

### ANDREW P. CANNING.

Among the candidates for Congress at the Illinois primaries to come off September 15 is Andrew P. Canning who if nominated will be the Democratic candidate in the Tenth district of Illinois, now represented by George E. Foss, Standpat Republican. Mr. Foss will probably be nominated for re-election by the Republicans. In that event Mr. Canning is the only Democratic candidate at the primaries capable of making a hopeful contest at the election.

Should G. P. Engelhard, the Insurgent candidate at the primaries, win the Republican nomination, Mr. Engelhard's election would doubtless be assured, the district being overwhelmingly Republican. This, however, is a possibility, judging Mr. Engelhard by his platform, which no progressive Democrat need deplore; for he declares against Cannonism, for a tariff based only on the difference in cost of production between domestic and foreign commodities, and for conservation of natural resources. But if Congressman Foss defeats Mr. Engelhard for the Republican nomination, it is of the utmost importance that the Democratic candidate shall be a man upon whom both progressive Republicans and progressive Democrats would heartily unite at the election. And Andrew P. Canning is that man.

Mr. Canning is a Scot by birth, and by naturalization an American; by occupation a plumber with a large business, he is also a successful real estate operator and builder; and while in politics a Democrat, he is in political principle a Jeffersonian—such a democrat as Abraham Lincoln and Lyman Trumbull were.

Born in Scotland in June, 1869, Mr. Canning lost both his parents when only twelve years of age, and at thirteen he began earning his living in the coal mines of Lanarkshire. At fifteen he came to the United States with two older brothers, and until he was sixteen worked in the coal mines of Illinois and Missouri. While at this hard and poorly paid labor, he was so seriously injured by a fall of slate in an unprotected mine that he quit mining to serve an apprenticeship at plumbing, of which he had learned a little as a boy in Scotland. That change of occupation brought him to Kansas City, and at the age of twenty-one he left Kansas City for Chicago, working his way as helper on a stock train. He has ever since lived in or near Chicago.

Four years before coming here, in 1886, when Henry George was Labor candidate for Mayor of New York, Mr. Canning's attention was attracted to this world-famed democrat whose book, "Progress and Poverty," had already turned thoughtful men to asking themselves and one another whether the values that social growth gives to land should in justice go to landowners instead of the community that causes, maintains and in-

creases them. An habitual reader of classic poetry and serious prose—notwithstanding the harshness of his early working life, he is an unusually well-read man—Mr. Canning plunged into "Progress and Poverty," but the importance of the question it raised did not then impress him. The first man in public life to influence his thought on public questions deeply, was Governor Altgeld, of whom he came to feel as did the poet of his heart of another "whom canting wretches blamed," that—

with such as he, where'er he be,  
May I be saved or damned.

His face thus turned toward democratic Democracy, and his thoughts stirred by reflecting upon



the unjust economic conditions of which he in his boyhood had been a victim and in his manhood had become a beneficiary, he found the teachings of Henry George growing within him until their full significance burst upon his understanding. He saw then that private monopoly of land, of the planet upon which and from which all men must live, is the fundamental explanation of poverty in the midst of plenty. Nor has he made any secret since of his devotion to the George idea.

But Mr. Canning is no dreamer. If his fellow citizens will not join him in doing social justice,

then he will, while waiting for the others to catch up to him in their understanding of property rights, utilize his business abilities to obtain for himself some at least of the common wealth which the majority improvidently and unjustly allow to go to those who have the ability to get it. And that is what he has done.

Insistent as ever upon the reform that Henry George's name stands for, he nevertheless has taken pains to prevent any one's pointing at him the finger of scorn and saying, "You are opposed to land monopoly because you own no land yourself and are envious of those who do." By contracting for vacant building lots running in price far up into the thousands of dollars, when he hadn't as many hundreds to begin with, he has diverted to himself the snug increases in value which those lots have acquired from the social progress about him. Many wise investors looked upon Canning's investments as wild; but he knew his Henry George, and now he has a fine reputation with even the shrewdest of them as an expert investor. But his zeal for justice in this matter has not relaxed. It is sturdier than ever. For now he knows from personal experiment that Henry George was right, and Mr. Canning is too big a man to deny the truth because he might lose money by it.

Mr. Canning married Harriet E. Cummings twelve years ago, and they have three children ranging from seven to eleven years. He is a member of the North Shore Congregational church and a worker also in the First Congregational church of Evanston; as a business man he is a member of the Cook County Real Estate Board, and of the Chicago Master Plumbers' Association; and as a public spirited citizen, of the City Club of Chicago.

In his campaign for Congress in the Tenth district of Illinois—which comprises all of the 24th and 26th wards of Chicago, precincts 17 to 24 inclusive of the 23rd ward, and precincts 41 to 69 inclusive of the 25th ward, and also Evanston, Niles, New Trier, Northfield and Lake county—Mr. Canning stands especially for the conservation of all natural resources by leasing instead of selling them, and for downward revisions of the tariff to the point at which it can no longer serve to enrich anybody at the expense of anybody else. His platform is "special privileges for none and equal opportunities for all," not as a campaign platitude but as a vital principle of social life to be applied in earnest to public affairs.

Andrew P. Canning is a man of rugged honesty, with a logical mind self trained and well trained, a forceful public speaker and ready debater, who is further equipped for public life by wide and wholesome reading and hard thinking together with the business experience that wins. With those qualifications supplementing his profound and intelligent democracy of the Jefferson-

Lincoln type, he is especially fitted and needed for public service, and nowhere better at this time than in Congress.

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## BOOKS

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### A SHORT STORY REVIEW.

**No Story in Particular, Perhaps; But a Type. Not Necessarily for Publication, but Rather for Testing Editorial Patience, and Enlightening the Readers of Classics, If the Editor Lets It Pass.**

Everybody likes a good story. If it is short and good, so much the better. If it is a good short story about some bad men or women, the relish of reading it is greater. If it is a bad story, short or long, about bad men, the shock to normal and reasonable minds is great but the circulation of the story may also be great. The latest that I have read is hard to classify.

It purports to be told by a C. E., who has built nearly as many miles of railroad as Harriman has merged, and whose vocabulary is picturesque and volcanic. Witness his description of one of the two bad men: "Walnut skinned, black haired, and black whiskered and black hearted, when he smiled and uncovered his yellow teeth your scalp rose and your diaphragm relaxed." Imagine the C. E. unloading this to a lot of other bad men, and you have the background to the moral and improving tale.

If we can further burden the imagination with the statement that Cal Moran, being one of the bad men, "was read up taut in Hell's Fourth Reader when Satan was spelling out crimes of one syllable in the Brimstone Primer," we are prepared for any depth of depravity. At this point the suspicions of the critical reader are aroused and he believes that the bad men are not half as bad as the description, but are playing a game of bluff on the community.

The depth of research involved in writing this sort of matter can hardly be imagined, and its effect on youthful imaginations may be traced in the criminal reports of some of our daily papers. But the course of the story brings from the Far East a youth who has graduated from "Cat Alley" and "Hogan's cellar," and who, with a strongly marked Jewish name, makes remarks in much the same vocabulary as the engineer, barring the long words. This only shows the difficulty of remembering just how people do talk, when you come to write it down.

The youthful newsboy has accumulated in his short career a large stock of tuberculosis, three rows of shooting irons reaching clear around his delicate waist, and a carpet bag full of similar ware. He reached Gallup, which will probably be hard to find on the map, and after climbing down