

THE STANDARD FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

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A correspondent asks how I would advise our friends in New York city to vote in the mayoralty election.

I have no advice to give. I am not running a political party, nor have I engaged to act as mentor to those who think as I do to certain great principles. On the contrary, I am anxious that these principles should be kept as free as possible from the entanglements and dissensions of small and personal politics. Our first and most important interest in this campaign is the election of Cleveland and Thurman because of their attitude on the tariff question, and the incidental election of as many free trade congressmen as possible. In this state the interest in ballot reform of such of us as appreciate its importance, also concerns us in seeking the defeat of Governor Hill, who prevented the adoption of this greatest of all political reforms. But we have kept the two things separate. The skeleton organization formed for the purpose of indicating and concentrating the support of Cleveland by single tax men has carefully confined its efforts to that. It has declared no preference on the gubernatorial question, and at none of its meetings has the matter of electing Cleveland been combined with that of defeating Hill.

And for my own part, while I have spoken against Hill at meetings called for that purpose, under other than single tax auspices, I have, in the speeches I have made for Cleveland, confined myself entirely to the national issue. We are anxious to get every vote we can for Cleveland, irrespective of how it may be cast on state issues. And while the great majority of thorough single tax men in New York are opposed to Hill, we recognize the fact that the ballot reform appeals to many men who do not believe in the single tax. THE STANDARD has supported the two principles of free trade and ballot reform, and urged the support or rejection of typical candidates accordingly; but there is no reason for going further and taking any side in politics in which these principles are not clearly involved. And that there is no principle involved in the mayoralty contest which would give me any ground for presuming to urge the support of any of the candidates upon our friends, is shown by the division of opinion that exists among them. Of those who are united in advocacy of the two principles, some will vote for Grant, some for Hewitt, some for Erhardt, and some for Coogan, as personal preferences or opinions incline. There is no common ground on which to unite them.

Mr. Hugh J. Grant, the nominee of the Tammany democratic machine, is a rich young man who some years ago determined to go into politics. Being a rich young man, he did not have to start a liquor saloon, which would have been the most promising method of entering politics had he been a young man of moderate means. He simply joined the dominant political machine, put up the necessary funds, and had himself nominated and elected alderman. He made a respectable member of the board, distinguished himself by voting against the boodle ring, won the favor of John Kelly, then the "boss" of the Tammany machine, and was made the Tammany nominee for mayor. In the effort for election he spent an enormous sum of money, but was beaten by William H. Grace, the nominee of the county democracy machine, a brier man, with a still longer purse. To

recompense him for his great outlay—which in the eyes of his machine showed a patriotism that deserved recompense and encouragement—he was nominated for the lucrative office of sheriff in 1885, and elected. He is a man of good personal reputation—for in our politics it is nothing derogatory to a man's reputation that he should spend great sums of money to corrupt elections—but he represents nothing in particular except his machine, and, so far as he has gone, the clean discharge of duty. While recouping himself, as was intended by his machine, for his expenses in the unsuccessful candidacy for mayor, he has confined himself to the legitimate profits of the shrievalty, and has introduced into that office strict business methods. He has been chosen by Tammany partly for this reason, and partly for his ability and readiness to spend money. Some previous mention had been made of Congressman S. S. Cox, a man of talent, experience and national fame, whose nomination would have honored the local democracy. But Mr. Cox was never seriously thought of. He is, as a matter of fact, ineligible, for the reason that he is not a rich man. It is as much as he has been able to do to pay the regular assessment necessary to keep himself in congress. If he had grown rich in congress without too seriously diminishing his popularity, he might easily have aspired to the mayoralty. But as it is, he has in the regular course of machine politics got about as high as he can get.

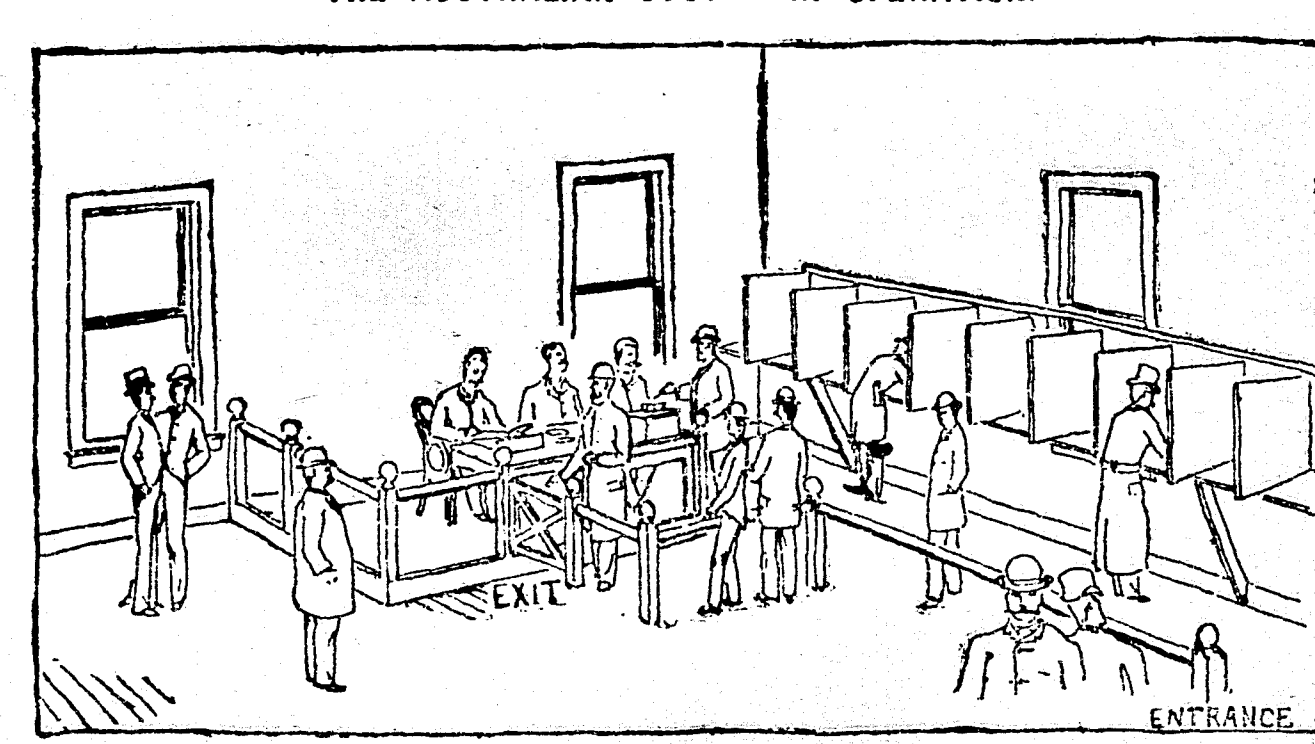
Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, nominee of the county democracy machine, of which he is one of the originators, is also a rich man, who has always paid the assessments and other expenses necessary to secure election, with sufficient freedom, though not, perhaps, with the prodigality which so endears Mr. Grant to his machine. He has the advantage of Mr. Grant in maturity, in experience, and probably in intellectual vigor and brilliancy, but is at a disadvantage in the item of manners. So very bad are his manners, according to his own account, that they are the only thing that has prevented him from becoming president of the United States years ago.

Mr. Hewitt represents more than his machine. Above suspicion of personal corruption, he has discharged the duties of mayor cleanly and well, and has found time during his incumbency of the office for an unexampled number of speeches, interviews and letters, which, while they have irritated some, have greatly amused and pleased a large section of the public. Mr. Hewitt, as in a less degree Mr. Grant, is a type not so much of the machine politicians as of the rich men, who, recognizing "things as they are," use machines when it suits their purpose, as necessary means of forwarding a natural and by no means blameworthy ambition. Two years ago, when Tammany and the county democracy were forced into combination by the movement which placed me in the field as a candidate for mayor, and which threatened the machines with defeat, Mr. Hewitt was the candidate selected to save them. He called it then "saving society." He was elected only by the full exertion of all the worst powers of the machine—slander, bribery, intimidation and the prostitution of the influence of the municipal departments. He saw nothing out of the way in this, for not only had he gotten himself into a frame of mind in which it doubtless actually seemed to him, as he declared, that a general destruction of society amid all the horrors of the French revolution would follow my election as mayor by unpurchased votes, but, as he said at the time, "I am not so impracticable as to refuse the methods by which society at any given time is governed," and "my experience teaches me that politicians are very willing to avail themselves of the services of able and honest candidates."

Now, however, his experience seems somewhat to have changed. Society having been saved, Tammany has manifested a disposition to save itself, and Mr. Hewitt and his friends have had their eyes opened to the depravity of professional politicians and the wickedness of machine methods—at least, so far as relates to Tammany.

Mr. Hewitt is a man of decided though somewhat varying opinions, and has from time to time frankly expressed them. He has stopped the raising of other than American flags upon the city hall, believes that the term for naturalization, except in the case of distinguished strangers, should be twenty-one years, and is bitterly opposed to labor associations and their methods, while having a completely blind eye for the wrongs which provoke them. He is, moreover, a staunch believer in local self-government. He is alive to the great necessity for rapid transit, though the plan he proposed amounted to little more than that the city should build

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM IN OPERATION.



The voter entering the polling place has already received from the proper officer a single ballot, on which are plainly printed the various officials to be voted for, and the candidates for each office, with the parties they represent. Passing behind the railing at the point marked "Entrance," the voter enters one of the booths, where he finds full instructions voted, and there arranges his ballot, placing a cross against the name of each candidate he votes for. He then passes to the ballot box, depositing his vote in the presence of the inspectors of election, and passes out at the gate marked "Exit."

a road and turn it over to the New York Central corporation. He believes that a higher class of men should be appointed police justices, and would probably make such appointments; and he is, it is understood, in favor of the Australian ballot system, though I know of no public expression of his on the subject, and he has had nothing whatever to say about Governor Hill's veto. Two years ago he declared that the proposition to abolish taxation upon buildings and improvements, and to levy taxes upon the value of land, irrespective of improvements, was unjust and immoral, while to appropriate economic rent by taxation would be to reduce society to a state of chaos, in which brute force would predominate and only the cunning and strong would survive. Yet in a most able message, since he became mayor, he has proposed the exemption of all personal property from taxation. In this, however, he seems to be perfectly unconscious that he is advancing at all in our direction, as, since that time and on various occasions during his incumbency, he has seen fit to make public and semi-official allusion to myself and those who hold to the single tax idea, as men who would destroy all property rights.

Mr. Joel B. Erhardt, who has been nominated by the republican machine in default of getting a man of greater wealth, served in the army during the war, and rose from the ranks to a captaincy. He has since been successively United States district attorney for Brooklyn, one of the police commissioners of New York, and United States marshal for the southern district. He afterward became receiver of the insolvent New York and Northern railroad, and then its president. In all his official positions Mr. Erhardt has maintained a high reputation for integrity and fidelity, yet is at the same time a strong man with his machine.

Mr. James J. Coogan is the nominee of the united labor party—or, rather, to distinguish it from the united labor party of last year, of what has been left of the united labor party after its abandonment by the great majority of single tax men. He is also, like Mr. Hewitt, the nominee of a number of citizens, mostly members of the Central labor union, but, like Mr. Hewitt, he declined to run until he had received the nomination of some formal convention. This the united labor convention gave him as a matter of course, as it has been for some time understood that it was the pawn upon Mr. Coogan's political chess board.

Mr. Coogan is a man of great wealth and strong ambition—at least in the direction of the mayoralty. The fortune which he has made for himself in the furniture business is popularly estimated at some two million dollars, and he has inherited through his wife a large tract of land in the upper part of the city, which he is now improving and which has enormously increased in value. He is, in fact, one of the largest owners of New York, and the estate which he controls must soon rank in value among the first in the list headed by that of the Astors. Mr. Coogan has never held any public position, but his business ability, which has enabled him at an early age to make a large fortune, is beyond question. In ability, education and business reputation he is quite up to the ordinary standard of mayors, and the affairs of the city would doubtless be safe in his hands.

Mr. Coogan has long and ardently desired to be mayor of New York; and, seeing, as a practical business man, that it requires the spending of a great deal of money to become mayor of New York, he has had no hesitation in declaring his willingness to spend, in getting the office, as much or more than any candidate for

mayor has ever yet invested in politics. Eight years ago it was understood that he would "put up" one hundred thousand dollars if he could get the Tammany nomination. Two years ago he desired the nomination of the labor associations which was tendered to me. It was urged by and for him that he would spend a great deal of money, and with this nomination could get the nomination of Tammany Hall. For this year, his programme was to get the nomination of the united labor party and then get the indorsement of the republicans. This programme has evidently fallen through. But Mr. Coogan has determined to make a fight with the united labor nomination alone, and his ability to supply funds will infuse into his canvass a great deal of vigor. The conjuncture is peculiarly fortunate for him to try the experiment, as there are a great number of men, not likely to vote the republican ticket, who find it difficult to say which they detest most—Mr. Hewitt and his machine on the one side or the Tammany machine on the other.

Mr. Coogan is a strong protectionist, and in national politics a republican, but he is of course not particular as to what local ticket he runs on, since what he wants is "to get there." In accepting the united labor party nomination he accepted its platform, which, despite some modifications, is substantially that on which I ran two years ago. In accepting this he formally accepts the declaration that all taxes on buildings and improvements should be abolished. This, however, does not make him a representative of the single tax idea. He has never, so far as I have heard, given any sign of adhesion to that principle, nor even of having seriously considered it. He has, however, always been extremely friendly toward organized labor, and liberal in his contributions to the various funds which labor associations have undertaken to raise; and he has devoted a good deal of consideration to schemes for rapid transit, especially to those which would give readier access to his lands. Mr. Coogan has always been open and above board in his desire to be mayor, and his readiness to pay largely for the honor; but there is nothing whatever to indicate that he desires the place from any sordid motives.

As, with the exception of Mr. Coogan's, their letters of acceptance have, as I write, not yet been published, this is, as far as I can make it, a fair, impartial review of the mayoralty candidates and what they stand for. My correspondent can see for himself that there is no ground on which I should be justified in basing any advice to him or any other single tax man. The most obvious moral of the whole situation is the necessity of adopting the Australian method of voting. And the best way to make a ballot count in this election for the Australian system is to cast it against David B. Hill, the democratic nominee for governor, and for Warner Miller, the republican nominee. HENRY GEORGE.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

The assemblymen who in the last state legislature voted for the electoral reform bill were as follows—republicans in roman and democrats in italics:

Messrs. Acker, Adams, Ainsworth, Aspinall, Bagley, Baucus, Beatty, Brown, Brownell, Brundage, Burns, Bush, Cushman, Harrison Cheney, W. W. Cheney, Clark, Comstock, S. M. Coon, Cottrell, Cromwell, Crosby, Curtis, Davis, Defendorf, DeWitt, Dinehart, Edwards, Emery, Enz, Flaherty, Fort, Frost, Fuller, Gallagher, Gallup, Goetts, Greene, Hadley, Hamilton, Hughes, Hunting, Husted, Kimball, Latimer, Lewis, Mabie, Magner, John Martin, Mase, Mathison, Maynard, McAdam, McEvoy, McKenzie, Moody, Morgan, Nixon, O'Reilly, Prime, Rhodes, Roscoe, Rosenthal, Savory, Sexton, M. A. Smith, Tallmadge, Thompson, Tisdale,

Van Gorder, Weidner, Whipple, White, Yates, Youngman and the speaker—75. Those who voted against it were: Messrs. Blumenthal, Brennan, Church, Conger, Connelly, A. B. Coons, Dalton, Endres, Finn, Gordon, Goeman, Guenther, Haggen, Haggerty, Hayes, Herrmann, Higgins, Kent, Longley, McCann, McKenna, McLaughlin, O'Connor, O'Neil, Platt, Rannow, Ryan, Shea, Sheehan, Sheldon, Thomas Smith, Jr., P. A. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Wood, Wemple and Wissig—36.

The full names and districts of the democrats who in the assembly broke their party line and voted for election reform are as follows:

JOHN H. BAGLEY JR., Greene county.
ROBERT P. BUSH, Chemung county.
JOHN CASHOW, Queens county.
FLETCHER A. DEFENDORF, Monroe county.
GEORGE W. GREENE, Orange county.
THOMAS F. MAGNER, Kings county.
JOHN MARTIN, New York.
GEORGE F. ROESCH, New York.
SOL. D. ROSENTHAL, New York.
CHARLES H. WEIDNER, Ulster county.

In the senate the votes in favor of the bill were Messrs. Arnold, Coggeshall, Deane, Erwin, Hawkins, Hendricks, Kellogg, Lewis, Laughlin, Linson, McNaughton, O'Connor, Rains, Robertson, Russell, Sloan, Sweet, Vedder, Walker and Worth.

The eight senators—all democrats—who voted against the bill were:

Jacob A. Cantor, New York; Eugene S. Ives, New York; George F. Langbein, New York; Michael C. Murphy, New York; Edward F. Reilly, New York; Charles A. Stadler, New York; James F. Pierce, Brooklyn; and John Foley, Saratoga Springs.

Voters who desire the triumph of ballot reform should study these lists carefully.

The Big Brooklyn Meeting.

The single tax men of Brooklyn are confident that the rally in the big Clermont avenue rink next Tuesday night will be big enough to astonish the town and break the movement in Kings county. The rink is the largest audience hall in the state excepting Madison square garden, and although many meetings have been held in it this year it has been filled on one occasion only—when Warner Miller visited the city and the organized strength of the republican machine was exerted. If the single tax men, working without organization and without the resources of the campaigners of the old parties, can fill the rink it will be a glorious accomplishment. Every single tax man and every free trader in Brooklyn should be there. Thomas G. Shearman will preside and addresses will be made by Henry George, Hugh G. Pentecost and Louis F. Post.

Mr. Johnson's Candidacy.

CLEVELAND, O.—The single tax men of this place are jubilant over the nomination of Mr. Tom L. Johnson for congress by the democrats of the Twenty-first district of Ohio. This district is a stronghold of protection, and the republican party had counted on a walk-over for their candidate; but the nomination of Mr. Johnson has struck terror to their hearts. They know the esteem in which he is held by the workmen, who comprise two-thirds of the voters, irrespective of party. Since coming to Cleveland Mr. Johnson has revolutionized the street car business of the town. He has paid his employees better wages and worked them shorter hours than any other street car employer in the city. Before he came it was usual for drivers and conductors to work not less than sixteen hours per day for \$1.50. He has reduced the day to twelve hours and increased the wages thirty per cent, and compelled other companies to follow his lead. Besides this he has given us the best street car service in the country. These are facts which every workman in the city and districts knows, and no wonder the protectionists despair of being able to cram their exploded fallacies down workingmen's throats when a man like Tom Johnson, whose name is synonymous with all that is just and fair in the treatment of labor, is seeking their suffrages.

But to single tax men his nomination means more than to anyone else, for he has been closely identified with the movement as president of Land and Labor club No. 2. We scarcely dared hope for such help to our cause as his nomination and acceptance gives us. His nomination has put life into the old democratic party of this district, and I confidently expect to see him triumphantly elected in November. JOHN BENSON.

The Prospect in California.

A gentleman, who from his extensive business relations has most excellent opportunities of knowing the drift of opinion in California, writes to THE STANDARD:

I have taken pains to make inquiry and observe as carefully and as impartially as I could, and I am convinced that for the past six weeks the tide in California has steadily turned in favor of Cleveland and Thurman, and I find prevailing in the ranks of the democracy a great increase of confidence. There are some changes of democrats to the republican side, but more the other way. I don't, of my own knowledge, know of a single democrat who will not vote his ticket. I do know of eight republicans who have told me that they would not vote for Harrison and Morton, and would vote for Cleveland. Cleveland is a man of unusual ability and exceptional courage and honesty, and devotion to the common people, and, as a western orator said, "As the American people are not a fool they will re-elect him."

Regarding ex-Governor Downey, who has come out for Harrison, it appears that he had gotten his claws on thousands of acres of land in Oregon in an irregular way, and the administration wrenched it from him and restored it to the public domain.

They Won't Debate With Real Free Traders.

OVERLIN, Ohio—After four distinct challenges to debate the tariff question this summer I have got no one to accept. The democrats are making a quiet campaign, chiefly by literature, and I begin to hope they may carry the state.

Rail for Tom Johnson! Wish he was in this district. EDWARD B. HASKELL.

AGAINST GOVERNOR HILL, AND IN FAVOR OF ELECTORAL REFORM.

A Mass Meeting in Cooper Union that Meant Something—Powerful Speeches by William M. Ives, Chamberlain of New York, and Henry George—How the Anti-Hill Meeting and the Pro-Hill Meeting Compared.

The audience which crowded into the big hall in Cooper union on Monday night to show their disapproval of Governor Hill's veto of the electoral reform bill and give expression to their opposition to his candidacy for reelection very materially differed from the audience which a few nights before had gathered in the same place and roared its hoarse at the governor's gross misrepresentations and fulsome flattery. The one had come to hear facts and weigh evidence, and to gather information regarding one of the most important and fundamental reforms pressing upon the citizens of this state for enactment. The other came to go through the form of listening to the governor's misleading explanations for blocking the way to such reform, and to fling up its hat and wildly cheer for the creature of a political machine.

Throughout long and detailed explanations of the changes proposed in the existing laws, which would have emptied the hall of any other audience, this audience on Monday night sat a close and deeply interested listener, catching up each point as it fell from the lips of the speaker and showing its approval by loud and hearty applause. It was clear that the assembly was made up of men and women who had come there on a matter of serious business, and when the meeting disbanded each one went away with a good deal to think and talk about.

At a few minutes before eight Director Beggs waved his baton, and the single tax band burst into the martial air of the "Cleveland March." When the music had ceased and the applause had subsided, William T. Croasdale stepped forward and proposed William McCabe for chairman of the meeting, at which the audience manifested its approval by loud applause.

Mr. McCabe said: "We are here to-night to enter our protest against the man who vetoed the electoral reform bill (applause) to let the people who make policies a business understand that we are tired of letting the machines make the nominations; that when there is a capable man, whether he has money or not, we want the people to put him up and elect him at the expense of the state. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, the first speaker of the evening will be William M. Ives, chamberlain of the city of New York."

Mr. Ives's Address.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: For the first time in the history of our country we have a political campaign which is really in the truest and best sense of the word a great educational institution. (Applause.) The present campaign has done more toward educating the people than any campaign we have ever had before in this country; and, so far as I know, more than any campaign in any country whatever extending over no greater length of time.

WHAT GROVER CLEVELAND HAS DONE. This is due in the first instance to the courage of a single man (applause), Grover Cleveland. (Great applause.) Here was a man who found his party timid, conservative and weak upon one of the greatest issues that could possibly be presented to the people of this country, the issue as to whether or not war taxes should be maintained in perpetuity and a hundred million dollars a year stored up in the national treasury as a standing menace to the state. He said this problem must be settled. He spoke against the voice of many of the strongest men in his party. It was an act of pure and exalted courage on his part, and it has had this effect: that we will have to divide our great issues those who believe in the protective tariff principle must stand on one side, and those who believe in free trade or a reduction of the present tariff must stand on the other side. (Applause.) It is well for both parties that this thing was done, and it is well for this nation that Grover Cleveland had the heroism and the courage of his convictions on this subject. (Applause.)

But this same principle of courage should run through the entire canvass. We can not say that we should be courageous in regard to national matters and should display vulgar cowardice as to our views in regard to state matters. (Applause.) The same courage which has led men to declare in behalf of Grover Cleveland should lead men of convictions in regard to pure politics to declare against David B. Hill. (Great applause.) In this campaign, as Grover Cleveland stands for pure administration and strength and purity of character in national matters, so I believe that Warner Miller (applause) stands for the same things in state matters.

A few people in the back of the hall here attempted to create disorder, but they were sharply rebuked by Mr. Ives, and Captain McCullagh promptly notified them that any further attempts at disorder would be at once suppressed by the police. Mr. Ives also alluded to the course of the *Evening*, and the name of the paper evoked hisses from all parts of the hall. He declared that Hill's opponents in the democratic party are making an open and manly fight against him, and he thus continued:

I wish to say nothing that is unfair. I wish to say nothing that is untrue; but as a public official of the city of New York I want to have it said that at least one official has openly stood up for the honor and dignity and property of the city against the grasping political hand of David B. Hill. (Applause.)

HILL'S FRIENDSHIP FOR THE WORKINGMAN. David B. Hill has declared profusely that he is the friend of the workingman (laughter), and as the friend and representative of the laboring classes he asks their votes. I want to ask whether or not it is necessary that the friend of the laboring classes, while chief magistrate of the state of New York, should set the example of an open defilement of the law by raising \$15,000 on his own notes for political expenses in his own election, and then have those notes paid out of the aqueduct fund of the city of New York? If that be friendship to the workingman, then the workingman must have some interest distinct from the interest of the community at large.

Mr. Ives reviewed at some length Mr. Hill's pretense of devotion to the workingman

word painting and distinguish
into a plain's
people to get
their own fat

for all this! Not in charity, not in kindness, but in justice. (Applause.)

THE REMEDY OF THE BALLOT.

These things are the results of misgovernment. (Applause.) They can only be remedied by the intelligent use of the ballot. (Applause.) And therefore, I say, the ballot will give intelligence a chance to use the ballot, this reform that will do away with a monstrous condition in which two or three men on one side and two or three men on the other dictate to the people the only choice they can have: this monstrous condition that is demoralizing the whole people and teaching us to look upon an election as a carnival of fraud and corruption, shall be done away with. (Applause.)

And so it is that to me this ballot reform is the greatest and the first of all reforms. (Applause.) And though David B. Hill were the best man that had ever sat in the executive chair, though he agree with him on all other positions, I would consider it my solemn duty—my duty to my nation, my duty to my state, my duty to my children, my duty to my fellows and to the world, to vote against him at this election. (Applause.)

DISTINCT FROM NATIONAL POLITICS.
I would far rather vote at this election for a democratic candidate than for a republican candidate (applause), because I recognize in the forward step that the democratic party is making under the leadership of Grover Cleveland (great applause) a return to those principles of Jeffersonian democracy (applause) on which alone this republic can be safely based and by which alone its ideal can be secured.

Warner Miller (great applause) represents the very opposite of my national politics; but this single question leaves to me no doubt. If we want this great reform that will kill the machines we must prepare to sacrifice everything else and vote for it. Certain words "good" and "applause" do not delude myself by believing that the republican machine is any more in favor of it than the democratic machine. (Applause.) I can well understand and well appreciate the fact that republicans in both houses of the legislature last year voted for it because they felt they were in the minority in the state; but nevertheless if we want to have them to vote for it and to have a governor who will sign it we must vote this election show that we are in favor of it in earnest. (Applause.) If we beat David B. Hill because he vetoed the electoral bill we will have the electoral bill at the very next session. (Applause.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF '88.
We New Yorkers know what our elections now are. Two years ago, when I ran for the majority on the nomination tendered me by the conference called by the trade and labor associations, we felt all the disadvantages that attach to this kind of election. We voted as they vote in Ireland, in England or in Australia. I would have been elected. (Applause.) We lost many thousands of votes simply for the reason that we were unable to get our tickets and our names on the ballot. Thousands of American citizens in this city of New York, as they approach the polls on election day, fear to refuse to take the ballot that is handed to them by a political heeler and to march up to the polls. And this evil is worse in the country than it is in the city. And so there is a great class of men who regularly on election day make merchandise of their votes, selling them for prices ranging from two dollars to five dollars, sometimes as high as \$25. There are towns in this state where it is held that one-third of the vote is purchasable.

In Albany, where I stopped two weeks ago, one of our friends told me that a justice sitting on the bench who, after his court was adjourned, went down to the polls and began buying votes. (Laughter and hisses.) This thing cannot go on forever and get no worse. There is only a remedy in the history of any people during which they can reform a corrupt government. When a corrupt government brings about corruption of the people, the people themselves must become corrupt—nothing can be done until there is no change of men, no change of institutions. It must go on that path which leads to destruction. Time is yet with us in this republic, and it is for us of this generation to act.

THE REMEDY OF THE FUTURE.

The republic, the true republic, is not yet here. (Applause.) That republic of which Jefferson dreamed is yet to be founded. (Applause.) Ours is the highest privilege of taking part in bringing it into being; of taking part in making this nation that at the end of the world shall look to with admiration and love; that all the world shall turn to, and seeing the glory and grandeur of democratic institutions, follow in our lead.

In this election, therefore, for that. In this election, whosoever else we vote for, let us every man of us who values the cause of good government, every man of us who values political purity—put in a vote for the Australian ballot system by voting against David B. Hill; and because that is the most effective mode of doing it, by voting for Warner Miller. (Great applause and cheers.)

Personal.
Richard W. Stuffer of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., has been nominated as the democratic candidate for assembly. Mr. Stuffer is well known to be an active single tax man. He wrote some time ago a series of articles in the local papers reviewing Whalen's "Political Economy" from the single tax standpoint, and has been outspoken in his advocacy of absolute free trade. It is significant of the movement that is going on that he was nominated without his own solicitation or that of his friends, and with the understanding that he should take an active part in the campaign untrammelled by the party interests and unrestricted by the party policy. In short, he has been nominated because he is a single tax man and an absolute free trader.

Too Much for Him.
He was a big, brawny fellow and he stood with a few others listening to a protectionist curbstone orator tell how if the barriers to trade were thrown down, England would swamp us with cheap goods, how she would destroy our industries, and in short, ruin the country. The big fellow listened with a mingled expression of scorn and contempt until he could retain himself no longer.

"Say," he cried, interrupting the protectionist gentlemen in the middle of one of his most eloquent descriptions of the horrors of English free trade, "What's all this about England swamping us out? Why, England's no bigger than a cat! Give that cat more rope, will you! Phoo-o-o-o!" And he walked off in disgust, leaving the protectionist advocates and the remainder of his audience in a state of wonder as to what it was that dropped.

No Use for Gettys Slaves.

Estimating that six men could accomplish work at the oars equivalent to one horsepower exerted through the screws of such a vessel as the City of New York, and allowing that a man could work twelve hours a day, it would take 254,000 galley slaves to propel that vessel continuously day and night as fast as the 19,500 horsepower engines.

"Surprised" Silk Manufacturers.
The "surprise silk works" is a sign in the window of 105 Franklin street. An Evening Sun man asked an attendant why they so named their works, and he said: "We are surprised we are running, considering the pro and con tariff talk one hears nowadays."

Why Not the Entire Product of Their Own Labor?
St. Paul Globe.

When the issue in the present campaign is stripped of surplusage and the ornamental word painting which usually adorns platforms and disorganizing converts down into a plain struggle on the part of working people to get a fair share of the product of their own labor.

IN FULL SWING.

THE SINGLE TAX PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Speakers and Organizers Hard at Work—Meetings During the Past Week—Some of Them Eclipsed the Regular Party Meetings—Plans for the Future—Extracts from Correspondence.

The single tax and free trade Cleveland and Thurman meetings, the only political gatherings at which a man can ask a question and expect a reply from the speaker, are doing a great deal of good. Even the old party newspapers are beginning to recognize their moral and educational effect, as will be seen by the quotations printed in THE STANDARD. Outside of New York city there have been meetings under the auspices of the single tax committee in Brooklyn and in New Jersey towns, some of which have cast into the shade any of the regular party meetings, and there is no doubt that if Cleveland carries the state of New Jersey it will be largely a single tax victory. Meetings have been held during the last week as follows:

William J. Gorsuch spoke before residents of the Eighth congressional district at New Windsor hall, Grand street, on Thursday, October 11.

The following day the single tax men of the Seventh congressional district met at 12 Union square, adopted a constitution and organized by electing H. B. Epstein chairman, and P. V. Jones secretary.

The Sixth congressional district was organized at a meeting held on Sunday, October 13, at which W. J. Gorsuch and J. R. Abrahams delivered addresses. Preparations were made to hold a meeting shortly in Bleeker hall.

On the same evening the Ninth congressional district of the Free trade club held a meeting at 105 Second avenue. W. T. Crossdale, M. J. Murray and C. H. Hopkins of Syracuse made speeches.

Louis F. Post went to Nutley, N. J., the same day (Saturday), and addressed a meeting composed largely of laboring men and well-to-do democrats. Mr. Post was told not to talk free trade, as it would not be received by his audience, but he gave them a full hour of straight tariff abolition talk, and they listened to him.

On Monday, October 15, Mr. Post had a large and enthusiastic audience at Schiel's hall, East New York. He made a short speech, and then answered questions.

On Tuesday, the 16th, Thos. G. Shearman spoke at Albany; and on Wednesday, the 17th, there were meetings in Passaic, N. J., Philadelphia and the Tenth congressional district of this city. L. F. Post and E. W. Nellis were the speakers for the Passaic meeting, and Mr. Post for Philadelphia.

The Sixth congressional district single tax Cleveland and Thurman club effected permanent organization on Tuesday evening, October 16, by electing the following officers: Jacob Steinburner, chairman; Morgan E. Stevenson, 30 Cornelia street, secretary.

Meetings which will take place after THE STANDARD goes to press are as follows: Henry George will speak on Wednesday, Oct. 17, at Dunkirk, N. Y.

Friday, Oct. 19, Rochester, N. Y.

Saturday, Oct. 20, Syracuse, N. Y.

Tuesday, Oct. 23, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, Oct. 25, Harrisburg, Pa.

Friday, Oct. 26, Ithaca, N. Y.

Saturday, Oct. 27, Binghamton, N. Y.

Monday, Oct. 29, Morrisville, N. J.

Thursday, Nov. 1, New York city.

On Thursday, October 18, L. F. Post and W. J. Gorsuch will speak at Wendell's hall, West Forty-fourth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues; and the same evening the Eighth congressional district will hold a meeting in New Windsor hall, 412 Grand street. A. J. Steers and J. R. Abrahams will speak.

Thos. G. Shearman will answer questions on free trade and the single tax at Cooper union on Friday, October 19.

On Saturday the 20th, the Eighth congressional district will hold a meeting in Goodfield's hall, 47 East street.

Everett Gluckin and F. C. Leubuscher will speak. And the same evening the Ninth congressional district branch of the free trade club meet at 105 Second avenue.

Hugh O. Pentecost and W. J. Gorsuch will speak in Parepa hall, Eighty-sixth street and Third avenue. This will be the principal meeting on the east side of the city, next to the Cooper union meetings. It will be under the auspices of the Twelfth congressional district single tax men.

At Cooper union, on Wednesday, October 24, Hugh O. Pentecost will speak. On the same evening L. F. Post and W. J. Gorsuch will speak at Arthur hall, Sixth avenue, between 126th and 127th streets.

The Harlem branch of the New York free trade club will hold a public meeting at Temperance hall, Lexington avenue and 125th street, Friday, October 26. Hon. D. H. Chamberlain is expected to make the address.

On November 1 there will be a grand final rally at Cooper union, when Henry George, Thomas G. Shearman, Hugh O. Pentecost and L. F. Post will speak.

At Philadelphia, Thomas G. Shearman will speak at Musical fund hall on Wednesday, October 24.

At Brooklyn, a grand rally will be held on Tuesday, October 23, at the Rink, to be addressed by Henry George, Thomas G. Shearman, Hugh O. Pentecost and L. F. Post.

The following extracts give a fair idea of the letters which the Single Tax Cleveland committee has received during the past week:

T. J. Griffiths, Quana, Tex.—It is with much pleasure that I send you my name for enrollment. I am a constant reader of THE STANDARD, having read every copy since it was started (except the first one) and generally read each copy two to five times over. I look forward for its coming as a boy does for the circus. It is the best paper on earth and to an isolated believer is as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

M. Carroll, New York.—While walking out yesterday I ran across one of those "George cranks" from the West. He had to return home without hearing Henry George which he very much regretted. But he sent his name as a supporter of Cleveland, Thurman and single tax. He went back with tracts and STANDARDS, arms for war.

O. B. P., Olympia, Wash. Ter.—Enclosed find a list of nine names. There are many more men here who believe as we do, but for some reason or other they shrink from signing. We do not lack aggressive men, however, and they have been so able and active that protectionists decline to any longer debate with them. Seven of the men whose names I send were republicans.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Here with evidence of my intentions to vote at the approaching election in favor of "free trade" or as much of it as is practicable at the present time. I am a republican ever since the formation of the party. Before then I used to take the whig and democratic tickets and select the men according as I deemed them the best for the offices for which they were nominated. During all the succeeding time I have wished that I might live to do the same again, and now the time has arrived.

I have been a free trader ever since the re-

peal of the English "corn laws." I was there to read or hear the threats of the landlords and monopolists, and the arguments and demonstrations of the league lecturers as well as the moanings and the expressed dread of both the farmers and their laborers, who said that they were sure to be ruined and the country to come to desolation if not to destruction. After I migrated to this country in 1848 I heard and read of the tariff reform miscalled free trade and its results. In 1857 I visited my native country and found everything vastly improved; laborers and mechanics better clothed, better fed, more intelligent and with a more conscious interest in public affairs as well as more hopeful of the future. While the republican party was that of freedom I was enthusiastic in its support, but now that I deem it the party against freedom and favoring monopoly, and some of its advocates trying to excuse, if not justify, such conspiracies as organizations called (I don't know why) trusts, I claim to be no longer a republican, but an independent voter—for the best men and the best measures as I understand them.

George H. Lambert, Minneapolis, Minn.—Enroll my name for Cleveland and Thurman and free trade. I have been a greenbacker and I voted for Ben Butler in 1854, but now I am a single tax man and I will do all I can to spread the light. I have made a free trader of a protectionist word and called (I don't know why) trusts, I claim to be no longer a republican, but an independent voter—for the best men and the best measures as I understand them.

Francis M. Milne, San Luis Obispo, Cal.—I enclose post office order for \$1.00 from my mother and myself, for which please send ten single tax campaign buttons. The six cents extra is to cover postage. We would like to receive them as soon as possible, for we hope to sell a few among those who have signed the roll of Cleveland voters. I send three more names: I think I have sent twenty-nine in all. No doubt many more could have been secured if a man had taken hold of the work—but a woman's power in such a direction is necessarily very limited. Was there ever a time like the present when those words should ring in our ears and hearts: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?" I can imagine no bitterer regret than to awaken, when the opportunity is past, to a sense of what it meant and of one's own failure to respond. We are making good use of the money, and the republicans have worn their yard long. The platform was filled with prominent single tax people, and their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts; among them Messrs. Rose, Carroll, Breen, Craig, Parkins, Hill, Poirer, Agnew, Hogg and Nellis. The audience was remarkable for the large number of ladies it contained. Since then the meeting has been the talk of the town, and none have been more surprised at the strength developed by the single tax men with their radical utterances than the politicians.

AN OXLOOKER.

To Single Tax Men in Massachusetts.
BOSTON, Mass., October 12.—The attention of the free traders of Massachusetts is called to the fact that the tariff reform league of Massachusetts, whose office is at 66 State street, Boston, is sending out literature in great variety to those who will properly circulate it in districts where it will do the most good. Whatever may be the opinion as to party affiliation, the defeat of the protection candidates for congress is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Workingmen in all the localities where the local democracy is negligent or distrustful of tariff agitation should apply at once for some of this literature for distribution at meetings and in the shops.

EDWIN M. WHITE, Secretary Single Tax League.

Nearly Four Hundred Years Behind.
WEST NEW BRITAIN, S. I.—Here is an extract from "Grafton's Abridgement of the Chronicles of England" which would seem to show that our forefathers, so far from being the shrewdest business men on the face of the earth, are about four hundred years behind the good citizens of Antwerp in knowledge of the way to get wealth:

"This year (1485) the English merchants (being long absent out of Flanders) returning together again were revealed into Antwerp with a solemn procession, so glad was the town of their returning, which was by their absence greatly hindered and impoverished."

S. M. G.

To Organize in Kansas City.
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Several friends and myself, awakened to the propitious state of circumstances, have resolved to attempt the organization of a single tax club, and we most earnestly desire the co-operation of all who are favorable to the idea. All parties so disposed will please communicate with me at once. WM. MAHONEY, 2417 Mercer street.

To Single Tax Men of Cleveland, Ohio.
There will be a meeting of all George men in Cleveland on Monday evening, October 22, at 8 o'clock, in Land and labor club rooms, 56 Public square, where business of special importance to the single tax cause will be transacted. Come and lend your aid.

WM. A. CRONENBERGER, R. ALLEN, Committee.

Every Laborer His Own Banker.
Workers in American cotton mills where wages average \$245 a year; silk factory hands who average \$222 a year, or the highly paid iron and steel workers of Pennsylvania who make \$10 a week, will see the line point to this little story which appeared in a New York evening paper:

The other day one of the New York Central railroad men called on Mr. Depe and complained that his salary was not large enough to live comfortably.

"Well," said the railroad magnate, "I'll tell you a little story. Some years ago a man who was an employer, feeling a much smaller salary than yours is cause to me with the same complaint you are now making. I asked him how many cigars he smoked a day, and he said four."

"About four more?"

"Well," said I, "economize in your tobacco and you will learn to be saving in other things."

He told him to try my advice and see how he liked it. I didn't see anything of him for about a year; but one day he came in and asked me how he could best invest \$1,000 which he had saved. I advised him to buy New York, New Haven and Hartford stock, which was at that time very low. He put his money into \$5,000 worth of stock, happening to strike a particularly good bargain, and to-day he is worth \$300,000. Now I do not claim that this man's success is attributable to my suggestion, but I do declare that if a person tries to economize he will be surprised at the result."

The applicant for an increase in salary listened with keen interest while Mr. Depe was talking, and then remarked that he guessed there was something in economy and that he would try it on for a while.

Promising.
Single tax papa and little girl out walking. Little Girl—What building is that, papa? Single Tax Papa—That's your Uncle Sam's post office.

Little Girl—But he doesn't own it, does he? Single Tax Papa—Yes, he owns it.

Little Girl—Well, the land isn't his, any way. That belongs to the people.

reader of THE STANDARD. I commenced to read you with a prejudiced mind, having been nurtured from my earliest youth on the inconsistencies of "protection." I now thoroughly sympathize with you, and see the wisdom of your course in supporting Cleveland, which I at first doubted.

To Whittier.
You sang of slaves, mad as by man; You said you loathed the bondman's name; And singing, saw your brother plan To have the slave without the shame.

O count them slaves whose wage is nought But food and raiment, though they wear The name of freeman, while is wrought Another's wealth from their despair.

What need of law to hold him fast? Whom every man hath made thine own? Whose life is labor, overcast By shadows from a vulgar throne?

So many souls have nought. Few lift Their eyes unclouded to the sun. Yet are they free, since none will sift The faults of freedom, one by one!

How shall they all be free, these men, While some are strong and stoop to pain Their brothers? Not by stroke of pen Shall freedom find her own again.

No; but by union! Clasp him fast Who shares thy sorrow, and ring round The license of the few who cast Such seeds on freedom's open ground.

O brother, battling in the night! O brother, dreaming freedom won! Awake, and turn thy torch's light On other battles scarce begun! McMeekin, Florida. S. B. Russ.

The Size of the Meeting Surprised Even the Politicians.
PATERSON, N. J.—Monday, the 8th, was a red letter day for Passaic county single tax men, incidentally a red letter day for tariff reformers and a "blue Monday" for high tariffs. Under the auspices of the Passaic county single tax campaign committee Henry George addressed the largest audience Paterson has seen for many years, and kept people standing for over two hours.

Washington hall, the place of meeting, will seat some twenty-seven hundred people, and it was filled until the walls bulged. There must have been fully three thousand people there. The democrats have never since worn yard wide smiles, and the republicans have worn their yard long. The platform was filled with prominent single tax people, and their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts; among them Messrs. Rose, Carroll, Breen, Craig, Parkins, Hill, Poirer, Agnew, Hogg and Nellis. The audience was remarkable for the large number of ladies it contained. Since then the meeting has been the talk of the town, and none have been more surprised at the strength developed by the single tax men with their radical utterances than the politicians.

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FREE HANDEL UND SCHUTZZOLL.

"Veil I suppose you come here to talk about free handel, too," said Kreuscher to me as I entered his grocery store and the other day. "Frei handel und schutz Zoll, free trade und protection. You could dink dose peobles lif on free trade und protection."

I ventured to suggest that a good many people lived by trade, but might live by protection, although those few lived on the fat of the land.

"Ya, ya; I hear dot all before many dimes. I hear from all sides. I haf von customer vot trades here about vonce a week only; he buys dree cents' vorth of crackers, und den he sits down und eats dose crackers und dells me dot if it vos not for protection my customers vould haf no money und could not buy so much from me."

"Well, now, tell me, Mr. Kreuscher," I said, "what made New York so big? Wasn't it business, trade?"

"Ya; business brings here dose peobles; but here are too many peob—"

"Yes, I know; but suppose the trade stopped and the people had to go away, how could the grocery business get along?"

"Ach, ya; I hear all dot before; I hear dot before."

"Well then if you agree to that, how about this wages question? Does protection make high wages?"

"Does dot schutz Zoll make high wages? Ach, ya; geiss. Ya, ya; dot schutz Zoll makes higher dose wages."

"Well, just tell me how that is."

"Vell, dot schutz Zoll makes eferding cost twice too much; und ven a man haf to buy more for eferding dann must he haf more wages."

"Yes; but the protectionists say that protection don't make things cost more."

"Ya, ya; I hear dot all before. Dot vas a choke; a politicians' choke! See here vonce. Here is mein store. Noding in mein store vot could be inported can you get so cheap here als in Europa—matches, sugar, brunes, bicycles, cheese, glassware (I gif some glassware avay mit tea und coffee)—all dose dings. Und eluding! Lieber Herr Gott! You can get dot a coat in Chairmany for life dollars als here in New York for nine oder ten dollars. Efermy man vot lifed in Chairmany knows dot. Dley haf dingselbs sich about such chokes vot dose protectionists makes. Ya; a man gets more vages here because he haf to bay more for vot he vants. Und he also here vork twice so hardt als in Europa."

"Then if you know that protection is a fraud, and trade makes more customers, why don't you come out and talk for Cleveland?"

"Vot I care about frei handel oder schutz Zoll? It is all de same; always you vil haf rich men who own dose factories und poor men who vork in dose factories; you vil haf bik fidl avayne stores like Bark und Tilford's store, und liddle grocer kreosery stores like mine; you vil haf kroat men vot vrides kroat books, und fool men vot vrides newspapers; und always you vil haf Italian organ kinders und Chairmany musikers und Irish politicians und American landlords. Und for vly vos dot so? Because efermy man is not vut de same like efermy oder man."

"But," I said, "Bismarck and every great statesman think it is a very important question, this protection or free trade."

Mr. Kreuscher laughed immediately for a minute or so; then he said: "Ya, ya; Bismarck is ein grosser keel; he dinks it is very important; vory important dot he gif to Krupp to make cannon und muskets; vory important dot he gif mine to Krupp to make cannon und muskets; vory important dot he gif Frankrich; vory important dot he gif boor peobles dot don't know how much money dey bays in taxes. Ach, ya; dot Bismarck is ein grosser keel. But Bismarck dinks for himself, und Kreuscher dinks for himself."

W. B. SCOTT.

Starting on the March.
JANUARY, N. J., Oct. 10.—We had a good meeting here on Saturday night under the auspices of the Janvier improvement society, to listen to an address by Mr. H. V. Hetzel of the Henry George club of Philadelphia. Mr. Hetzel by request spoke more on the principles of the single tax than on free trade, and his audience sat deeply interested for over two hours.

"This is only a small community but we are making good headway in the cause. I believe that this was the first meeting in New Jersey that has been addressed on the single tax question, and I am satisfied that it will not be the last, for when once men get the 'inside track' of this subject they cannot dismiss it from their minds. I myself strongly opposed it for over a year, but now see plainly that it was only because I did not understand it. A few copies of THE STANDARD did more for me than all my friends' (Mr. S. B. Wash's) butting and kicking. I am sure that the strong yet simple manner in which

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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taken of anonymous communications.Contributions and letters on editorial matters should
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and all communications on business to the PUBLISHER
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ing him promptly.

Sample copies sent free on application.

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THE STANDARD is forwarded to sub-
scribers by the early morning mails each
Thursday. Subscribers who do not receive
the paper promptly will confer a favor
by communicating with the publisher.THE STANDARD advocates the abolition of
all taxes upon industry and the products of
industry, and the taking, by taxation upon
land values irrespective of improvements, of
the annual rental value of all those various
forms of natural opportunities embraced under
the general term, L. & L.We hold that to tax labor or its products is
to discourage industry.We hold that to tax land values to their
full amount will render it impossible for any
man to exact from others a price for the
privilege of using those bounties of nature in
which all living men have an equal
right of use; that it will compel every
individual controlling natural opportunities
to either utilize them by the employ-
ment of labor, or abandon them to others;
that it will thus provide opportunities of
work for all men and secure to each the full
reward of his labor; and that as a result in-
voluntary poverty will be abolished, and the
greed, intemperance and vice that spring
from poverty and the dread of poverty will
be swept away.

TWENTY "REASONS."

The San Francisco Chronicle gives
"twenty reasons why the United States
should continue the protective system." To
these reasons a correspondent calls our
attention as a specimen of "the brazen
effrontery" of protectionists, and asks us
to reply to them. It is a wearisome task,
this duty of exposing such misrepresentations.
If we could feel assured that they
were the speculations of ignorance the
burden might be borne with patience; but
when it is as clear as in this case and so
many similar ones, that the part igno-
rance plays is subordinate to deceit, pa-
tience almost ceases to be a virtue. It is
not often, however, that so much preten-
tious trash about the tariff is exhibited in
a single collection, and we comply with
our correspondent's request.The first of these reasons for continuing
the protective system is that "the most
patriotic Americans have favored it," and
as examples, Washington, Jefferson,
Hamilton, Jackson, Madison, Monroe, the
two Adamses and Lincoln are mentioned
as protectionists.To what primary grade of school boys
is this kind of reasoning addressed? The
statement is false, and the logic is so
puerile that it is incapable of deceiving a
man of even the meanest intelligence if
he will read it a second time.The second reason is "because free trade
and secession are alike the products of
sectional jealousy," and "the first serious
attempt to destroy the Union was pro-
moted by free traders, and in 1861 every
secessionist was a free trader."In the same way that every secessionist
was a free trader every secessionist was a
Christian, and free trade was a product of
sectional jealousy just as the Garden of
Eden was. Free trade being natural
trade, and sectional jealousy having set
in some time after nature was fairly at
work, sectional jealousy could no more
have produced free trade than a boy
could be the father of his mother.The war of the rebellion which is al-
luded to as the first serious attempt to
destroy the Union, was begun to restrict
freedom, not to promote it, and the ques-
tion of tariffs had no more to do with it
than the ebb and flow of the tides.If the Chronicle wants it understood
that slave owners opposed a protective
tariff, however, it is conceded. But what
do the protectionists take by this. How
can they ask a tariff for the benefit of
labor, when they claim that labor owners
were opposed to a tariff? Do they sup-
pose that the men who owned labor, and
controlled it absolutely, did not have a
pretty clear idea of what would make
labor most valuable?The third reason is "because the policy
of free trade is of English origin and was
confessedly originated to benefit the people
of Great Britain."A moment ago free trade was produced
by sectional jealousy between the north
and the south, but now it is of English
origin. Which is right? Neither. It
originated with the first exchange of prop-
erty between one man and another, long
before either England or America was
known.What is really referred to by the alleged
English origin of free trade is the aboli-
tion of the corn laws in England about
half a century ago. The Tories of Eng-
land put a tariff on corn for the benefit of
English landlords, and English democratsabolished it. What was there wrong
about that? Who could complain except
the landlords? That this was confessedly
for the benefit of the people of Great Brit-
ain is true. That it resulted in their
benefit is also true. And why should we
continue protection? Because we do not
want to benefit the American people? Is
that the reason?The English Tories always have been
and are now protectionists, while English
liberals are free traders. After which of
these two classes of Englishmen shall we
copy—the liberals or the Tories? We can-
not be either protectionists or free traders
unless we copy to some extent after one
or the other.The fourth reason is that "there is a
necessary commercial antagonism be-
tween the United States and Great Brit-
ain." If this were true, no tariff would
be necessary to prevent trade between the
two countries. Peoples who are commer-
cially hostile do not trade with each other.
A protective tariff for this reason would be
like an act of congress to prevent the like
poles of two magnets from coming to-
gether. The best evidence that these two
countries have no necessary commercial
antagonism is the fact that when left to
themselves the people of each country
trade freely with the people of the other,
and even when interfered with, still they
trade as best they can.The fifth reason is that under the pro-
tective system "the United States has
reached the position of the wealthiest
nation on the globe."Has she?
If she has is it due to protection? Has
free trade between the states had nothing
to do with it?Has not England been more prosperous
under free trade than she was under pro-
tection?China has a more perfect protective sys-
tem than ours; how has she prospered
under it?The sixth reason is that "by the aid of
protection we have created a manufactur-
ing industry which has no rival in mag-
nitude."

Have we?

If we have, is it due to protection? Why
not to domestic free trade? Why not to
the war of the rebellion? Why not to
paper money? Why not to the long busi-
ness depression of the seventies? Why
not to tramps? Why not to the seven-
ty-eight commission? Why not to the
Atlantic cable? All these things we have
had concurrently with the establishment
of our manufacturing industries; and that
we have had protection during the same
period is the only reason suggested for
claiming that protection did it or aided in
doing it.The seventh reason is that "by greatly
stimulating productivity and mechanical
ingenuity, protection has put within the
reach of wage earners comforts undreamed
of by kings a couple of centuries ago."

Has it?

Kings a couple of centuries ago had sub-
stantial dreams of a decent living; do
wage earners now get a decent living in
this country?If protection has done this in twenty-
seven years in America, why did it not
do it in two hundred years in Europe?Did protection discover the use of steam
or invent its engines? Did it invent the
telegraph? Did it invent the count-
less labor saving devices of the day? If
it did, why is China so far behind in all
these advantages, when she has had the
benefit of the protective system for
centuries?The eighth reason is that protection
"has created an enormous home market
for the farmer, without which he would
always have been subjected to the vicis-
situdes of a varying foreign demand."

Has it?

Is not the price of wheat in America
governed by its price abroad?Was not the home market for the farmer
created by the wants of the people, rather
than by protection? And if the people
were unrestricted in their desire to trade,
would they not trade more, and thus
make for themselves, farmers included,
better opportunities to trade?The ninth reason is that protection has
brought the shop and the farm close to-
gether, and thereby greatly enhanced the
value of all agricultural lands in the
United States."

Has it?

Have not the railroad and the telegraph,
instead of protection, done this? Is not
our farming region in the far west and
our shop region in the east? And do not
railroads and telegraphs unite them in
free trade?And, by the way, whom does it benefit
to have dear agricultural lands? Surely,
not the working farmer, for it makes it
more difficult for him to get a farm to
work. It benefits no one but the land
owner, and injures everybody else.The tenth reason is that protection "has
enabled us in a brief period to pay off the
major part of an immense national debt
incurred in the suppression of a war
waged for slavery and free trade."The war was waged for slavery, yes.
But it was not waged for free trade; not,
at least, so far as the north was con-
cerned, for had secession succeeded, we
should have had a tariff wall against the
south as we now have against the rest of
the world, and to that extent our free
trade area would have been diminished.Has protection enabled us to pay off
this debt? How? By making our peo-ple pay high taxes on all the foreign
goods they bought and on all domestic
goods into which foreign materials en-
tered; and not only a tax on these, but
numerous private profits on the tax. And
who paid these taxes and profits? Not
the rich, but the poor—the working peo-
ple—whose consumption of highly taxed
articles is far greater than the consump-
tion of the rich.Could not this debt have been paid by a
direct tax? Yes.Would it not have been cheaper to col-
lect a direct tax? Yes.On whom would the burden of the di-
rect tax have fallen heaviest? On the
rich.Then what benefit have we derived from
paying off the debt by means of a tariff?
None.The eleventh reason is that protection
has always kept the treasury in a solvent
condition. But any tax would do that if
heavy enough.The twelfth reason is that protection
"helps the workingman to secure a fair
compensation for his services by shielding
him from the fierce competition of the
pauper labor of Europe."

Indeed!

What workingman gave this informa-
tion?Workingmen have met the "fierce com-
petition of the pauper labor of Europe," in
their own workshops and mines, on their
own farms and upon the streets of their
own cities. That the protective tariff pre-
vents this competition is the most brazen
falshood in the whole armory of protec-
tion lies. There is no workingman old
enough to have graduated from the milk
bottle who does not know that no benefits
which protection may confer ever came to
him except through bitter strikes and in
the face of Pinkerton's rifles.The thirteenth reason is the joke of the
collection. Here it is: "Because it is a
fair system of taxation which compels the
foreigner to pay for the privilege of en-
tering our markets, thus relieving the
home producers of a portion of his bur-
den."Then, since free trade was originated in
England "to benefit the people of Great
Britain," the people of Great Britain did
not want to be relieved of a portion of
their burden by charging foreigners for
entering their markets!If the foreigner pays for the privilege of
entering our markets we must pay for
the privilege of entering foreign protected
markets, and as our exports exceed our
imports, the arrangement promises to be
a losing one. Our only hope is that Eng-
land will not adopt a protective tariff,
for if she does our excess of exports will
soon bankrupt us in the foreign taxes we
must pay for the privilege of entering for-
eign markets.Fire crackers are taxed one hundred
per cent. It appears then that Chinamen
send fire crackers here for nothing. True,
they get their price, but they immediately
pay all they get into our national treas-
ury! Who pays the freight?Could anything be more transparently
absurd than the notion that one nation
can force another to pay its taxes? If a
foreigner sells his goods at his usual
price, how can he afford to pay a high tariff
out of what he receives? It is perfectly
safe to challenge the naming of any im-
ported article, not monopolized or pro-
duced under exceptional conditions, which
does not sell for as much more here than
where produced as our tariff on it amounts
to.The fourteenth reason is that "protec-
tion is a national system inculcating the
idea that it is wise for a nation to be self-
sustaining."That is the way China looks at it.
Happy China!Again, fifteenth, protection "has stim-
ulated national pride by developing our
resources on a grand scale."Now what answer can be made to that?
Idiocy is sometimes too profound for an-
alysis, and this is a case in point. It is
equaled, though, by the sixteenth reason,
which credits protection with having
"compelled the foreigner to recognize our
country as a great one."According to the seventeenth reason,
protection "elevates to the first place the
producer, considering his interests as of
more importance than those of the mere
consumer, who is too often of the class
that toils nor spins not."Evidently, to take a personal example,
the Chronicle regards Mr. Carnegie as a
producer who has been elevated to the
first place, and whose interests are of
more importance than those of his locked
out workmen, who are mere consumers
of the class "that toils nor spins not."The eighteenth reason is that protection
"promotes good workmanship," an al-
lusion apparently to the shoddy goods
that we manufacture, because the tariff
on materials makes it unprofitable to
manufacture a better article; and the
nineteenth, that it "condemns as an
economic error the theory that it is wise
to put men on the level of beasts in order
to secure cheapness for the consumer."It may be that protection does condemn
this; but whether it does or not, it puts
men "on the level of beasts in order to
secure" wealth for monopolists. Pro-
tected industries furnish ample proof
of the fact that there is no antagonism be-
tween protection and reducing men to the
level of beasts.

The twentieth and final reason for con-

tinuing the protective system is that "it
is American."Why, protection was in full blast before
America was discovered. China has had
it since time whereof the memory of man
runneth not to the contrary. It has
flourished on the continent of Europe for
centuries. England was better protected
down to 1846 than we ever have been or
ever will be. It wasn't invented here. It
was brought over by the colonists along
with slavery and other evils, and witch-
craft and other superstitions.But suppose it were American. What
of it? It would not be the only American
humbug.Here is what purports to be a serious
and comprehensive statement of reasons
for continuing protection. They abound
in misstatements of facts, there is not one
principle in the whole collection, in all
the twenty "reasons" there is not a sin-
gle reason, and they consist of shameless
appeals to ignorance and prejudice. Al-
together it would be difficult to compare
a more exasperatingly puerile address of
knaves to fools. Yet this collection of
imbecilities compares favorably both in
sense and veracity with the average pro-
tection argument.

CONVERSION BY ABSORPTION.

Every now and again our newspapers
give evidence of the absorbing process
going on in the editorial mind, whereby
the single tax idea is forcing itself into
the every day thought of public teach-
ers. Sometimes their expressions are so
significant, though apparently guarded, as
to excite the suspicion that a shrewd sin-
gle tax man with an editorial pen in his
hand has put his honest sentiments into his
work, to be read between the lines by the
initiated. But this suspicion is probably
unfounded, the better explanation being
that the truth has partially forced its way
into the thought and distinctly colored
the writings of newspaper editors. What
appears to be intentional allusions to sin-
gle tax principles are in fact unconscious sug-
gestions of those principles, and what
seem like guarded expressions intended to
hoodwink a conservative publisher, are
merely vague statements of ill considered
thoughts.The latest example of this kind of writ-
ing is an editorial in the New York Times
of last Monday, entitled "The homes of
American workingmen."The writer discusses the burdens which
protection imposes upon American work-
ingmen and thinks the latter must recog-
nize the fact that they are not reaping the
benefits of the free institutions under
which they live. That they are not reap-
ing these benefits the Times writer con-
cedes as frankly as any radical could
wish. Then, without claiming that it ex-
plains fully why workingmen do not reap
these benefits, he goes on to show that if
the American workingman "has higher
wages than are paid to the Englishman
who is doing the same kind of work, it is
because he has more opportunities for
making a living and is more efficient;"and having made this perfectly true state-
ment, the writer proceeds somewhat after
the manner of a man who has "seen the
cat."Mark these passages: "The greater ef-
ficiency of the workingmen of this country
is not compensated;" "the rule of pro-
gress seems to be that efficiency increases
at a very much greater ratio than wages;"
"the workingman must see that this law,
although fixed under present conditions,
is not just;" "there is no reason why his
share of the product should decrease as
his efficiency increases."Sentiments like these would have
seemed strangely out of place in the
Times but a little while ago.An editorial admission in one of the
most conservative upper class papers of
America that the wages of American
workingmen fall short of their earnings! Is
it not an inevitable inference that some-
body is getting something he does not
earn—that American laborers are victims
of systematic robbery?An admission that, with progress the
efficiency of labor increases at a very much
greater ratio than wages! What is this
but another form of stating the doctrine
of "Progress and Poverty," that the pro-
portion of wages to product diminishes as
progress goes on? And if the proportion
of wages to product diminishes, the pro-
portion of something else must increase.
What is that something else? We say it
is rent. Does the Times' writer call it by
another name?An admission that although this law is
fixed, it is only under present conditions
that it is fixed, coupled with an admission
that it is unjust! What is the inference
but that the conditions which fix the law
are themselves unjust? And what are
those unjust conditions? We say they
are monopoly of natural opportunities.
What else could induce the producer to
surrender to non-producers an increas-
ing proportion of his product? What
shall we suppose the Times' writer im-
agines them to be?An admission that there is no reason
why the workman's share of his product
should decrease as his efficiency increases!
Of course the writer means that there is
no natural reason, for he has already
given a reason which is not natural in his
allusion to the conditions that fix the
law he condemns. And there is no nat-
ural reason. The natural wages of labor
are the earnings, the product, of labor.
Natural wages, therefore, must increase
with the increase of efficiency. And if
wages do not so increase, it is because
there is some artificial obstruction which
diverts a proportion of the products of
labor—according to the candid admission
of the Times, an increasing proportion—from the laborer to the owners of the
sources from which is drawn the mat-
erial without which workmen cannot
work. Thus the workman is forced to
discount his earnings for an opportunity
to earn at all. And as demand for such
opportunities increases with the increase
of efficiency, it follows that under condi-
tions in which part of the people are per-
mitted to own the natural source of la-
bor's materials, the land, efficiency will
increase in greater ratio than wages.Let us be patient. The truth is slowly
but surely making its way, and it is not
too much to hope that at no distant day
those who now admit the injustice of con-
ditions which reduce wages as efficiency
increases, will be able to distinguish the
unjust conditions and recognize the sim-
plicity of the single tax as a means of re-
moving them.

COLLISIONS BY SEA AND LAND.

Within the past three weeks two ac-
cidents have happened on two different
transportation lines. Both were collisions,
and both involved serious loss of life. One
occurred upon the ocean, off the banks of
Newfoundland; the other upon land, in
the state of Pennsylvania.In the ocean collision, a great trans-
atlantic liner, rushing along at full speed,
clashed through and over a French fishing
vessel, sinking her immediately and
drowning twenty out of her crew of
twenty-four. The survivors insist that
they were displaying the proper red and
green lights, showing that they were
under way and in what direction they
were moving. The deck officer of the
English steamer admits that he saw a
light, but claims that it was white instead
of red or green, leading him to suppose
that the vessel showing it was at anchor.
On both sides it is allowed that the night
was slightly foggy, though not sufficiently
so to prevent a light being seen at a
reasonable distance.The other collision occurred at Mud
Run, on the line of the Lehigh valley rail-
road. A train crowded with passengers
was waiting for orders at the station. A
brakeman had been sent back with a red
light. Suddenly a second train came
whirling up, disregarding the signal to
stop, and dashed into the rear of the
standing train, killing more than sixty
people and maiming many others. In
this case, as in the ocean disaster, there is
a dispute about the lights. The engineer
of the moving train denies that any red
light was shown; the brakeman asserts
with equal positiveness that he displayed
it.It is worth noting how differently these
two disasters have affected the public
mind. In the case of the railway accident
there is a stern and general demand that
the matter shall be sifted to the very bot-
tom. If a man was at fault, the man
must be punished; if a system, the system
must be changed. There must be not only
punishment for the past, but security
against the future. It is safe to say that
the disaster at Mud Run will lead to such
additional precautions in the running of
trains as will probably make another col-
lision of that kind impossible. And no-
body is more eager in the investigation
than the governing officials of the rail-
way company. For on the railway the
pecuniary loss of the collision falls with
tremendous weight. To say nothing of
the damage to its property, it is liable in
an enormous sum for compensation to the
injured and the families of the killed. It
pays it to be careful. It would not take
many such disasters to bankrupt it.But the collision of the Queen with the
Madeline is quite a different matter.
Twenty poor Frenchmen—five-sixths of
the Madeline's entire crew—have been ab-
solutely slaughtered by somebody's blun-
der, or by some defect of system; but
there is no imperative call for an investi-
gation, no demand that such disasters
shall be rendered impossible for the fu-
ture. Least of all do the owners of the
steamship make any fuss about the mat-
ter. They don't care. Why should they?
There is scarcely one chance in a thou-
sand that they will ever have to pay for
the sunken vessel; and it is absolutely
certain that they will never even be asked
to pay for the lives lost. The public cares
but little. It was a disaster of the sea—an
"act of God." The owners of the
French ship were probably insured; if
they weren't, they should have been.
And as for the sailors, they're used to it;
it is part of their profession to be drowned.Yet it is just as easy to prevent col-
lisions on water as on land. And it would
be far less expensive. They are not pre-
vented because, in the first place, it is
cheaper to endure the accidents than to
prevent them; and in the second place an
ignorant superstition, where ocean dis-
asters are concerned, lays upon heaven
the responsibility that really should attach
to men. Man's carelessness killed the
sixty odd people at Mud Run, but God
himself is supposed to have ordained the
drowning of those twenty sailors in the
Madeline. It is a superstition worthy of
the middle ages, and handed down to us
from them.Few people realize at what a frightful
cost of human life the maritime commerce
of the world is carried on. The men who
suffer cannot speak, and those who profit
by their suffering will not. The pas-
senger who is rubbed across the ocean in a
Cunarder knows no more of seafaring
life and dangers than does a traveler in a
Pullman car of the life of a brakeman on
a freight train. He knows nothing of
vessels "built to lose;" of ships half man-
ned, over laden, leaky, poorly sparred and
fitted, sent to sea on the chance that they
may survive the voyage and with thecomfortable assurance that if lost they
will be magnificently paid for. Yet such
ships are, not exceptionally, but com-
monly. And when to this brutal greed of
their owners is superadded the risk of such
disasters as befell the Madeline, the total
of suffering and death becomes appalling.

THE LESSON OF CHICAGO'S STRIKE.

The strike on the Chicago street rail-
ways adds another to the many illustra-
tions of the impolicy of allowing public
franchises to be controlled by individuals.
Because a corporation quarrels with its
employees about wages, the people of Chi-
cago have for days together been deprived
of a necessity of life to which they have
an absolute right, and to obtain which
they have submitted to a heavy taxation of
their industry. People have been forced
to trudge through mud and rain when
they had a right to ride. Merchants have
been compelled to see their goods remain
unsold, because purchasers lacked the usual
convenience to come and buy. Production
has been impeded, health injured, men and
women thrown out of work; and all because
the owners of the street railway franchises
and the men employed by them were at
variance. The situation of Chicago's citizens
has been that of people crowded into a
space across which two hostile armies were
firing. The stoppage of the cars has hurt
the railway syndicate, and hurt the
strikers; but it has hurt the public, for
whose convenience and by whose per-
mission the railways exist, far more.Monopoly breeds monopoly; and the end
of monopoly breeding is always an impos-
sible situation. Fenced out from the
opportunities of nature by the monopoly
of private land ownership, the defrauded
laborers can do nothing but endeavor to
set up a monopoly of their own—a mono-
poly of labor. Fostered by the private
land ownership monopoly, the monopoly
of public franchises grows and flourishes.
Between the two—the franchise mono-
poly and the labor monopoly—there is,
and must always be, while monopolies
are left in private hands, a clash
of interests, a smoldered war, flaming
out fiercely now and then, as lately in
Chicago. It is a phase of that industrial
struggle about which men talk so much
and think so little. And when the flames
do break forth, it is always upon the real
owners of the franchise monopoly—upon
the public who have granted away that
which they had a right to use but not to
give away—that the heaviest punishment
falls. Nature's laws never fail to avenge
themselves upon those who break them.
They may be nullified by statutes, but
they cannot be repealed.The street railway, like every other
railway, is a monopoly whose value de-
pends upon the growth of population. It
is the rightful property of the living com-
munity; and it should be operated under
their control and for their exclusive ben-
efit.

SINKING TO SECOND PLACE.

The Evening Post quotes from the an-
nual statistical report of the Vienna inter-
national grain market an estimate of the
wheat supply of the world for the present
year, according to which there is a defi-
ciency in the current year's supply of about
65,000,000 bushels, offset by a surplus in
the supply of 1887 of 78,000,000 bushels.
The figures are, of necessity, mere approx-
imations; and no estimate is even at-
tempted of the quantity of last year's sur-
plus remaining unused.But what is noticeable in these esti-
mates is the marked extent to which the
United States is losing ground as a wheat
exporting country. Whereas this country
and Canada had last year available for
export 130,000,000 bushels, they are relied
on this year for 102,000,000 only. On the
other hand, Russia, which exported last
year only 68,000,000 bushels, is expected
to furnish this year fully 90,000,000. India
holds her own with 37,000,000 bushels, and
Australia and Chili are credited with an
increase from 17,000,000 to 20,000,000
bushels available for export.There is no mistaking the significance
of these figures. They tell us that we are
fast losing our position in the food market
of the world. We are driving our custom-
ers away from us, forcing them to go else-
where to make their purchases, and de-
veloping the agricultural resources of
Russia, India, Australia and South
America at the expense of our own. We
do our best to prevent Americans from
trading with wheat buying countries, by
seizing and confiscating a portion of what-
ever they accept in exchange for wheat;
and we have only ourselves to blame if
our merchants, thus handicapped, are un-
able to maintain their position in the
world's market.Protection discourages agriculture by
forcing the farmer to accept in exchange
for his bushel of wheat fewer of the other
things he needs. Let him take pay in
what he will—in clothes, in dress goods,
in tin ware, in crockery, in boots and shoes,
in sewing machines, or in wages—he gets
less than he would do if the markets of the
world were open to the merchant who is
his agent in the line of exchanges. Hence
it is that, with men standing idle in every
western town, and with millions of fertile
acres untouched by the plow, we are
gradually sinking to the second place
among producers of the world's great
cereal.The strike of coal miners in Birming-
ham, Alabama, against a reduction of
wages from fifty cents a ton to forty-five,
comes at a bad time for the protectionists
who hope to win this election by the
"pauper labor" cry. The tariff on coal is
seventy-five cents a ton, or twenty-five
cents more than the Birmingham minershave been get-
ting than the min-
ers. So if a
taxed from
more than
producing coal
there is no tar-
iff about eighty
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tariff were ab-Ashbel P. F.
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Lorillard, who
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Tuxedo came
about to pay
worldly busi-
ness on my
shooting, and
fencing, chess
come into the
club and when
yachtswomen
like parquets

proprietors; and though no particular slave is owned by a particular master, yet the one class still appropriates the labor of the other class as before.—[Social Problems, page 297.

And the Tariff is the Prolific Mother of Trusts.

St. Paul Globe.

Trusts are the prolific mother of strike lockouts, and poverty to labor.

CHARITY AND CORRECTION

The eastern shore of Manhattan island, above the foot of Twenty-sixth street, curves inward, forming a little cove or harbor, sheltered from the force of the swift flowing tides of the East river. Here is a favorite anchorage for the steam yachts of New York's aristocracy, and during the season a fleet of half a dozen or more may generally be seen there, riding placidly at anchor. Beautiful vessels they are, too, charming to the eye of the sailor, who can appreciate fine lines and graceful sheer and other factors of seaworthiness and speed; charming also to the landman, who looks with delight at their polished sides, their snow white decks, their gleaming brasswork, the trim rake of masts and smoke stacks, the neat uniforms of the crews. There is one—the lovely white one yonder—preparing for a start. The smoke is pouring from her funnel. Here comes the boat with the owner and friends—how gallantly she dashes to the gangway ladder. In bow, out boat hook—So, rowed of all. Out flies the boat hook, in come the oars, falling on the thwarts with a single clash—a pull upon the starboard yoke line, and there she lies, her after thwart even with the gangway. A knowing cut-throat, this, who handles his boat in true man-of-war fashion. The yawl drops back beneath the davits, the tackle is overhauled and hooked on, the men stand ready at the falls. Who-o-o, who-o-o, pipes the boatswain, and up comes the little vessel out of the water. Who-o-o, whit, whit, whit, whit, the boatswain pipes bely and the hands coil down the falls. There goes the steam windlass—ker-lunk, ker-lunk, ker-lunk—ker-lunk—you can see the ship fairly rushing to her anchor. Now the chain tends up and down, and the windlass for a moment has a hard time of it. Ker-lunk, ker-lunk, ker-lunk, ker-lunk—the falls fall slowly and more slowly. Ah! that last heave did it! Ker-lunk, ker-lunk, ker-lunk, the anchor is a trip, and coming to the bow. One bull in the engine room. The screw begins to churn, and the yacht is started on her voyage. There goes the jingle for full speed, and away she dashes toward the Sound, spurning light fathoms of spray from her bows in graceful curves, and leaving a wake whose smoothness charms the sailor's eye. Good luck go with you, gallant little ship, type of man's mastery over matter. A few short years, or months, or weeks ago, and the materials which now combine to form you and to drive you through the waters like a living thing, lay untouched in nature's storehouse. Human labor and intelligence tore the ore from the mine, the lumber from the hills, the coal from its million year old bed, and brought them cunningly together, that you might be and move. And if a million like you should be wanted, are there not materials in plenty? Truly, the great storehouse is filled to overflowing, and the skill and labor are not lacking. Only, somehow, the storehouse is locked up, and the skill and labor, alas! are standing idle, waiting till the keys be found. God send we find them quickly!

But the cove at the foot of Twenty-sixth street has other attractions besides the pretty little fleet of pleasure ships we have been watching. For there the pier, sacred to the department of charities and correction of the city of New York, juts out into the river; and from it the good steamer Thomas S. Brennan starts three times a day for the various city institutions on the East River islands, carrying the city's outcasts to receive, under official superintendence, their dose of charity, or need of correction. Through the covered entrance to this pier stream daily two tides of humanity, moving in opposite directions—one setting towards charity and correction, the other returning from the receipt of gifts, or the endurance of punishment, to renew the struggle with the world, and the blind unconscious search for that mislaid bunch of keys. A Stranger was anxious to follow for a little distance the course of the outflowing human tide—to see something of the sort of charity and correction a wealthy city administers to its needy and depraved ones. A kindly Guide had offered to conduct him. And thus it happened that on a bright autumn morning, the Guide and the Stranger stood together upon the pier waiting for the coming of the boat.

The building at the shore end of the pier is divided into several apartments. In one, passage tickets to the various island landings are sold, at prices ranging from twenty to forty cents, to persons who have obtained passes from the commissioners. Another is a passengers' waiting room. A third is for the reception of patients in process of transfer to the workhouse hospital. A fourth is the waiting room for female prisoners. A fifth, the waiting room for male prisoners. There may be others, but these are all of which the Stranger took note. As he and the Guide stood on the open pier space beyond the building, two men appeared, carrying between them a sort of cot bed with handles. A woman was in the bed—an elderly gray haired woman—somebody's wife, somebody's mother, somebody's sister—who can say?—somebody's daughter, at all events. They bore her into the waiting room, to wait till the steamer should come to take her away.

"Look there," said the Guide. The Stranger turned and faced a large window set with iron bars—the window of the female prisoners' waiting room. It was filled with faces, peering out. They were women's faces; but oh! such women's faces! Women's faces from which every trace of womanhood had been wiped—faces hard, defiant—eyes staring, not immodestly, but with a horrible unconsciousness of the existence of such thing as modesty—cheeks on which it would have been profanity to imagine a blush—lips, to think of whose kisses was a horror—women's faces, smiling, laughing, scowling, vacant, but not one with a woman's soul behind it. A sight to be remembered. A woman on the pier put her head close to the window and shouted through the glass to one of the faces, "What yer got?"

The face inside grinned and held up one hand twice. Ten days, that meant; ten days of charity and correction; ten days of combined official tenderness and official justice.

The steamer was in her berth alongside the pier, and the Guide and the Stranger walked towards her. Right before them marched the two men carrying the cot with handles on which somebody's daughter was lying. Somebody's daughter didn't seem to mind much what was done to her. The men broke step once or twice, and swerved abruptly to avoid an approaching hand truck; but Somebody's daughter never said a word. Mrs. Vanastorblit would moan with terror at the bare thought of being carried through the streets and down a pier on her bed; but Somebody's daughter took it all as a matter of course.

The Thomas S. Brennan is manned by a paid crew, but is discharged and loaded by laborers detailed from the workhouse. These latter did not seem to work with enthusiasm, though the Stranger could not see that there was any very open shirking. Among other tasks, they had to get on board a great double horse truck with several slabs of granite lying on it. A dozen or more laid hold of the pole, while another gang mustered behind and pushed. The truck moved slowly up the gangplank, moved more slowly, and then stopped.

"Those men behind are not pushing," said the Guide. The Stranger thought that if he were one of the gray coated pushers, he would do mighty little pushing himself, and said so.

"But it's a good thing to push," replied the Guide. "They ought to push. It's just the want of pushing that has brought them here."

The Stranger suggested that perhaps they had been unable to find anything to push against; that social conditions might have been too hard for them; briefly, that the mislaying of the storehouse keys might account for their destination, moral as well as physical. But the Guide would have none of this.

"I grant you," said the Guide, "all you say about the storehouse and the keys. But if the storehouse doors stood open never so wide, these men, and others like them, would be little better off. It is their own invincible laziness, their thriftlessness, their want of perseverance, their drunken habits that make them what they are. Give them a chance to do better and they wouldn't improve it. Many of them have had a chance and wasted it. And right here," said the Guide, "is where I find fault with you advocates of the single tax idea. You tell these men that society has wronged them; that if justice were done they would be comfortable off. You tell them that men ought to be able to live with very little work. You urge them to be discontented with society, when in fact they ought to be discontented with themselves. It would be a dreadful thing if men could live without work."

To this the Stranger answered that he said these things because they were robbed because they were robbed; that society had no right to excuse its own crime by abusing its victims; that ignorance and vice were unnatural conditions of humanity, bred of foul and unwholesome surroundings, as fogs of decay and darkness; that while occupation was a necessity for men, idleness was by no means to be desired; that if, under present conditions, all the outcasts of society could be converted into sober, frugal, industrious toilers, the result would be to make life harder for all other workmen; that the popular appreciation of this truth might be seen in the opposition to convict labor; finally, that men's natures varied within very narrow limits; that the most degraded of the horrible men staring out of the waiting room window might, under different conditions, have been a happy wife and mother; and that there was no sane human being that did not, in some feeble way, strive to follow the precept of Christ, and do good to some, at least, among his fellow men.

While the Stranger was speaking there drove down to the boat a wagon, in which, seated upon boxes of groceries or other stores, were three women. Run soaked, bloated, coarse, untidy looking creatures they were, fished up out of the city's slums and tossed into the workhouse to see what that might do for them. But every woman had a baby in her lap—not her own baby, but a public baby, a child of charity and correction. And it was wonderful to see the tenderness of those women with those babies—how carefully they held them, how they smiled at them, and tickled their chins to make them laugh, and cooed baby talk to them. The boat hands came and carried the little ones away, and as they did so the women's faces grew hard and reckless and defiant—own sisters to the faces behind the window.

"Will those children live?" asked the Stranger. The Guide shook his head despondently. "There's a chance for them," he said, "but considering the life before them, one is almost tempted to wish they might die now."

The workhouse prisoners came trooping down, males and females separately, and were marched into the cabins set apart for them; the penitentiary prisoners were escorted into their private room; the Thomas S. Brennan blew her whistle, the Stranger and the Guide stepped on board, and the great steamer, with her load of social offal, headed up the river, following the course of the trim pleasure ship that had left her anchorage an hour before.

The Thomas S. Brennan is divided into two parts by the hurricane deck. Above that deck the respectable members of society are carried—the folks who have not yet been found out, or whose happy circumstances have thus far saved them from sufficient temptation. Below it the criminals and paupers are stowed, with more regard to security than comfort. Along the guards, on each side the boat, is a row of rooms into which the prisoners are sorted according to sex and the institutions to which they are bound—male workhouse in one, female workhouse in

another, male penitentiary in a third, female penitentiary in a fourth, male lunatics, female lunatics, workhouse hospital patients, etc., in others. The door of the hospital apartment was open, and the Stranger and the Guide went in.

A little room, bare floored, comfortless but clean. Somebody's daughter was there, in her little portable cot, staring blankly upward. It seemed to the Stranger that Somebody's daughter could hardly be very comfortable, lying there on her back with her arms fastened to her sides by the tightly drawn bedclothes, without power to turn over or to brush a fly from her face if one should happen to light there. And to the Stranger it was horrible to see that Somebody's daughter clearly had no idea that she wasn't comfortable. The expression on her face was not one of resignation or endurance, but rather of a pathetic content. Evidently there was to her nothing discordant to the harmonies of the universe in the phenomenon of an elderly woman, fastened down to a portable cot, in process of transfer to a straw pallet in a charity hospital. She didn't act like an invalid. She claimed none of those little privileges of discontent that Mrs. Vanastorblit asserts when she is stricken. She didn't moan or ask for water, or compel attention in any way—just lay there blankly staring, and apparently not even thinking. It struck the Stranger with a sense of terror to feel that he could no more see into that old woman's mind than he could into a dog's.

In another corner of the little cabin the three babies were lying upon as many female laps—whether official or non-official the Stranger did not notice. One baby was sucking at a bottle and puking at intervals as naturally as it could have done had it been a regular born Fifth Avenue baby. The other two had apparently concluded their refreshment, and lay placidly content, blinking and smiling at their nurses. The Stranger thought of what the Guide had said to him about thriftlessness and vice and people's own faults, and wondered if a score of years hence some other guide would point some other stranger to those same human waifs and strays, and tell how all their poverty and wretchedness sprang from their own neglect of opportunities.

The gray coated freight handlers from the workhouse were scattered about the lower deck, and with one or two of these the Stranger held brief conversation. One was a longshoreman, a bright eyed, clean built, active looking young fellow, who swore with fluency and precision. How did he get there? Oh, well, he made an adverbially double adjectival fool of himself, got full, and had a fight with another fellow. Ever been there before? No, by God, and he'd take double adjectival fine care he never got there again. It was all a mistake his being there this time. The policeman was a friend of his, and only meant to arrest the other fellow, but the room-boys happened along, and so the cop had to run 'em both in. Could the Stranger—whom he courteously addressed as Boss—oblige him with a chew of tobacco. The Stranger could, and did. And under the benign influence of the weed the corrected one expounded his views of the workhouse.

"Some fellows gets themselves committed to this place and comes here because they like it. I reckon a man must be a pretty low down bun before he'd take any pleasure in comin' to a hole like this. I'm an American, I am, and able to work for my livin'." It's got to be pretty tight times along South Street when I can't get a job. Do I think it does anybody any good to come here? Naw! I don't. The young ones picks up mischief and the old ones teaches it. The bums just comes up here and gets the run out of 'em, and then they goes down to the city to git drunk again."

Mindful of what the Guide had said about shiftlessness, etc., the Stranger asked:

"Why don't you knock off drinking and save your money? You might get to be something better than a 'longshoreman in time'."

"Well, boss, I know I'm a—a complicated string of adjectives—fool fur gettin' on a spree. But what's the devil is a fellow to do? The boys all drinks, and there ain't no denyin' that there is times when it does a feller good. And then one glass brings on another, and so it goes. It's about all the enjoyment fellers like me has, anyways."

This man was not degraded—as yet. So far as the Stranger could judge, he had no greater natural tendency to vice than most other men. He was simply drifting with the tide of circumstance—the tide that, in these times of ours, sweeps men of his kind so swiftly toward poverty and crime.

Through a spacious office, in which several clerks were busy on the official records of charity and correction, the Stranger and the Guide passed into the great central hall of the male workhouse. Along the middle a broad passageway runs the length of the building, open from floor to roof. On either side, tier above tier, are narrow galleries connected by iron stairways, giving access to the rows of cells, the dining rooms, etc. Close to the entrance hangs a wooden panel, on which is conspicuously inscribed:

The darkest hour in the history of any young man for old is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly working for it.

The Guide half smiled as he called the Stranger's attention to this inscription. The grim irony of it was too palpable. It is officially supposed to have some occult, fetch-like effect upon the poor creatures who pass before it, tending to make them long for honest work, at such wages as the competition of the market allows. The interpolation of the words "or old" in brackets, is a decided improvement upon the original quotation, and shows that the commissioners of charities and correction have studied the social question even more closely than good old Horace Greeley.

A door from the main hall gives entrance to what may be termed the receiving room, where the daily load of human garbage is dumped upon arrival, to be officially sifted and sorted and bathed and clothed. Before the door a screen. Be-

fore the screen the deputy superintendent, standing at a desk, with an assistant (an inmate of the workhouse) beside him. On the right hand side of the room, the morning's batch of "committees," just landed from the steamer.

The deputy superintendent has before him the committal sheets from the various police courts, showing the names of the prisoners and the terms for which they are committed. From these he reads the names, and one by one the prisoners step forward.

"William McKeever," calls the deputy superintendent. William McKeever rises from his bench and looks stupid. The assistant beckons to him, and points to him to stand before the desk.

"How old are you, McKeever?"

"Thirty-two, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"New York."

"What's your trade?"

"Paper hanger, sir."

"Married or single?"

McKeever hesitates. He knows what "married" means, but the term "single" is too much for him. The assistant puts the question in another form: "Are you married?" "No, sir," says McKeever, and down goes the answer.

"Catholic or Protestant?"

"Catholic, sir."

"Can you read and write?"

"No, sir."

"That'll do." The assistant motions McKeever to the left side the room and the deputy superintendent calls another name.

And so the sifting goes on. Most of the prisoners seem familiar with the routine of the establishment, and answer the questions glibly, almost before they are asked. But now a name is called to which nobody answers. "John Doody," says the deputy superintendent. "John Doody," repeats the assistant, after a pause, but no John Doody speaks. The deputy superintendent passes Doody by, and goes on sifting the remainder of the heap. Presently Edward Gallagher is summoned.

A bright looking boy steps forward and answers his questions smartly. A boy who doesn't look like either a criminal or a pauper—clean, poorly but neatly clothed, looking his questioner straight in the face. Of him the Guide takes special note, designing to look into his case.

As the sifting process goes on, the Stranger becomes sensible of a small, not an honest, straightforward stigma, but an indescribable smell that is not a small—such as one might expect to find in the dark recesses of a cave—a suffocating smell that leads the air and makes it difficult to breathe. The Guide whisperingly explains that it is the prison smell, brought by the prisoners from the various police cells of the city. The Stranger finds it excessively nasty, and longs for fresh air, but seeing that the Guide makes no complaint, endures it stoically.

The committal sheets are all checked off, and one prisoner remains over, who, by this process of exclusion, is identified as the missing John Doody. John Doody, come forward.

John Doody, still mutely protesting against being so called, is made to understand what is wanted of him, and takes his place before the desk. A little, gray headed, bent, withered up old man.

"Doody, how old are you?"

But Doody only stares apologetically, and murmurs something that sounds like "No spenka Anglis." The assistant addresses the bunch of prisoners, and inquires: "Who speaks Italian?" A good looking negro from Martinique comes forward as interpreter. The examination proceeds successfully until it reaches the inquiry about religion. Then it halts.

"Quæsta religione?" says the interpreter. John Doody stares vacantly, as though he had been asked to state a theorem in cone sections.

"Siete Catolico?" asks the Guide; but John Doody still stares vacantly. Evidently the conversation has got beyond his depth. So the inquiry is abandoned, and John Doody—which clearly is not the old man's name—stands registered as born in Italy, one year in the United States, organ grinder by trade, and of blank religion. Stand aside, John Doody. And the sifting is finished.

Now come this way, Edward Gallagher, and tell us how you happen to be here. You are a district telegraph boy, employed on night duty and living with your parents. You were arrested for breaking a fence, with intent to procure lumber to mend a cellar door, tried before a police justice, and sent here for three months. That will do, Edward. You can go now. Go, to associate for three months to come with the vilest of the city's scum; to be locked up every night with a select gang of past masters in iniquity, who will give you a complete and thorough training in the theory of vice. Be off, Edward Gallagher, and see what the city's charity and the city's correction will do for you.

But even while the Stranger and the Guide are discussing poor Edward's lot, a thing occurs that to the Stranger's unaccustomed mind appears extraordinary. An order comes from the justice for Gallagher's release. The boy is free to leave the island, and does leave it by the next boat. Truly the law has given him a useful lesson. It has taught him the advantage of having a "pull" with the authorities. A three months' sentence will have no terrors for him hereafter. He knows that to the misdemeanor with sufficient "pull" it is a mere formality.

The modern dining room is a school of courtesy and self respect. The contrast between medieval barbarism and the culture of to-day is nowhere more sharply emphasized than around the dinner table. Men who have learned to eat together decently and courteously have certainly taken a forward step in social evolution. If we really want to correct these broken images of God—to patch them up and make them, if not sound throughout, at least decent as to outward appearance—surely the dining room is a good place in which to begin the work. Come, now, into the workhouse dining room, and see the images at their meals. Those latest arrivals, at whose sifting we assisted a while ago, have been bathed, and shaved, and clothed, and are trooping to their diners. Come and see what lessons of

refinement and courtesy are being taught them.

These are the tables—these broad, bare, heavy planks that stretch across the room, with an aisle down the center. We don't give our brothers tablecloths and napkins, you observe. What have broken images to do with such refinements? These are the chairs—these narrower planks that at a lower level parallel the tables. What have such human scum to do with separate seats that can be adjusted to the table, or shifted to the sifter's convenience? Suppose they are rheumatic, some of them, and faint and weary, what need to pamper them with chairbacks? This is the table furniture—these tin pans and spoons. What more is needed?

It is Friday, and because Christ died for them on Friday, the broken images may eat no meat to-day. We are tender of their souls, although we damn their bodies. Salvation is so cheap—and really so impossible to control in any money making way—that we make them freely welcome to it. So it is fast day in the workhouse, and the meal consists of dry bread and fish chowder. Dinner is served *a la Russe*—after a fashion. A great tin boiler full of chowder stands in one corner, with a tin cup for ladle; and beside it is a pile of bread, cut in great lumps. The service is simple. Each man dips a cupful of the chowder into his pan, snatches a hunch of bread, and takes his seat. The Stranger looked at them he thought how easy it would be to train a lot of dogs to go through the same performance. The broken images didn't seem to mind. It was all perfectly natural and proper to them—the usual way of wading up a spree. The Stranger thought of young Vanastorblit wading up one of his sprees. And he wondered, if by any chance the Vanastorblits and the broken images should hereafter get to the same heaven, how God would manage to make it comfortable for all of them. Of course, on earth its very different. Vanastorblit is providentially placed above the necessity of working for a living, and these poor wretches are beneath it—not providentially, of course, but by their own faults. It's a comfortable doctrine—very much like covering your head up with the blankets when you hear burglars in the house. Yet it has its weak point, somehow.

This good looking, intelligent boy who meets us in the hall is Fritz Muller of Hamburg, sixteen years of age, speaking no English, and sent here for three months because of a can of milk, which Fritz protests he never meant to steal, and didn't steal, but picked up because he was told to and put down again when ordered. Fritz has no "pull," like lucky Edward Gallagher, and so must serve his time, a month or more of which has already passed. "A good boy," says the deputy superintendent. "I have put him in the bakery, and do the best I can to keep him from being ruined." And he looks like a good boy, of whom any parents might be proud. He came to the United States alone, seeking his fortune, and the United States has welcomed him—to the workhouse.

Strolling through the building and about the grounds, the Stranger learned from officials and from other sources a variety of facts about charity and correction. It often requires influence to get into the workhouse, as well as to get out of it. To some poor wretches the workhouse food, and warmth, and shelter are luxuries so transcending ordinary experience as to be eagerly sought for. Against the too frequent intrusion of such as these the workhouse is guarded by the law. A man may not present himself at the gates and demand admission, simply because he is out of work and starving. He must be regularly sentenced by a police justice for a stated term; and that ended, he must go back to the city, to seek a recommission. Of course, it is easy enough to secure a sentence by committing a misdemeanor and getting arrested; but for men who have not yet developed sufficient ingenuity to commit a crime for the sake of the punishment, the committal, for any term worth speaking about, is not always easily obtained without the aid of influence. A curious obstacle to the improvement of the workhouse is thus developed. The more it is improved, the better the class of people it will attract. With workhouse life made more agreeable, it is quite conceivable that the various political machines should reward their leaders with twelve months' sentences; thus at once providing for them at the public charge and keeping them safe and sound until the next year's election comes around.

Even as it is the committals are of a better class of people than ever before. There are just as many as ever. But the old "bums" are noticeably thinned out—and their places are being taken by men a grade higher in the social scale. The tide of poverty is rising.

Within the last week or two there has been a curious relaxation of judicial severity. Men are sent up for ten days who at other times would get three months. How much of this is due to the fact that election day is close at hand, it is impossible to say. Among the inmates are many skilled laborers and artisans—masons, bricklayers, shoemakers, tailors, etc.—These are employed, within certain very narrow limits, in producing things for the use of the inmates. The shoemakers make shoes—by hand only—for the inmates' wear. The tailors are employed at cleaning and repairing the wretched garments in which the prisoners arrive. But no shoemaker or tailor, however skillful he may be, or however little workhouse work there may be for him, is allowed to earn an honest penny by making shoes or clothes for people able and willing to pay for them. So, too, the bricklayers and masons are compelled to work as unskilled laborers upon a new building now erecting—carrying stones, or bricks, or mortar

to the workmen whom the contractor for the building has hired from the outside world. It is in this way that charity and correction makes practical comment on the quotation from Horace Greeley in the entrance hall.

Of course the real reason for this repression of productive industry is the desire to avoid competing with the men who have not yet been forced into the workhouse. The Stranger bethought him of what the Guide had said about men coming to the workhouse by their own fault, and smiled to see how carefully, within the workhouse, the lesson was enforced that the world could not provide honest work enough to go round—that some men must stand idle while the rest produce, or all sink to a common level of destitution—that a man once sunk into the mire must stay bemired, or thrust another down to take his place while he himself gets up.

The actual capacity of the workhouse is 1,350, males and females, allowing each inmate a cot. It has contained at one time 1,653, and the average for the year ending June 30, 1887, was 1,403. Out of 5,092 persons committed during the first three months of 1887, 2,688 had been previously committed; 11 had been committed twenty times or over; 165 had been committed seven times, 633 three times and 1,094 twice.

"The Lord is thy keeper." "Despise not little sins." "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Be merciful unto me, oh Lord." These are the mottoes, prettily illuminated, that decorate the walls of the workhouse hospital, for the spiritual improvement of the patients. This is a place sacred to charity alone. We don't send men to the hospital for correction.

A sufficiently neat apartment, clean, tidy, well ventilated, with rows of beds along each side. But feel this mattress. A simple bag of straw. And this pillow. Another bag of straw, or something equally unyielding. How would you enjoy sleeping on it for a single night? How would you like to sleep on it for two long months, as that boy yonder—he with inflammatory rheumatism—has been doing? Oh! of course! Straw mattresses are good enough for people of this class. They're used to them. I don't say nay, my friend. But wouldn't they be better if they weren't used to them? Is there no refining influence in a hair mattress? Will not a man to whom a straw pallet is utterly distasteful be apt to bestir himself with energy to secure the better bed, without which he cannot be comfortable? Is there no moral education in luxury? Only there aren't hair mattresses enough to go around, and till that missing bunch of keys be found there cannot be. Some folks must sleep on bags of straw, and better these than us. A comfortable philosophy, so long as the straw bag fellows don't get dissatisfied. But if we strive to keep these men contented with their lot, with what face can we blame them that they don't attempt to better it. Our safety, if indeed those keys can be found, lies in their degradation. Fancy, if they all wanted hair mattresses and feather pillows, and insisted on having them!

Here is one of the cells in which the inmates of the workhouse sleep and spend their leisure time. It is empty now, the men being away at work. Sufficiently airy, isn't it? Clean, too. Yes, but study it more closely.

These iron stanchions are the bed posts; and the sheets of coarse brown ticking stretched between them are the prisoners' beds—two tiers of them, an upper and a lower. No mattresses. On each piece of ticking are two neatly folded blankets; one to sleep on, the other to sleep under. And a pillow. Such a wretched ghost of a pillow—a tiny bag of ticking filled with straw. And in this room, smaller than many a lady's boudoir, with a sink at one end for common use, twenty-six human beings sleep every night under lock and key. Try to fancy it. Think of a boy of sixteen, sent here for throwing stones or fighting, locked up in this room all night long, for ten nights in succession, or perhaps for months, with a constantly changing crowd of human swine, to whom cleanliness is a mockery, virtue a jest, and vice a normal condition. Think of what must go on behind those iron doors after they are closed for the night—the brutal obscenity, the filthy stories, the horror of vice competing against vice. Imagine—if you dare imagine it—your own boy exposed to such contamination, and say if you would not rather, a thousand times, see him in his coffin. Yet the boys who are exposed to it are of flesh and blood and brain, the same as yours, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer. If you prick them, they bleed. If you tickle them, they laugh. If you poison them, they die. And if you wrong them, shall they not revenge? Ay! truly! And they are revenging! We force them to eat the sour grapes, but ours are the teeth that are set on edge!

Into the female side of the workhouse the Stranger did not penetrate, and can consequently say nothing about it from his own observation. What sort of a place it is, however, may be judged by the following extract from the matron's report, quoted by Commissioner Lowell in her report to the state board of charities, July 12, 1887:

Among the 1,300 or more women and girls of the workhouse can be found all classes of vice and misery; drunken, discouraged wives; wives, the victims of family troubles; the unfortunate; the improvident; some who are unable to work through failing health; the unwary; the wayward; the indolent; the discharged convict; the old, hardened, drunken prostitute; and the young and bold prostitute; these last two classes form two-thirds of the entire number of the daily census, many of the older ones boasting of having come to "the island" for eighteen or twenty years. Lamentable instances came under my observation of those whose first experience in the workhouse was their first introduction to a prostitute life.

A pleasant picture, isn't it?

Back to the city the Stranger carried with him this impression on his mind: A great public institution, devoted to the effort to achieve impossibilities—to keep

men alive by daily more correction, while careful check an e level to herd them send upon them men.

In that stanchioned palletted he room, its co gradation, stands red problem the would live full in his patience, we wrestle going to d whom we h who now rized, confa we do is in their degrad would be i idleness, v laugh at, y they laugh, tion, and kindness, ha we have to die by sea ranks and sphinx is v.

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