

will. Land will be cheap; business untaxed, and all available locations for business or agriculture will be fully employed. The use of the idle land means the employment of idle labor and idle capital. Business men, who pay for equally good sites, lower rents and no taxes, will be able to cut to pieces their competitors in towns and counties which do not have the Single Tax. The Single Tax is, therefore, the greatest labor-saving device ever invented by man, and the first municipality which adopts it will compel the world to adopt it by the mere pressure of economic necessity.

Let me offer the suggestion that THE CONSERVATIVE continue to open its columns to the discussion of the Single Tax, as it has done in inviting this article, and thus truly represent the name it has adopted.

JOHAN WAAGE.

[NOTE:—Mr. Waage has very kindly consented to answer, through the columns of THE CONSERVATIVE, any question which may arise upon the subject discussed. Contributions in answer to the argument, herewith, must be confined to as limited a space as possible.—THE EDITOR.]

**BRYANARCHY VIEWS.**

The San Francisco Daily Call of May 16th, contains the subjoined editorial, which explains the "quantitative theory of money," as expounded by "the peerless" in two campaigns. It is a relishable exposition of money fallacies. It is so brief that all can read it:

"Colonel Bryan is kept busy striking at members of his party who show signs of quitting, or who declare for a reorganization. Senator McLaurin of South Carolina recently stood forth as a come-outer, and caused disgust to venerate the columns of the Commoner.

"Now Senator Vest raises the voice of fatigue, declaring that a convention should be called to reorganize the party. This cuts deeper than desertion to the republicans, because it is an admission that Bryan has so disorganized the party that it is bankrupt, and can only continue business by a reorganization.

"This rouses the ireful colonel, and he emits 'views' as swiftly as a corn-sheller does cobs.

"In his latest, on Vest, he returns to his celebrated cheap money, quantitative theory of currency, and prices. It does not seem to occur to him that there was ten-cent cotton and dollar wheat when the money of the country, per capita, was only one-third its present volume. His theory is, that if a man have a thousand dollars he will pay voluntarily ten times as much for an article as he would if he had only a hundred dollars. The country is concerned more with the circulation of money, than with its quantity. But a very small percentage of business is done by the actual handling of money. Its circulation is largely vicarious, in the form of checks, drafts, exchange, and letters of credit. These mobilize the money of the country, when there is a condition of business confidence. The infirmity

of Bryan's mind is shown in his constant prediction of panic and hard times. With him, the thought is fathered by the wish. He would better take off his blue goggles, and heed President McKinley's wise and worthy saying that 'the country needs patriots, not pessimists.'

"Mr. Bryan takes great hope from any fall in prices, and declares that 'the plentiful dollar is the cheap dollar.'

"The cheap dollar is one that is not worth its face, not worth one hundred cents. The business standard of value throughout the world is gold. In that standard, commercial exchanges are exchanges of value for value. If those exchanges are in silver dollars, worth only fifty cents each, two of them are needed to buy a dollar's worth. That is what Bryan calls a rise in prices, when it is merely a fall in the value of the dollar. Prices and values remain where they were.

"Jackson knew the great law of a medium of exchange, when he said: 'Gold is the universal and only honest standard of value, and all forms of currency should be measured by it.'

"Bryan seems incapable of comprehending this, and so he walks round and round in the same circle, like a mule grinding a mud-mill."

**A FAMOUS NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.**

There are few, if any, newspaper men in the United States with a more brilliant record than that achieved by Mr. William E. Curtis, the famous Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. Among newspaper men, as well as among the careful readers of newspapers, it is generally conceded that Mr. Curtis is the dean of the large colony of trained journalists at the national capital. His relations with the eminent men in Washington are so intimate and so personal, that he has an immense advantage over the ordinary correspondent. They give to him their confidence, knowing that he will properly discriminate what should be said and what should not.

The newspaper career of Mr. Curtis began in Chicago in 1872. Starting as a reporter, he worked his way upward rapidly to the position of managing editor, which he resigned to become the secretary of the South American commission—a government appointment. While in this position, Mr. Curtis traveled extensively in Central and South America, producing several popular volumes as the literary result of his labors. Later on, in co-operation with Secretary of State James G. Blaine, Mr. Curtis organized the work of the Bureau of American Republics, and was placed in charge of that organization; and at the World's Columbian Exposition, he distinguished himself by his labors as the executive head of the Latin-American departments. As correspondent of the Chicago Record, Mr. Curtis' travels carried him, not only into all quarters of the United States, but almost everywhere abroad. His letters to the Record from Japan and China were published

in book form; likewise his letters from England, Germany and France, and also those resulting from his travels in Mexico and in South America. A letter from Mr. Curtis is published in every issue of the Chicago Record-Herald daily and Sunday.

**WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A "NEW YORKITE."**

Dr. John H. Girdner, of this city, known popularly as the friend of William J. Bryan and of Richard Croker, has written a book entitled, "New Yorkitis," which he considers an appropriate name for a number of mental and physical affections, chiefly nervous, from which, he says, the people of this city suffer. In this book he tells the following story, evidently of the recent presidential candidate:

On a certain Sunday morning I invited Mr. B., who was my guest, and who hails from another city, to attend Dr. —'s church with me. Mr. B. is not a Newyorkitic, nor is he popular with Newyorkitics. His daily work and conversation, however, show him to be an humble follower of the Master. He is an official in his own church at home. After the service was over, and while the doxology was being sung, a note was passed to me. I received it from the gentleman who occupied the pew immediately behind me. The note was signed by an official of the church, a man of education and wealth—presumably a Christian and a gentleman. The note said in substance: "There are photographers outside on the street. Get Mr. B. away from the church before they snap-shot him, for we don't want the church in the same picture with him." In other words: "Remove the 'corpse'; we don't want the church polluted."—New York Evening Post.

**INGALLS' VIEWS ON DEATH.**

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here, at last, is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity, which makes life so cruel and inexplicable a tragedy, ceases in the realms of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to the invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.