advertising of any kind or nature will be published on this or any other page of our paper advocating the election of any candidate of any party for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States other than William H. Taft and James S. Sherman, their Electors and the Republican nominees for the different State offices.

That this kind of corruption of foreign-language papers has been fostered by Republican managers ever since Hanna's time has been an open secret. But it has never before been so well proved. That Mr. Taft was to have the almost unanimous support of papers of that class has been a boast for two or three weeks. That this support was to be secured by some such bribery was taken for granted. But now, thanks to Senator Dixon, the truth about it is out. Whenever you hear of a foreign-language paper supporting Taft, for some unknown reason, you will know the reason.

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Legality of the "Closed Shop."

At last, and conclusively, the Supreme Court of Illinois has established the legal right of labor organizations to strike in support of "the closed shop." Its decision was made last June,* but it was not until last week that the court denied a motion for rehearing. This decision is made in a Chicago case in which Judge Julian W. Mack wrote the dissenting opinion in favor of the doctrine which the Supreme Court has now recognized as the law of Illinois. While he contended ably for that doctrine, his associates in the decision took the opposite view. The decision of the higher court is, therefore, in no sense perfunctory. It is an emphatic judicial victory for the principle of "the closed shop" as a legitimate weapon of Labor warfare. At the same time it is a tribute to Judge Mack, who had the courage to stand out against his associates in support of the principle.

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Doings in Piedmont.

Mayor Craig of Piedmont, California, is making that town famous by enforcing the existing tax laws. Finding that the laws of California require property to be appraised at full value, and that building-lots in Piedmont have been grossly under-assessed, he has set out on a crusade of tax law enforcement. "We're valuing the land at what it is worth, that's all," he is reported to have said to an indignant millionaire owner. "But it isn't worth that," the owner replied. "I'll sell it for you at that for 5 per cent commission," retorted Mayor Craig, who is a real estate dealer. "Well, a man can't afford to have a home here, that's all," was the only reply the owner made. But Mayor Craig had his retort. "That's just where you are wrong," he said; "the man who owns a home here is going to pay less this year than he did last. He's going to pay less because the land speculators and real estate men are going to pay their just share."

*See Public of June 28, page 612.

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William Brothers.

Within a stone's throw of the spot where Henry George was born in Philadelphia, there was in 1830 a hatter of the name of Brothers who used his leisure time for radical writing. He was known beyond his shop in those days by a periodical called the "Radical Reformer" which he published, and by one of several books he wrote—"The Rights and Wrongs of the Poor." To this hatter in that year, almost ten before the birth of Henry George, there was born a son, William Brothers, into whose hands there came a copy of "Progress and Poverty" soon after its publication. Its message seized upon him and did not let him go. Even when second childhood came naturally in his old age, he thought and spoke of the work for that message which he had done in his mature life as if he were doing it still. This devoted man died on the 27th of September at Arden, Delaware. We tell so much of his story for its historical interest in connection with the revolution that is coming into the world through such as he, peacefully beneath the boisterous surface of affairs. The details of his story are bound up in the agitations in and about Delaware which marked the earlier years of the Singletax movement.

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CHEAP LABOR.

The Capitalist protests, with great show of disinterestedness, that a protective tariff is needed solely for the benefit of Labor. Capital can take care of itself; but Labor, beset by cheap labor abroad, must be hedged about, guarded and protected, lest it perish. And though the protection asked for goes primarily to the Capitalist, in the shape of increased prices for what he has to sell, he assures us it is merely incidental. He does not need it; indeed, he would scorn to keep it. He passes it on to his employes, in order that they may not have to descend to the level of the Chinese, the Hindu, or the Egyptian.

This solicitude of the Capitalist for the welfare of Labor is beautiful. It warms one's heart, and tends to revive one's faith in the innate goodness of man. Yet there are those who question its sin-

cerity. Or, if it be sincere, they question the wisdom of his judgment. They say the so-called cheap labor abroad is a myth, a bugaboo used to frighten ill-informed Congressmen into voting liberal largesses to Capital under cover of aiding Labor. They say American labor is the cheapest in the world; and that the enhanced prices of home manufactures go to swell the great fortunes of the employers, rather than into the pay envelopes of the employes.

Is there no way of determining the truth of this matter? Must we go on forever fighting campaign after campaign, and never reach a decision? Administrations rise and fall, statesmen come and go, and parties wax and wane, while learned men dispute. Commissions are appointed, statistics are compiled, and reports issued, but still the discussion goes on.

The whole question would long ago have been settled, but for the prejudice of self-interest. If there were sufficient pecuniary interests involved it would be possible to hire able men to prove that Lake Huron is higher than Lake Superior. But if one, no matter how illiterate he may be, will take his stand at Sault Ste. Marie he will quickly determine for himself which lake is the higher.

The same simple test will dispose of the cheap labor question. Just as one can tell where wages are highest by watching the flow of Labor, so can one tell where Labor is cheapest by observing the flow of Capital.

Patriotism and sentiment have little to do with investments. Capital seeks always the highest return; and since labor is the highest single item in the cost of manufacture, it will go to the place where, other things being equal, labor is cheapest. Toward what countries, then, is manufacturing capital flowing?

England has no protective tariff. The Englishman seeking a place to engage in the manufacture of cotton cloth may set up his mill in Lancashire, in Cairo, or in Calcutta. The cost of transporting coal to Egypt or India would be little if any greater than carrying the cotton to England, and the cloth back to those countries. But in the item of wages the pay of the Lancashire operatives, small as it is, is many times that of the Egyptian fellaheen and Indian ryot. Hence, if *low wages* are synonymous with *cheap labor*, should we not expect the mill to be erected in Cairo or Calcutta? Is not the fact that the English capitalist, seeking the largest possible return on his investment, and free to manufacture cloth in England, Egypt or India, yet choosing the former, proof that *high wages mean cheap labor?*

To one who will reflect, the reason is apparent. The low-waged peoples do not lend themselves readily to factory methods, and never become efficient enough with modern machinery to make their output for a given sum equal to that of the higher waged labor. And if by any ingenuity or device it could be made as efficient, wages would quickly rise.

Japan offers an illustration in point.

That remarkable nationality seemed to offer an ideal location for factories. It combined high efficiency with low wages. But what was the result? No sooner was this efficient low-price labor discovered than there occurred such competition of capitalists to get it that there was a sharp advance in Japanese wages; until now the labor of that country is no cheaper than that of any other country.

This must inevitably be so. As the aggressive, industrious, ambitious man moves to the country of highest wages, so does the wide-awake capitalist put his plant in the country of cheapest labor. And just as the movement of population tends to equalize wages, so does the movement of capital tend to equalize interest. Tables of wages in different countries convey no more idea of the cost of labor than the color of cloth indicates the wearing quality of a garment.

Consider the greatest American industry, farming. For a century past the American farmer has been exporting wheat and cotton, to be sold in competition with wheat and cotton raised by the lowest-waged people in the world; but the fact that his products sold in England and in free competition with those of India and Egypt did not prevent him from having higher wages, and enjoying a vastly better scale of living than the Indian ryot and the Egyptian fellaheen.

That the same thing is true of manufacturing industries has been proven again and again. Wm. M. Evarts, as Secretary of State, issued a report in 1879, based on the findings of the American Consuls in Europe, in which he said: *"The average American workman performs from once and a half to twice as much work as the average European workman."* James G. Blaine, another good Protectionist, made a report in 1881 on the cost of manufacturing cotton cloth in Massachusetts and in Lancashire, in which it appeared that although American operatives received nearly dou-

ble the amount of wages paid the English operatives, they were so much more efficient that the labor cost per yard of cloth was less. Mr. Blaine's comment was: "Undoubtedly the inequalities in the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor."

That Protectionists themselves do not believe that high wages mean dear labor is evident from their efforts to send manufactured goods into foreign markets. If they cannot compete with foreign goods in the home market, how can they sell goods abroad? And if the price of labor indicates its cost, and American wages are highest in the world, how can American manufacturers compete with those of any other country through the open door of China?

Query: Is the Protective Tariff a Joke or a Crime?

STOUGHTON COOLEY.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

SINGLETAX CAMPAIGNING IN MISSOURI.

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 5, 1912.

At Savannah I called on a friendly man, an ex-soldier and respected citizen. He was glad to see me, but as soon as I asked him about the prospects for a meeting in behalf of the tax amendment he said:

"Friend, I spent nearly four years in the war, I lived in this country in its most troublesome times, and I have faced all kinds of danger. According to law I am a peaceful citizen, and all my children are. But even if I were able, I wouldn't attempt to make a speech on that amendment anywhere in this county for fear of my life."

I then began to understand why some of our friends had become lukewarm. "So," I said, "you advise me not to speak?"

He replied, "I have told you what I know, and you can do as you like."

Then I asked him if I could get a hall, and he said I couldn't; that no hall would be rented to me.

"What about the street?" I asked, and he replied: "You may speak in the street if you wish, but you will get rotten-egged, or hurt, or maybe hanged, if you do."

A little later I asked him if he would go up town with me and show me some of these wild men. He assented and introduced me to a few business men. It didn't take me long after meeting them to realize that his fears were well grounded, at least in part.

Then I took to the sidewalk and made conversation with people who looked sane. In less than five minutes farmers and business men on the street were looking at me as if I were the three-legged calf or the wild man from Borneo. They appeared to conclude, however, that I was just human, and then they started in to ply me with questions. Perhaps it was I that plied them, for I wanted to learn just what they had been taught about the Singletax.

It turned out that they knew more about it than one would suppose. They knew, at least, that it would cheapen land. But there were also some very wild notions.

It was supposed that we designed to turn the State into a huge landlord, that the tax commission would parcel the State out to dukes and the like, and that every one else would be tenants. Francis Neilson of the British Parliament having spoken here, they took it for granted that he was on a mission from the dukes.

Another notion was that after the Singletax had gone into effect, and the bottom had been knocked out of land values, and the man with a mortgaged farm had lost his equity, the mortgage holder would get busy and repeal the law, and that then the land would jump back to its present value and with the moneyed men owning it all.

Another notion was that the tax would be $10 per acre, and that the rich man would escape.

As this crowd became more familiar with the humanity of me, they ventured close enough to find out that after all I was only flesh and blood like themselves. Then they began to get into a fairly good humor. So I told them I would speak on the street that night. They said I had better not. I saw them exchanging sly winks with each other, as they said they would come out to hear me if I did.

In the evening my old soldier friend came to my hotel to warn me again not to speak. He said telephone messages had been sent to all the farmers in the region to come into town prepared for business.

It was evident that the matter had become serious, and I debated with him as to what might be best to do. I didn't want the town to think that I had been bluffed, and yet I knew enough about mobs to sense the danger that was brewing. I knew, too, that I couldn't rely upon any one. The only question for me to decide was just what action on my part would serve my mission best.

Consulting with my soldier friend, he and I finally decided that I had better issue a challenge to Judge Sullinger, the leader of the opposition in this region, asking him to join me in a debate at the opera house.

My soldier friend took my challenge to the crowd which had gathered on the street and read it to them. A committee of citizens then waited on me and assured me that they believed in free speech, and that they would see me protected. I thanked them with all friendliness, but told them it was not in their power to protect me if I spoke on the open street in the dark. Then they left me. But very soon they returned with the Mayor and Marshal, who told me they would give me the town hall and would deputize enough men to protect me, and that the first disturber would go to the "bull pen" in a hurry.

I saw I had won my point, and accepted their terms.

They then went out and laid down the law to the mob, giving them to understand that I was the guest of the town.

Was that hall filled? Don't ask foolish questions. Old men, young men, middle-aged men, women and