

THE PEOPLE LOSING A WEAPON.

We have already reached the period of tariff recrimination. The two political parties are charging each other with the responsibility for making the Aldrich bill so bad. "You are not keeping your pledges," assert the Democrats, "to make an honest revision of the tariff downwards." "But you were pledged to that more stiffly than we were," retort the Republicans, "yet here you are voting for a duty on iron ore, and for every other tariff tax that you are interested in locally." This twitting on the record passes easily into predictions about the political consequences. Gov. Johnson of Minnesota declares that, if the party in power does not keep faith with the people, in the matter of tariff revision, "the Middle West is lost to the Republicans four [meaning three] years hence." On the other hand, an old Republican leader in Congress affirms: "A Democrat who denounces the tariff law in the next campaign will be in a sorry plight. When a Democrat tells you that he is for a tariff for revenue only, he means that he wants protection for the State or district which he represents." Behind all this stands the figure of Bryan. He is writing letters to his friends in Washington to say that the failure of the Republicans to revise the tariff honestly means a Democratic House in 1910 and a Democratic President in 1912. But even if that result seemed written in the book of destiny, Bryan as a candidate would be able to undo all.

The trouble goes deep. It is not a mere question of a particular issue, like the tariff or any given election, but of the whole theory and operation of government by party. We have always been taught, and the whole experiment goes upon this basis, that when one party in office becomes unresponsive to the popular will, or visibly corrupt, the thing to do is to turn it out and put in the other. That was the normal process, as President Taft himself has described it, when the Democrats under Grover Cleveland ousted the Republicans in 1884. The latter had been too long and too unchecked in power, and the country turned from their inefficiencies and vices to the Opposition party. But that remedy for political ills, that weapon in the hands of the people, we

seem to have been losing in recent years. It is not only that the Democratic party has been in the hands of a leader with an unequalled capacity for repelling support, and a perfect genius for disaster. That might in time be outlived; but when we see the practice of the two parties, no matter what their professions, very much alike, and are deprived of the power to get done by one what the other refuses to do, we cannot help feeling that both the present fact and the future outlook are disquieting. Government by party, we suddenly seem to be finding a broken reed.

Consider how the matter stands in the State of New York. A really efficient and public-spirited Opposition party at Albany this past winter could have taken advantage of the rupture between the Governor and the machine-politicians of his own party, not only to do something worth while in the way of legislation, but to place itself in a fine strategic position for the next State campaign. But what was actually done by the Democratic leaders in the Legislature? Why, they entered into secret agreements with the worst of the Republicans, and made themselves part and parcel of the thing to be reprobated. The alliance of Raines and Grady could not have been more certain if it had been signed and sealed in a formal document. They were hand in glove throughout the session; and in the closing days it was hard to tell which was the leader of the Senate, rushing through bad bills and defeating good ones, Raines or Grady. So when the time comes to bring all these matters under debate in a political campaign, the result is sure to be great uncertainty and confusion, because we have not a clear alternative of parties before us. Just as on the tariff issue in national politics, the Democrats have so unblushingly abandoned their platform and their avowed convictions as to disable themselves from appealing against Republican faithlessness, so in New York the Democratic management has shown itself adept in the very evils it denounces. Where shall the citizen turn who has been brought up to believe that if the people cannot have their will through one party, they can through the other?

Whatever the reply to that question, one notice should be publicly served. It is that a party in power cannot de-

pend indefinitely upon immunity, no matter what its sins, so long as it can say, and prove, that the party out of office is just as bad as itself. Angry electors will not forever stand uncertain. They will make a choice, even if it prove to be mistaken. The desire to punish a recreant party is often so powerful that voters will not be too fastidious about the means they employ to do it. Republicans drunk with power have had their disagreeable awakening before now, and may easily have it again if they allow themselves to be dragged after Aldrich's high-tariff chariot. President Taft, in endeavoring to hold his party honorably to its pledges, is not simply working at the task in hand of revising the tariff, but is doing something to make government by party respectable and feasible.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH TAXES.

A German professor of economics has hit upon a discovery which had never swum into the ken of finance ministers or legislators—that taxes should be loved, not hated. This University man, Prof. Adolf Wagner, recently addressed a public meeting at Cologne, and sang the praises of fresh taxation. The efforts of the government to impose new levies upon the people ought not to be denounced, but hailed with joy. They were a sign of expanding national wealth. Instead of being regarded as burdens, heavier taxes should be thought of as mere bagatelles for a rich people. Professor Wagner had heard a lady in a railway carriage say that her new hat had cost "only \$150." There ought to be the same disdainful tone about high taxes. "I have paid to the government only 12 per cent. of all my income." "I have given up to the tax collectors only one-half of my revenue from real estate." If we come really to love being taxed, we should be much happier ourselves, and only think how happy we should make our rulers!

Professor Wagner evidently sees no necessary truth in the old maxim of statesmanship, cited by Burke, that it is impossible to tax and to please. If taxation is made a form of flattery, the result may be different. Let a Finance Minister preface his schemes for new imposts by saying that his people, as the richest and most patriotic and good-natured people on earth, will pay up, not only without a murmur, but

with expressions of pleasure and gratitude. This is certainly a new point of view for the tithing-man. Instead of approaching the taxables with sour and vinegar aspect, he ought to come along in jolly fashion, like one doing a favor. In this view of the matter, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, when introducing his recent budget, made a great mistake in speaking as if his function were to give offence, instead of to waken thankfulness:

Up to the present we have been considering the naval problem from the point of view of merely spending money. I shall now have to invite hon. members and the country to consider it from the equally essential but less agreeable standpoint of paying for it. Spending is pleasant, paying is irksome; spending is noble, paying is sordid. And it is on me falls the making of arrangements for the less attractive part of the naval programme.

This is far from the glad tone of Professor Wagner, or from the note struck by our cheerful taxers at Washington. Their description of the proposed protective taxes quite overcrows the attempt of the German professor to make the paying of taxes a joy. For if our Senators may be believed, the tariff they have in mind is like the combined blessings of nature—like dew and sun and fructifying showers to make fertile the land which, but for protective taxes, would be a sand heap. Are we, then, such curmudgeons that we shall resent giving up a little of our easily earned money—all money is earned easily under the protective system—in order to make gladness for thousands? Why, Senator Scott and Senator Oliver can demonstrate that, if you only consent to pay a few cents more for glass, you will fill the shop with the busy hum of industry, while reducing the bonds of its Senatorial owners to less than 10 cents on the dollar. And Senator Aldrich can make plain to the meanest understanding that slightly higher taxes on woollen clothing will make it really cheaper—or would, but for the rascally jobbers—while keeping still more thousands of American workingmen steadily employed, and still further impoverishing the proprietors of the mills. This way of presenting the attractions of taxation has never, we are certain, been dreamed of in the philosophy of Professor Wagner. Were he privileged to attend one day's Senate debate on the tariff, he could not fail to conclude that taxes were a matter of hilarity.

We greatly fear, however, that the jocular view of taxes will have all the fun knocked out of it before it wins a way to acceptance. Stupid people will go on seeing the facts of taxation very much as Adam Smith set them forth. They will not fall in love with the swarm of officers, "whose salaries may eat up the greater part of the produce of the tax"; and will obstinately refuse to regard taxes as anything but a form of "trouble, vexation, and oppression." It begins to appear that even in Washington the idea of taxes as an evil—necessary, but an evil—is getting the upper hand. Senators, who at first thought the country could be made consciously happy by over-taxation, are beginning to discover that high taxes are one of those blessings that brighten as they take their flight. Hence the outlook for a real reduction of the tariff is better than it has been. Despite Professor Wagner, it is difficult to make people fall in love with taxes by adding to them. As Speaker Reed said when it was proposed to enlarge the national territory by annexation: "There is more already than I can really love."

SEEING THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

One of the advantages resulting from the exhibitions held in ambitious Pacific Coast cities—the latest being the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition at Seattle, which begins on the first of June—is that the wondrous sights, combined with reductions in railway fares, tempt thousands to cross the Rocky Mountains for the first time to see whether there is any basis for the cry: "Why go to Europe?" Has not our country scenic features grander even than those that are to be seen on the other side of the Atlantic? Should we not, before going abroad the fifth or tenth time, see something of our native land, so that we can tell inquisitive foreigners about it and aid Karl Baedeker in his efforts to divert part of the European tourist stream to our own shores?

When the first transcontinental railway was planned, nearly everybody doubted the possibility of its financial success. To-day, there are eight of these lines, with another fast nearing completion, and all will be kept busy this summer with the tourist traffic. The question regarding the most advisable route is easy to answer. On the whole,

it is best, at least during May and June, to go by one of the Southern lines, returning by one of the Northern. The Southern Pacific presents advantages to those who may contemplate a side-trip to Mexico. The Santa Fé route affords opportunity to visit the Navajo and Moki Indian reservations and the petrified forest; but the lion of this line is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, now reached conveniently by the branch railway from Williams. This stupendous chasm (which is often confused with the Grand Cañon in Colorado, along the Denver and Rio Grande—a wonderful sight, too) is absolutely unique; Europe has nothing even remotely resembling it. Unique, too, is The Yosemite Valley, with its waterfalls descending from dizzy heights, its precipices, its domes and half-domes, its mirror lake, its red snow plants, and a hundred other astonishing spectacles, some of which, as John Muir has remarked, are so strange that they surprise even Indians, horses, and dogs. But before seeing the Yosemite, the tourist who goes by either of the lines named will, of course, spend some days in Los Angeles; he will have a chance to see the olive and orange groves and bathe in the Pacific; to enjoy, at Catalina Island, what Frederick G. Affalo, editor of the Anglers' Library and England's leading authority on the subject, calls "the finest sea-fishing in the world"; to spend a day and night on top of Mt. Wilson, and after enjoying the varied views which have given this peak the name of the magic mountain, gaze at the stars, in the observatory of the Carnegie Institution, through the largest lens ever made.

On the way to San Francisco, should the visitor prefer combined views of ocean and mountains to the Yosemite, he can take the new coast line, which affords an opportunity to visit some of the old Spanish mission houses, and, at Monterey, to enjoy a cactus collection, equal to any wild desert garden of Arizona or Mexico. The new San Francisco is worth seeing; in the words of President Wheeler of the University of California, it is "immeasurably finer from an architectural point of view, and immeasurably more solid and useful from the business point of view, than the old"; and in two more years—five after the disaster—there will be no