

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

SINGLETEX 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 pried 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

children, not only filled the hall but thronged the street.

Did I make them a speech, or was I intimidated? It was the most radical speech I have made in Missouri. For an hour and a half you could hear a pin drop except for the sound of my voice. When I asked for questions they had forgotten what to ask me, and there were none at first. But pretty soon they woke up. Then came the questions. Wise questions, foolish questions, and questions that were not questions, came in pairs and in bunches. Pretty soon they saw that this wouldn't do, so they agreed among themselves to ask one question at a time; and they sat down on the noisy ones after each question until I had finished my answer.

Such anxiety and interest I have never seen since I started making Singletax speeches, and that is 17 years ago.

Now you want to know what the results were. All I can say is that when they had worn me out I asked to be excused, and then that mob of wild men filed past me, one by one, in silence, each taking a handful of Singletax literature. When I had duly thanked the town authorities, I went to bed; and this morning as I passed up the street, I was greeted everywhere with a "Good morning," "Fine meeting we had last night," and so forth, and I was frequently told, "By gum, there's another side to this story after all."

The conditions here are, I think, fairly typical of the situation in the farming districts throughout the northwestern part of Missouri. I asked them just when this spirit began, and they told me it had begun since that Englishman—meaning Mr. Neilson—and I had come to St. Joseph. They said they didn't "intend to have any consarned outsiders dictating" to them.

The pot is boiling. We can fill any hall in the State if we give proper notice, and merely run the risk of our necks. But that neck business is no joke. I feel safe if I can once get a crowd to listen. They are like a big boy, and can easily be tamed with the right spirit. Until they are tamed, though, it is dangerous. Yet it is great sport, even if it is harder than climbing a 40-foot ladder, and twice as risky.

J. R. HERMANN.



Slater, Saline Co., Mo., Oct. 5.

I came here from Lexington, Lafayette County, today. Arrived at 1 o'clock and arranged for a street corner talk at 3:30. Began on the minute. Was interrupted by all sorts of impertinent questions and was assailed with threats of violence. "Brave men are never eager to take advantage where there are many against one," I said, "and I refuse to believe that old Missouri is truly represented by the kind of men who are trying to break up this meeting." I appealed to their manhood, to their pride, to their patriotism. It was of no avail. The decent men in the crowd were easily distinguished, but they were afraid of the others. Several times I frustrated attempts to knock the box from under me. Responding to their shower of questions, I asked, "Are the men asking these questions willing to answer one? Are they farmers of the soil, or farmers of the farmers?" The shout came back,

"We are anti-Singletaxers, every man, and we don't want you to speak here."

When I had asked for a box early in the afternoon of a merchant, he warned me that the mob would hang me if I advocated the Singletax. "Then let me have a good box to stand on for the last time," I said, jokingly. I hadn't the slightest idea of what was to come. Before I was through, however, I realized that the merchant's warning had been serious and sincere. Upon my announcing to the various groups that I would speak on the Singletax at the bank corner, one man said, "We will run you out of town," and as I went on without having replied to him, he added, "I look upon the man as a thief who advocates the Singletax." At the meeting itself, when I protested against the interruptions, a cry went up, "We have something else waiting for you."

The first man I spoke to in this town—it was in the Y. M. C. A.—told me of the bitter feeling prevailing here. He said a meeting of farmers had been held in Marshall, the county seat, to decide on a course to be pursued for resisting efforts to adopt the Singletax amendments.

Judge Wallace of Kansas City, a Prohibitionist who spoke in Lexington on the 3d, had branded the Singletax as the most damnable, the most infamous, the most diabolical proposition ever made. His whole speech was an appeal to the passions and prejudices of his audience. It turns out that he owns 600 acres of land. He especially denounced those who send speakers into the State as "bad men." Following his speech I spoke at Lexington to a good audience in the court house square, and told them about some of the "bad men" back of this movement—men like Father McGlynn, Henry George, Thomas G. Shearman, Tom L. Johnson.

Without going further into detail, my observations in general are that the landed interests are murderously aroused in this State, and are determined to prevent discussion, as one of the means of defeating the tax amendments. Farmers are consequently not in a frame of mind to be approached or reasoned with. After my meeting here, though, I was told by one gentleman that, notwithstanding the interruptions, I had made votes for the amendment. I was told also of a retired farmer living here who had taken my part in favor of free speech, against a man who said I ought to be run out of town. One of the men in the group told him that if those were his sentiments, he ought to be run out of town himself. The farmer and one other resident of the town who saw me after the meeting, said that two-thirds of the audience wished to hear me, and that one told them that he believed what I had said was true.

Of the bitterness of sentiment among the farmers there is no question, and it is doubtful if it can be overcome during the short period before election. It is all due to misrepresentation by landed monopolists who have made the farmers think that their taxes are to be increased. This misapprehension has driven them wild. But the campaign, no matter how the election comes out, will set a blaze of Singletax education going through the State which nothing can withstand; for when the farmers once know what the truth is, that these amendments are