CHAPTER II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I DO not know of what particular consequence it is to the people who read this book just when or where or why I was born, but, quoting from "Copperfield" and following the general custom, I will say that "I was born, as I was told and have reason to believe," on August 3d, 1846, in a small stone house still standing, known as Ty Mawr (big house), about three miles from the peaceful village of Bedd Gelert, Caernarvonshire, North Wales. Three years ago I had the privilege and pleasure of visiting the rude house where I was born, the floor of which was composed of rough flagstones — rougher by far than any I have ever seen used in a common sidewalk — yet worn smooth by the tramp of the feet of the tenantry that have polished them through their service, the main result of which has been that they have earned rent for the landlord and incidentally have eked out an existence for themselves. I am glad that I left the place at such an early age that I cannot recall any of the hard experiences that my parents must have had there.

When I was three years of age they emigrated to America. As I understand the situation, and as the story has been told to me, they were what would now be classed as "assisted" emigrants, who are to-day denied the right to land. My father, hearing the stories of prosperity and happiness that came as the result of toil in the new world, was stirred with the ambition to try to better his hard lot in it, and, to accomplish this object, resorted to the taking up of a collection among his friends in order to pay the fare.

The passage across the Atlantic was made in the steerage of a sailing vessel and the voyage completed in the unusually fast time of thirty days. From New York passage was taken in a canal boat up the Hudson river through the Erie canal to Utica, whence they went by wagon forty-five miles to the northward and settled in the vicinity of Collinsville, Lewis county. In Wales my father had worked in the slate quarries, and so he naturally drifted into the stone quarries and stone mason work in this country; soon afterward he became a renter of tenant farms, with the result that he usually succeeded in getting a tolerable livelihood for himself and family, but that was about all.

I went to the village school as soon as I was old enough, and I recall that it was during these early years of my life the schools were made free in New York State; for when I was about ten years of age, I remember a citizen interrogating me as to why I was not in school. I told him that I had to stay out to work, whereupon he replied that he should think my parents could afford to send me to school now since a recent law had made education free in New York State. This was less than fifty years ago, and I merely call attention to this fact in this place in order to emphasize what I say in the chapter on "The Right to Work," that education has only so recently been made free, it is not one whit a larger undertaking to make free work to-day than it was to make free education fifty years ago.

LONG HOURS AT UNCONGENIAL WORK.

From my earliest recollection I had a strong dislike for farm work, and this disliking was called by another name by my family and the neighbors; they called it "laziness," but I now assert that I have not now and never had a lazy hair in my head; it was simply the rebellion of a free soul against the injustice of the kind and quality of labor so sought to be imposed upon me. As I recall my experience in those days, I am led to say that serious injury has been and is being done to thousands of children through

attempting to force them into work, into callings and professions for which they have neither inclination nor fitness, and no more important responsibility rests upon parents and teachers than this one of finding out what sort of service their children are best calculated to render to society and then doing their utmost to put them into a position where they can have free play for their natural talents.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,

ran the old couplet, and it is true; but it is also true that a great oak is both more beautiful and useful if allowed to take its natural course and shoot straight upward toward heaven, than if its top were bent to the ground and the living force were expended in growing itself into a distorted shape. Innumerable cases might be cited of men and women who have broken away from every barrier placed around them by parents and teachers, vainly supposed to be "for their good," and, by reason of having done so, have lived to bless the world in song and story, in music and in art, in fact, in almost every field of human endeavor; whereas, if they had followed the course mapped out for them by fond parents, wise(?) tutors and advisers, their lives would have been a failure and the world would have been cheated out of its just due.

At ten years of age I worked by the month for a farmer who used to get me out of bed at four o'clock in the morning. It is true that my work was not of the heaviest kind—that is, I was not required to carry things that I could not lift—but I was dragged out of bed at an unearthly hour when a growing boy should be sleeping, and started off after the cows, and my day's work was not ended until sundown; and for this service I received the munificent salary of three dollars per month. I went to the schools in the winter, more or less, and there got my start for an education that I am still acquiring. I have not yet graduated and never expect to graduate; I am far more of a student to-day than I ever was at

any earlier period of my life. I recall that one winter, in order that I might work daytimes, my sister and I took private lessons from a neighbor, who proposed to teach us for a stated sum (very small), provided that we furnished a candle to give light, and I remember that on going to the neighbor's house we would find him and his spouse sitting in darkness, waiting for the candle which was a part of the fee that we paid. As nearly as I can remember, I went to school, all told, about thirty months; during that time I did not get beyond fractions in arithmetic, and I have never studied grammar in or out of school an hour in my life. The education I have acquired has been gained under the severe handicap of a lack of technical training in the fundamental rules.

INVADING THE OIL REGIONS.

When I was fourteen years of age I worked in a saw mill twelve hours a day, sawing barrel heading, and one day I brought the little finger of my right hand in contact with the saw. I still bear the marks of the wound as a memento. Shortly after this I secured a boon I had longed for for years; that was a job on the steamer L. R. Lyon, running on the Black river between Lyon's Falls and Carthage. I had a mechanical turn of mind, and was very ambitious and hopeful that some day I might rise to the exalted position (as it seemed to me) of a steamboat engineer. The getting of this job, which was that of "wiper and greaser," seemed like the beginning of the realization of the hopes of future happiness. I spent the greater part of three summers on this boat and got some little knowledge of mechanical engineering that proved useful to me in after life; indeed, it was the advice of a steamboat engineer who had spent the winter of 1864-65 in the oil regions of Pennsylvania that in all probability was instrumental in changing the course of my life; for it was he who said to me one day, "Sammy, you are a fool to spend your time on these steamboats; you should go to the oil regions;

you can get four dollars a day there." A little conversation with him soon led me to determine that his advice was worth considering, and a few days later I landed at Titusville, Pa., the headquarters and gateway, practically, of the oil regions, with fifteen cents in my pocket and without the benefit of the acquaintance of a single individual in the city. Leaving my gripsack at a convenient grocery store near the depot and inquiring where I should find the oil wells, I was directed to the Watson flats, just below the city, on Oil creek; and I well remember how I spent that afternoon literally running, not walking, from oil well to oil well in search of a job as an engineer. In the course of my travels I had to cross and recross Oil creek on a foot bridge, where I was required to pay a toll of five cents for each trip, and, of course, the three trips left me bankrupt. By this time night was coming on, with no sign or promise of a job and my heart as heavy as my pocket was empty.

Those were exciting days in the oil regions, and the town was filled with people. I remember, and shall never forget, the feeling of utter desolation that possessed me as I walked up the crowded street of the bustling town with my grip in hand, not knowing how or where I was to pass the night. Coming in front of the American House, the leading hotel of the place, something like an inspiration seemed to possess me. I walked into the office, and placing my satchel upon the counter, inquired of the clerk if I could get a room for a few days; upon his replying in the affirmative, I courteously asked what rate was charged; he replied, "Two dollars and fifty cents a day," and I wrote my name in the register as an indication that I accepted the terms. The hour must have been somewhat late, for he asked me if I would have supper, and calming my agitation as much as possible at the prospect of a square meal, I replied that I would. I remember it as though it were yesterday. I had beefsteak and onions, and

like Oliver Twist, after I had finished the first portion I asked for more, and the girl brought me a second order.

The next morning I was up bright and early, out upon one of the most disheartening of all errands that any child of God ever undertook, looking for a job among strangers—a task, too, that I do not believe God intends that a man shall waste his time on, for I fancy that in the divine order, in the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, in the condition of social justice that is yet to prevail, there will be such a scientific ordering of the affairs of society that no man will waste time tramping from door to door in the heart-breaking, soul-destroying business of begging for work, looking for something to do. I do not know just how it is going to be fixed, but I know it was all easy in the beginning; when God said to Adam, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," Adam certainly did not have to go out and look for a job. There were the land and the natural opportunities, and I am sure that some way, somehow, God, working through his accredited agents, men — men who love their fellow-men —

> Will yet unfold a plan
> That will make work free to every man.

A WORD OF CHEER.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the first three days in Titusville, were three of the busiest days of my life spent in this fruitless search for work. Every hour that passed by added conspicuously to the discouragement that possessed me. At first I wanted to select my work; I wanted nothing but a job at my profession as an engineer, and I proudly exhibited the recommendation papers that I had, with the feeling that the beholders would be overawed into producing a job at once; but as the hours and the days went by my hopefulness gave way to a growing feeling of despair. I can easily understand how Carlyle could say that a man looking for work, wanting work and unable to find work, is the most pitiable object that ever encumbered the face of God's fair earth.

In this time of hopelessness and despair there occurred an incident, that, as I now recall it, looms up like an oasis in the desert. I remember that although I had been trained to a religious observance of the Sabbath, it did not deter me from pursuing my hunt for work. During the course of the day, seeing a man in an office over which was the sign "Office of the New York Oil Co.," I went in and asked for a job. The man turned a kindly face upon me and said he was sorry that he had nothing for me to do. Evidently discerning from my looks that I was getting somewhat discouraged, he began to ply me with questions, asking where I came from, what I worked at, what my experience had been, etc., and finally asked if I were out of money. I evaded the question and said that I soon should be if I did not get work. This kind-hearted man, Samuel Miner — peace be to his ashes and all honor to his memory! — then said: "Well, my boy, you must not be discouraged; you are in a good country and you will get on. I will do the best thing I can for you; I will give you a letter to a friend of mine in Pithole City, twelve miles away, and I think he may be able to give you work. You know there are many men employed at Pithole, as there is great excitement there this summer, and I would advise you to go right to Pithole."

Perhaps the kind words of this sweet-spirited man have had their influence upon my life, and by reason of what he said to me on that Sunday afternoon, I have been led to feel for the many thousands of hopeless men and boys that I have seen pursuing this despairing trade of looking for work. At any rate, I have made it a point in my life, no matter how busy I have been, to try to find time at least for a kindly word for the man out of a job, and that heart-breaking sign which I have sarcastically called the great American sign of prosperity, "No help wanted," has never defaced and never shall deface the walls of any establishment with which I have to do. I really hope that the day is not far distant when this sign will take its place among the relics of a forgotten past,

along with " Keep off the grass," " Beware of the dog," and other unhealthy "dont's" of our callow civilization. I hope that the employers who will do me the honor to read this book will take the thought suggested here to heart. Put yourself in his place and ask how you would feel if, at the end of a weary day of tramping the streets of a city from one shop to another in search of work, the first thing to greet you on a workshop door, as you hurried your weary body along to make one more trial before going to your desolate home, should be the words of this dispiriting signal. It is true you may never be in his place, but remember, my brother, there is no possible scheme by which you can make it a moral certainty that your child or, at best, your grandchild, may not take the place of the man out of work, no matter how well " fixed " you are or how carefully you provide. Remember that the man is your brother.

A PERPLEXING FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

Returning to the hotel, I wrote a letter to my mother. I remember what a weary heart I had, and yet I tried to give the letter a cheerful tone. Among other things I told her that I had not yet found work, but expected to to-morrow. The letter finished, the most perplexing financial problem that I have ever faced confronted me — that was the obtaining of the three cents required to purchase a postage stamp. Still wrestling with this problem, I saw a gentleman who had been busily engaged in writing letters evidently making ready to go to the post-office to mail them, and my wit suggested a way out of the dilemma. Addressing him I said, " Are you going to the post-office, sir? " " Yes," said he. " Will you have the kindness to mail this letter for me along with yours? " " Certainly," said the gentleman, while I fumbled in my pocket for the three cents that were not there, fully expecting that he would do just as he did, which was to say, " Never mind, I will stamp it." Now, I do not believe

that a condition of life that would drive an honest boy to trickery of this kind to obtain a three-cent postage stamp is worthy to be called "civilization." Yet we are reared up to the belief that poverty, deserved or undeserved, is a disgrace, deny it as we may; we all feel it when it comes home to us as keenly as I felt it on that desolate Sunday afternoon. I was in no way responsible for the poverty and disgrace that were inflicted upon me, and certainly the deception that I practiced upon the hotelkeeper and upon the man who gave me the postage stamp must have been damaging to my morals at that early period in my life. Why should there not be such a condition of loving sympathy and trust among people who are all brothers of one common family that an honest person might make his wants known and have them supplied as readily in one part of the civilized world as in another? Such a time the world will yet know, and already we can see the signs of the dawning of this better day. Whitman says:

> My spirit has passed in compassion round the whole earth,
> I have looked for lovers and equals and found them ready for me in all lands.

WORK AT LAST.

On Monday morning, without the ceremony of bidding adieu to my landlord, I started for a twelve-mile tramp to Pithole. In those days all of the oil produced was barrelled and transported overland in wagons, and the road for the entire distance between Titusville and Pithole was lined with teams struggling to get through mud, which in many places was well-nigh impassable. I reached Dawson Centre, a suburb of Pithole, about ten o'clock, and seeing a sign, "Office of the St. Louis & Pithole Petroleum Co., Capt. E. D. Morgan, Supt.," I went in and asked for a job as an engineer. Capt. Morgan was behind the desk, and looking out at me inquired, "Are you an engineer?" I said, "Yes, sir." "What kind?" said he, "a sawmill engineer?" with an evident sneer in his voice. With conscious pride I replied, "No, sir, a

steamboat engineer," displaying my papers of recommendation as evidence of my experience. "Well," said he, "you may be just the man we want; we have a lot of inexperienced men running our engines. What wages do you want?" I replied that I should like to have the "going wages," and I have often since thought that, under the circumstances, this was a surprisingly wise answer. As a matter of fact, poverty had reduced me to such a degree of humility that I should certainly have accepted anything in the way of wages that any one might offer rather than pursue my disheartening task of looking for a job; but, somehow, I seemed to reason that if he wanted me at all, this man would pay me the "going wages." My reasoning proved correct, for he replied, "Well, if you suit us at all, we will pay you four dollars a day. Do you think you could pump an oil well?" and my heart stopped beating as I said, "I can run an engine, and I think I can pump an oil well." I was engaged and started to work at noon, my turn continuing from noon till midnight. During the course of the first evening my partner, the young man who ran the engine the other twelve hours of the twenty-four, came around and asked me to take his watch from midnight till morning, saying that if I would do so he would pay me two dollars, informing me, at the same time, that he wanted to "set in a poker game," out of which he could make a good deal more than two dollars. Of course, I accepted the opportunity and sold myself to him from midnight till morning, and Tuesday morning saw quite a changed being. Though I had lost an entire night's sleep, I had earned six dollars, and the feeling of hopeless despair that possessed me Monday morning was replaced by the feeling that I was in a fair way to have the "world by the throat" in a short time.

The company for whom I worked paid weekly, and the next Saturday I was paid twenty-four dollars. On Sunday I hied myself to Titusville, explained the situation to the hotel clerk where I had left my grip, paid my bill and went back to my work. This

was a good start, and the difficulty of getting a job to-day as compared with that time cannot be more strikingly illustrated than by my experience. I really believe that an inexperienced man, as I was in the oil business, would be more likely to get struck by lightning on a pleasant day than he would be to get a job to-day such as I found waiting for me on that Monday morning in Pithole. Four dollars a day for pumping one oil well! Why, I know a fairly wealthy man in the oil fields within thirty miles of Toledo, who paid a pumper only thirty-five dollars per month for pumping fourteen wells last summer; when the man remonstrated and asked for a raise, the employer informed him that if he was not satisfied he could quit, as a man could be got who would do the work for thirty dollars. This is the way labor-saving machinery has been a blessing to the working men in the oil regions — a left-handed blessing, indeed, as I show more fully in the chapter on "The Eight-Hour Day."

A MUSHROOM CITY.

I think it will be of interest to my readers to know something of the Pithole City of 1865. Those were the boom days in the oil region, and the story of this town reads more like the story of the Lamp of Aladdin or some other Arabian Nights' tale than an actual occurrence within the memory of many men yet living and yet young. The boom was started by the striking of the United States well on the Holmden farm in April of that year. The location was on Pithole creek, about eight miles up from the Allegheny river. There was no railroad nearer than Miller farm, about eight miles, and Titusville, about twelve. To these two points and to the Allegheny river all the oil production of Pithole was hauled in wagons, though the first pipe line, a two-inch line to Miller farm, was laid during the latter part of this year. Within six months of the striking of the United States well on the Holmden farm there was built on this and adjoining farms a city, said

to have a resident population of from eight to ten thousand people, with a correspondingly large floating population. A government was organized, streets and water-works were built, "modern improvements" of all sorts were put in, a daily newspaper was published, churches, hotels, theatres, saloons, concert halls, gambling rooms and stores of all sorts flourished, and the business of the post-office for the third quarter of the year, I am told, was the third largest in the State. Stories of the fabulous wealth made from the Pithole oil wells went out over the country, hundreds, even thousands, of stock companies were organized to "bore for oil," and thousands of wells were drilled in that part of Pennsylvania without any regard whatever as to whether or not they were favorably located for getting oil. They were located so as to "skin" the stockholders, the unwary, the confident and the simple, who are ever the prey of the cunning and strong; that was the business of the promoters in 1865 as it is to-day. I shall never forget the busy scene Pithole presented in those summer days; the ceaseless din of hammer and saw and the swish of the carpenter's plane ring as clearly in my ears to-day as they did thirty-four years ago, as I stood on the hillside and looked down on this city of mushroom growth, whose streets were filled with a surging throng of people, every one, almost without exception, eagerly engaged in a scramble to get something for nothing from his fellow-men.

I recall with pleasure that there were some few exceptions, for I remember very well a few devoted souls who went to Pithole for a more noble purpose than money-getting, went there to expend their energies and force, as best they knew how, to make men rather than to make money; chiefly among them I remember Alex. Kinnard, superintendent of the Blanc Farm Oil Company, superintendent of a small Sunday school, and a friend of the "boys," one who gave them wise counsel and advice in health and helpful sympathy and loving care in sickness — a man to whom

business was an incident, not the purpose of life. Such a soul was this canny Scot, yet living and yet in the service of the Standard Oil Company in the city of Cleveland.

THE CITY VANISHES.

The decline and fall of Pithole was no less surprising and wonderful than was the story of its rise and growth, for the bubble that rested upon such an insecure foundation was not long in bursting, and as the limits of the richly productive oil pool were discovered and hundreds of dry wells began to be reported, the people realized that they had been buncoed, that they had purchased a " gold brick." Values began to decline. Those who found "suckers " to buy their property quickly unloaded, and those unable to dispose of it in this way began to turn it over to the insurance companies, with the result that nightly the wild cry of " Fire! Fire!" rang out upon the air. By the middle of the summer of 1866 half the buildings of the town had either been burned or torn down and transported to other localities. Within a very few years almost the last vestige of the village had disappeared.

I visited the place about eight years ago, and nothing but farm fields, well fenced and fairly tilled, met my gaze; not a single landmark, except the eternal hills, that I could recognize as Pithole, save one thing, a church upon the hillside that was built largely by money produced by oil, and partly maintained by an endowment left by an oil man. The effect upon me was passingly singular. I could not realize that this was the place where I had seen such wonderful sights, and it was with difficulty that I could convince myself that I should not awake and find the whole thing a dream. And as I thought of the experience that had taken place there, the hopes and fears, the ambitions and aspirations, the scheming, conniving and planning that had been done, the sacrifices and hardships that had been endured in the foolish scramble for wealth,

it served to impress upon me more deeply than ever the one truth above all others that I am anxious to impress upon the people who read this book, and that truth is that life does not consist in "things," in property.

A DIFFICULT WINTER.

The St. Louis & Pithole Petroleum Company was evidently a "boom" company, for on going to the office as usual for our pay one Saturday afternoon a few weeks later, we found it locked, the superintendent gone and the sheriff's notice on the door. Then followed some more weeks of looking for work, with more or less casual work until winter. On account of the decline of business, of which I have told, there were, of course, thousands of men out of employment. In company with four others I took possession of a shanty and entered into a communistic arrangement to live through the winter, agreeing to share and share alike until spring should open. We made the best of a hard case, but even then about the best fare that our combined efforts could provide was one of bread and beans, which one of the oil region poets has thus characterized in rhyme:

> For breakfast they had bread and beans,
> For dinner, beans and bread;
> And then a lunch of bread and beans
> Before they went to bed.

To provide even this scanty fare we tramped many weary miles in search of an occasional job, and I do not know that we should have gotten through at all, had it not been for a chance for a "raise" that I was fortunate enough to discover. Our cabin was located near a bridge crossing Pithole creek. The planks in the bridge became so badly damaged as to make it impassable. I suggested to one of the boys that we get a stock of planks from an abandoned derrick, repair the bridge, and charge the teamsters who were hauling oil ten cents toll for crossing. Without any

particular regard for the "sacred rights of property," we lifted the planks, repaired the bridge and put up our toll gate. At first the teamsters were glad to pay, and, indeed, they continued to be glad until they began to think we were getting too much of a good thing; then five of them combined to resist further payment and made a demand for a free bridge. Like a genuine monopolist I stood my ground at the pole until I saw that the people (the teamsters) were against me, when I said to my associate, "Johnnie, they are too many for us; let us make a break for timber," and we took to our heels, and I think that has been a "free bridge" ever since. However, I remember that by our monopolistic venture we levied tribute upon the hard-working teamsters to the sum of $27.10 for the use of some other man's lumber and about two hours' actual work; even then we were not satisfied, and I presume would have been taking toll to this day had not the teamsters asserted their rights; but the $27.10 furnished a sufficient supply of beans and bread to carry us through the winter and bring us to the time when, as an Irishman who was a member of the company used to say, "there would be smoke out of every man's chimney," meaning, of course, that the summer would soon be here and all chimneys would be alike.

MARRIAGE AND LOSS BY DEATH.

From 1865 to 1870 I had a varied experience, working as driller, pumper, tool dresser, pipe liner, in fact, doing all kinds of work in the oil region and for about six months working as a tool sharpener on a "rock job" in the construction of a new railroad in northern New York. Returning to Pleasantville, Pa., in the summer of 1868, I was fortunate enough to strike a steady job, that boon which the toilers of earth so much crave and which they are so often denied. In the two years that followed I saved a few hundred dollars and "started in for myself," moving about from place to place as new oil fields were discovered — from Pleasantville to Parker's Landing, and from there to Turkey City,

Clarion county, where I lived for six years and where I secured quite an important part of my literary education in the meetings of the Turkey City Literary Club, of which I was a member and part of the time president. It was while I lived there that I married, October 20, 1875, the wife of my youth, Alma Bernice Curtiss, of Pleasantville, as sweet-spirited and helpful a soul as ever inhabited this world of ours, with whom I lived for ten years. She bore to me three children: Percy, born at Turkey City in February, 1878; Eva Belle, born at Duke Centre, August, 1879; Paul, born at the same place, May, 1884. Our little girl, Midgie we called her, died shortly after she was two years of age, and her mother's death followed in December, 1885.

The separation from these two souls was the greatest trial and severest shock of my life. The little girl, in the first place, had somehow gotten nearer to my heart than any other creature, and the cloud that obscured the sunshine from my sky had scarcely cleared away during the four years that followed her death, when the greater trial came in the death of the wife of my youth. I think now that my suffering was greatly intensified by the confused notions I then held regarding life and its purposes. I now no longer think of them, or of any of the many friends who are gone, as dead, as I then thought of death. Then I believed, or professed to believe, in immortality, but my notions of it were vague and confused. I have since then learned to accept the sayings of Jesus concerning life and death as meaning just what they say. I was greatly helped about that time by reading "After Death in Arabia," "He and She" and other poems of Edwin Arnold's. This passage in "After Death in Arabia" carries a most helpful philosophy:

> Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
> Pale and white and cold as snow,
> And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
> Weeping at the feet and head,

I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers,
Yet I smile and whisper this:
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

The thought here suggested did a great deal to rob death of its terrors for me, to help me know that the life that was still is, and to help me to believe, as Henry Ward Beecher once said, that perhaps our departed friends in the other life, with quickened perceptions and enlarged capacity, are working in and through us to accomplish the noble purposes that engaged their attention while visible to us. This thought, suggested by the great preacher, seems to me to be thoroughly in line with the teaching of Jesus and so much more in harmony with the scientific idea of life than the thoughts I once entertained, that I have no feeling now stronger than this one, that I do not want any one to think of me when I am gone as I once thought of those who are dead. I cannot now think of death as anything but birth into a new life, just as orderly and just as natural as birth into this life. I have come to realize and believe that I understand the truth so tersely stated by Job, "though after death worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." And so I ask you, dear friend, to think of me when I am gone, not as dead, but as our own Hoosier poet has said:

JUST AWAY.

I cannot say and I will not say that he is dead,
He is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has stepped away to the better land,
And left us wondering how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

Taking a backward glance over the twenty-four years that have passed since my first marriage, I do not recall any happier

years than were the first three which we spent in a small cottage, our first home, on the Shoup farm, about one-half mile outside of Turkey City, where I had a small interest in an oil lease. I pumped an oil well, cultivated a small garden and assisted my wife with the washing, which we used to do jointly at the boiler-house, where I had steam and hot water convenient for the purpose. She repaid me by watching the engine while I was gone to town on necessary errands, and together we dug a part of our living out of the small garden; in addition to this, my wife taught music to two girl friends and presided at the organ in the Sunday school that was held in the hall of the literary club. We lived quite a natural life, comparatively free from the care and burden of "things," and being so, we were at liberty to contribute our share to the common welfare of the community, and we had the best kind of times in so doing. I merely make mention of this because I want to impress the thought upon the minds of young people that the simpler life is, the better it is, and the greater its possibilities in an artistic sense. Jesus made no mistake when he said that "life does not consist in things."

REMOVAL TO LIMA.

From Duke Centre, in the Bradford oil fields, McKean county, to which we had moved in 1878, and where we lived for six years, I moved, after the death of my wife, to Bradford, and one year later, in 1886, to Lima, O., being induced to do so mainly by my friends, who thought that a change of scene would serve to divert my mind from the great sorrow that had come upon me in the separation referred to. I at once engaged in the oil business in Lima, leasing lands, and drilled what was known as the "first large oil well" in Ohio; it was known as the Tunget well, located about three miles east of Lima, and it started at about 600 barrels per day. The Standard Oil Co. was the only buyer of Lima oil at that time, and was paying forty cents a barrel for it, but on the

day after the Tunget well was struck the price declined to thirty-seven and one-half cents and a few days later to thirty-five cents.

When I arrived in Lima, there were but twenty oil wells in the State of Ohio. The marvelous growth of the business in this and the adjoining State of Indiana will be but faintly understood when I say that since that time more than 30,000 oil wells have been drilled in a strip of country running southwest of Toledo about 150 miles, and varying from three to eight miles in width. The amount of labor involved in the development of this enormous industry is altogether past the comprehension of those who are not familiar with it.

A LESSON FROM A GREAT TRUST.

The development of oil in the Ohio field marked an important epoch in the history of our greatest oil trust, the Standard Oil Company. Prior to 1886, this company had never been a producer of petroleum — merely a buyer, manufacturer and shipper — but soon after the drill had demonstrated that Ohio and Indiana contained vast areas of prolific oil territory, it entered the field as a producer. And right here I want to say that I have been familiar with the development and growth of this company from the beginning, and that while there has always been vigorous and pronounced opposition to it and to its methods, much of this opposition has seemed to me to be a "waste of powder;" for I have always observed that as soon as those who were most pronounced in their antagonism to the Standard Oil Company and its methods were taken into the fold and made to share in the profits of the concern, their complaints suddenly ceased.

Long ago, before I knew anything about the economic situation, indeed many years before I knew that there was an "economic situation" or an economic question, in the days when I thought the only problem worth a man's attention was the attainment of the great American ideal — making money — I seemed to under-

stand that the opposition to the Standard Oil Company, like most of the opposition to trusts and combines, lacked a moral purpose. It arose from the fact that those making it were not sharers in the profit or plunder. No general movement has yet been made in this country proposing to overthrow corporate interests for the benefit of all of the people; there have been those who claimed that as their purpose; but, as I have said, they lacked a moral basis. We are a nation of Mammon worshippers, worshippers of things, "property," success; and in our eagerness to protect the thing that we worship, in our anxiety for the "sacred rights of property," we have lost sight of the sacredness of human rights. The methods of the Standard Oil Company are the methods of "business," and there is no immorality that can be laid at its door that cannot find its counterpart in the methods of business in all parts of the country hundreds of times daily. There is an ethical code for business, it is true, but it is a distressingly low one; its maxim is, "Get all you can, and keep all you get;" and from an intimate knowledge of the methods of the Standard Oil Company, covering twenty-five years, and the methods of business generally, I feel that as a Socialist, as a man who believes in brotherhood, simple justice requires me to say that the ethics of that corporation are simply a reflex of the ethics prevailing in the business world and that guide and control the business men of to-day. The most serious charge that can be laid at its door is that it has succeeded; it has outwitted its competitors who sought to play the same game but had not so thoroughly mastered the art.

Our trouble is not with the bosses, with the aristocrats, with the corporations or the Standard Oil Company, but with a system that denies brotherhood and makes a weaker brother the legitimate prey of every strong man. The Standard Oil Company recognized the fact from the first that competition is a failure, and by resorting to the methods of warfare common to the business

world, it has well-nigh eliminated competition, it has set aside its competitors and mastered the situation. Let the people learn a lesson from it and the other trusts, and by orderly means proceed in an intelligent manner to take that which is their own, that which they have paid for, and for all time put an end to competition by owning and operating all of the trusts for the benefit of all of the people. My experience as an oil operator in the Ohio and Indiana fields has been that of hundreds of others. I have simply taken advantage of opportunities offered by an unfair social system and gained what the world calls success — that is, I have accumulated some property. I was one of the original incorporators of the Ohio Oil Company, now the producing department of the Standard Oil Company, and in proof of what I have just said, I will say that in its early history the Ohio Oil Company had the opportunity before it practically to capture the Ohio oil field. It was composed of experienced oil producers, men who knew every detail of that business, but who lacked the ability to go forward and carry the thing through to the success that has been realized by the Standard Oil Company. We did not understand the art of competition, and so we surrendered (sold out) to the Standard.*

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* The appearance in the columns of some of the newspapers of this reference to the methods of the trusts printed from advance sheets of the book, has brought to me several letters of friendly criticism, suggesting that in my goodness of heart I am disposed to deal too kindly with "our old enemy," the Oil Trust.

Many thoughtful people believe that the Standard Oil Company and kindred organizations are responsible for the introduction into business methods of various phases of crime that were unknown before, and that they, therefore, and not the system, are responsible for the grosser evils from which we suffer. Without in any manner attempting to shield any form of wrong, organized or unorganized, I must say that this reasoning seems to me fallacious. The trusts and the combinations are, as it appears to me, the legitimate outgrowth of the competitive system in industry that our laws have been utterly powerless to prevent. As I have already suggested, it is a matter of common notoriety that the worst charge that has ever been laid at the door of any "criminal

REMARRIAGE AND REMOVAL TO TOLEDO.

In 1892 I married my present wife, Helen L. Beach, of Toledo, who has been to me a helpmeet, and to my children everything that their own mother could have been, except that she did not bear them. At that time I moved from Lima, where I had made my home for six years, to this city. During 1892 and 1893 I spent a great deal of my time in the oil fields among the wells and invented some simple but valuable improvements in oil-well appliances, and in 1894 I began the manufacture of these and other oil-well appliances at 600 Segur avenue, where the work is still carried on under the name of the Acme Sucker Rod Company.

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trust" might be successfully charged against the methods of business hundreds of times daily, if the facts were only known.

The ethical code of business under the competitive system is far below that of such brutal sports as football and prize-fighting, against which there is such an outcry on the part of respectable people. Football, as well as all other athletic games, is subject to rules that have been carefully thought out by men familiar with the art; these rules are designed to give each side an equal opportunity. Prize-fighting is guarded by the most carefully prepared, scientific rules to secure to each combatant a fair chance in the battle; but there are no Marquis of Queensbury or London Prize-Ring rules to protect the contestants in the daily competition (war) of business. In the battles of the prize ring it is sought to match the combatants as nearly equal as possible; their qualifications as to size, age, weight, and experience are all looked into, and if there is any special difference in favor of one over another, this is sought to be equalized by some sort of a handicap. John L. Sullivan, in his palmy days, used to challenge all comers to stand before him for four rounds, and the man who was able to do so was declared the winner of the test. During such battles each side has trained representatives to guard and watch his interests, and there is a referee, skilled in the art of rendering a decision as to who has fairly won.

There is no "weighing in" of the contestants in a business battle; there are no rules classifying the entries; there are neither seconds, umpires, time-keepers nor referee, and the call of "time," in order that the contestants may have a breathing spell and get the benefit of a cooling sponge and a refreshing drink, never interrupts this merciless battle. Into this conflict

MY FIRST AWAKENING.

Prior to this time I knew little about "labor conditions." As a rule, labor in the oil fields had enjoyed fair wages compared to similar work outside, and, having passed most of my life in small towns, I had seen little real suffering among the working people. I think the first real shock to my social conscience came when the swarms of men swooped down upon us begging for

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skilled and unskilled, the simple and the cunning, crafty and confiding, weak and strong, old and young, are pitched in a hurly-burly scramble for the largest share of the plunder (profit) that is passing from hand to hand in the thing called commerce and industry. In such a battle, it does not require a special skill or training to "pick the winner." If you are in a prize-fight and happen to be down on one knee, the friendly call of "time" gives you an opportunity to put yourself in position more successfully to meet the assault of your antagonist, but in the business battle, the extremity of one is the opportunity of the other, and the brother man who is "down," or partly so, is considered the legitimate prey of his vigorous, healthy, prosperous rival. It is the rule of our competitive life that the time when the business rival is on the downward road — when creditors are pressing him hard, when banks are clamoring that he shall meet his paper, when the sheriff is threatening to close his doors — this is the opportunity for the other rival to strike the finishing blow and make merchandise out of the misery of his fellow-man.

It is true that the instincts of humanity are all violated by this program, for as I have said and repeat, and love to repeat, humanity is loving, gentle and kind; but the exceptions to the picture I have painted only prove the rule, and all experience is conclusive as to the position I have taken, that the "criminal trust" is the legitimate product, the poisoned fruit of the competitive system that denies the fundamental truth of the brotherhood of all men, and asserts the right of one man to convert his fellow-men into instruments of profit for his supposed benefit.

The saving effected by the trust, which, as I say elsewhere, is a social product and belongs to society and not to the trusts, is an economic development and strictly in the line of progress, and the only way we shall avail ourselves of it is by owning the trusts, not by the making of laws against labor-saving associations. We must cease the senseless battle and set up a new order by which, through the operation of love as law, we shall establish the Co-operative Commonwealth, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

work, soon after signs of life began to be manifest around the abandoned factory which we rented for our new enterprise. I never had seen anything like it; their piteous appeals and the very pathos of the looks of many of them stirred the deepest sentiments of compassion within me. I felt keenly the degradation and shame of the situation; without knowing why or how, I began to ask myself why I had a right to be comfortable and happy in a world in which other men, by nature quite as good as I, and willing to work, willing to give their service to society, were denied the right even to the meanest kind of existence.

I began to think about the thing called wages, and as I learned that men were employed at common labor at one dollar a day and even less, the whole hideous wrong of the wage system began to reveal itself to me. I saw at once that it was a purely arbitrary arrangement, in which the man who had nothing but his labor to sell had no choice; he must accept what his employer offers, the alternative being usually starvation for himself and his children. I resolved that the "going wages" rule should not reign supreme in the Acme Sucker Rod Company, but rather, I said, we would try to recognize the rule that every man is entitled to such a share of the product of his toil as will enable him to live decently, in a way that he and his children may be fit to be citizens of a free republic of equals; and since that time, as best I know how, I have tried to be true to this principle.

I soon discovered that I was making the acquaintance of a new kind of man. Always a believer in the equality of the Declaration of Independence, I now for the first time came into contact with workingmen who seemed to have a sense of social inferiority, wholly incapable of any conception of equality, and this feeling I believed it was my duty to destroy. Without any organized plan, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I determined that this grovelling conception must be overcome; so we began to take steps to break down this feeling of class dis-

tinction and social inequality. The first year we began to "get together" with little excursions down the bay; we invited our workmen and their families and also some other people, who live in big houses and who do not work with their hands, or anything else for the matter of that; we sought to mix them, to let them understand that we are all people — "just people," you know. As our business increased we took in new men; we made no special effort at selection; there were always plenty of "out of works" (always will be so long as the present competitive system continues), willing and waiting to rent themselves out to us, that is, to allow us to use them to add to our wealth and incidentally to get an existence for themselves. We asked no questions as to their habits, their morals or their religion; we ignored the sacred rules of business, that go so far in some cases as even to submit the men to physical examinations in order to avoid the risk of responsibility incurred through physical weakness. In fact, we were going along in a sort of free and easy way, occasionally giving the boys a word of caution, perhaps printed on a pay envelope, or a little letter expressing good will and fellowship, and a word of friendly advice.

THE GOLDEN RULE POSTED.

It was the distress of mind occasioned by seeing a string of rules a yard long in another factory, at the tail of every one of which was a threat of dismissal, that led me to say to my wife, "I am going to have a rule for our shop; I am going to have the Golden Rule printed on a piece of tin and nail it up as the rule that governs the place." It was not any belief in my own goodness of heart or my ability to reach the lofty ideal of doing to others as I would be done by, but it was the reaction that came from the contemplation of the outrageous injustice that was practiced upon my fellow-men by the iron-clad rules to which they are made abject slaves in order to gain the right to a bare living,

that led to the putting up of the Golden Rule on our wall. At that time I did not realize the limitations that are placed upon our better natures by the economic conditions that surround us. I did not know that the competitive system of industry was calculated to bring out everything that is bad and to suppress all that is good in us, as I now know that it is. The putting up of the Golden Rule was the first radical move that was made at the Acme Sucker Rod factory. There were several things about that that may properly be called radical. In the first place, it was acknowledging a basis of equality for all about the premises; next, it was ignoring the time-honored precedent of "doing as other people do;" finally, it was an assumption, at least, that this fundamental rule of conduct, given us by the founder of Christianity, was a livable and practical thing.

As I have said, we ignored the well-established rule of business in inquiring into every man's history before giving him employment; we simply took him in and assumed for the time being that he was a man, and undertook, so far as we knew how, to treat him as a brother. In doing this, of course, we got men who had been victims of all sorts of injustice from their infancy up, and, as a consequence, many of them were far from perfect; but I think it is well for us to remember that the best of us have our faults, and if our opportunities had been the same as those of our brothers and sisters whom we criticise as "worthless and drunken," etc., there is sound reason for believing that our characters would not have been any improvement upon theirs.

We frankly stated that making money was only one of the objects of carrying on the work of the Acme Sucker Rod Company; the other, and by far the more important, being that of "making men." In spite of the hindrance of environment, in spite of the evils of competition that force all who are in it to more or less of a daily denial of the truth of brotherhood — in spite of all this, we believe we have sound reason for saying that the moral

reform that has been wrought in the hearts of employers and employed by this departure from the usages of business is of incalculable value to all of us, and we fondly hope that it is destined to be a blessing to generations yet unborn.

GOLDEN RULE PARK OPENED.

Perhaps the most helpful thing of all has been the opening of Golden Rule Park and Playground. This is a lot of ground only 150 feet square, adjoining the factory, at the corner of Segur and Field avenues. Some fine old forest trees made it possible to convert this into a little park for the people and playground for the children, and it has been used and enjoyed to the utmost. The Sunday afternoon meetings for the people have been most delightful experiences. Brotherhood and Golden Rule, and Golden Rule and Brotherhood have been the popular themes we have been preaching from its platform. We have now supplemented the Golden Rule Park with a Golden Rule Hall, which was opened last Thanksgiving day, where we hope to join in the teaching and study of this idea of brotherhood that is yet to save the world that Jesus died to redeem. We wish to have it distinctly understood that we do not lay claim to having done anything for which we either desire or deserve any credit. No man wants or deserves credit for having done what was simply his duty, and we cannot lay claim to having done more; in fact, we do not feel that we have lived up to our convictions. We started out by joining in the universal admission that "something is wrong." The wronged men and women and children have been and are so constantly before us, whether asleep or awake, that we have been impelled by an irresistible power to do what we have done in the hope that we might uncover something that would correct the wrong. In following this impulse, we have uncovered something; we have found the source, the evil, that we believe to be the cause of all

the misery, wretchedness, want, poverty and crime that afflict this fair earth to-day. The cause of all this horrid category of evils is found in Social Injustice, springing out of a denial of brotherhood; from this social injustice proceed the causes which produce and perpetuate all the miseries that I have enumerated.

SUFFERING DUE TO THE DENIAL OF BROTHERHOOD.

It may be said that all of our troubles are due to the denial of brotherhood. Once let us admit brotherhood and we shall spurn the idea of having, while our brothers are in want — but this is a truth that has been stated so often as to be regarded as a platitude. I must be more specific. My purpose in defining "social injustice" is to try to help others who are studying along the same lines, the question of how to bring about reform. In order to do so, let us look at the form of injustice that made the success of the Acme Sucker Rod Company possible, the injustice of a patent. In the ideal society that yet awaits us, in the co-operative commonwealth that is to be realized, in the kingdom of Heaven *that is to be set up here on this earth*, there will be no patents, no railway passes, no reserved seats, no "free list," no franchises, contracts or special privileges of any sort to enable a select few of the people to live off the toil of others. The poet Tennyson saw the new earth that is to be and sung of the time

> When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and republics fall,
> Something higher, holier, nobler — all for each and each for all.

In that sort of a civilization no one will want special privileges, for we shall all live as members of a loving family now live, each striving to help, instead of each striving to rob, the others.

THE HERESY OF "SUPERIOR ABILITY."

What heresy can be more fallacious than the prevailing one that superior ability entitles one to the right to live at the expense

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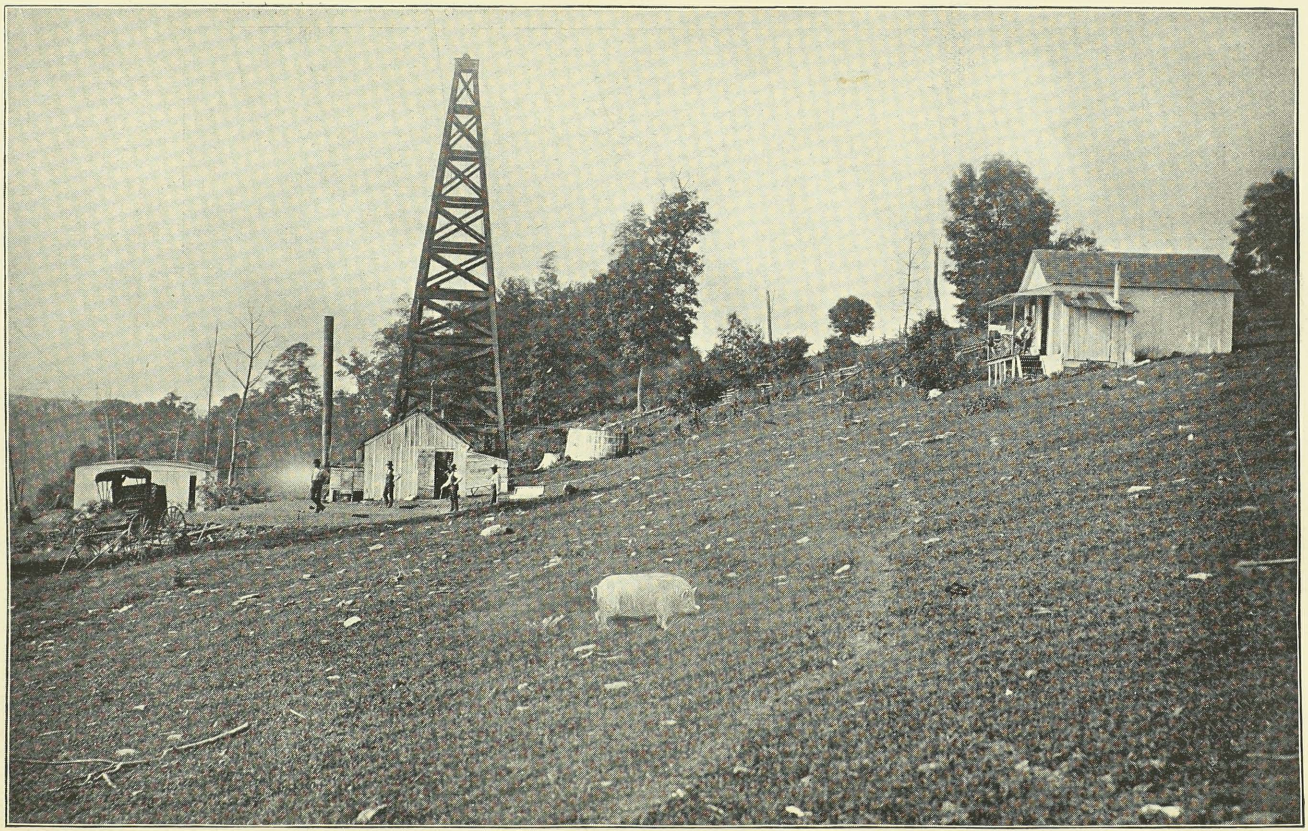
STONE COTTAGE "TY MAWR"

(Where Mayor Jones was born), near Bedd Gelert, North Wales.



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"THE FORT."

(Situated on the Shoup farm, Turkey City, Pa.)

In this small cabin I kept "bachelor's hall" for about three years, during which time I pumped the oil well, shown in the picture, in which I owned an interest. At the expiration of three years I built an addition to "The Fort," married and brought my young wife there, where we lived until 1878. My oldest son, Percy, was born at this place.

S. M. J.

of his fellows? After all, what foundation in fact is there for this boasted claim of "superior ability?" Let us look at the myriad hands whose help we must employ in order to convert this "superior ability" into a marketable product. For instance: The Acme sucker rod joint is made from iron, and in order that this "invention" might be a profit to the inventor and be utilized in industry, it was necessary that some one should make the tools, with which I see men mining the ore in the Lake Superior regions; then I see other men loading this ore into carts, while others transfer it to railroad cars, that were made by other hands; I see it transported over a railway, built by still other hands, drawn by a locomotive that involved the inventive genius of a Stephenson and hundreds of others to bring it to its present state of perfection; I see the train manned and the ore hauled to the lakeside, where I see it transferred to ships built by men's hands, guided by others, who have studied the laws of navigation, down the inland seas, and landed at Toledo or Ashtabula; I see the cargo discharged by yet other hands, transferred to the care of other men, transported over still another railroad to Pittsburg, and unloaded at a blast furnace; I see the science of the metallurgist employed to convert this ore into pig iron, when it is again, by the art of the puddler and roller, converted into bars, and transported by other hands to Toledo. In the meantime, I see all along down the ages the development of the art of making malleable iron; I see the men's hands that are employed in that industry, which must be joined with others in order to give this "superior ability" an opportunity to display its genius (?); then I see the men who "manufacture" the Acme sucker rod, and the part they perform in this drama; and then the other hands that drill the oil wells and the hands that transport the rods to the place where they are to be used. I see the hands that built the streets and bridges that we have to use; I see the telegraph and the post-office that we

must employ in order to carry on this small industry, and I find that the inventor with his much-vaunted "superior ability" is, after all, only a very dependent creature, much the same as all the rest of us — just a very small cog in the social wheel.

It seems foolish for us to plead for a continuance of our present unholy and unrighteous system of robbing one another. If there were to be improvements in sucker rods, why may we not reasonably expect that there is room for improvement in social relations? I know that the conservative mind of the world has always been against improvement of any sort, but conservatism has had to give way before the ceaseless march of progress, and in no department of human activity is there the imperative call for improvement to-day that there is in that of our economic and social relations. As a matter of fact, some of the most thoughtful men and women on earth believe that there must be radical improvement, or that the race is destined to go out in darkness. Such a profound philosopher as Huxley said just a few years ago, "If I did not believe that there was destined to be a great improvement in the moral and social condition of the race, I should regard the advent of a friendly comet that would sweep the whole thing away, as a consummation much to be desired."

CONDITIONS THAT COMPEL CRIME.

Why should we consider the work of creation with respect to our economic and social conditions a finished job, and why should some of our best people regard any reference to the conditions of social unrighteousness, that are so flagrantly before us all the time, as the next thing to treason? The disciples of the *laissez-faire*, or let-be, school have brought us face to face with social conditions that are little less than calamitous. Pauperism and crime are frightfully on the increase. Men and women voluntarily commit themselves to prison in order that they may be warmed and

fed. Our latest poet of the people, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, has stated the case very pertinently:

> With charity we would prevent this poverty and woe,
> But find the more we've fondly spent, the more the poor do grow.
> We've tried by punishment full sore to mend the case they're in;
> The more we punish them the more they sin and sin and sin!
> We make the punishment more kind, we give them wise reform,
> And they, with a contented mind, flock to our prisons warm.

A few winters ago an able-bodied, self-respecting man about fifty years of age searched for work on the streets of Toledo until he was well-nigh famished with hunger. Feeling unable to endure the pangs longer, he applied to the infirmary for relief. He was told that relief was not given to able-bodied men. "You are able to work," said the officer, "and we have no right to relieve you." He replied that he was unable to find work. He was met with the answer that that was no part of the business of the department for the relief of the poor. With a heavy heart he turned again into the chilly streets and made a few more applications for work, with the same result that had met him for days — failure. He next went to the police judge and requested to be given a sentence to the workhouse; that official denied his request, saying, "You have done no crime, and I cannot sentence you to prison." He walked hopelessly away from the station, but the experience had quickened his perceptions, and by the time he had reached the corner of St. Clair and Jefferson streets, he had reasoned out a way of relief; he had learned that society will aid a criminal to a living, but will not lift its hand to help the same person while he is an honest man. In a moment his mind was made up; he decided to become a criminal, and suiting the action to the word, he took up a brick and hurled it through a hundred-dollar plate-glass window in a vacant store room, formerly occupied by the Holcomb National Bank. A watchful guardian of the law saw the act, and hastily crossing the street, marched the culprit

to the police station in triumph, entering against him the charge of malicious destruction of property. He was housed and fed at public expense at the police station, the first housing and feeding he had been able to obtain for days. Next morning he was placed on trial and received his longed-for sentence of ninety days in the workhouse.

Now, dear reader, in all candor, is this a rational state of affairs? Is it the best we can do with the thing called government? Of what avail is our boasted liberty to men caught in the stress of circumstances that drove this man, a brother, to crime? Am I an Anarchist, a disturber of the peace, a dangerous man, because I venture to suggest that it would be wiser, cheaper, more humane and Christian to provide a plan to take care of such men, or to aid them in taking care of themselves before they become criminals, rather than to continue to destroy men and women in this cruel and heartless fashion? If it is wiser, more humane, more Christian, and above all, in this money-worshipping age, if it is cheaper, ought we not to give heed and do something to change a social order so clearly wrong? I maintain that it is the plain duty of the legislature of the State of Ohio at its next session to deal vigorously with the question of the unemployed and to extend the functions of the Labor Bureau to such a limit that employment will be provided for those unable to provide for themselves in time, at least, to save them from the necessity of starving, stealing, or committing a worse crime. If we are so busy as individuals in the scramble for gain—"business," "trade" — that we have no time to consider and provide for the welfare of our fellows, then it is clearly the business of society — all of us, the state — to see to it that her citizens are not forced into pauperism or crime.

The matter of detail must be wrought out by the legislators; it is clearly within the province of that body; it is easily within their reach and their manifest duty to face this question of ques-

tions boldly, and at once place outside the domain of problems the matter of whether or not a man willing to work can obtain a decent livelihood. The state should provide a place where any man driven to that extremity could go and find public work, the result of which would, at least, keep soul and body together.

In other words, the state should provide productive labor for the unemployed, either at building roads or in some class of service that would add to the wealth of the community. It is an opportunity for an expression of the highest form of patriotism. The time is ripe, the call is loud upon the legislators of Ohio to lead in this great work of reform, and the people are patiently awaiting their action. I believe that the legislators will respond to the call, and that Ohio will be among the first states of the Union to take this forward step toward a higher and nobler conception of patriotism.

JOURNEYS TO MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

Ever since my boyhood days I had longed for an opportunity to travel and see and study something of the world about me, for I have always been a student, as I always expect to be. In the spring of 1895, this opportunity came, and with my wife and part of my family, I made a trip first to the Republic of Mexico and later to the Pacific coast. The visit to Mexico was an "eye-opener" in a truly educational way. I had heard and read something of "pagan Mexico;" I believe that to some small extent I had contributed to the support of missionaries in that country, and I was surprised to find that I had gained quite a false impression of social conditions as they really exist in that progressive republic.

Mexico has been called the Egypt of America; there is much that is old about its civilization, and many of the mechanical improvements that are so conspicuous a feature in our life have not yet made their way there. Notwithstanding the fact, how-

ever, that in some parts of Mexico they still plow with a stick, use great wheels that are sawed from the end of a log for their carts, transport their freight on the backs of burros, drink pulque and live in adobe huts — notwithstanding all this, I say, there are many features of their social life in which they lead the people of the United States. In a small city of 35,000 inhabitants, Aguas Calientes, I visited their beautiful free public baths, one for men and another for women, and I remember counting twenty-six men in the swimming pool at one time. In Toledo we have 135,000 inhabitants, and we provide no place for swimming; if one of our citizens invades the sacred waters of the Maumee for that purpose, he is promptly arrested. The same little city furnishes music in the plaza twice a week for the people.

Free music in the public plaza is one of the *common* things in Mexico; of course, being free and in a public place, it is enjoyed by rich and poor alike. Their public markets, museums, libraries, schools and other features of municipal Socialism, indicate that the social conscience of these people is awakening and keeping pace with the march of progress in other parts of the world. In the Guadalajara penitentiary, which we visited, we were told that prisoners having families were paid a certain small wage, which went toward the support of the family during the confinement of the prisoner; and Mr. Joseph Byers, secretary of the Ohio State Board of Charities, who visited Mexico in the winter of 1898–99, told me that the new penitentiary which was opened in the city of Mexico about that time is more nearly ideal than anything we have in the United States. With the opening of that prison, the republic has, I believe, also abolished capital punishment.

My first trip to California, in 1895, enlarged my conceptions of the vastness and grandeur of our country very greatly, and more vividly than anything else I remember having seen there is impressed upon my mind the incomparable beauty of the Yosemite Valley. I feel that I should be untrue to my better self if I did

not speak in the strongest terms of the scenery of this valley. Nothing that I have seen in any part of the world that I have visited since has made anything like the lasting impression upon my mind that it did; indeed, it is the one spot the memory of which awakens

A nameless longing and vague unrest,

and a desire to hie myself thither at the first opportunity. To the traveller who journeys to California, I say, by all means go to the Yosemite, even if you have to walk. Perhaps some day, under government ownership of the railways, the cost of a journey across the continent will have been so reduced that the beauties of the Yosemite may be brought, if not within the reach of all, at least within the reach of multitudes of our people from whose longing eyes they are as effectually shut out as if they were located in the moon.

JOURNEY TO EUROPE.

The trips to Mexico and California seemed to sharpen my appetite and quicken my desire to see more of this beautiful world of ours and to know more of the conditions of life that surround its inhabitants, and so during the summer of 1896, in company with my family, I visited the land of my birth, making a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland as well; afterward making a somewhat extensive journey into Europe, visiting France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany and Roumania. The visit to the capital of Roumania, Bucharest, was specifically to investigate the oil fields of that country, and the same object took me to Galicia, a northern province of Austria.

It was during this trip that the photographs were made which form a part of the illustrations of this book. To those who are familiar with the method of oil production in this country, these illustrations will prove an interesting object lesson showing the backward method of producing oil still in vogue in far-away

Roumania. Cheap labor, cheap human life and low standards of living account for the difference. The lower standards of living have not yet been accepted by the artisan class of American workingmen, and may God grant that we may get our eyes opened to the iniquity of a social system that is forcing low standards of living upon us, before we shall have sunk to the degraded social state of the countries I have referred to.

I tried to make the most of the opportunity that was before me during this time of travel to study the social life of the people wherever we went. Having some knowledge of German, I was able to do this much better than had I been confined to one language. Nearly everywhere we went, I found German-speaking people, and the facility with which the people of those foreign countries acquire different languages is so nicely illustrated by an incident that occurred one day when we were on the way from Bucharest to Budapesth, that I feel it is worthy to be made a matter of record. A family entered the compartment that we occupied, one of the members of which was a bright little girl, who chatted pleasantly with two other little girls who were her travelling companions. As she was speaking German to the little girls and I had heard her speaking the Roumanian language to her mother, I addressed her, saying, "You speak German also." With an air of the utmost nonchalance she said, "Ich habe vier sprache" (I have four languages). "So," I said, "what are your four languages?" "Roumanian, French, German and Italian." Expressing surprise, I said, "How old are you?" and you can well understand that my surprise was well founded when the reply came, "Ich bin acht yahre alt" (I am eight years old), and the mother assured me that she spoke the four languages fluently.

THE LOWER STANDARDS OF LIVING ABROAD.

The study of the life of the people in the various countries through which we passed convinced me that while there is much

that we of America may learn from the people of Europe in the way of municipal and state Socialism — lessons that have come to them because they are so much older — yet on the whole, distressing as are the conditions of the poor in our own country, they are infinitely worse in all the other countries that I have visited. True, it is no easier to starve in one place than another, but I have seen people reduced to the verge of starvation from want of work in our own country, and six months or a year later I have seen them earning, perhaps, three or four dollars per day. I do not wish to convey the idea that this is a common instance, but it is not uncommon in the business with which I have been most closely connected, that of oil producing. That the standards of living among the American workingmen are infinitely higher than of those of any foreign country, I think all are ready to admit. I mention this fact because it is one from which we may take courage. It is one that bids us hope that the time is not far distant when the standard of living now possible to an American workingman who is fortunate enough to have a steady job will be within the reach of all who are willing to work; for we shall have come to understand our social relations so thoroughly that we shall amend the system under which we are living to such an extent that a reasonably human life will be easily obtainable by all who are willing to render an equivalent in service for it.

THE REMEDY IN POLITICAL ACTION.

The state, or political division, is the only agency through which all of the people may be served; it is the only agency, indeed, through which the people can adequately express their love and care for one another. The people have dimly understood this principle ever since governments were established among men; but the prevalence of the competitive idea has, to a great extent, thwarted their efforts to put it into practice, and never,

so long as the competitive idea is the rule and guide of our daily life, have we any right to hope for the survival and supremacy of any but the cunning, the strong, and the unscrupulous, and the consequent enslavement of the confiding, the simple, the gentle, and the loving. The state is the only organization that reaches All of the People, of which All of the People are a component part. Every subsidiary agency, no matter how lofty its purposes, is necessarily limited in its scope. Charity organizations, churches, lodges, guilds, fraternal societies, and political parties — all come within this classification. No matter, then, what may be the professions of the platforms or sects, or what declarations of principles may be set forth by any select few, their real purpose must be antagonistic to the purposes and conceptions of the state.

With the competitive idea uppermost it has been urged that self-preservation is the first law in nature. (I admit this is true with respect to wild beasts.) Of course, it will follow in the minds of those who recognize this first law, so-called, that the second law must be to preserve the thing nearest to yourself, which is usually your political party, or, perhaps, your lodge, or some other division of society. This reasoning has brought me face to face with the fact that there is grave danger that a person may unwittingly be guilty of disloyalty to the state through a mistaken conception of duty to minor organizations, such as I have mentioned. Indeed, there is reason for believing that the commonest form of disloyalty to the state is found in the mistakenly excessive loyalty to one's own family. This is not a new idea; it has been sarcastically immortalized in the well-known jingle alleged to have been the prayer of one of this sort of disloyal people:

> Lord, bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife;
> Us four and no more. Amen.

The man who can feel or utter that sort of a prayer is guilty of treason to the state (All of the People).

MY ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

The revelations of truth that came pouring in upon me as a consequence of my experience with the swarms of hungry men looking for work about the Acme Sucker Rod factory brought me more and more every day to a realization of the truth that I have talked so much about, the truth of brotherhood and the equal right of every man to a place upon the earth, as well as an equal right to live an entire human life. It was the result of these revelations and reflections and my seeking some way of escape from the guilt of the dreadful system in which we are all caught, that led me, in the conduct of the work of our own business, to take such steps looking toward a mitigation of these evils, as I have already outlined. The social gatherings, wherein we made an attempt to break down the absurd notion of social distinctions between employer and employed; the shortening of the term of labor to a fifty-hour week; the practicing of a little profit-sharing at Christmas time,* and during the last year the giving a week's vacation with full pay, are measures we have

* [A copy of the Christmas dividend letter to the workingmen of the Acme Sucker Rod Company.]

TOLEDO, Dec. 25, 1898.

Mr. JOHN SMITH:

DEAR BROTHER.— Following our custom for the past few years, we inclose herein our check in your favor for the sum of ....., that being 5 per cent. on the amount that has been paid you in wages by this company during the past year. This is not intended as a charitable gift; it is an expression of good-will, a recognition of faithful service, and an admission that the present wage system is not scientific; therefore, not a just system; further, it is doing the best we know at the present moment in the way of making a beginning that will finally lead us to a condition of life (brotherhood), where the question of what a person shall receive as a reward for his labor will no longer be a mere matter of chance, depending upon the necessity

employed in the hope of moralizing the system of industry in our plant. I now see that all these measures, while they are steps in the right direction, are insufficient. Fundamentally and scientifically, as well as according to all Christian conception, it is plain that every man is entitled to *all* the fruit of his toil. It follows, therefore, that neither I nor any other man has a right to take profit from his fellows, nor shall we want to in a just social order.

It was the application of these principles at the Acme Sucker Rod factory that brought my name with some degree of prominence before the Toledo public. In the spring of 1897 the Republican convention, to which I had been chosen a delegate, assembled in the city for the purpose of nominating a city ticket. There were three candidates for the office of mayor. After four ballots there was no choice, and two of the candidates looked about for a man upon whom they could combine their forces to defeat the third, who was likely to be the winner in the next ballot. In this emergency my name was placed before the convention, and I was nominated on the fifth ballot. I had been a resident of the city a little more than four years, had never been in a convention before, was not a member of a single club or

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of the one and the greed of the other, as is the case at present, but where justice will prevail and where every man will be secure in the enjoyment of all of the fruit of the labor of his hands. If in the future there shall appear a better way to contribute to this end, we hope to be as ready to adopt it as we were to adopt this little division of profit.

Accompanying this dividend, we hand you a little booklet, our fifth annual Christmas greeting, wherein you will find our views upon the subject of social relations somewhat fully discussed, and we commend the same to your thoughtful consideration.

We wish you all always a merry Christmas and a useful, that is, happy New Year.

Very faithfully yours,

S. M. JONES,

For the Acme Sucker Rod Company.

fraternal society, and as my time had been largely spent outside the city, in the oil fields, I had, of course, but a limited acquaintance. The politicians and the wise men who fancied that they knew how it was all going to turn out were simply astounded; they could not by any possibility account for such a strange performance, that an entire stranger, who had never done anything for the party, a comparatively unknown man, should walk in and capture a plum so longed for and so highly prized; should jump, as it were, right over the heads of faithful party workers who had toiled long and patiently during many weary years to serve the party. It passed their understanding.

And yet it was all due to a little effort put forth to deal justly with our fellow-men, and the workingmen, the toilers who produce all and have so little, were quick to realize, keen to appreciate and anxious to place the seal of their approval upon even this small effort in behalf of the right.

Being unacquainted with the city, I decided at once that the wise course for me to pursue was not to attempt the organization of a political machine, but to start out at once to tell some of the truths that had been crowding in upon me, speak my mind, make a plea for a better social order, for fair play, for a Golden-Rule deal all around. In line with this policy I entered upon the work of the campaign, and, though unused to public speaking, made many speeches in various parts of the city, in parks, factories and little halls over saloons where I could assemble men together. On one occasion I addressed a Democratic club, advocating non-partisan municipal politics. (I have gone only a step further now that I am advocating absolute non-partisan politics under all circumstances, the absolute destruction of partisan politics as the necessary first step to the realization of free government.) Though vigorously opposed by the forces of individualism, and particularly by the saloon-keepers, who feared, on account of the fact that I was known to be a member of a church,

that a drastic policy would follow my election, I was elected by a majority of 534.

A DESIRE AND ATTEMPT TO SERVE ALL THE PEOPLE.

Installed into office, my first thought and constant care from that day to this has been to serve the people. I made no effort from the very first day to serve the Republican party. I did not try to administer the office in the interest of any party, sect, clique, or clan; but strove, as best I knew how, to take the high ground that I was elected to be the servant of All of the People, and the boss of none. I had gone into the office absolutely a free man, without a promise, direct or implied, of any sort to any person on earth, and I had unusual opportunities for inaugurating a more lofty program than commonly prevails among those who are elected to public office. I claim no credit for the course I pursued. I was exceptionally favored in the way I have recited. It was easy for me to do right; it would have been hard for me to do wrong. Under existing conditions to-day there are few of us who are free men and women in any capacity. We are either in economic bondage or in servitude to some party, sect, corporation or individual, or else we are in the worse position of a boss or ruler of our fellow-men. I want, therefore, to be plain when I say that I deserve no credit. I had an opportunity for freedom of action that seldom comes to a man in public office, and I sought to be worthy of the trust reposed in me.

Believing that the great need of our municipalities, the great need, indeed, of our social and national life to-day, is ideals; seeing that we are a nation of Mammon worshippers, with Gold as our god, and that we have been long enslaved by it, I sought to lift the public mind in some measure into the domain of art and idealism. I believe that it is the artistic idea of life that helps us to see the possibility of a social order in which all life, *every* life, may be made beautiful; and having this conception, I sought

to lift the minds of the people toward it, to encourage them to look forward to the better day, the realization of which is sure to dawn upon us. I advocated some few measures looking toward social justice in the management of the affairs and work of the city; I strongly advocated the shorter workday, and at least two important departments are now operating under it, the police department and the water-works department. I advocated, and the police commissioners adopted, the merit system, instead of the spoils system that had for years kept the police department a wrangling, fighting, jarring collection of men hating one another instead of loving one another. Many things that I did and the measures I advocated were called "radical," but, on the whole, the administration was well received by the people of the city, and that portion of the country outside that knew anything about it.

SECOND ANNUAL MESSAGE.

Toward the close of my term I submitted to the common council my second annual message, embodying recommendations of such remedial measures as seemed to me not only desirable but practicable. The program, to some who will glance at its scope and detail, may seem a large one; but I believe that there is no measure named in it which is not urgently needed; none which will not contribute greatly to the welfare of every citizen of Toledo, and none which is not possible of immediate accomplishment if only the people will resolve to give over their prevalent notions of individual strife and selfish gain and consider their real welfare in the light of the collective welfare of all.

The following is the substance of the recommendations made:

The establishment of a city plant for the manufacture of fuel gas.

The control and operation by the city of the electric-lighting plant.

The establishment of civil service in all departments of the municipality.

The enactment by the legislature of laws that will give the city such a measure of home rule as will enable it to "bring out the best that is in its own people."

No grant or extension of franchises to private enterprise without the approval of the people.

The abandonment of the contract system on all public work, such as paving, sewers, etc.

The compilation and publication of the city directory by the municipality itself.

The establishment of kindergartens as part of the public school system.

A larger appropriation for street improvement.

The sprinkling of the streets by the city itself.

The passage of the ordinance for the appointment of building inspector.

A larger appropriation for public parks.

An appropriation for music in the parks.

The establishment of playgrounds for the children.

The establishment of free public baths.

Improved facilities for those who market in Toledo.

The erection of a city building.

The uniting of all the people to the end that the Ohio Centennial may be made a grand success.

The revision of the city license laws.

The repeal of the ordinance licensing employment agencies in Toledo.

The veto power to be abolished and the referendum to the people substituted in its place.

It is a pleasure to record (and I hope I am not trespassing on the patience of the reader in doing so) that this message was received with considerable interest in many parts of the world. Among the letters regarding it which I received were one from our well-beloved novelist and humanitarian, Mr. William Dean Howells, and another from Count Leo Tolstoy, to the latter of whom I had sent a copy of the message, accompanied by a letter expressing my appreciation of his work. I take the liberty of publishing these two greetings. The quaint diction of Count Tolstoy's will be noticeable:

FROM WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

40 W. 59TH ST., NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 18, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR.— I know of no public paper in these times of greater value than your annual message, of which some unknown friend sent me a copy. It

is full of good sense springing from the humanity which is the source of all good sense. With yourself and Governor Pingree in official life we cannot quite lose courage, even when the republic is trying to turn itself into an empire.

If there were any form in which one might congratulate the city of Toledo upon its mayor, I should like to offer it my felicitations, and wish it long years of you.

Very sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

FROM COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

YASNAIA POLIANA, 24 January, 1899.

DEAR FRIEND.— I beg you to pardon me for not answering your letter, which gave me great pleasure, for such a long time. Please to receive my warmest thanks for it and for the pamphlets. It is a great joy for me to know that such ideas as those that are expressed in your address are approved by a great majority. I am not so hopeful as you are on the results of the Czar's note, and have explained my reason for it that I will have the pleasure to send to you when it will be translated.

Thanking you for your sympathy to my activity, and hoping that a part of what you say about it would be true, I am, dear friend,

Yours truly,

LEO TOLSTOY.

DETERMINE TO MAKE A SECOND RACE.

As the time approached the closing of my first term, I began to be convinced that our greatest hope for relief from social evils lies in political action, and I determined to be a candidate for re-election. Three months before the election I so stated to the chairman of the Republican committee, adding that my reason for being a candidate was found in the fact that I thought there were a lot of people in Toledo who believed in the principles that I tried to stand for, and I thought they should have a right to vote for them. I said that, inasmuch as I had been the candidate of the Republican party when I was elected to office, it seemed, as a matter of courtesy, that I should again be their standard-bearer. I said that if we were granted the open primary, pro-

vided for by law in Ohio, where the people may vote directly, without a delegate system, for the candidate to be nominated, and I should be defeated by the Republican voters, I, while laying no special claim to Republicanism, would stay out of the race. But I added that if I were defeated or turned down by a delegate convention, I would be an independent candidate, because I knew how the best man on earth may be beaten in a delegate convention, and to abide by any such decision would be an injustice to the people in not allowing them to express their will on the question.

Believing that the history of this Republican convention and the Independent campaign that followed, which resulted in my election, is of sufficient importance to be made the subject of permanent record, I now present a succinct account of the circumstances, beginning with my proclamation of candidacy and ending with the election.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDACY.

On the 18th of February I addressed the people of the city through the columns of the newspapers in the following letter:

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 18, 1899.

To the People of Toledo:

I am a candidate for renomination and re-election to the office of mayor.

I know there is a large number of people in the city of Toledo whose sympathies on the general subject of government and the need for a more just social order are with me, and I believe these ought to have an opportunity to express their convictions through the ballot. I ask the nomination at the hands of the Republicans, because I am entitled to it according to the usages of the party in this city, where a second nomination has always been conceded to those whose administration has been satisfactory to the people. The nomination that led to my election came to me unsolicited, and I claim that I have not unworthily represented either the party or the city.

I am a Lincoln Republican. I believe in the people as he believed in them, and trust them as he trusted them. I have been the mayor for all of the people, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, employed and unem-

ployed. My experience in the office has served to strengthen every conviction to which I have ever given expression regarding the brotherhood of all men. I believe that we are in the beginning of a time when, through the administration of love as law, we are to realize in a larger degree the kind of liberty that Lincoln believed in and died for.

I believe that the wealth created by the people should be used for the people's benefit. The streets are the common property of all of the people. Every wire, every pole, every conduit, every rail — everything permanently in or on the streets should be for the common benefit of all the people, not for the private benefit of a few.

The contract for lighting the streets of Toledo expires with this year. The city should at once take steps to own and operate its own lighting plant. We are now paying $90 each for about 800 arc lights; the city can furnish them for $60, thus saving about $25,000 a year.

I believe in the shorter workday as the most practical step now possible looking to the solution of the problem of problems — the problem of the unemployed. The eight-hour day should at once be adopted and rigidly adhered to on all public work. It is wiser, more humane and cheaper to provide a plan to let men work and add to our wealth than to keep them in idleness either as tramps, beggars or dependents on our overworked charities.

Believing that a large majority of Republicans would indorse these principles, I said to the chairman of the committee having the matter in charge that, if the primaries were called under the straight Baber law, I would abide by the result. This law provides that the primaries shall be publicly conducted by the board of elections exactly the same as any regular election is carried on, and the system has been adopted by every metropolitan city in the state outside of Toledo. The committees, however, have taken the matter entirely out of the hands of the board of elections, and the primary election will be in charge of a committee of five persons; delegates will be chosen to the convention, which is called for the 4th of March, and these delegates will select candidates for the offices to be filled.

It is reported that I have said I would not be a candidate for the Republican nomination. This is not true; I never said anything that could be construed to be an intimation of the kind. I am a candidate, and ask that all who believe in the principles that I have here outlined and who trust the justice of the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, assist me with their support for the nomination.

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

THE COMMITTEE OF FIVE.

The Republican central committee had appointed a supervising committee of five to conduct the primaries for the ensuing nomination. To this committee was delegated "full power and authority," and it was ordered to "exercise general supervision over the primary election, arrange and order all the details, decide all questions and determine all matters relative thereto." As if this were not explicit enough, the committee's commission further read: "The supervising committee of five shall canvass the returns of the primary election and shall certify the list of delegates so chosen at the primary election to the temporary chairman of the convention." The majority of the members of this committee was understood to be opposed to my nomination.

My friends were alarmed at the menace involved in the giving of such powers to a committee. It suggested a deliberate plan of manipulating the election of delegates. Open charges to this effect were made. The chairman of the committee of five now offered me the privilege of stationing watchers at the primary polls. To this offer I replied as follows:

TOLEDO, O., March 1, 1899.

Hon. J. H. DOYLE, *Chairman, Committee of Five, Toledo, O.:*

MY DEAR SIR.— I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your note of yesterday and thank you for the courtesy that inspired it. It seems to me that to be consistent, I must decline the privilege you offer. I have not questioned the integrity of the committee of five; my objection from the beginning has been to a dishonest system of conducting the primary elections,— a system that takes the primaries out of the hands of the regularly constituted election officers, and substitutes in their stead a privately chosen committee of officers. A system that distrusts the ability of the people to such an extent is neither republican nor democratic, but essentially autocratic; it is the quintessence of ring rule, which is only one remove from king rule. This is my objection to the present system; it denies to the people the free exercise of the sovereignty vested in them by the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, and seeks to lodge the power in the hands of a few — the

cunning and the strong — and opens the way to and makes possible, if not extremely probable, the practice of all sorts of villainy and corruption. The mere counting of the ballots is only an incident. This part of the work may be honestly done and yet the will of the people be entirely subverted, as you well understand, and as every one at all familiar with modern business methods applied to politics very well knows. Entertaining this view of the case, it does not seem to me proper to enter into any system of espionage proposing to watch one door only while dozens of others are wide open.

Assuring you of my confidence in the integrity of your purposes, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

THE CONVENTION.

The opposition to my nomination had centred almost wholly upon Charles E. Russell, a young real-estate dealer, although J. D. R. Lamson, a prominent merchant, carried some support. The result of the primaries seemed to throw in doubt the results of the forthcoming convention, for a number of delegates were looked upon with suspicion, and it was thought they would vote for the side upon which they conceived their interests to lie. Moreover, reports came to me from every section of the city of the grossest manipulation of the polling booths and of the actual returns.

The Republican convention, which assembled on March 4th, at Memorial Hall, was a monster gathering. Long before the doors were opened, great crowds of men stood waiting, and the sentiment for my renomination was pronounced and persistent. From the first there were loud cries of "Jones!" "Jones!" whenever opportunity offered, and, as the meeting progressed, this sentiment became more and more pronounced. The committee of five had issued orders that no one, except holders of tickets, was to be admitted to the convention floor. This was a new rule in Toledo, and, like many other laws and rules made by self-constituted authorities for the government of the people, it withstood the pressure of public opinion but a short time, for the

surging mass took matters into their own hands, removed the doorkeepers, pushed the doors open and filled the body of the hall; but nothing that could be called disorderly, beyond the incident of breaking in the doors, occurred at any time in the proceedings.

On the first ballot for permanent organization, the vote stood, Harry E. King, 126, and T. P. Brown, 125. Mr. Brown, who was the temporary chairman, and represented the forces opposed to my nomination, promptly decided that there was "no choice," in effect saying that 126 was not more than 125. In justice, it should be said that Mr. Brown quoted a rule of the committee of five, which read, "Necessary to a choice, 127." This, however, referred to the number of delegates necessary to a choice in the selection of candidates, and obviously had nothing whatever to do with the organization. During the hubbub that followed this decision, "business methods," well known to manipulators of conventions, were brought into play, and on the next ballot Mr. Brown had a clear majority.

It was freely charged that the votes necessary to accomplish this change were purchased outright. It is impossible to say whether the money was actually paid on the floor of the convention or not; I believe that it was, and the great majority of disinterested spectators believe as I do. Such a procedure is so common to conventions in both political parties that it is a subject hardly worthy of remark.

Nominations were now in order for candidates for mayor. When my name was presented, cries from the opposition arose, asking if I would "stand by the ticket." I replied, "My service in the past is the only promise for the future."

Isn't it a rather striking commentary upon the conceptions we have of political loyalty that the Republican convention two years before placed my name in nomination absolutely unsolicited, absolutely without question, and that now a convention

majority stood in the face of an uncnallenged record in the administration of the mayor's office for two years, asking if I would "support the ticket?"

On the first ballot the vote stood: Jones, 124 9-11; Russell, 125 2-11; Lamson, 3. Agents of the opposite side and representatives of the leading corporations were actively engaged working with the delegates, and the second ballot stood: Jones, 124 9-11; Russell, 126 2-11; Lamson, 2. On the third ballot a choice was made of Mr. Russell, by a vote of 130 to 123 for myself.

I announced from the platform of the convention that I would appeal from the decision of the committee of five to the decision of the Committee of the Whole People.

INDEPENDENT ANNOUNCEMENT MADE.

On the same evening I wrote the following address to the people of Toledo, which contains substantially the platform upon which I made the campaign:

TOLEDO, O., March 4, 1899.

To all the People of Toledo:

The Republican convention of this city has to-day repudiated the administration of the mayor's office for the last two years.

The principles that have guided me, and upon which I shall go before the people as an Independent candidate, are:

Equal opportunities for all and special privileges to none.

Public ownership of all public utilities; the wealth created by the people should be for the people's benefit rather than for the private profit of the few.

No grant of new or extension of existing franchises.

The abolition of the private contract system of doing city work — a source of corruption equally as great as that occasioned by the granting of franchises — and the substitution therefor of the day-labor plan, with

A minimum wage of $1.50 per day of eight hours for common labor; organized labor to be employed on all public work.

The Republican convention has made history. The cause of reform is becoming more respectable every day. Thousands of people whose attention had not been called to the infamy of the present system will now join in the

work of reform, no matter what their party affiliations. In the convention to-day I made the battle of my life to enlist the support of the Republican party for these principles, but the cunning of manipulators won the day, and, I believe, stifled the will of a majority of Republicans.

As no criticism has been entered against the administration of the mayor's office, it follows that my defeat for renomination in the convention to-day is a repudiation of these principles. The methods employed to accomplish my defeat were so notoriously corrupt as to excite the indignation of all classes of the entire community, irrespective of party. The unqualified promise of support from these is a comforting assurance that government by the people has not yet perished from the earth.

The experience of to-day convinces me that a good measure to put an end to business corruption in our politics would be to amend the bribery laws, punishing only the bribe-giver, letting the poor victim of this despoiler of our liberties escape.

The city of Toledo should at once take measures to own and operate its own lighting plant; the present contract for lighting our streets expiring with this year, and competition being impossible, we are at the mercy of the present contractors.

The movement to defeat me found its chief inspiration in my well-known opposition to the extension of the franchises of the street-railway company and those sought for by the Water street railway, as the plans of men of "eminent respectability" will be seriously interfered with if these schemes are blocked.

Asking for the support of all who believe that the people and not the machine should rule, I announce myself an an Independent candidate for the office of mayor, promising in the event of an election to be in the future, as in the past, the mayor of all the people.

S. M. JONES.

REASONS FOR THE STEP.

A few days later I sent to the chairman of the committee responsible for the manipulation of the convention the following letter:

TOLEDO, O., March 7, 1899.

Mr. WALTER BROWN, *Chairman, Republican Executive Committee, Toledo, O.:*

DEAR SIR.— On or about February 15th, I called on you at your office and stated that I would again be a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of mayor; that I had no desire to be the candidate unless a clear

majority of the party desired that I should; and I asked that the primaries be called under the straight Baber law, that gives the voters the right to vote directly for the candidate of their choice. I also asked you to say to the committee of which you are chairman that if a primary was held and I was not the choice of a majority of the Republicans, I would loyally abide by their decision; but I added: "I will not submit to a turn-down at the hands of political manipulators of a delegate convention, for I know how it can be done, and I cannot fight with or by their methods; if I am defeated that way I will be an independent candidate." You carefully repeated my words, and said: "You are saying this to me, as chairman of the committee, and wish to have me so report to the committee, do you?" I replied in the affirmative, and you said you would so report at your next meeting. A member of the committee declares that you made no report of the kind to the committee at all. At any rate, my request for "fair play" was ignored. The call was issued for a privately conducted primary; and a private committee of five, four of whom were known to be as reliably solid against me as they are against the people, was chosen to conduct the primaries, instead of the regularly constituted bi-partisan board of election officers.

Six months ago I received notice that orders had gone out from the head machinist that I was to be turned down at the Republican convention for my published expression of sympathy for Governor Bushnell last winter, when he was the subject of the most shameful and unwarranted attack ever made on a high-minded public official since the days of political martyrs. Evidently the selection of a private committee of five was the first move in a scheme, conceived in iniquity, born in sin, and carried out in injustice at the primaries and the convention last Saturday to accomplish my defeat. The discovery of the presiding officer, when the first ballot was taken for permanent chairman, of a kind of arithmetic in which 126 is not a majority in a vote of 251 would seem to indicate that even an elementary knowledge of figures is dangerous in the hands of some men.

The high-handed outrage of that convention has shocked the moral sensibilities of all decent people without regard to party, as thousands of our citizens who were present testify by their indignant denunciation, their brotherly words of sympathy and offers of help. The American people believe in fair play, and they are ready to use the machinery of government to extend it to the humblest citizen. The attempt of the committee of five and the convention that grew out of it, to subvert the will of the people and to set up in its place the will of a few manipulators, will prove one of the greatest blessings that has come to Toledo in many years, and its influence will never end, for it will go on and on until not only the dreams but the visions of prophets and

seers will be realized, and it will hasten the day when business will be friendship and government will be love,

"When man to man the world o'er,
Will brothers be for a' that."

There will be a wonderful clearing of the atmosphere as a result of this convention. It will be easier to locate "dangerous men" and to determine who are the real Anarchists. The anarchy that stands in the way of, and is a constant menace to, free government is the anarchy of those corporations who send their agents into convention halls, courts and legislatures to bribe, corrupt and intimidate the representatives of the people. These Anarchists who would destroy free government and bind the people for all time in unbreakable chains as mere instruments of profit to be used for their selfish purposes, either for a consideration or a price — these are the forces that are at the bottom of the movement that accomplished my defeat at Saturday's convention.

I point with pride to the fact that during the two years that I have been in office as a Republican mayor, there has been no trifling away of the people's property to further enrich this by far the most dangerous class of all lawbreakers, no grant of new or extension of existing franchises having been recorded during the last two years. I congratulate the people that, in the effort that culminated in the convention last Saturday, the extreme viciousness of a system that puts a constant premium upon dishonesty was revealed so clearly that the unjust purposes that inspired it are doomed to certain and ignominious defeat at the hands of a wronged people, when they register their will at the polls on election day.

To those Republicans who ask why I would not pledge myself to support the ticket, I reply that my record was a sufficient guarantee to the people of Toledo for my conduct in the future. I went into the mayor's office absolutely without promise of any kind to any man, and death on the platform at Memorial Hall last Saturday would have been infinitely preferable to wearing the collar that would bind me to loyalty to the organized selfishness that is conspiring to put the city of Toledo in bondage to insatiable greed. The attempt to exact a promise from me as to my future conduct in the face of an unchallenged record in an office where I had honored the party who called me there, was so farcical as to be morally grotesque, and merited the contempt with which I treated it.

The foregoing will enable you to understand why I appeal from the committee of five to the Committee of the Whole People. If loyalty to the principles herein set forth is sufficient to debar me from further affiliation with a party that I have always voted with, I shall accept the result cheerfully, confi-

dent that I shall find a resting place with that larger party, of which we are all a part, and whom I have tried faithfully and loyally to serve as a Republican mayor during the last two years — the party known as All of the People. To them I now submit my case.

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

Petitions favoring my candidacy were distributed the day following the convention, and in a few days several thousand signatures were obtained. The Democrats had nominated Capt. Patrick H. Dowling, and a three-cornered contest was assured. The campaign began in earnest. A headquarters was established in the Valentine Building, under the efficient charge of Lem. P. Harris, former city clerk, and a candidate for the nomination of mayor two years before. Hundreds of citizens called to assure me of their support, and many volunteered services or money, among the latter being hundreds who could ill afford a contribution from their meagre earnings. Among the first volunteers were two bands — the Libbey and the Marine.

ATTITUDE ON PUBLIC LIGHTING.

My position on the question of municipal public lighting, to which I had given considerable attention, had been repeatedly attacked by a local paper. I had proposed a plan, drawn from that successfully begun and now about to be successfully accomplished, by the citizens of Springfield, Ill., for the erection and maintenance of an electric-lighting plant. The following letter on this subject will be found self-explanatory:

TOLEDO, O., March 10, 1899.

Editor Toledo Blade:

DEAR SIR.— In Tuesday's "Blade" you have editorially addressed the following questions to me:

"FACT VS. THEORY.

"Will Mayor Jones come down to facts and state his plan for what he calls 'public utilities' under the ownership of the city?

"Does he expect to confiscate those already existing? If so, what method does he propose? Does he expect to buy them, or to construct new plants?

"In either case, where is the money to come from to buy or build?

"Is there any way to get it except by the issue of more bonds, with a consequent increase of the annual interest burden?

"Is the experience of the city with the 'public utilities' it already owns, such as to render it a good business proposition to go in deeper?"

The only public utility that I am recommending to be placed at the present time under municipal ownership is a public lighting plant, and this is the situation with regard to it: The contract for lighting the streets of Toledo expires with the close of this year. The law governing electric lighting in Toledo provides that no person can submit a bid for lighting our streets until the question whether they may bid or not shall first be submitted to a vote of the people at an election, and to carry it must have a majority of all votes cast at that election. A majority of all votes cast on the electric-lighting question is not sufficient; it must be a majority of all votes. The indifference of many voters is a guarantee that they will neglect to vote on the question of electric lighting. Such a question is usually printed on a separate ballot, and the result has been that this city in the past has been shut out from any possibility of getting even a pretense of competition in this important branch of public service. There is but one way of escape for the people of Toledo from the monopoly now enjoyed by the electric-lighting company, and that is through municipal ownership. This situation is fully explained in my message to the council on October 3d last.

Some months ago, acting under the direction of the common council, Mr. Thomas Cook, superintendent of water-works department, made a report on the subject of a municipal lighting plant, in which it is set forth that such a plant can be located at the water-works, where we already have the land and a building in which to install it without a dollar of expense. Mr. Cook also furnished an estimate of cost, which he says is only approximate but near enough to meet the requirement of the report, which was simply to show to the council the entire feasibility and economy of a municipal plant located at the water-works, owned and operated in connection with the water-works by the city, to provide the city streets with light at actual cost instead of continuing a system of lighting by contract by a private corporation whose only purpose in furnishing us with light is to make private profit, and of course the more profit the better. This is no criticism of the lighting company, but an attempt to reveal the wrong of private contract for private profit against public ownership for the benefit of all the people. The council ordered Mr. Cook's report printed, and that was the end of it.

Some months ago, Mr. Braunschweiger introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, By the common council of Toledo, that, whereas the contract for lighting the city expires in 1900, and municipal ownership of lighting plants is not an experiment but a pronounced success, Be it resolved by the common council that the best interests of the public demand that the city of Toledo shall own and control its own plant, together with the necessary poles, wires, conduits and other appurtenances for the proper lighting of its streets and alleys. And the mayor and city solicitor are hereby appointed a committee to report a plan to the common council for raising the necessary funds to properly equip, maintain and operate an electric-lighting plant, in accordance with the estimates submitted by Superintendent Cook of the water-works department.

"Adopted December 27, 1898.

"Attest: Lem. P. Harris, City Clerk."

On January 9, 1899, a report was returned, from which I quote:

"We beg leave to report that the resolution is so comprehensive in its scope that we are unable to report a definite plan at present, owing to a lack of time, but will do so as soon as our time will admit of a careful study of details. As this question is one of interest to all of the people of the city of Toledo, we recommend that it be submitted to a popular vote at the coming election, and in pursuance of such recommendation, submit the following resolution.

"(Signed.) S. M. JONES, Mayor.
"WM. A. MILLS, City Solicitor.

"Resolved, By the common council of the city of Toledo, Ohio, That the mayor be and hereby is authorized and requested to issue a proclamation submitting the question of the construction by the city of a municipal lighting plant to the voters of said city at the next regular spring election, and the city clerk of said city is hereby authorized and directed to certify a copy of this resolution to the board of elections of said city."

The resolution passed the council and came up at the next regular session of the board of aldermen, when it was "laid on the table."

On February 27th, I introduced the following resolution in the board of aldermen, asking that it be placed on its passage as the time before the spring election was getting short.

"Resolved by the common council of the city of Toledo, Ohio, That the mayor of said city be and is hereby authorized and directed to issue and cause to be published in two newspapers of general circulation in said city a proclamation calling upon the electors of said city to vote at the next regular spring election,

to-wit, April 3, 1899, upon the question of said city constructing, erecting and operating its own municipal electric-lighting plant, providing the same can be done without the issue of bonds.

"Resolved, That the city clerk of said city be and is hereby authorized and directed to certify a copy of this resolution to the board of elections of said city."

Objection being raised to its passage, I stated to the members that the resolution explained itself; it merely asked that the people be permitted to say whether they believed the city ought to own a municipal plant, provided it could be had without a bond issue to cover the cost of building the plant. There was a full, fair and free discussion of the question by the members, and finally, in response to a question from one asking "how a plant could be had without a bond issue," I replied that "I will provide a construction company, who will install an electric-lighting plant, complete, ready to start, turn it over to the city without asking the down-payment of a dollar. Let the city run the plant and continue to pay monthly for lighting $90 per arc light, the price we are now paying, and the construction company will take their pay out of the saving effected under the price we are now paying until the debt is discharged. I further stated that I would, and I now repeat I will, become personally responsible for the proposition to provide a reliable construction company who will enter into such a contract.

Notwithstanding this manifestly just and fair proposition, the resolution was defeated; by a vote of eight to seven the aldermen decided that the people ought not to be permitted to vote on this question, and, let me add, it was not due to the "corrupt politics" that we hear so much about, as the vote against the measure was equally divided, four Republicans and four Democrats. If corrupt corporations will keep their agents away from our convention halls, council chambers and courts, we shall soon cease to hear this talk of corrupt politics, for the real trouble will be located in a corrupt system of private ownership of public properties that opens the way to all sorts of corruption and puts a premium on dishonesty in public officials in order to keep the people in perpetual bondage to those corporations who seek to use them as mere instruments to make profit out of, as mere grist for the inhuman mill of greed.

Superintendent Cook's report states that the arc lights of 2,000 candle power can be furnished under municipal ownership at $60. Competent electricians assure, and the experience of other cities convinces me, that it can be done for less. We now have over 800 arc lights in the city and ought to have 1,000. With 1,000 lights, a saving of $30 per light would mean a saving to the city of $30,000, and this saving would clear the debt from our plant in from six to ten

years, and give us our own public lighting plant, owned and operated by the city for the benefit of all of the people instead of a privately owned one for the private profit of the few. The issue is clear. Shall we pay the lighting company $30,000 per year more than we can do the work for ourselves; shall we add $30,000 a year to the burden of the taxpayers, to still further enrich the lighting company? That is the only question now before the people of Toledo on the subject of municipal ownership. I believe they will answer it in a way that indicates the ability of the American people to govern and serve themselves unaided by the paternal care of corporations or their paid attorneys. The world is full of honest men. Give us a system that will let them live according to their best instincts.

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

ANSWER TO THE MINISTERS.

My conduct of the office of mayor had not given unalloyed satisfaction to the ministers. A committee from their organization now determined to " sound " the various candidates on their attitude in respect to the saloons, the gambling-houses and the houses of ill-fame. The Republican candidate, when approached, promptly declared his intention of rigorously closing these places, and the Democratic candidate returned an answer considered to be evasive. My own answer is contained in the following letter:

TOLEDO, O., March 16, 1899.

Rev. G. A. BURGESS, *Chairman:*

MY DEAR BROTHER.— Replying to your committee of ten clergymen who called on me yesterday, asking that I sign a written pledge to enforce the laws with respect to the saloons, the gambling and bawdy-houses, etc., I desire to repeat what I said in the conversation:

It seems to me, in view of the fact that I have been your mayor for two years and my record is before you, it would be puerile to outline by promise what it will be in the future. Men are judged by what they do rather than by what they say. In the coming election the ballots will indicate what the people of Toledo think of the administration of the mayor's office, as we have had it during the last two years. In my case the service I have already rendered is what I must abide by; that is the only promise the people will fairly accept. If the administration has been a mistake or a failure, the people will so decide and put one of the other candidates in my place, and I must accept

the verdict, and I will still trust the people. I have been guided by the same principles that actuated me in the conduct of our private business, believing that it was because of what I had done differently from the usual methods of business in private life that the people called me into their public service. I have sought as best I know how to apply the Christ philosophy to the conduct of the affairs of the city.

The records of the police court in this city reveal the fact that there have been many attempts in the past to enforce various phases of the saloon laws with the practically uniform result of a failure to make a case and the saddling of the costs on the city. This simply proves a well-known truth that, no matter what law is on the books, the only law that can be enforced is the law that the public sentiment of the community will uphold. On this point I shall be explicit. I have enforced and shall continue to enforce all the laws according to the standard of existing public sentiment.

I shall always hold myself open to any new revelation of truth that may be presented and always be ready to give careful attention to any appeal or plan that has for its purpose the betterment of the conditions of the people of our city.

I have done my best so to lead and direct in the administration of the affairs of the office as to secure the blessings of good government to all of the people, and I believe that the result has been attained to a greater extent than we had a right to expect two years ago. About one year ago the saloon question was up for discussion, and the city council, by a vote of forty-three to two in both bodies, repealed all the ordinances having any bearing on the Sunday question; following their action came the spring election, when we had two police commissioners to elect. It was currently reported that the Republican candidates favored a more drastic enforcement of the laws against saloons, and the Democratic candidates were advertised as "wide-open" men. The entire Republican ticket was elected by varying majorities of from 2,000 down, except the two candidates for the office of police commissioner; these were defeated by more than 600, and the so-called "wide-open" men elected. Simple justice to these men requires me to say that they have rendered excellent service to the city, and that I have seen nothing in them inconsistent with the character of fair-minded gentlemen. I voted for the Republican candidates, with both of whom I was personally acquainted.

Up to the beginning of the present administration the police department had been used as a clearing-house for the payment of political debts, and had frequently been the scene of the most shameless and unblushing outrage against the commonest instincts of humanity in the wholesale discharge of faithful officers, who were "fired" simply to carry out the

MR. AND MRS. JONES, AND THEIR SON PAUL, WITH THE DOVES OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

THE ACME SUCKER ROD FACTORY.
(Looking across Golden Rule Park.)

terms of a business arrangement between political managers. The logical result of this sort of thing was a demoralized department, where envyings, jealousies, bickerings, back-biting and a desire to "get even" were the marked and important characteristics, service for the city being evidently a secondary consideration. From the start I pleaded for a peace policy and, after a time, succeeded in getting the merit system of civil service adopted, the Republican commissioners voting against it. We next introduced the eight, instead of the twelve-hour day, without increasing the expense or reducing the pay of the men, and not long after the men were given canes instead of clubs, with the result that there has been a marked improvement in the character of the entire department. I have sought to impress upon the patrolmen that they are the public servants and not public bosses; I have told them individually and collectively, and especially impressed upon the new men, that the duty of a patrolman is to do all in his power to make it easy for the people to do right and hard for them to do wrong, and I have added, "an officer can often render better service by saving the city the necessity of arresting one of her citizens by helping a prospective offender to do right instead of waiting for him to be overtaken in a fault, in order that he may be dragged a culprit to prison. The result may be seen in the number of cases in the police court; there has been a decline of more than 1,000 cases, about 25 per cent., for 1898, as compared with 1896, and 500 less arrests are recorded than for the corresponding period ten years ago, when the city had one-half its present population. I know that those who believe that the path of peace is by the way of Jorgensen rifles, Gatling guns and torpedo boats will say that this decline in arrests only proves that the law has not been enforced and that we have a "lawless town." Of course, it is idle for me to reply to this charge, for the people who make it will not accept my statements; but my appeal for refutation of this slander is to the patriotic people who love our city, who visit other cities, and who take a broad view of life and try to comprehend the condition of all of the people; and upon these I confidently rely to support my affirmation that our city is composed of as orderly, well-governed, liberty-loving and loyal people as any city of similar size on this continent. I firmly believe that we have a police department that is second to none in the country, and I make this statement after having personally investigated many of the chief cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast since I have been mayor of Toledo. For confirmation of what I say in regard to the efficiency of this department, I refer especially to Mr. Robinson Locke, proprietor, and Mr. Locke Curtis, city editor of the "Blade," both of whom have told me within two months that there had been a vast improvement in the department and that the so-called morals of the town were infinitely better than ever before. Reference to the editorial columns of the "Blade" will confirm all that I have here said.

Regarding the charges that are bandied about and believed by many good people, I will say that there is no open gambling in Toledo; by open gambling I mean places running "wide open," such as Hanner's, on St. Clair street, and the one over the Wabash saloon, on Summit street, which were running at the time of my election, and had been for years previous. The gamblers are not running the town, but there are respectable thieves who are trying very hard to get a chance to run it. I am not, nor have I ever been, in collusion with, nor have I, directly or indirectly, authorized any one for me, to enter into any sort of collusion with any man, or set of men, to make any deal providing for any evasion of or "letting up" on any law. I do not know five saloon-keepers in the city. I have never had any kind of a conference with saloon-keepers since my election, nor have I authorized any one to do any of these things for me. I have never made anything like an attempt at organization to forward my election, nor spent nor authorized the spending of a dollar for such a purpose prior to the late Republican Convention.

This is the truth with respect to the questions that your committee propounded. The saloon is not an issue in this campaign. It is sought to make it an issue by those who are moving heaven and earth and resorting to every sort of infamy to accomplish my defeat and clear the road for a wholesale era of franchise-grabbing unparalleled in the history of the city. It is a false issue, raised to divert the public mind from the main question. "In vain doth the fowler spread the net in the sight of any bird."

The net is too plain, but the prize they are playing for is nothing less than one of the most gigantic schemes of franchise-grabbing ever concocted — that contemplates not only a new electric-lighting franchise, but the Water street railway, an extension of the existing street-railway franchises, and involves not only turning over the city to those profit-gatherers, but would make the great centennial itself and the people of the great State of Ohio mere grist for the profit-gatherers' mill. The saloon issue has been raised to help forward this cause, and any force that seeks to defeat the Independent ticket in this campaign may rely on these agencies for sympathy and cash.

The bare idea that the Traction company with their Sunday beer at the Casino are enlisted on the side of "law and order" ought to afford a clue to the real animus of the movement to defeat me, and I think it will. I do not believe that the Christian people of Toledo are going to be caught with any such bait.

I went into the mayor's office absolutely without promise or pledge of any kind to any person or set of persons. I have faithfully tried to be, in the best sense of the word, a mayor for all of the people. If I am elected on the 3d of April, it will be on exactly the same conditions. I cannot be bound by any

promise more definite than that I will use every power of head and heart to be in the future, as I have been in the past, the mayor for all of the people.

Very faithfully yours,

S. M. JONES.

LABOR A PRACTICAL UNIT.

The labor unions were prompt in rallying to my support. Some of them indorsed my candidacy openly, and others, prohibited by their constitutions or by-laws from the formal favoring of candidates for political office, indorsed the declaration of *principles* upon which I based my candidacy. Among these was the Central Labor Union, composed of delegates from the several unions, and their action was practically unanimous. To this body I replied as follows:

TOLEDO, O., March 17, 1899.

Central Labor Union, Toledo, O.:

GENTLEMEN.— I am in receipt of your communication announcing the adoption of the resolution by the Central Labor Union, indorsing me as an Independent candidate for the office of mayor. I take pleasure in saying that so far as there is anything personal in this campaign, I feel a deep sense of obligation to the organized labor in Toledo. The spontaneous and outspoken manner in which the principles I stand for have been indorsed by the various locals has impressed me deeply, and now that the Central has, by this resolution, confirmed the acts of the local bodies, making organized labor practically solid for the Independent movement, we are fully justified in saying that organized labor in Toledo stands in the forefront of the great movement now fairly started in this country to bring about the equality that the founders of the government intended, when, in the Declaration of Independence, they said that "all men are created equal and entitled to certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

I believe that organized labor has done more than any other agency during the last twenty-five years to bring men to a better understanding of the purposes of government, the meaning of justice and liberty and what we have a right to expect as the fruit thereof. I believe that we have the right to expect and that in the near future we are going to realize a condition in this country that every man willing to work may find work and the means to live in a manner becoming a self-respecting citizen of a great republic.

Thirty years ago John Ruskin wrote: "The wealth of a nation may be

estimated by the number of happy people that are employed in making useful things." I believe it is the manifest destiny of the United States of America to show to the world a practical demonstration of a nation rich because of this kind of wealth — wealthy because all of her people are employed in doing useful things. This is the only way in which we can be a really great people; great in our knowledge of how to serve one another — this is government — and great in our love for one another. Then we shall have justice. To this work I am fully committed. I believe it to be the hope of the nation and the world. It shall have the strength of my remaining years.

Awaiting your commands, if in any way I can serve you, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

INVASION OF SAM P. JONES.

One of the spectacular features of the campaign that attracted wide attention was the series of meetings held for two weeks and a half in the Armory by the revivalist, Sam P. Jones. Mr. Jones took very pronounced ground against my candidacy, he having been led to believe that I was in league with the devil, and that it was owing to my inefficiency and lack of " backbone " that there was a demand in the city of Toledo for saloons, gamblers and houses of prostitution. I do not believe that the extirpating method to which Mr. Jones pins his faith is either the Christian or the scientific method. I believe that the only way in which evil will be overcome is the strictly Christian way, which is to overcome it with good. I believe the only way in which the saloon evil will finally disappear will be through the growth of the loving spirit in mankind, which will provide an opportunity for people to live decently human lives, provide equality of opportunity for all; and then no one will want to live a degraded life, either in the slums of the rich or in the slums of the poor.

Mr. Jones' violent attacks upon my policy greatly alarmed some of my friends. One timid little white-ribbon woman, who believed in me and my interpretation of the gospel of love, came

to the office one day, relating that she had had an interview with Brother Sam P., pleading that he would cease his attacks upon me, telling him that he did not understand me, etc. Grasping me by the arm, she said: "Now, Mr. Mayor, he is just awful; he told me that if you did not promise the ministers this afternoon that you would enforce the law against the saloons, he would cut wide open on you, and you would be the worst-licked man that ever ran for office in Ohio." As best I could, I calmed the dear sister's agitation, assuring her that we could safely leave the matter in the hands of the people, that they would decide. "But," she asked, "you will put them off with some kind of a promise, won't you?"

I was told by one of the ministers who said that he handled every card at the Sam P. Jones meetings, that less than two hundred men, women and children, all told, signed the cards even professing to believe in the gospel of a man who, after reference to the Golden Rule mayor, said, "I believe in the Golden Rule, too, *to a certain extent*, but then I want to take up the hickory club and shotgun." This does not sound to me like the gospel of love of the lowly Nazarene, who said, "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that hate you," "Pray for them that despitefully use you," and finally, "A new commandment I give you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you." It is a hopeful sign, promising much for the future of our beloved country, and filled with promise for the waiting peoples, that but two hundred persons signed cards indorsing the gospel which Mr. Jones preached with such venom and vigor for two weeks and a half to thousands of Toledo citizens. Love redeemed, and will yet save the world.

Mr. Jones, getting his cue from unofficial sources, announced again and again in Toledo, and far and wide in other places, that there were 840 saloons in this city. This led me to make an

investigation of this question, which revealed the following facts, which were published in the Toledo "Commercial" of March 29.

TOLEDO, O., March 29, 1899.

To the Editor of the Commercial:

I desire to bring to your attention, since yours is one of the journals that has been so persistent in declaring the existence of 840 saloons in Toledo, that an investigation of the books of the county auditor, instituted by me to-day, utterly refutes this statement.

There are to-day in force in this city 608 licenses for the sale of liquor or beer. Beginning with the 1st of March, each year, there is always an increase in the number of these licenses. The increase continues until June 1st, when it falls off moderately, the number decreasing during the autumn and winter, and increasing again as spring opens. The number in force to-day is about the same as on March 29, 1898. There are no means now available of giving the exact figures for that time.

But the official figures for the time approximating the beginning and the end of my term in office — and the only figures available for comparison, on account of the time of footing up totals in the auditor's office, are as follows:

December 20, 1896, 589.

December 20, 1898, 581.

This number includes every place of business — wholesale or retail, restaurant, drug store, grocery or side bar — wherein any class of liquor or beer is sold.

Since you and others have repeatedly declared or implied that the alleged increase in the number of saloons was due to a certain policy imputed to me, it is but just to point out that the figures show a decline of eight, instead of an increase of 240.

The ingenious gentleman who figured up the total of 840 has apparently included the 219 discontinuances of licenses made since May, 1898, and these not being sufficient, has evidently made another addition, subtracting it from his imagination.

Sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

The campaign was truly a campaign of education. Clubs and committees were organized in every ward, and meetings were nightly held. I usually addressed two, and often three and four

meetings, in one evening in the different wards. The size of the meeting was almost invariably measured by the size of the room or hall, and the enthusiasm of the men of toil, the workers, knew no bounds. I shall never forget the intense feeling that was manifested in these meetings, the earnestness with which the auditors would listen to my description of a government that is yet to be realized, a government that I have so often spoken of as the time when the Golden Rule shall be the supreme law of the land, and when business will be friendship and government will be love.

The three notable meetings of the campaign were the one on Saturday evening, March 18th, in Memorial Hall, the one on the Thursday evening before election in the Armory, and that in Memorial Hall again on the following Saturday.

The first Memorial Hall meeting was the first general meeting of the campaign. The hall was filled, and the enthusiasm was rampant, giving us the satisfaction of seeing that the tide had set in our direction. Rev. John H. Grant, a colored minister, and one of the two ministers who publicly supported me, presided, making a strong plea for the success of the Independent movement. I followed in a forty-minutes' address. Then came the great speech of the evening, by Mr. Clarence Brown, one of the ablest of Toledo's lawyers, a masterly orator and a believer in the principles of human liberty, who contributed freely of his service for this glorious work.

The night of the Armory meeting there was to have been an industrial parade. During the afternoon a snowstorm set in, and as the evening drew on the storm increased until, at seven o'clock, the hour set for the assembling of the parade, the streets were one blinding sheet of falling snow. The general sentiment expressed among the people was that there would be no parade, but, of course, it was decided to go on with the meeting, though we felt sure there would be but few people there. Contrary to

all expectations, the labor unions and independent bodies began to assemble in the streets, the bands playing, the horns tooting, and the people gathering, when they took their places in line and the procession moved. The sight as they filed along the street was one never to be forgotten. The falling snow, with many of the paraders carrying umbrellas loaded down with two or three inches of it, the red fire, the ascending rockets, the blare of trumpets, the playing of the bands, the hurrahing of the enthusiastic people determined to love one another, and to manifest their love for one another under any circumstances, made an impression upon the mind of the beholder and hearer never to be forgotten. Conspicuous among all the paraders were the girls of the Laundry Workers' Union, who, nothing daunted, pinned up their skirts and joined their brothers in the march, singing the "Industrial Freedom."

The Armory reached, they filed in by twos, fours and tens, until the great building was filled to overflowing, while many hundreds turned away unable to gain admission. The addresses at the Armory kept up the enthusiasm that had inspired the paraders in the street, and the meeting broke up at a late hour, every one feeling that it was good to have been there.

The second Memorial Hall meeting was surprisingly well attended considering that the great Armory meeting but two nights before had called out so large a part of the population. Brief speeches were made by nearly all of those who had taken part in the campaign, and it was seen that the enthusiasm was yet at flood tide.

PREDICTIONS AND RESULTS.

The last issues of the capitalistic, corporation, and political machine papers on Saturday evening and Sunday predicted the election of the respective candidates that the papers represented, assuring their readers that the Jones cause was hopeless, that

the people had stood loyally by the old parties, etc., to the end of the painful chapter. Our own forces were confident of success, though few anticipated the real degree of it. The election passed off quietly. The result is believed to be a matter worthy of record in these pages, and the figures are hereunto appended:

Total vote	24,187
Jones, Independent	16,773
Russell, Republican	4,266
Dowling, Democrat	3,148

The Independent ticket received 70 per cent. of the total vote, carrying every precinct but one in the city.

WHAT THE RESULT MEANS.

The day after the election I gave the following statement to the public press as my view of the situation, and the time that has since elapsed has tended to confirm the convictions then expressed on the subject:

The overwhelming victory that has resulted in the election of the Independent candidate for mayor in this city by a majority of more than 9,000 votes over the two party candidates in a total vote of 24,000 is a great triumph for the common people and indicates the beginning of a movement for equality of opportunity that is destined to sweep this country. It cannot be accounted for on the narrow hypothesis of the "personal popularity of the candidate," as the partisan press of this city is seeking to show. It is the triumph of principle over party. It is the dawn of the day that is to see the emancipation of the people from the long night of bondage to party superstition, class hatred and slavery to the corporations.

I want it to be distinctly understood that this campaign has been fought out on the broad basis of equality as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, the still broader proposition of the brotherhood of all men, and the declaration that every man willing to work has a right to live and the right to such a share of the fruit of his labors as will let him live a decently human life.

The declaration of principles upon which the independent campaign was conducted and to the support of which the people rallied so magnificently involved:

Public ownership of all public utilities;

No grant of new or extension of existing franchises;

The abolition of the contract system of doing the work of city improvement;

The substitution of the day-labor plan, with a minimum wage of $1.50 for an eight-hour day, and

The employment of organized labor on all public work.

The victory indicates that the people believe in these things, that they have tired of ring rule in the interest of corporations, that the crack of the whip that places party above principle no longer has any terror for men born free, and that the people are eager that their legislators and leaders shall incorporate these principles into law and give them an opportunity to express their love for one another through the thing we call government. To lead in this work is the manifest destiny of these United States, and the municipalities must be in the forefront of progress.

All the disreputable tactics of guerrilla warfare were resorted to by the partisan press of the city in their frantic and vain effort to divert the minds of the people from the real issue. The fair name of our beautiful city was besmirched with every vile calumny and slander that could be laid against it, but the people kept their minds on the issue of whether we should have the Golden Rule of all the people, or the rule of cash by a few of the people — and the verdict has been rendered once for all by the heroic Toledans in favor of the Golden Rule of all the people.

On one side of this question stood organized labor in a solid phalanx and with organized labor practically all of the working people and the intelligent masses who believe in fair play and do not ask anything more for themselves than they are willing to grant to others. Over against them stood both political machines, the partisan press of the city, and the franchise-hungry corporations. The victory proves that the people will yet have their own.

Long live the people.