

THE SINGLE TAX THEORY

The ABC and Inere Expense in This City.

Views of a Business Man Who Thinks That All Taxation Should Be Levied on Land Values.

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. The single tax idea in a minor form has made its appearance in Dawson and seemingly the theory has some very pronounced supporters in this city.

A prominent merchant of Dawson expressed the idea that the method of taxation would be much more important than the present system if assessments were levied almost entirely upon land values.

"It is almost impossible," said he, "for an assessor to arrive at anything approaching a just valuation of what is ordinarily spoken of as personal property. A man cannot go into a merchant's store and by a cursory examination make a fair estimate of the value of the stock carried or of the fixtures. Naturally the assessor must rely to a great extent upon the figures given by the owner of the goods himself, and consequently the fairness of the taxation rolls is largely determined by the individual honesty of the taxpayers."

"The same theory is true of household furniture and in fact everything which is considered as being personal property."

"Again the present system of taxation is encouraging to the man who wishes to extend his business and improve his property and works at a loss in favor of the owner of real estate who does not extend a cent in making improvements thereon."

"In other words, an individual or company who spend their money in extending their business or improving their property are fined by the government merely on account of their enterprise. On the other hand the man who allows his land to lie idle and makes no expenditures for the purpose of improving his holding derives all the benefit from the present system."

"For instance a vacant lot often will be located in a city, as is the case in a number of instances in Dawson, between two highly improved pieces of property. By virtue of the improvements on the two adjoining properties the vacant lot enjoys a marked increase in value although its owner has simply done nothing but allow it to lie idle."

"My theory is that the improvements should not be taxed at all and that the entire assessment should be levied on the ground and that the improved and unimproved lots should be taxed alike. In this way the owners of the unimproved lot would be forced to do something with their property or sell it to some one who would."

"It is much easier to establish real estate values than it is to place an equitable assessment on personal property, and thus by enforcing the single tax idea the possibility of escaping taxation would be reduced to a minimum."

His Irons Were Killed. "Bedrooms are often blamed for fighting legitimate claims against them," said the claim agent. "When a railroad doesn't care to do anything for its customers in the courts, but they are fairly driven to it. Settle one legitimate claim promptly and you will be immediately swamped with claims that are not legitimate. The other day we received a claim for the price of three hens from an old farmer whose farm adjoins our right of way. The claim was really too small to pay any attention to, but I was called down to that point to investigate the death of a man who had been killed by one of our trains near the old man's place, so a inquired concerning his claim for dead hens."

"What train killed them?" I asked of the old man. "That train that gets here about midnight," he answered. "What were they doing on the track at midnight—roosting on the rails?" I asked sarcastically. "No, sir," he shouted. "I lock them in the henhouse every night."

"And the train ran over them when they were locked up in the henhouse, did it? How do you explain that?" "Yes, as easy as rolling off a log, he answered. "A blame table broke into the henhouse and stole three of my best hens, and then, as he was crossing the track down here, the midnight train ran into him and killed my chickens, and the man, too!"

"The best I could do was to advise the old man to sue the heirs of the thief, if he had any."—Detroit Free Press.

Deposit Place for Ransom. Berlin, Oct. 12.—According to reports received here from Sofia, the captors of Miss Stone demand that the ransom shall be deposited at Sofia, Bulgaria.

A Bulgarian cattle drover, who was an eye witness of the kidnapping, has been arrested upon suspicion of complicity in the outrage, at the instance of the United States consul.

Fallings of Famous Folks.

The face of Oliver Cromwell was disfigured with moles, pimples and warts. He must have been very proud of them, however, for when his portrait was being painted by Sir Peter Lely he swore he would not pay for it unless all these facial disfigurements were quite clearly shown.

Hogarth, the famous painter, had a prominent scar on his forehead, which was the result of an accident in his early days. He made this appeal still more prominent in a portrait of himself which he painted with his own hand.

The great Napoleon was subject to epileptic seizures, one of which it has been said lost him the battle of Waterloo, although most people believe his defeat was accomplished by the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Nelson lost one of his eyes, and his left arm had to be amputated as the result of a wound sustained in one of his numerous engagements. These deformities do not appear to have affected the great admiral's abilities, and on one famous occasion he found his blind eye particularly useful.

Viscount Wolsley, the late commander-in-chief, has the use of only one of his eyes. He was deprived of the sight of the other in the Crimean war, a few days before the capture of Sebastopol.

As is well known, the Emperor William of Germany suffers from senile paralysis of the left arm, and his father, the Emperor Frederick, died of a chronic affection of the throat.

Few people are aware of the curious throat trouble from which Lord Brougham, the eminent Lord Chancellor, was a constant sufferer. At the back of his throat there was a kind of pouch-like cavity, which not only diverted the food from its proper channel but caused him infinite pain.

Lord Byron, who was otherwise a magnificent specimen of a man, had a club-foot, of which he was anything but proud. If, however, it detracted from his appearance and hindered locomotion, it did not hamper his genius. Byron was possessor of a morbid fear of going out of his mind. Indeed, all poets are said to be more or less mad. Cowper was certainly subject to fits of lunacy, as was likewise Chatterton, who killed himself in a fit of derangement. The same is true of Rousseau, Cervantes, Southey and Swift.

Alexander Pope was a hunchback, with a very caustic tongue, which once resulted in his being as good as sold that he was "a crooked little thing that asks impudent questions."

Throughout his life Sir Walter Scott could only walk with a limp. As a boy he was afflicted with paralysis, which left him permanently lame.

The late James Payn, the novelist, was extremely deaf, in which respect he resembled Edison, the world-renowned electrician and inventor.

Milton was totally blind when he produced the masterpiece of his marvellous genius. From his youth up he suffered acutely from gout, which was the primary cause of the loss of his eyesight.

As anybody could gather from his works, Thomas Carlyle was a chronic dyspeptic. A state of irritation appears to have been his normal condition, and although in the absence of his peculiar ailment he might have been a far more amiable being, his writings would certainly have lost some of their most prominent characteristics.

Like Demosthenes, Charles Kingsley was afflicted with stuttering, but he did not cure himself of the falling, as did the famous Athenian orator, by practicing speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

Perhaps the most famous of European surgeons was also the most nervous. This was Billroth, of Vienna, whose hands were subject to violent trembling. But he operated with such celerity that his hand had no opportunity of trembling.

House of Bishops.

San Francisco, Oct. 12.—The house of bishops this morning voted in favor of the appointment of a joint committee to consist of three bishops, three presbyters and three laymen, to consider the subject of prohibited degrees of marriage. On the part of the house of bishops the bishops of South Dakota, Delaware and Iowa were appointed as members of this committee.

The bishops of Montana, Central Pennsylvania, Lexington, Washington and the confederate bishop of Virginia were appointed to act with a similar number of presbyters and laymen on a committee to nominate a board of managers for the board of missions.

It was agreed to amend the former rule, now a part of the constitution, which provided that a bishop retired by reason of advanced age or bodily infirmity arising therefrom, shall be entitled to an honorary seat in the house of bishops, by striking out the words "arising therefrom" so that bishops incapacitated by other causes than age might not be barred.

The bishops, on adjournment, proceeded to the house of deputies to sit with that body in hearing the report of the joint committee on Christian education.

Rev. Sheldon on Office Devil.

The "devil" of the composing room wrote the following in his diary: 10 a. m.—Hain't swore today, nor smoked a cigarette stub since last night. Got a awful queer feeling. 11 a. m.—Wonder what's happenin' to me? De office boy, Mike, jest

THE CEDING OF LOUISIANA

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To Prevent Its Passing Into the Hands of England and to Give the Lattin Maritime Rival.

When the treaty ceding Louisiana territory to the United States was negotiated in 1803, the three ministers conducting the negotiations were Monroe and Livingston, representing the United States, and Barbe-Marbois, who had been selected by Napoleon to represent France. Marbois' relations with Napoleon at that time were close and confidential, and the current traditions of Napoleon's attitude throughout the negotiations is a more or less accurate version of the report made by Marbois in his "History of Louisiana," written after the Bourbon restoration and published in Paris by the Didots in 1829.

The original edition, now rare in the United States, contains one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the French maps of "the territory added to the United States by the treaty of 1803," but interesting as this is, it scarcely compares in importance with the summary of the situation then existing as Marbois gives it and with his reports of Napoleon's conversations and speeches on the subject.

Marbois defines Livingston's mental state at this time as one of exasperation. He had been evaded and put off in what he considered a treacherous manner, until he was ready to square issues by making demands which no one thought France would consider—among others, as Marbois records it—"for the whole of the vast territory north of the Arkansas."

To understand the attitude of Napoleon, it must be recalled that in becoming first consul, he had announced himself as a pacificator of the world, and after attempting to conciliate the powers in the treaty of Amiens, had continued vigorously the attempt to reconstruct France in accordance with his own ideas.

This is the situation which Marbois defines, and it explains the stimulus under which Napoleon's genius acted in reaching the decision that there must be a radical change in the attitude of France toward the United States. After the revolutionary war France had hoped to hold the United States as a ward under an informal French protectorate, and had co-operated with Spain to that end.

Before calling this conference he had denounced the claims of England to be "mistress of the seas," and had said, "To free the world from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to oppose to her a maritime power which will one day become her rival. It must be the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I will be useful to the entire universe if I can prevent them from dominating America, as they dominate Asia."

It appears that after announcing at the Tuilleries that the United States must be thrust forward as a rival for England, Napoleon brooded over the matter, as was his habit; and then, after he had really made up his mind, he called his advisers to him and addressed them his request for advice in what was really a demand for their assent to his plans, "made with vengeance and passion" which did not invite argument. The first declaration of his purpose is thus given by Marbois:

"I know the worth of Louisiana, and I have wished to repair the error of the French navigator who abandoned it in 1763. I have recovered it on paper through some lines in a treaty, but I have hardly done so when I am about to lose it again. If it escapes me, it shall one day be a dearest cost to those who force me to give it, than the cost to those to whom I will surrender it. The English have successively taken from France, Canada, the Isle Royal, Newfoundland, Acadia and the richest territories of Asia. They are intriguing and disturbing in Santo Domingo. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. Louisiana is nothing in comparison with their aggrandizement in all parts of the globe, but the jealousy they feel because of its return under the dominion of France warns me that they intend to seize it, and it is thus they will begin the war. They have already twenty vessels in the Gulf of Mexico; they swagger over those seas as sovereigns, and in Santo Domingo, since the death of Leclerc, our affairs are going from bad to worse. The conquest of Louisiana will be easy if they only take the trouble to descend upon it. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their power. I do not know but what they are there already. That is their usual way of doing things, and as for me, if I was in their place, I certainly would not have waited."

"Tell me your opinion," said Napoleon in conclusion, and his ministers made speeches, one for, the other against the cession. He listened and asked questions. It was the next morning after this that he called Donald Bédard on Thursday night, that England had broken faith in refusing to evacuate Malta and that there was no time for further deliberation.

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Malatesta, the "Stormy Petrel" of Anarchy.

So much has been written lately about Malatesta that one needs a good excuse for saying more about this remarkable anarchist. The excuse offered here is that much of what has been written about him wasn't true, and also that much that is significant has never been told about although it is true.

There is reason to suppose that this genuine, bona fide Italian count, who apparently earns a modest living in London by mending bicycles and by doing odd jobs of plumbing and mechanical tinkering, occupies a much more important position than has been generally assigned to him and knows considerably more than Emma Goldman about the murder of President McKinley.

Erico Malatesta—his name invariably has been printed Erico, which is wrong—is considered by the "Department of Criminal Investigation" at Scotland Yard to be the real leader of the organized anarchists in England, a band numbering between 2,000 and 3,000 members. He is known also to be in close touch with the anarchist organizations in America, France and Italy, and he is suspected by the London police of being the actual head and moving spirit of the international affiliations of anarchists. He has a few intimate friends here outside of anarchist circles—or outside of the inner circles, at least—and from talks with some of these, I gather that they fully believe Malatesta to be the anarchist director general.

He is not only watched continually by the police today, but anyone who undertakes to see him is followed. Since he settled in London four years ago he has been so cautious that no definite charge of inciting to violence could be brought against him, but personal liberty is not so great in France and Italy, and in either of those countries he would be arrested at once—if he could be caught.

The facts concerning this Italian nobleman, born to wealth and privilege, who sits in a wretched little hall room in London, suspected of weaving vast plots while detectives representing at least four nations lurk outside watching in vain for some clue on which to hold him are more strange and dramatic than any of the fiction that has been written about him. Malatesta is his own name and his family is one of the oldest and most respected in Italy today. As eldest son, he inherited the title of count and would have come into a considerable property if his family had not disowned him on account of his revolutionary tendencies. He has a brother Henry, who is in the public service in Italy today.

Malatesta was intended by his father to be a scientist, and after an excellent education under tutors was sent to Milan University to prepare for the study of medicine. He was a turbulent, headstrong youth, and soon became the leader of the more restless spirits at the university. Before he had time to graduate he was arrested as the leader of a revolutionary movement and, although his family managed to get him out of jail, they informed him that thenceforth they would have nothing to do with him unless he changed his views about the iniquity of all forms of government. Malatesta promptly refused and was invited by the family to go and be hanged.

He plunged into all sorts of plots against the Italian government after that, and for this complicity in the riots of 1863 was imprisoned again. After his release he went to America. He seems to have spent most of his time there in quiet conferences with anarchist leaders. Emma Goldman and Johann Most were his intimates, but, unlike them, he kept himself in the background as much as possible.

Malatesta came to London four years ago, and his headquarters ever since have been at 112 High Street, in the rather squalid district in the north of London known as Islington. He is the famous organ grinder, who is unquestionably the oldest son of the late Earl Poulett, and who is trying to establish his claim to the title.

High street, in the neighborhood where the famous anarchist's lair is situated, narrows down into a shabby little lane flanked by unimpressive shops and a few slatternly dwellings. It is in a room over a little wine shop with the name Defendi over the door that Malatesta lodges.

Defendi is said to be an intimate friend of the anarchist leader and is declared to be a revolutionary exile from Italy, and his son, a boy of 17, has been informally adopted by Malatesta and is his closest companion.

Two women who live opposite Defendi's shop positively declined to allow our photographer to obtain a picture of the shop from their first-story windows, though they were obviously poor and the request was accompanied by an offer to pay for the privilege. One of them said:

"They are queer people and I don't want to do anything to get their ill will. They seem peaceful enough, but we all know what they are, and we don't know what they might do if they took a grudge against any one. I'd like to believe you, but it's better not." Her neighbor, who said practically the same thing, added that the people round about were opposed even to letting their children play with the Defendi offspring, and the few mothers who do permit it do so

rather than risk Mrs. Defendi's ill will for the snub.

Defendi himself is abroad most of the day, making deliveries, leaving his wife and children in charge of his shop. It is a squalid, ill smelling little den and the family room in the rear is not a pleasant place. Malatesta's landlady, in the person of a small Italian woman with suspicious eyes, who appeared with two of her taboored progeny clinging to her skirt, admitted that the anarchist made his home with her, but said he was there only in the evening. He was, however, in his room at the time. All attempts to get at him in person were futile, but it is possible, nevertheless, to give an accurate description of his place and of his ways.

The count—he is called by that title by some of his companions—lives in a 12x14 room at the rear of the second floor. His bed, a book case, a table and some chairs that have seen hard service, are the only furniture. It is the bookcase only that reveals the tenacity of a man out of the common run at Islington. It contains something like a hundred books, and besides the works of Bakunin, the apostle of anarchy, and other revolutionary books in French, Italian, German and Russian there are volumes by Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill and Carlyle.

Carlyle is Malatesta's favorite English author and Huxley comes next. He will talk throughout an evening of Carlyle, whose grumpy discontent with almost all creation seems to find an echo in Malatesta's heart. The anarchist stumbles now and then over Carlyle's English, and has to call upon his friends to help him out, but he has spent much of his spare time in studying the language, and can now write it fairly well.

The count was to have inherited a good bit of money, and apparently he did get a little, for his trade would hardly keep him alive, even in his extremely modest way of life. The neighborhood will have nothing to do with him, and he will have nothing to do with strangers. The only odd jobs he gets are from foreigners who know him, or are in the confidence of his friends. At present, as was the case after the murder of King Humbert, any communication with him is more than likely to lead to surveillance by Scotland Yard officials.

Malatesta's shop is a bare little place with one or two broken bicycles and old odds and ends of lead pipe and a few old gas meters. He is a keen student of chemistry and electricity, and is said to have made one or two electrical inventions which would have brought him money if he had not been opposed to the idea of patents. If he had not been so busy promoting anarchy he might have been as useful a citizen as his fellow countryman Marconi.

Those who believe most firmly that this man is the leading spirit of the anarchists all over the world deny strenuously that he gets a penny of salary. "He works too hard to be on salary," observed one of them. His hard life and prison experience make him look much older than he really is. Whereas his age usually has been given as 50, I am told that he is only 36. He has a heavily-lined face, jet-black hair and beard, and piercing blue eyes. He is a teetotaler, or the next thing to it, and has vigorous views on the subject of strong drink. His only dissipation, so far as known, is a cheap pipe.

At all seeming he is one of the most quiet, mild and peaceable of men. He is known to have expelled from authority among London anarchists one or two men who talked too violently. His voice is soft and pleasant, and it is said of him that he wouldn't personally kill so much as a fly. His former roommate at Defendi's, a chum of his, at college and a companion in many revolutionary adventures, was dropped by him and requested to move elsewhere because he kicked up a row in St. John's night, flourished a revolver and talked about slaying somebody.

No, the soft-voiced Malatesta declares that he doesn't believe in killing people. He disappeared from his London haunt just before King Humbert was slain, and turned up in Italy, although the police there didn't know of it then. He was back in London by the time Bresi had fired his fatal shot. Malatesta, of course, disavowed all knowledge of this deed, but had to admit that he was well acquainted with Bresi, for the fact was generally known. He was watched by London detectives and, as Italian spies, his letters were opened, all sorts of traps were laid for him, but nothing could be found that definitely connected him with the crime.

In the same way detectives did their best to connect him with the murder of the empress of Austria. He was known to have been in touch with her slayer, but there was nothing to prove that Malatesta had planned this crime from his little back room in Islington.

Did Erico Malatesta plot the death of President McKinley? It is safe to say that no document will ever be found to prove it. But this soft-spoken anarchist seems to have had an especial grudge against the conditions in America, apparently because of the number of rich men there. He declared recently to one of my informants that there were more anarchists in America today than in any other country in the world, and

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He is not only watched continually by the police today, but anyone who undertakes to see him is followed. Since he settled in London four years ago he has been so cautious that no definite charge of inciting to violence could be brought against him, but personal liberty is not so great in France and Italy, and in either of those countries he would be arrested at once—if he could be caught.

The facts concerning this Italian nobleman, born to wealth and privilege, who sits in a wretched little hall room in London, suspected of weaving vast plots while detectives representing at least four nations lurk outside watching in vain for some clue on which to hold him are more strange and dramatic than any of the fiction that has been written about him. Malatesta is his own name and his family is one of the oldest and most respected in Italy today. As eldest son, he inherited the title of count and would have come into a considerable property if his family had not disowned him on account of his revolutionary tendencies. He has a brother Henry, who is in the public service in Italy today.

Malatesta was intended by his father to be a scientist, and after an excellent education under tutors was sent to Milan University to prepare for the study of medicine. He was a turbulent, headstrong youth, and soon became the leader of the more restless spirits at the university. Before he had time to graduate he was arrested as the leader of a revolutionary movement and, although his family managed to get him out of jail, they informed him that thenceforth they would have nothing to do with him unless he changed his views about the iniquity of all forms of government. Malatesta promptly refused and was invited by the family to go and be hanged.

He plunged into all sorts of plots against the Italian government after that, and for this complicity in the riots of 1863 was imprisoned again. After his release he went to America. He seems to have spent most of his time there in quiet conferences with anarchist leaders. Emma Goldman and Johann Most were his intimates, but, unlike them, he kept himself in the background as much as possible.

Malatesta came to London four years ago, and his headquarters ever since have been at 112 High Street, in the rather squalid district in the north of London known as Islington. He is the famous organ grinder, who is unquestionably the oldest son of the late Earl Poulett, and who is trying to establish his claim to the title.

High street, in the neighborhood where the famous anarchist's lair is situated, narrows down into a shabby little lane flanked by unimpressive shops and a few slatternly dwellings. It is in a room over a little wine shop with the name Defendi over the door that Malatesta lodges.

Defendi is said to be an intimate friend of the anarchist leader and is declared to be a revolutionary exile from Italy, and his son, a boy of 17, has been informally adopted by Malatesta and is