief is rare.

Mild cases are sometimes cured by a single bottle.—On sale at forty thousand drug stores.

## Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

#### A Subterranean City

The town of Epernay, France, is a vast subterranean city, the streets for miles and miles being hewed out of the solid chalk, flanked with piles of champagne of all blends and qualities. There is no light in this labyrinth of streets, crossings and trunings, except that which the sputtering candles afford. All is dark and damp, with the thermometer down about zero. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay possess underground cellars which cover no less than forty-five acres and contain 5,000,000 bottles of wine.—Kansas City Journal.

#### Maxim Gorky

Few writers have established their reputation so rapidly as Maxim Gorky. His first sketches (1892-95) were published in an obscure provincial paper of the Caucasus and were totally unknown to the literary world, but when a short tale of his appeared in a widely read review, edited by Korolenko, it at once attracted general attention. The beauty of its form, its artistic finish and the new note of strength and courage which rang through it brought the young writer immediately into prominence. It became known that Maxim Gorky was the pen name of quite a young man, A. Pyeshkoff, who was born in 1868 in Nizhni Novgorod, a large town on the Volga; that his father was a merchant or an artisan, his mother a remarkable peasant woman, who died soon after the birth of her son, and that the boy, orphaned when only 9, was brought up in a family of his father's relatives.

The childhood of Gorky must have been anything but happy, for one day he ran away and entered into service on a Volga river steamboat. Later he lived and wandered on foot with the tramps in south Russia, and during those wanderings he wrote a number of short stories which were published in a newspaper of northern Caucasia. The stories proved to be remarkably fine, and when a collection of all that he had hitherto written was published in 1900, in four small volumes, the whole of a large edition was sold in a very short time, and the name of Gorky took its place—to speak of living novelists only—by the side of those of Korolenko and Tchekhoff, immediately after the name of Leo Tolstoy. In Western Europe and America his reputation was made with the same rapidity, as soon as a couple of his sketches were translated into French and German and retranslated into English.

It is sufficient to read a few of Gorky's short stories, for instance, "Malva," or "Tehelkasa," or "The Ex-Man," or "Twenty-six Men and One Girl," to realize at once the causes of

I spent twenty years experimenting before I felt satisfied that I had a certain remedy for this dreaded disease—a remedy which would not only clean out the poison, but one which would stop its formation.

#### Certain Relief

The secret lay in a wonderful chemical I found in Germany. When I found this chemical I knew that I could make a Rheumatic cure that would be practically certain. But even then, before I made an announcement—before I was willing to put my name on it—I made more than 2,000 tests! And my failures were but 2 per cent.

This German chemical is not the only ingredient I use in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but it made the remedy possible—made possible an achievement which, I doubt not, could have been made in no other way.

The chemical was very expensive. The duty too, was high. In all it cost me \$4.80 per pound! But what is \$4.80 per pound for a REAL remedy for the world's most painful disease—for a REAL relief from the greatest torture human beings know?

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again—that is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of the pain and swelling—the end of the suffering—the end of rheumatism. That is why I can afford to make this liberal offer—that is why I can afford to spend the FIRST dollar that Rheumatic suffers, the world over, may learn of my remedy.

#### Simply Write Me

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere, who has not tried my remedy. But you must write ME for the free dollar package order. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept as gladly as he would accept a dollar. He will hand you from his shelves a standard sized package and he will send the bill to me. There are no conditions—no requirements. All that I ask you to do is to write—write today. I will send you my book on rheumatism beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 9940 Racine, Wis.

Mild cases are sometimes cured by a single bottle.—On sale at forty thousand drug stores.

his rapidly won popularity. The men and women he describes are not heroes; they are the most ordinary tramps or slum-dwellers, and what he writes are not novels in the proper sense of the word, merely sketches of life. And yet, in the literature of all nations, including the short stories of Guy de Maupassant and Bret Harte, there are few things, in which such a fine analysis of complicated and struggling human feelings is given, such interesting, original and new characters are so well depicted, and human psychology is so admirably interwoven with a background of nature—a calm sea, menacing waves or endless, sun-burnt prairies. In the first named story, you really see the promontory that juts out into "the laughing waters," that promontory upon which the fisherman has pitched his hut, and you understand why Malva, the woman who loves him and comes to see him every Sunday, loves that spot as much as she does the fisherman himself.

And then, at every page, you are struck by the quite unexpected variety of fine touches with which the love of that strange and complicated nature, Malva, is depicted, or by the unforeseen aspects under which both the ex-peasant fisherman and his peasant son appear in the short space of a few days. The variety of strokes, refined and brutal, tender and terribly harsh, with which Gorky pictures human feelings, is such that in comparison with his heroes the heroes and heroines of our best novelists seem so simple—so simplified, like a flower in European decorative art in comparison with a real flower.

Gorky is a great artist; he is a poet; but he is also a child of that long series of folk-novelists whom Russia has had for the last half century, and he has utilized their experience; he has found at last that happy combination of realism with idealism for which the Russian folk-novelists have been striving for so many years.

Ryeshetnikoff and his school had tried to write novels of an ultrarealistic character, without any trace of idealization. They restrained themselves whenever they felt inclined to generalize, to create, to idealize. They tried to write mere diaries, in which events, great and small, important and insignificant, were related with an equal exactitude, without even changing the tone of the narrative. In this way, by dint of their talent, they were able to obtain the most poignant effects; but, like the historian who vainly tries to be "impartial," yet always remains a party man, they had not avoided the idealization which they so much dreaded.—Prince Kropotkin in Independent.

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