

was a fervent single taxer, thoroughly conversant with the subject both on its fiscal side and in its ethical aspects. Those who knew him personally would doubtless say of him that he would have his name remembered rather for what he did to propagate the doctrines of Henry George than for any other service to his kind.

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### WHAT IS CHEAP LABOR?

"Cheap labor" is a term that circulates as widely as "sound money," and with a certain stripe of patriots is almost as popular. But what is it?

Is it the man who works for the smallest amount of money per day, or is it the man who produces the most wealth and gets the least of it?

Which is the cheapest, measured by any scale or standard you wish to use? Which is the cheapest to himself, his employer, or the country in which he lives? Is it the man lowest down in the scale of intelligence and education, unskilled in craft, art or science, whose labor parallels that of the mule or any other beast of burden in its limited productiveness, and who produces so little that it takes nearly his whole product to keep him alive and at work?

Just how cheap this man is, was shown by chattel slavery, where several hundred slaves and a thousand-acre plantation were necessary to keep one white family in comfort and luxury. Where, under such a state of society, could you find a single millionaire, to say nothing of several thousand of them as in America to-day?

Verily, these are not cheap laborers. They do not produce enough surplus wealth to warrant calling them cheap.

The cheapest laborers in the world are the best and most efficient, not the worst and least competent. Not the man who comes nearest to being an animal, but the animal who comes nearest to being a man. It is the skilled, educated, inventive, ingenious, resourceful laborer who is by long odds the cheapest laborer in the world. The man who produces the most wealth and gets the smallest per cent of it, this is the cheapest man, incomparably so. It is the man who kneads into his muscular activities the most gray matter; this is the quality of man who more than any other makes the millionaire class in America.

This very skill is capitalized into the hundreds of millions, and if this skill were to vanish in a night, the bulk of the so-called wealth of the rich would be gone in the morning. There is a very narrow margin between gilt edged securities and waste paper,—a margin about the thickness of the

average human skull, which, thanks to radiating education, is getting thinner every day.

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Where else in the world, or at what time in its history, save now, could a crop of millionaires be raised every month, and sometimes every day, on a "bull" stock market? Irrigated brains beat irrigated land to a frazzle when it comes to raising rich crops; and a turn of the market costs the garnerers not one single worthy effort, which shows what an unworthy thing is the stock market of to-day.

England raises no such crop, nor does Germany, nor France. Great, productive, and industrially progressive as those countries are, no such effect obtains, save in the United States. Why? Simply because we have here the cheapest laborers in the world. They make the most wealth, and get the least of it; the difference goes to privilege, for the law distributes wealth.

Great is the law, the monopolist's sole reliance, his first and final refuge and his haven of rest. Where is the pauper laborer of Europe or far off Cathay, who can out of a single sheet of steel make a finished bath tub in six minutes (as is done by six men in Detroit and Toledo, aided by those children of genius, hydraulic presses and dies), or six days, years or centuries for that matter; where is the pauper labor that can compete with the screw machine, punch press or automatic machine of any description?

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If we need a tariff to keep out of the country cheap goods made by cheap men in other parts of the world, do we not need some other kind of law to prevent the production of still cheaper goods made by still cheaper men (because more efficient) in this country? If the one can threaten the country's prosperity, surely the other can destroy it; and yet so inconsistent is the protectionist that he will hold up his hands in horror at the thought of abolishing the tariff, and never see in labor saving machinery an infinitely greater menace to the American workingman's prosperity.

Protection is stupidity gone to seed; it is converted, perverted and inverted paternalism. Nor is this the worst feature of this stormy, choppy sea of economic cross purposes.

We speak of the poor laborer in America and the pauper labor of Europe; in both cases work and poverty are associated on both sides of the pond, and so firmly is the gaze of the poor working man of America fixed upon the pauper working man of Europe that he loses sight of the vast

fund of watered stock into which he is ducked every day, until he is immersed, saturated and drowned in it. It gets into his ears, then into his brain, then into his intellect, and the net result is economic mush—the nastiest, stickiest intellectual substance ever introduced into the human cranium. Poverty, work and pauperism, a blessed trinity; as incongruous and senseless as any disjointed aggregate of ideas can be. And the world has just begun to quarrel with this strange admixture of things so foreign to each other.

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What a commentary on the quality of economic dope called political science handed to our children in our scholastic institutions! If this is education, what is ignorance? When will our schools begin to inculcate correct ideas relative to subjects of such vast social importance? When will the teachers themselves learn the great enduring truths which lie behind the term “political science”? Is it not to-day a case of the blind leading the blind, and do they not both fall into the ditch, as they have always done?

H. H. HARDINGE.

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## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

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### ON THE PROMOTION OF RACE ANTIPATHY.

New York, May 9.—The dinner of the Cosmopolitan Club last month was grossly misrepresented by the local newspapers, and the club itself and its guests have in consequence been vilely misrepresented by organs of race hatred throughout the country. From these self-styled moulders of public opinion, it would seem that human brotherhood is worse than an iridescent dream, and that its prevalence would be a national calamity. As one of those present at the dinner, I desire to present the actual facts.

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The Cosmopolitan Club was formed about two years ago by a few men and women belonging mainly if not wholly to the Caucasian and Negro races, but with the intention of including members of the Mongolian and other families. Its founders believed that the time had come for a better mutual understanding between races, and for a fuller recognition of their common aims and common destinies.

The evils of race hatred are palpable on every side, in degrading the individuals entertaining it, and in imperiling the national life of the countries in which it rears its ugly head. The prejudice against the Negro, prevalent throughout the South and in large sections of the Northern States, has created an artificial “problem,” which a simple recognition of human rights would dissipate. Unscrupulous attempts to fan the flames of prejudice against our Japanese brothers have well nigh de-

stroyed the splendid good feeling which normally prevailed between Japan and the United States, and have threatened to plunge our nation into a fearful war, which would be unprecedented in its utter needlessness. The time has indeed become over-ripe for an aggressive counter movement.

Since the work must begin somewhere, surely cosmopolitan New York was as favorable a locality as possible for a tentative effort to draw a few into amicable consultation. The Cosmopolitan Club had no ulterior end other than to promote brotherhood and good will. It is not a Socialist organization, nor has it any intention of endeavoring to start or accelerate any process of racial intermarriage. Its aims are educational and ethical; and its methods are devoid of any sensational element.

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For a considerable time, meetings of the club were held at the homes of its members; and the seed of human brotherhood was so well sown in a few hearts, that its full fruition cannot be hindered. As the numbers of the club gradually increased, and inquiries concerning its objects came in from various sources, the members decided to hold a public dinner, to which earnest and thoughtful representatives of different races should be made welcome. This gathering took place in Peck's restaurant, on the evening of April 27, 1908. It was attended by about a hundred ladies and gentlemen, the white and Negro races being about equally represented. One Hindu gentleman was also present.

In every particular, the atmosphere of the dinner was dignified and refined, and admirably free from any appearance of self-consciousness. It was the natural commingling of friends, who were glad of the opportunity to become better acquainted. The most captious critic could not find any cause for cavil.

The speakers were well worthy of the occasion. Their keynote was the necessity for education and for the cultivation of higher ideals by the members of the different races. Among the white speakers were Miss Mary W. Ovington, prominent as a settlement worker; Oswald G. Villard of the New York Evening Post; John Spargo, the Socialist orator, and Hamilton Holt, editor of the Independent. The colored speakers included Rev. William H. Ferris, Miss M. Lyons, J. Max Barber and Rev. George F. Miller. Without exception, all rose to the dignity of the occasion, and their speeches rang true. That of Miss Lyons, a teacher in the Brooklyn schools, was particularly noteworthy for solidity of thought and felicity of language. It is no exaggeration to say that her address would have done honor to any lecturer on the American platform. The universal sentiment was that the affair reflected the highest credit on the club and on the representatives of both races.

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The next morning, however, the daily press began its work of falsification. We read with amazement of speeches which none of us had heard, of incidents which none of us had witnessed. To the dishonor of American journalism, the New York papers, almost all of them, from the Times to the American, contained slurs and flings of the vilest order. Even the respectable Times refuses to admit to its col-