

when Bryan was in the thick of the Presidential fight in 1908 he "knifed" Bryan? Have they any doubt of Hearst's recent performances in Chicago? Roger Sullivan tells the inside story. Sullivan's veracity may be questioned, but bad as Sullivan is—and we yield to no one in contempt for his kind of politics or dread of his political power—his reputation for veracity is not bad. Moreover, in what we here credit to him, there is nothing that would be regarded in Chicago as at all improbable. Sullivan says, as quoted by a Peoria dispatch of the 19th to the Chicago Daily Journal, that Hearst's managers offered him the support of the Hearst papers for Andrew J. Graham for Mayor a year ago, in return for his support of Mr. Hearst for President in 1912, and he refused. Sullivan adds that the same offer was made to Dunne, as he is informed, and that Dunne refused. For the rest, no particular witnesses are necessary. All Chicago knows that some kind of bargain was made by Hearst's managers with Mr. Harrison, the other of the three candidates for the Democratic nomination for Mayor a year ago. Harrison got the support of the Hearst papers, although they had previously been hostile to him; and didn't he bargain for it? Didn't he promise a Hearst delegation to the National? To be sure Hearst and Harrison are now for Clark for President, and not for Hearst, but who is fooled by Hearst's pretense in that respect?



We appreciate the difficulties that confront genuine democratic Democrats in Illinois, like Judge Thompson, Mr. Dunlap and Congressman Rainey. It is no easy problem for such men to have to choose between Sullivan and Hearst on the principle of the lesser evil, or any other principle; and a mistake of choice is easy to make. In the present emergency, however, anti-Sullivanism is strong in the regular Democratic organization of Illinois, but in the Hearst-Harrison combination anti-Hearstism is not allowed to breathe.



OUR CANADIAN BRETHREN.

Up in the three great agricultural Provinces of the Canadian Northwest a political pot is boiling with an ebullition rarely equaled in Canada's history.

This is now and will be for years to come a one-crop country. No. 1 hard wheat, virgin soil, gasoline tractors, nine-furrow plows and eight months of overcoat-weather guarantee that. "Politics" will be the only warm thing in that country good for twelve months in the year.

In less than ten years those three Provinces—Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba—will probably produce one thousand million bushels of wheat. They can consume but a small fraction of it. What, then, will they do with it? Where trade it?

To the north the aurora borealis offers a fine color display, but no market for wheat. In the west, 7,000 miles of ocean and the impoverished millions of Asiatics offer but a small fraction of the necessary market, and rice is a serious competing foodstuff. To the east, England buys from all the world about two hundred million bushels of wheat for her own population, while the rest of Europe will buy not much more than that. This means that the ever-growing population of the United States, just next door to the south of that vast granary, and with the greatest per capita consumption of wheat in the world, is the proper market.

But this great market for "No. 1 hard spring wheat" to mix with the other wheats to bring the flour up to grade, is separated from Canada by an invisible political line and a tariff. This shuts that vast country off from her natural market on the one hand and prevents her from buying goods at reasonable prices from the most highly organized and specialized industrial market on the other. The condition cannot last.

If Canada were like the United States, a little world within herself as to variety of soil, climate and industry, she might get along in spite of a tariff, as we have done for more than one hundred years. But no such advantages obtain; her one great specialty is wheat.



Man's political institutions revolve about his economic interests, and "wheat" is the heart and core of things up in that country. There are thousands of bushels of last year's crop still lying unthreshed in the fields, lots of it within a few miles of the 49th parallel, and thousands of foodless families in this country.

American railroads should and would traverse that region in a hundred directions were it not for the law that stops trade at the border; and a railroad is a trading machine—no less. That law is passed by pin-head statesmen to prevent the importation of food, knowing as only statesmen can know that the importation of food will produce famine!

Fifty-two million dollars worth of machinery goes into that unhappy country this year to still further add to the world's supply of food, thus hastening the extinction of the race by starva-

tion! Flags are all right, bunting is pretty, patriotism a beautiful and lofty sentiment—but those farmers are going to save that wheat. They can save it only by marketing it, and the market is here. The tariff alone stands in the way.

When the true iniquity of that monstrous doctrine reaches its climax, there is going to be the biggest political upheaval Canada has ever known. Nothing can stay its progress



We need the tariff to protect us against the pauper-made goods of Europe, so our economic imbeciles tell us; but Canada needs it to protect herself against the superior industrial efficiency of the United States. Here is a combination of the asinine and the comic, wholly characteristic of protectionism here, there and everywhere.

It is a real comedy of errors. As an aid to labor, protection is a farce; as to morals, a lie; as to human welfare, a tragedy. A tariff is like war: it propagates every vice and possesses not a single virtue.

HENRY H. HARDINGE.



CARL J. BUELL.*

Nearly thirty years of conspicuous service in the cause proclaimed by Henry George, makes the advent of Carl J. Buell into the national lecture field a fact of more than momentary importance to hosts of Public readers and lends added interest to Mr. Buell's personality.

In those stirring years of the Civil War, upon the semi-centennial of which we have just entered, Mr. Buell was a farm boy in Cortland County, New York; a youth of well-mixed blood for a democratic career—Scotch, Scandinavian, Irish and German. For education he interspersed the curriculum of the Normal School at Cortland with mechanical work and winter teaching in a district school. Graduating from the Normal School, he taught and studied together until his admission in 1880 to the New York bar. He did not practice this profession long, however, one year at it in Minnesota having probably satisfied him that the delights of legal study are lost in the twists and turns of legal practice. Most of the earlier part of his life found its best expression in teaching; and as teacher and principal at different times in various places in New York and finally at the head of the Whittier School of Minneapolis, he devoted his acquisitions and energies to this field of service.

*A portrait of Mr. Buell goes with this issue of The Public as a supplement.

While teaching, he took an active part in teachers' organizations, especially in the New York State Teachers' Association, in which he was at one time secretary of the Section on Higher Education and at another chairman of a special committee to investigate the causes of near-sight among school children. In the latter connection he prepared two reports, made by the committee, which were among the educational exhibits at the Columbian Exposition of 1893 and have been published in two foreign languages as well as in English. For more than twenty years he has successfully carried on the business at Minneapolis and St. Paul of a designer and builder of medium-cost homes.

Reared in an Abolition household at a time when "abolitionist" was as bitter an epithet as "anarchist" ever became, Mr. Buell absorbed fundamental democratic principles which, their bearing upon chattel slavery having lessened with emancipation, he has applied to newer problems, toward which the earlier impulses, now grown so great, found crude and temporary political expression in the Greenback party of the '70's and '80's. The same democratic spirit made him a convert to "Progress and Poverty" and enrolled him among the most energetic advocates of its philosophy.

He was a member of the first Land and Labor Club of Minneapolis back in 1886 or '87. He was one of the founders of the Minneapolis Anti-Poverty Society in 1887 and the first president of the Minneapolis Singletax League in 1888, holding the latter office for five years and as such drafting and securing signatures to a petition to the State legislature for local option in taxation. His interest in progressive public policies brought him into Minneapolis politics in 1890 when the Singletaxers, getting control of the Democratic city convention, adopted a platform he had written. They swept Minneapolis with their candidate for Mayor, P. B. Winston, a member of the Singletax League, who was elected by 5,000 majority. This movement also elected all but one of the 21 members of the legislature, among the number being S. A. Stockwell of Minneapolis, who afterwards served in the State Senate and has for years been conspicuous among the leaders of progressivism in Minnesota.

Mr. Buell was one of the most industrious and effective speakers in the Cleveland freetrade campaign of 1892 in Minnesota, when the Democrats carried a majority of the Minnesota delegation to Congress. Prior to that campaign he had been a co-worker with Oliver T. Erickson, now a civic leader in Seattle, in organizing democratic Democ-