

ODE TO THE MOON.

BRIGHT headlight of the train of clouds
That hustles o'er yon blue expanse,
Loud praise hast thou, but not so loud
As Glasgieson's \$3 50 pants.

We marvel not that pagans old
Should look to thee to cure their ills ;
When *we* are sick we're not so bold,
We take some Drayman's liver pills.

Long hast thou shone the heavens in,
The great man's wisdom still to foil ;
And when the great man barks his shin
He rubs it with St. Junchug's oil.

Poets have raised considerable row,
And puffed thy silver radiance cold ;
But silver's at a discount now,
For any dude can puff Pure Gold.

Lantern ! 'tis well thy scantlings bright
Are shed upon the treacherous road ;
For otherwise the traveller might
Be in the ditch before he knowed.

J.J.F.

RAMBLEWAG'S DISCOURSES.

(With Thumbnail Illustrations.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The Rev. Mr. Whatye-call has got back from the old country looking almost as well as when he left his sorrowing congregation. One of the marines tells me—some body may have told it to the marine—that when the genial gentleman went aboard the ship he was greeted heartily by the captain, to whom he was well known as a passenger. "Hello,



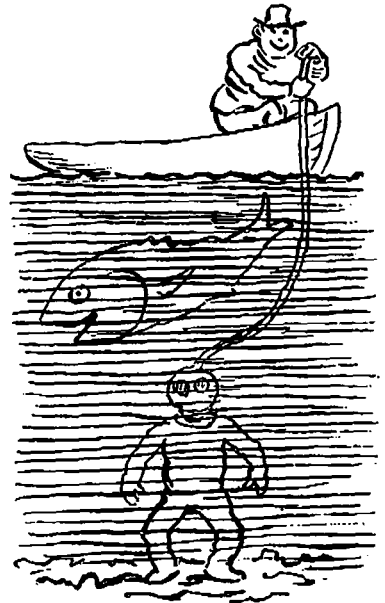
old fellow," cried the bluff officer, "going over with us again, hey?" "yes," responded his reverence, shaking the captain's hand furiously, "health completely broken down this summer, as usual!" It's a great pity that the ministerial profession is

so awfully unhealthy. Many a young man now at college is restrained from giving himself to the service of the church by this consideration. "No" he says, "I can't think of it. I would like to preach the gospel, indeed I would, but I could not afford the time and expense of a voyage to Europe every summer, for the restoration of my shattered nerves—so that I would inevitably be a confirmed invalid in two years at the most." Can't something be done to obviate this tremendous difficulty? I have given the matter a good deal of consideration of late and have hit upon a simple plan which I believe would meet the case. Let the ministers work less. It's the work that uses them up, I am told. Well, then, let them go a little gently. Instead of preaching three times every Sunday and once every week night and devoting the hours of the day to missionary work amongst the poor and needy of their congregations, let them have but two preaching services on Sundays, and one in the middle of the week. As for the hand-to-hand labor—that might safely be left to the Salvation Army people,

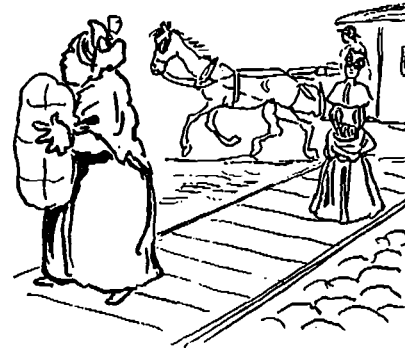
who, somehow or other, never seem to break down. I should think the programme I have outlined would be quite within the powers of an ordinary mortal.

Quite likely I am all wrong about this, as I confess to being cranky. For instance, the other day, a queer idea occurred to me.

Here's a picture I made of it. I was wondering what the members of the Diver's profession would do if the fellows who have charge of the air pipe up on the surface should take a notion to charge so much per mouthful for the air. I thought over it for a long time, and my conclusion was that the Divers would have to pay whatever the landlords—I mean the air lords—liked to ask, or quit work.



Such a state of affairs would be bad for the Diving business, wouldn't it? Every cent the Diver made (beyond just enough to keep him in condition for diving) would go to the air owner, if I know anything of human nature. You say the whole thing is absurd, as mankind would rise in revolt against the very idea of certain individuals "owning" the air, which, being a natural element, made by God and not man, must necessarily be intended for the equal use of all. Yes? Well, how is it that you get so wild when anybody suggests that the private ownership of land—which is also a natural element and just as essential to human life as air—is wrong? Don't the landlords act precisely as I have supposed the air-owner to do? Doesn't rent eat up nearly all the wealth that capital and labor produce by virtue of this private ownership? I say let land be made free as the air is, and this can be done very simply by putting a tax upon the fair rental value of all land in use, and putting the money so collected into the public till. If this were done, all other taxes could be



abolished to-morrow. Now, don't get up and go out of the meeting in a rage because I have touched upon the "Henry George theory." I know I'm a crank, but if you want to cure me of my complaint, so far as the land question is concerned, you can only do it by showing me wherein Henry George is wrong. If you do that you will do a great service for hundreds of able and anxious editors in the United States, who would like very much to squelch