

ACCEPTED BY MR. GEORGE

COOPER UNION CROWDED WITH HIS FRIENDS.

A SPEECH IN WHICH THE LABOR CANDIDATE GAVE OUT HIS IDEAS OF TRUE GOVERNMENT.

Cooper Union Hall could not have held more people than crowded into it last night to witness the tender of the nomination for Mayor to Henry George. The labor element comprised, evidently, the bulk of the gathering, which was notable for the absence of the style of faces to be seen usually at indoor gatherings, save, perhaps, at Clarendon Hall and other labor union resorts. Curiosity evidently had impelled the attendance of many in the hall. The quick eyes of the police and ushers had to some degree separated this class from those whose dress and appearance indicated familiarity with labor halls only. Consequently the better dressed of the gathering and the 200 women or more who came in by the main entrance were massed in the front rows of seats. Back of that, clear to the walls, men were packed as sheep might be in a mammoth freight car.

On the stage, which was crowded beyond any sort of comfort, sat the high dignitaries of the labor movement and representatives of the Chickering Hall meeting of last Friday night. Chairman John McMackin occupied a big red chair under the clock. Sitting within easy talking distance of him were Prof. David B. Scott, Dr. Daniel De Leon, the Rev. John W. Kramer, Prof. Thomas Davidson, D. S. Jacobs, Willard Peck, Dr. D. C. D. Sheldon, Prof. Maleva, Louis F. Post, Lillie Devereux Blake, Editor S. E. Shevitsch, of the *Volk's Zeitung*, and the Rev. Dr. B. F. Da Costa. Nowhere in the hall or on the stage were there banners, transparencies, or anything in the nature of campaign paraphernalia, except extracts from Mr. George's writings, campaign songs, and other tract-like looking documents that came into use early in the evening, when every one needed a fan, and several cylindrical bundles of paper on the stage containing the signatures of the 34,000 voters who have pledged themselves to vote for Mr. George.

The meeting was called to order by Joseph Geis, Secretary of the Clothing Cutters' Union, who introduced Mr. John McMackin as Chairman. Mr. McMackin announced that the meeting was called to ratify the action of the workmen who, for the first time in the history of organized labor, had placed in nomination a candidate for a public office. George D. Block, of the national bakers' organization, read the declaration of principles made by the workmen at the meeting which nominated Mr. George. The Chair then introduced the Rev. Dr. Kramer, who confined himself to a description of what was done at the Chickering Hall meeting, reviewing briefly the speeches made there by the different speakers. In conclusion he announced that, in accordance with the Rev. Dr. McGlynn's resolution, he had appointed James Redpath, Edward Johnston, Adam Rosenberg, Julius J. Smith, Thomas L. McGreevy, Augustus A. Levey, James O'Flaherty, Julius Hart, and Stephen File a committee to cooperate with the organized workmen on behalf of Mr. George. He predicted that if they all worked together they would succeed in smashing all the political machines of the city.

Mr. George appeared upon the platform and was greeted by repeated rounds of applause. The Chairman advanced to him and said that, in behalf of organized labor throughout the city and of the gentlemen who met at Chickering Hall determined to assist the toiler to reform the City Government, he tendered him an unsought nomination for Mayor of New-York City. He assured Mr. George that 34,000 people had pledged themselves to vote for him and pointed to a huge bundle of papers on the platform as evidence of the fact.

Mr. George mopped his hairless brow while the assembly gave him its second greeting. When, after several minutes of cheering, he was allowed to speak, he began in a low voice amid perfect silence: "The step I am about to take," he said, "has not been entered upon lightly. When it was first talked about I regarded it as something not to be thought of. I did not desire to be Mayor of New-York. At one time I had political ambition, but years ago I gave it up when I saw what practical politics meant—to cringe, to buy, to intrigue, to flatter—and resolved that I would not so degrade my manhood. Then another career opened before me. The path my eyes fixed upon was that of the pioneer; to go in advance of politics, to break the roads, as pioneers do, which are trod by millions after they are gone. Since this matter has been talked about friends all over this country and abroad have written asking me not to lower the position I occupy by running for a municipal office. I believe and have long believed in the workingman in politics as the only way anything real and permanent can be secured for labor. In that path I did not expect to tread. But when I was asked to write a letter declining or allowing my name to be used the offer was so couched that I could not refuse to heed it. Yet I did not consent. I made conditions. I wanted petitions as a guarantee of good faith, tangible evidence that many people in this city wanted me to go to the front. That evidence [pointing to the heap of petitions on the platform] I have."

Mr. George then held out his hand to Chairman McMackin. "John McMackin," he said, as the two clasped hands, "Chairman of the conference of organized labor, I accept your nomination." Then the great gathering rose and shouted. Hats went up, and there was a great flutter of handkerchiefs. The two men stood through it, still holding hands, and Mr. George's eyes blazed. "And in clasping your hand," he went on, in tones really eloquent, "I clasp in spirit the hand of every man in this movement. Henceforth we stand together. Workingmen of organized labor, [advancing to the front of the platform,] I have accepted your nomination. For weal or woe, for failure or success, I am your candidate. [A voice—"And our next Mayor." Cheers.] And I am proud of it. I thank you in my heart for the compliment I have received. Never in my time has any American city bestowed such a compliment as has been consummated to-night. Nor shall any act of mine bring discredit on that compliment. I am your candidate. It devolves on you to elect me. In your name I solicit the suffrages of all citizens, rich, poor, white, black, and foreign born. If any other organization should indorse me, well and good. As you have asked of me no pledges rely on me I will make no pledge to any man. As you nominated me unsolicited I shall solicit indorsement from no one. And whoever accepts me must accept me as the candidate of organized labor, standing on the platform you have heard. The contest will be one of the fiercest in this or any other city. If money can beat me [shouts of 'No, never!'] I shall be beaten. Every influence will be used against me. Don't imagine that those who have their hands in the pockets of the city will give up easily; that the politicians will quietly let us smash their spoils system. I do believe we will win this contest, because I see in the gathering enthusiasm a purpose stronger than money; something that will meet and overthrow the old organizations.

"It is meet that I should say something in regard to the office to which you propose to elect me. Every man who has gone into that office has been fettered by a bad system. We should have a Government modeled on the Government of the United States, with one Executive, the heads of the various departments to be appointed and removable by him, and responsible to him. Under the present system of commissions the members aim chiefly to draw salaries and provide for their friends. This means all sorts of bartering and dickerings. If elected, I shall do my utmost to discharge my duties faithfully and well, to give you an honest and clean Government, to bring about, if possible, such changes in legislation as shall remedy defects that have been proved, and I will enforce the laws. I shall be Mayor of the whole city. I shall enforce the law against friends as against enemies. One thing must stop. There will be no more policemen acting as censors. [Immense cheering.] I will support to the utmost the peace officers of the city, but I shall not allow any hoodlums on the force to turn themselves into Judge, jury, and executioner and club anybody they think ought to be clubbed. I will listen as readily to a complaint from the richest man in the city as from the poorest. [A voice—"The rich have nothing to complain of."] Some of them are under the impression that "if I am elected," Mr. George instantly replied, "if I am elected. [Cheers and laughter.]

"The politicians are disturbed by your nomination and reputable journals profess to think poorly of this class nomination. What class? Nature yields to labor and without labor nothing would be produced. Work is the producer of all wealth. How does it happen that the working class is always the poorer class? Because some men have devised schemes by which they thrive on the work others do for them. An English writer has classed mankind into workingmen, beggars, and thieves. A man must work to live or have his living given to him or steal it. If this is a class movement is it a movement of the workingmen against the beggars and the thieves? It is a movement of the masses against the robbery of the classes. Is it not time for such a movement in New-York? Let an American go abroad and condemn foreign aristocracy. He will find New-York a hissing and reproach all over Europe. Talk to an Englishman of English aristocracy and see how quickly he will retort. [A voice. "To — with England."] No." The speaker retorted, "not to — with any country. A man in this labor movement heartily becomes a citizen of the world, a worker in the emancipation of the race. All over the world the labor masses are brothers.

and the quicker we recognize that the quicker the day of redemption dawns." [Cheers.]

Mr. George reverted to the system of politics in this city. It costs an Assemblyman more than his salary to be elected. A Congressman was assessed \$10,000, and as much as \$80,000 had been assessed. Even Judges had paid \$20,000 for election, and it was understood that a Mayor must be prepared to spend at least \$75,000. These vast amounts were spent as business investments—money out to get money in. Public opinion itself was demoralized. One rogue succeeded another in office. Did any one suppose Squire sinned above others? Wasn't Gen. Newton going on turning out and putting in as Squire had done? Now came the note of alarm! The Democracy must unite. Did any one ever think the party of Jefferson would become so degraded—two factions hating each other worse than the other party—as to unite against the workmen? Yes, politics had come to mean nothing but a division of the spoils. The workmen were to furnish the money in this movement, not the candidate, and yet have a candidate free from pledges. Could that be said of the Republican candidate when nominated? Would the three Democratic factions unite on a candidate without previously agreeing on the offices? No; other candidates would be crippled by pledges and obligations.

This movement, Mr. George went on to say, meant more than political reform. It aimed at social reform. It unfurled the standard of equal rights to men and for the abolition of industrial slavery. In this free and independent city were men with whom no savage would exchange homes; in this Christian city were want, squalor, and misery that would appal any heathen. A vast majority of the people had no right here. Ninety-nine per cent. had to pay the other 1 per cent. for the privilege of living and working in New-York. In London there were 15,000 people to the square mile; in crowded Canton, 30,000 to the square mile; in New-York, 54,000, and, leaving out the uninhabited sections, 85,000. In the Sixth Ward were 149,000 to the square mile; in the Tenth, 276,000; in the Thirteenth, 224,000. In one block there were 2,500 people; in one tenement, 1,350, at which rate, if spread, there would be 3,450,000 to the square mile. Nowhere else in the world were people packed so terribly. In Mulberry-street 65 per cent. of children died under the age of 5 years, and in one tenement district 90 per cent. The remedy for all this, Mr. George said, was to tax land in the city and remove the tax on buildings. This would fill up the vacant land, of which there was enough to give every family a home. In closing, Mr. George said that he would be at all times ready in the campaign to answer any questions fairly addressed to him; to explain frankly his position. If this campaign succeeded it would give an impulse all over the country to similar movements and lead others to think and act in the direction indicated.

About half those present left after Mr. George's speech. The remainder heard speeches by Henry Emmerich, who spoke in German; Joseph Wilkinson, and Samuel Gompers. Congratulatory messages were received from the Labor Convention at Richmond, Va., and from organizations at Bridgeport, Conn., Chicago, and San Francisco. A subscription was taken up in the hall amounting to \$471 50, to which \$50 was added, sent by the Waiters' Union.

About 500 people were unable to get into the hall, and for these three trucks were placed outside in the square, from which speakers addressed them under the glare of calcium lights. Gradually the crowd increased until there were about 1,200. Many of these had evidently come there from a feeling of curiosity or had stopped while taking a walk to listen to the speakers, for they remained mute spectators and listeners, neither cheering when the supporters of Henry George cheered at the mention of his name nor at the promises of the reforms he would effect if elected, nor did they manifest any disapprobation of any of the speeches. The applause was confined to about one-half of the audience, and the outside meeting was, as far as enthusiasm was concerned, below the usual political mass-meetings.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock Samuel Gompers, of the Cigarmakers' International Union, began speaking at the first truck. He espoused George's cause very enthusiastically, and felt certain that he would be elected. Mr. Oppenheim put in a good word for District Assembly No. 49, of the Knights of Labor, that had gained a brilliant victory at Richmond, and which, he said, was supporting George. Just at that moment a bugle was heard, and about 100 Cuban cigarmakers were seen marching toward the truck. Señor Rivera, the editor of the Cuban revolutionary organ, and Raymond Armas, a cigarmaker, addressed them in Spanish. At the second truck Col. Hinton spoke. He thought that if George were elected no Judge nor packed jury would dare to convict workmen in the exercise of their rights in boycotting their enemies, and he did not think that Avenue C would be kept any dirtier than Fifth-avenue.

At the third truck the Rev. C. T. McCarthy worked himself into a white heat of excitement, during which he said that when George was elected he would see that poverty should cease to exist, and then he censured himself for having voted twice for Grace. George K. Lloyd was tired of the Democratic factions. John J. Beelan, the novice politician, was the next speaker. He never tires of attacking the police for once not allowing an open-air meeting in his ward. It is said that he aspires to a Police Commissionership under the new régime, and will then take sweet revenge on the "cops." Patrick Dooley, the boss in the Third Assembly District who some time ago said that the union men would have to vote for George or it would be made hot for them in the union, also harangued the people, and then Henry George, who had just got through with the meeting inside, came out and announced that he had accepted the nomination and hoped they would elect him.

Ex-Surrogate Gideon J. Tucker, who has signified his intention of supporting Henry George, has resigned from the Tammany Hall Committee of the Sixteenth District.