

It's an elastic currency I have; and when I want money I call on my national banks to issue more notes; an' the bankin' boys they put up more money for the good of the country. Well, Shaw called, and the currency didn't stretch. The bankin' boys were in the saddle, and they could make more a loanin' money when it was scarce; and they were not doin' business for their health this year. I didn't think of that when I got up this elastic plan.

But the bankin' boys made this proposition to Shaw: "Tell you what we'll do, Shaw," says they, "the law is that the currency must be secured by 'government bonds and otherwise.' Now, we've got about two billions of bonds of the Irrawaddy, Shanghai and North China Railroad company. Let us put them in the treasury as 'otherwise,' and we'll draw out and issue the notes, and if anything goes wrong the treasury can realize on the railroad. We didn't care about passing the asset currency bill before the elections; but we can do a fine asset business under that 'otherwise.' What do you say?"

An' do you know, John, that man Shaw has the treasury door half-open, thinkin' whether he won't let 'em in. I've a notion to spell him with a P—spell him Pshaw.

I have a new Irish poet. He comes in off the bog with a story, hinting that Dave

#### BLEW UP THE SHIP.

Dave Hinderson he paced the deck  
Whence all but him had fled,  
And yelled high tariff loud and long,  
High tariff though we bled.

But whin he saw that he was lone—  
The rank, and file had skipped,  
The Prisdint was tra-adin' him,  
The cabinet had flipped—

Says Dave: "They don't consider me,  
I'll show 'em how it feels,  
Hinceforth each polittician skins  
His own especial eels."

A rip, a roar, a tearing sound—  
The Pa-arty—where were they?  
Ask of the winds that all around  
With fragmints strew the say.

UNCLE SAM.

#### A TARIFF ARGUMENT.

For The Public.

My respectable fellow-passenger seemed desirous of entering into colloquy with me, so I gave him the opportunity by plying my ever-ready little interrogation mark.

"Going far?" I asked.

"All the way to Washington."

"Political business?"

"Sure! And I'm not overly good at it, I'm afraid. We've an uphill fight ahead of us, I'm thinking; but the arguments are all on our side.

The trouble is that most people are so miserably selfish—no regard for the good of the country. Looks as though patriotism is dead."

"What side are you on?"

"Me!" Why, man! I'm an undertaker. I am on my own side of course. I'm against this new bill now pending before the Congress—that cowardly measure for the Abolition of Death."

"Why cowardly?" I ventured.

"How can you ask? Just as the human family was beginning to understand the text: O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? along comes this Prof. Dolthead with his scheme for abolishing death, which requires only congressional sanction to become the law of the land. What's to become of my industry if the bill becomes a law?"

My silence showed him he had scored a point, and he seemed willing to practice on me further, in preparation for the task of addressing the senatorial committee at the capitol next day.

"Think of the iniquity of it," he exclaimed. "That law would throw thousands out of employment. There are 80,000 undertakers in this country. We employ some 200,000 men. There are manufacturers of coffins and of coffin trimmings and all their hands. There are manufacturers of mourning goods, of hearses; there are hearse drivers, and carriage drivers, and tombstone makers, and lawyers who draw wills and contest 'em. Not less than seven millions of our population live on death! And all of these buy one thing and another from other people. Think of the customers they would lose, think—"

"Sounds just like a tariff argument," I ventured.

"Quite so, sir. In fact it's the same thing. In spite of the fact that the tariff is the best thing for the country, many people still hanker to buy cheap, just as the cowards want to avoid death, though millions live on death, and give employment to other millions. For the death of me, sir, I don't understand how people can be so shortsighted and so uncharitable."

"Is there a question of charity involved?" I asked.

"Well, I should say so! Look at the poor Widow Deathrate. This measure would deprive her of her means of earning a livelihood. She's doing pretty well now—runs four

hearse and twenty-one carriages. And think of the thousands who—"

"But you forget the poor people who now have to pay so much for funerals."

"Not at all, sir. If the poor would save their money instead of spending it for drink, they'd not be poor. Anyway our national legislature should not be influenced by the clamors of an unthinking populace. They should be governed only by the most lofty purposes, like Senator Grave-stone, who has large interests in the coffin trust, and who is adamant against the vaporings of the agitators on the abolition side. And see the noble attitude of Senator Casquette, the chairman of the committee that has the bill in charge. His quarry supplies the most suitable marble for tombstones. He is a tower of strength on the side of Right, Justice and Patriotism."

Had I not been awakened just then I might have dreamed the remainder of the argument against the abolition of death. But I console myself that I have heard its counterpart many times in discourses on the beneficence of the blessed protective tariff.

HERMAN KUEHN.

#### OLNEY AND TOM L. JOHNSON.

A letter from William Lloyd Garrison to the Editor of the Boston Herald, published in the Herald of September 11.

Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, whose independent and fair-minded contributions to the Herald are to many readers one of its most attractive features, recently contrasted in your columns the possible candidates for the next Democratic presidential nomination, Richard Olney and Tom L. Johnson. They are men of distinctly opposite types, perfectly representing the irrepressible conflict that divides the present Democratic organization. Clear-sighted as Mr. Loomis usually is, he fails to see the unbridgeable chasm which separates the followers of the two leaders. When the impending party alignment comes, sooner or later, it may be safely predicted that Olney and Johnson will find themselves in widely different camps.

Mr. Olney's high character and proved ability may be readily conceded, but he bears the stamp of the ante-bellum Democratic party, in which he was reared and to which his early political life was devoted. It misappropriated the title "Democratic" long after the spirit of democracy had left it and it had be-

come the special representative of oligarchy and privilege. The attempt to perpetuate and enthrone the system of slavery in the United States was made by aristocrats in the interest of oppression and monopoly. Although out of that baneful school many pupils emerged into the light of freedom and justice when the true nature of slavery revealed itself, there is no record to show that Mr. Olney was among the number.

Very different is the case of Tom L. Johnson. Born in a slaveholding state and in a family actively identified with the Confederate cause, he has emancipated himself from his early influences and stands unflinchingly for universal rights, regardless of race, sex, color or condition. A disciple and close friend of Henry George, the greatest exponent of democracy since Jefferson, he has grasped the fundamental principle upon which alone self-government can rest. Although no rhetorician, he has exceptional clearness of thought and the rare ability of brief and direct statement, scorning evasion and not afraid of a logical conclusion. To this moral and intellectual quality is added an unexcelled experience in the realm of practical affairs. He is not a closet dreamer, and declines to pose as a reformer or idealist, although in the best sense he shares the qualities of both. He understands the road he is traveling and knows that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. His genius leads him to use political methods for the accomplishment of his ideas, and how clean his methods are may be judged from his disdain of unworthy ones. He professes no fealty to civil service reform, but shames civil service reformers by his disregard of party or machine in the choice of officials, to the dismay and chagrin of many of his own supporters. It is doubtful if he is hated as much by his Republican opponents as by the Democratic spoilsmen of Ohio.

Indeed, were it not for Republican votes, this new leader never would have gained a seat in Congress nor been elected mayor of Cleveland. In every case where he has asked the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, he has wrung Democratic majorities from Republican districts. Instead of calling together faithful partisans to listen to perfunctory speeches in his campaigns, he appeals directly to his Republican hearers. Republicans help crowd his meetings and fill his

spacious tents. He makes no set speeches, but invites interruptions, and begs for questions or controversial statements. He never dodges an inquiry nor tries to silence his questioner with sarcasm. Patiently and respectfully he endeavors to find out what is in his objector's mind, and then with unflinching good humor and courtesy does his best to explain the matter at issue as he sees it.

Should Tom Johnson be nominated for the presidency, there would be an educational campaign without a parallel. It is the writer's conviction that it is this opportunity of spreading the light, and not the bauble of the presidential office for which he is ambitious. And what a refreshing change from current campaign methods, one truly befitting democracy, where stump speakers would be obliged to face their political adversaries and run the gauntlet of searching questions!

It is natural that Tom L. Johnson should be misunderstood and distrusted by men who assume that politics must be essentially crooked. This straightforward politician confounds them. His very sincerity and frankness is held to conceal some nefarious plan and the cry of "demagogue" is raised against him. Mr. Hanna's perplexity was pathetically amusing when he conceived the idea of personally visiting the wealthy wards of Cleveland, and by a house to house appeal to persuade the inmates no longer to uphold this dangerous mayor. That a politician can be influenced by other than material considerations is undreamed of in the Hanna philosophy. It may well seem strange when a candidate for office deliberately defies the money power of the country and places his reliance on the reason and good sense of the common people. Yet that is democracy.

Mr. Nelson seems to misapprehend the single tax philosophy, of which Tom Johnson is at present the most prominent living exponent, when he intimates that "there may be some doubt as to his (Johnson's) democracy, for he favors municipal ownership of street railroads, and in other respects has drifted away from the individualism which in the coming politics of the country must be the basic principle of one of the parties." An individualist party that favored the private ownership of natural monopolies like street franchises would have a fraudulent name.

Whether municipalities assume the direct management of such industries or accomplish the same purpose through taxation, the prime object is the preservation of individual rights. No taint of state socialism attaches to such action. If any man in this country clearly understands the rights of property, those of the individual, as distinguished from those of the community, it is Tom L. Johnson. Let him who fears the specter of socialism press this point upon Mr. Johnson in his daily tent meetings. He will get not only a courteous answer but a lesson in political economy as well. He will learn that while socialism would generalize privilege, Johnsonian democracy would abolish it.

The interesting movement now attracting attention in Ohio marks an acute stage of the conflict between monopoly and self-government. It is no fight between capital and labor. Rather it is a fight in behalf of both against special privilege. Privilege has its grip upon both parties absolutely indifferent to the name, while it controls and dictates legislation. It would cheerfully be satisfied with Mr. Olney in the presidential chair. Tom Johnson would affright it, but capital and labor would have no need to tremble, for he is their champion, and represents the safest conservatism, and the only policy that can avert future industrial wars and financial disasters.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.  
Wlanno, Mass., Sept. 10, 1902.

#### WHAT WORKINGMEN SHOULD DEMAND.

\*An address delivered by Edward Osgood Brown, of Chicago, at the picnic of the Trades and Labor Assemblies of Kane County, Ill., on Labor Day, Sept. 1, 1902.

I appreciate the honor you have done me in asking me to address you. I appreciate it the more because I know you asked me from no desire to hear patriotic platitudes, or commonplace truisms about the dignity of labor and the right of organization and combination among working men.

We will all of us take the deluge for granted. There is no need anywhere to talk much of the abstract dignity of labor or indefinitely of the rights of laboring men, for in the last analysis everyone who has the intellectual capacity to think clearly and the moral rectitude to wish to do so, knows that there are no other dignities and no other rights than those of workingmen. By workingmen I do not mean alone the artisans or the