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"No consecrated absurdity would have stood its ground in this world if the man had not silenced the objection of the child"



Special Posters of this Number THE MODERN PRODUM'S PROGRESS. By E. Corkill.

PUBLISHED AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IA

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Arrau 1906

No. e

While the date forms a very insterial part of this publication it saible that many of our feaders ve noticed that we are apparenta month behind. While this is t strictly true we shall try to old the appearance by issuing, ortly, a double number which I permit forwarding the date.

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THE MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By E. Corkill.

One naturally takes for granted that there is but one "Pilgrim's Progress," and as the pilgrim of this narrative travels a road that is hard upon the feet, we necessarily think of Bunyan's. I have no desire, however, to steal the poetic fire of the Bedfordshire tinker, but am rather inclined to think that in the matter of human progress, the less we have to do with tinkers the better for all concerned.

When John Bunyan wrote his celebrated book, the common people knew nothing of systems of political or social economy. The whole matter was in the hands of the priest, and the issue lay between this world and the next. If you could not get along in this world your only chance was to "hedge" onto the next, by taking out the policy of fire insurance issued by the clerical underwriters. A great change has come over the minds of many thinkers in relation to these old ideas. They have ceased to give

exclusive attention to a future life, and are trying to find out how to make this world a better place to live in than it has been and is now.

Our pilgrim was one of those seekers after better conditions, and this paper is supposed to narrate a few of his adventures during the search.

At the very outset he found there were plenty of guides, and no end of sign-posts, to point the way to health, wealth, and happiness. The guides were all very ready to talk to him and give him full directions as to how he was to find the only right way. It puzzled him, however, and gave him no little concern to find that the different guides (and they were not a few) gave him very widely different directions, some pointing one way and some another, and others again trying earnestly to draw him towards all the points of the social compass at the same time. He found that a guide never got tired of lalking about his particular route, and that people generally seemed to have grown by use, into the habit, so to speak, of being lalked to.

One of these talkers himself gives an illustration of this habit in the *Temple Magazine*. The Rev. C. H. Grundy writes as follows:

Poor people bring their children to the parson

to be lectured. Once an excited mother brought a stupid-looking girl into my study, shouting, "Now, talk to her. I told Maria I'd bring her to you; now you just give her a good talking to."

"What has she done?"

"Never mind what she's done, you talk to her."

"Maria," I said, "I'm ashamed of you! How dare you cause all this trouble to your mother? At your age you ought to know better. Don't let me hear any more of this sort of thing or I shall be very angry indeed." They departed; and to this day what Maria had done remains a mystery.

Our pilgrim's experience in this particular was not new, for all history shows society as being made up of two kinds of people, viz.: talkers and workers, and there has not been any material change except that there appears to be a growing conviction that it is time there was a change, and some even go so far as to recommend the practical adoption of the scriptural rule, "He that will not work neither shall he cat." This seems to be cruel, for if the talkers continue in their old course they must starve to death, and then what would become of the poor working man without any one to "talk" to him?

One of the first talkers our pilgrim met was the temperance advocate, who insisted strongly that strong drink was the cause of most of the poverty and crime so prevalent in modern society. While tistening attentively, our pilgrim had a pamphlet stipped into his hand by a stranger who stood by and who begged him quietly to read it before he decided upon so important a matter. The pamphlet proved to be a paper by Dr. Charles H. Shepherd of Brooklyn, read before the Unitarian Temperance society connected with the National Conference held in Washington. The following quotation made a deep impression upon our pilgrim's mind:

The results of alcoholism are so deadly and so universal as to make the fact patent to every one that inebriety is one of the great curses of the world. A fruitful source of the trouble is excessive alimentation, and stimulants are sought to quiet the irritation that follows as a natural consequence; but the great mass of intemperance arises from the unfortunates who are thrown out of employment, those who are going down hill financially, and have no secure future in the mad rush of competition. An eminent Anglish authority, after over thirty years of investigation of individual cases, found that 86 per cent, of drunkenness was directly traceable to financial depression caused by the present methods of competition. It seems as if mankind were bound to have some nepenthe for their sufferings, and in narcoties they find an expensive surcease for the time being.

This recalled to the pilgrim's mind a newspaper clipping that he had some time before put saide for future reference, and having looked it up he found that it strongly corroborated the doctor's statements. This is what he read:

The official report of an investigation of over 8,000 cases of poverty in eastern cities show that 25 per cent, are due to misconduct, and 75 per cent. to misfortune. In the misconduct cases about 16 per cent, were due to intemperance. Under the various forms of misfortune lack of employment leads with 23, 26 per cent.; sickness, 22, 27 per cent.; insufficient employment, 6.51 per cent; no male support, 4.30 per cent.; old age, 4 per cent.; physical deformity, 3.69 per cent.; and accidents, 2.86 per cent. It is a sad fact that a majority of the destitute poor are people who deserve a better fate. Three persons are suffering the evils of poverty on account of misfortune where one suffers on account of misconduct, and, under the head of misfortunes lack of employment is the leading one.

These facts staggered our pilgrim, and although he saw that temperance had some claims to recognition as a reform, it was not by any means what he was looking for, so he resolved to look farther.

Not long after he was introduced by the New $Tork\ Evening\ Post\ (Nov.\ 5,\ 1899)$ to a reformer

of another type, a woman who devotes her life to the reclaiming of young criminals, and she, in turn, drew his attention to the philanthropic work of a gentleman who is associated with her in the laudable efforts he describes in the pages of the *Post*. Katherine Ralston Fisher told our enquiring friend

Unusual methods of saving boys from a vagrant and criminal life are being put in successful practice at the recently opened Children's House at No. 129 Chrystie street.

The Tombs School for boy prisoners, maintained for the last three years by the Public Education Association, has been a means of bringing to the notice of those interested in it the needs of the class referred to, and of offenders with a longer record of misdoing as well. Mr. D. Willard, the teacher of the Tombs school, has for some time supervised several boys' clubs that met on the first floor of the Chrystic street house, clubs that overflowed from the University Settlement while it was inadequately housed in Delancey street. He thus 'had unusual opportunities for establishing relations with the boy element of the lower east side. The gamin, successful as yet in avoiding "being run in by the cop," the first offender, and the hardened young criminal all came to know him as a man who would treat them "white," without putting the least flavor of "professional" friendliness into his acts.

"There are six boys living here at present." he said, "just as many as we have planned to accommodate. Boys began to arrive before I was half ready for them, but I took them in and set them at work helping the janitor and me to get the house in order. In all there have been about a dozen boys here since May I, when the house was opened. For one of those here now I have just got a janitor's place. He was arrested recently, with two other fellows for beating and robbing a sailor. I knew these two to be hard cases, but the third I suspected to have been with them more by chance than choice. This proved to be the case. He was out of work and homeless, and, falling in with the two toughs, was asked by them to help in the job they had on hand. Of course, he wasn't innocent, but as he had never been arrested before, and had been 'done' out of his share in the stolen money by his accomplices, the judge let him go on my agree ing to be responsible for him. I brought him here, gave him clothes and money, and took him with me to the shore for a few days, estensibly to carry my value and do other services, but in reality that I might become better acquainted with him. We went sailing, crabbing, and fishing together, and came back to the city on the best of terms. He soon began to get work to do, and to pay me something for board out of his wages. Yesterday he brought me all his wages for the week. The boys, as a rule, are too proud to live 'on me' when they can afford

to pay anything.

Of course some boys disappoint me. For instance, one for whom I got employment as a hall-boy brought me so many presents, all of which be declared were given to him, that I felt bound to investigate. Of course, as I suspected, he had stolen them.

"This is not an institution, and we have no 'system.' We aim first to remove the boys from temptation, second, to make them feel they have friends, and, third, to do all that is possible for their material and moral welfare. The idea is to keep a boy here two or three months, or until I can be reasonably sure that he can be trusted. I sent one of the younger ones on an errand the other day and discovered that he kept back a cent in returning the change. Why do you do that? I said, Here are ten cents for pocket money; you'll do much better to ask for it than to steal it. On another occasion, when he deceived me, I gave him the choice between taking a thrashing and being sent to an institution. He took the thrashing, and afterwards cried in my arms for an hour. I've great hopes of that boy, because he is young. Some of the older ones have already spent much of their lives in reformatory institutions. Too great expectations concerning them are unwise. I make it a rule to be thankful for a moderate harvest from liberal sowing of seed. The boys I receive may

never be ornaments or even very useful props to society, but if they are prevented from being a dead weight on it, or its active enemy, the work of Children's House is not in vain."

This narrative was deeply interesting to the pilgrim, but at the close he shook his head slowly, and thus expressed himself: "These earnest philanthropists seem to think that social conditions have much to do with crime, and they are trying to lessen the evil by improving the conditions. Mr. Willard's sorrowful confession of the inadequacy of his well-meant efforts does not justify a hope for any great improvement in that direction, yet he seems to see 'as in a glass, darkly,' that any possible improvement must come under an environment more favorable to moral growth than that which surrounds the criminal at present. Now, if he be right with regard to a class that is so difficult to deal with, why should not improved social conditions be beneficial to that class that is certainly more succeptible to their influence, viz.: the honest and industrious poor, who, for various causes beyond their control, are unable to earn a comfortable living? There is something sadly wrong somewhere: and, so far, my guides have failed to place the wrong. With such methods as those employed by Mr. Willard and other reformers in his special-line, I do not see why crime should not, like the brook, 'go on forever,' and it would not be so very far out of the way if we gave a little extra twist to a certain much quoted passage of scripture and read, 'The thief ye shall always have with you.' Crime seems to be somewhat of a boomerang that returns to smite the hand that hurls it.'

In continuing his inquiries our pilgrim met with the following from a letter written by an intelligent convict in Sing Sing that was of great service to him:

It is our opinion—and we write as one who has felt, metaphorically speaking, the branding iron of society—that the crimes of society against the individual (while he is not yet a criminal), continued with unrelenting ferocity when he has become one, are the causes of 50 per cent. of the crimes committed. We do not propose to defend crime. We hate it, whether it is exhibited in the individual or in the body social. It is merely to show the cause and effect, as we understand it, that we write. We divide criminals into three classes: The accidental or unintentional criminal; the criminal of circumstances or environment; and the criminal by elec-

tion or preferment. It is evident that we can do little to keep from their evil way the criminals who become such by accident or by deliberate choice, so we are left to deal with those who become criminals from circumstances or environment. Society's crime against this class of evil-doers is our toleration of the city slum. Not only does the slum urge its children on to evil before they realize what life means, but when they have become men and women and the judge sends them to prison to ponder the wages of sin, there is no memory of an innocent, happy childhood to beckon them back to repentance and better lives.

The accidental criminal has the recollection of better days and better things to cheer him. memory harks back to other times and scenes. His idols may be shattered, but his ideals remain; and with their aid he can fathom the depth he has fallen; and he can with the help of God and the outstretchd hands of those who love him, struggle from out the slough of evil back to the narrow path again, though some of the mire will always eling to him. But the criminal of circumstance is denied this. His memory holds no picture of a clean, sacred, home life, no recollection of a happy childhood—as happiness is understood—but instead it is always the streets, and the foul, evil-smelling brick barriers that form the background of his picturephantoms of slatternly women and emaciated and crying babies; miasmas of foul smells; and recollections of cold, hunger, drunkenness, and disorder—the body.

His first recollections of law and order are indissolubly associated with the policemen-his natural enemy—the despoiler of his youthful pleasures, the relentless individual who seemed to his immature mind to legislate, execute, and adjudicate all law. His first glory was the overcoming of the. to him, irksome laws of that ever-present minion of society. How glorious to have him chase you from the docks when you went to swim; what bliss to hit him in the back with a rotten tomato when you come out. Unconsciously he became an evader of the law; a thorn in the policeman's side, and ergo a nuisance to society. His early amusements were watching a street fight or participating in one; his first games were those of chance; his field sports killing cats; his airings were taken on the tail-end of street cars or the end-gates of wagons; the street was his home; the tenement his residence and a good place to hang up his hat.

As every boy has his hero, whom he admires and imitates, so the child of the slum has his. How he admired Chimmey and Chonnie and Mickey as they stood there with their "3 for 5's" in their mouths; the red light of the "gin mill" illuminating the faces that were just beginning to show the lines of dissipation. How eagerly he listened to their poor bare tales of conquest of Sallie and Annie and Katie; of their dexterity with their

hands; their capacity for mixed ale; their relation of the latest crime, the story of their latest contribution to jail; how Mikey Hoolihan had kicked in the "slats" of a policeman. He heard them relate their different limits of sensuality, and as the policeman on the beat wandered by and saluted them by their first names instead of "fanning" them off the corner, he through them in Olympia and longed to grow up and be as they.

The prison turns the "accidental" criminal into a permanent one, who repays society for its crime against him. The slum boy, too, finds Sing Sing ill calculated to turn him to a better life.

This picture of the slums drawn by our artist on the spot, made an impression upon the pilgrim that was never afterwards effaced. For the first time he saw what a great dismal swamp lay in the midst of our social system, and his sense of moral decency was shocked by the horrid monstrosities which lurked there by night and day. He began to see that any reform that did not deal with such evils fundamentally was of doubtful value, and hardly worthy of serious attention.

About this time our pilgrim was introduced to another type of reformer. In a large hall were gathered a considerable number of men and women all earnestly engaged in talking or listening. There

seemed to be a variety of shades of opinion among them upon the social questions they were discussing. Some were "looking backward," and some seemed to be listening to "news from nowhere," while a few were looking downward curiously, as if they did not know just where they stood. The latter, when questioned by our pilgrim, said they wanted the earth, but could not see how they were going to get it. Some went so far as to say that the land question might have to be dealt with before any of the beautiful fancies that some of the orators present had been so eloquently depicting could be realized.

We have not space to describe all that our pilgrim saw and heard that was interesting to him, but must go on to notice an occurrence that transpired at the close of the meeting. As he stepped upon the sidewalk a lady handed him what he took to be a tract, which upon inspection proved to be an invitation to a meeting of the women's W. X. Y. Z. Patching and Mending association. No doubt the general delapidation of the pilgrim's garments had attracted the keen eye of the philanthropist, and she eagerly pounced upon him as a deserving object of charity. "Won't you come to

our meeting?" she asked with a saccharine smile; "we will show you how to patch and mend your clothes so that you need not take the landlord's rent to pay for new ones; and we throw a cup of hot coffee and a roll into the bargain." "Excuse me, madam," said a voice from behind him that he recognized as belonging to the man who had given him Dr. Sheperd's paper to help him out in the temperance discussion; "excuse me, madam, but this man is not so hungry for rolls as he is for the dirt beneath his feet, he is getting up a splendid appetite for land; he is land-hungry but he does not know it." "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady; is it really true that there are earth-eaters, and is this one of them?" "Madam," replied the stranger, "when we were children we played at making mud pies. The time will come when the now landless poor will cut into a great big mud pie. and satisfy their natural hunger for the land. Then charity will no longer dole out hot coffee and rolls to starving victims of land monopoly, but all will be abundantly satisfied with the fullness of the earth." "Dear me!" said the bewildered lady with a sigh, "what a strange man." Then turning away she looked at the pilgrim, tapped her forehead with her finger significantly, smiled pityingly, and bade him good day.

The stranger now quietly took the pilgrim's hand and said, "You have not yet found what you have been tooking for?" "No; I seem to be almost as far off the object of my search as ever. I am perhaps looking for that which cannot be found. How can I, who cannot help myself, hope to help others?" "Ah, my friend," replied the stranger, "there in no more effective way of helping ourselves than by beloing others. Don't you remember the story of the traveler who was lost in the snow, and who, when on the point of lying down to die, stumbled across the unconscious form of another traveler who had preceded him; how the discovery stirred his sympathy and roused his drowsy senses, and how the rubbing of the victim's frozen limbs set his own sluggish blood circulating and tingling through his own veins, and they were both saved?

"No, no, my friend, you must not be discouraged yet. This experience is for your ultimate benefit. I would like to introduce you to another woman's philanthropic association; but in your present attire you would not be admitted. This

body is called The Tony Tinkers Tittle Tattle club. and is a kind of aristocratic daplicate of the W. X. Y. Z. association. They propose to patch or tinker all the holes or rents of poverty, but have not as vet succeeded in making patches large enough to cover the extensive holes vulgarly called 'slums,' nor have they attempted to deal with the 'rents' that leave the poor so bare all the time. The duties of the ladies of this club are supposed to be very laborious. The long speeches are described by the hearers as being very exhausting, and one of the most characteristic departments in the work of the club, the Pink Teas, involving as it does a studious attention to dress, must necessarily be wearing. The reports read are said to be glowing examples of condensed elaboration and concentrated diffusion. The sorrowful part of this movement seems to be the anconscious apathy of the class in society for whose special benefit these tremendous efforts are being exerted, as the necessity for the work of this club seems never to grow less."

Space will not allow us to follow the pilgrim through the progressive stages of his varied experience. As he became better acquainted with the misery of a great number of his fellows, the burden of responsibility and sympathy grew larger and heavier, until it became unbearable. One evening, after a hard day's tramp, disappointed, dispirited, and well-nigh despairing, he met with an experience that became the turning point in his intellectual, moral, and religious life. As he shambled wearily along the city sidewalk, with head bent in deep perplexity, he almost stumbled into a crowd gathered at the corner of a busy thoroughfare. Roused by the sudden interruption in his progress, he found himself surrounded by a large number of men and women who appeared to be listening with deep interest to a speaker standing on a portable platform. Thinking at the moment that this was but another of the popular open-air religious services that he had often attended before, he was about to push his way out of the crowd when his attention was arrested by these words of the speaker, "The course of poverty and crime runs parallel with the private ownership of land." Although he did not realize the import of the phrase so clearly then as he did afterwards, he knew that he was not listening to a Salvation Army orator. The statement so plainly put by the speaker was so unlike what he had been accustomed to hear at religious services that he

felt like listening to more, so he edged his way up towards the platform and found to his surprise that the speaker was the stranger whom he had met on several occasions noticed in our narrative, and whose timely remarks had left an impression on his mind that he had not been able to shake off. The thoughts and feelings which that street discourse aroused within him may be better described in his own language:

The heavy sense of disappointment that my unsatisfactory search had left brooding over my mind seemed to lift slowly, like a mist before the dawning sunlight of the new revelation, and the gloom of the pessimistic doubt was gradually dissipated by a growing conviction of the soundness of the speaker's arguments. For the first time I saw a bright gleam of hope for the human race. I had been so accustomed to look to some supermundane source for a solution of all human difficulties, that the idea of finding a solvent in the earth beneath my feet never occurred to me. Yet this was just the fact of the matter, and plain enough to be seen in the light of the speaker's arguments. He showed that the earth was the natural inheritance of every child born upon it, and that it contained in its boundless opportunities, every requisite for human happiness.

"The reason why many have not enough of

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the necessaries and comforts of life," said he, "is because the land, which is the source of all these things, has been appropriated by a few who keep the rest of mankind out of the use of it, and the only way to get rid of the poverty (with its attendant evils) caused by that misappropriation is to restore to all their natural right to the free use of all natural opportunities." As he described the miseries of the poor in the crowded, ill-ventilated, and filthy tenements, I saw more clearly than ever before that these were distinctly tracable to the private ownership of land; that crime was a natural outgrowth of the slums; that the reason why the poor huddled together under circumstances in which common decency is impossible, was because they could not afford to pay for space and air and light, which were all indirectly taxed in an exorbitant rent; that consequently their children had no chance to grow up into pure, honest, and intelligent manhood and womanhood; that the difficulty of obtaining the necessaries and comforts of life was further increased by unjust tariffs and taxes imposed for the benefit of a few unscrupulous speculators and manufacturers. There is no good reason why we should be burdened by tariffs and taxes at all. In the evolution of the community the necessary expenses for improvements incident to its growth are provided for naturally, in the increased value of land. As, under unnatural conditions poverty and crime keep pace with the private own-

ership of land, so under opposite conditions that natural fund of 'unearned increment,' constantly augmenting, arises out of the formation of the community, and ever after keeps pace step by step with its growth. But if this natural provision be appropriated by private individuals it is plain that expenses must be met in some other way. Hence -the necessity for the artificial system of taxation that now presses so heavily upon all, especially the poor."

The speaker also pointed to the fact that many thousands, at times reaching into the millions, had no employment, as a proof that the opportunities of nature were not open to all. "If the land were free," said he, "the laborer would not be compelled to take less wages for his labor than he could, by the same labor, obtain from the soil. Beside, if land were taxed to its full rental value it would not pay to keep it idle, consequently it would be thrown upon the market for building and other purposes, and there would be plenty of employment for all at good wages. With the opportunity to obtain a good living easily before them, men and women would be less likely than now to become The gaudy and slaves to vicious habits. delusive glare of the saloon would pale beside the lamp of hope that the single tax would light in the home of every industrious laborer. When private ownership of the sources of wealth shall cease, 'Time will go back and fetch the golden age,' and

the glorious visions of poets, prophets, and philosophers will be realized in the new order of society that must surely follow the restoration to mankind of the primitive right to the free use of the opportunities of nature." The speaker said much more that I cannot now recall. I left him with regret and afterwards read the publications that he kindly put in my hands at the close of his address. From that day to this I have never doubted the cure for poverty and crime. I have found an ideal that can be practically applied to the present desperate needs of humanity, and worthy of what little effort I can devote to its realization

The pilgrim's progress does not end here. He is still progressing, but he finds his path much pleasanter than it was before he took the single tax as his guide. Bunyan's pilgrim looked for deliverance from sin and suffering in the realm of bliss beyond the sky. Our pilgrim looks for the realization of his hope in this life, and thinks that if there be a life beyond the grave in which there shall be no more sorrow nor crying, his efforts to wipe away a few tears from the swollen eyes of poverty now, ought not to deny him a share in the promised invitation, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me. Enter ye into the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."



One of the most conspicuous of the public men in the United States to-day is Tom L. Johnson, the democratic mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, a republican city. Something of his remarkably successful political career is already known by every newspaper reader. His campaign for the mayoralty of Cleveland was particularly notable from the fact that it was won in spite of the almost unlimited use of money against him by his opponents and the united opposition of all the Cleveland newspapers except one, while on the other hand no money was used in Johnson's compaign, he having declared that if the issues upon which the contest was made were not enough to elect him money should not and the appeal was made to the intelligence and conscience of the people. Mr. Johnson's well-known incorruptibility and devotion to principle which made him a zealous champion of such measures as would

insure freedom and equality of opportunity to every individual, and a tireless and almost invincible opponent of those who would give greater power and additional privileges to the class that is now with the aid of government absorbing the wealth produced by labor, and at the same time forcing upon their victims through unjust taxation the support of the government that fails to protect them against robbery, is the foundation of his political strength. And yet Johnson's sincerity and energetic warfare upon special privilege are not alone enough to make a man invincible; a foundation is only the beginning of a structure. Tom L. Johnson has raised a magnificent superstructure on that foundation. He perceives the wrong and enters actively and courageously in the work of overcoming it. He knows the remedy and asks for authority to apply it. This is the only object he has in view when seeking office, and were it in not for that reason nothing could tempt him away from peaceful private life.

But the people have faith in Tom Johnson, and they have faith in the policy he would enforce. It is contemplation of this fact that cheers the heart of the single taxer and revives the hope that

sometimes falters, for Tom L. Johnson's inspiration came from Henry George. Is it this that makes him seemingly invincible? His defeats are only temporary and the efforts of his enemies to vanquish him will only end in deep and crushing humiliation to themselves

An incident in Johnson's political career which happened almost ten years ago when he was in congress will be remembered by many who were interested in his work. A Cleveland firm of cloak manufacturers appealed to him through their employes to vote for an increased duty on imported garments, and in reply to that appeal he wrote a letter that reveals something of the man's unflinching courage and at the same time presents some very wholesome thoughts for the reader's consideration. The letter was made a part of the Congressional Record and is as follows:

I have received your communication and that from Messrs. Landesman, Hirschmeyer & Co., to which you refer, asking me to vote against the Wilson tariff bill, unless it is amended by adding to the duty of 45 per cent, ad valorem, on cloaks, as

it proposes, an additional duty of $49\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound.

I shall do nothing of the kind. My objection to the Wilson bill is not that its duties are too low, but that they are too high. I will do all I can to cut its duties down, and I will strennously oppose putting them up. You ask me to vote to make cloaks artificially dear. How can I do that without making it harder for those who need cloaks to get cloaks? Even if this would benefit you would it it not injure others? There are many cloakmakers in Cleveland, it is true, but they are few as compared with the cloak users. Would you consider me an honest Representative if I would thus consent to injure the many for the benefit of the few, even though the few in this case were yourselves?

And you ask me to demand in addition to a monstrous ad valorem duty of 45 per cent. a still more monstrous weight duty of $49\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound—a weight duty that will make the poorest sewing girl pay as much tax on her cheap shoddy cloak as Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt would be called on to pay on a cloak of the finest velvets and embroideries! Do you really want me to vote to thus put

the burden of taxation on the poor while letting the rich escape? Whether you want me to or not, I will not do it.

That, as your employers say, a servicable cloak can be bought in Berlin for \$1.20 affords no reason in my mind for keeping up the tariff. On the contrary, it is the strongest reason for abolishing it altogether. There are lots of women in this country who would be rejoiced to get cloaks so cheaply; lots of women who must now pinch and strain to get a cloak; lots of women who cannot now afford to buy cloaks, and must wear old or cast-off garments or shiver with cold. Is it not common justice that we should abolish every tax that makes it harder for them to clothe themselves?

No; I will do nothing to keep up duties. I will do everything I can to cut them down. I do not believe in taxing one citizen for the purpose of enriching another citizen. You elected me on my declaration that I was apposed to protection, believing it but a scheme for enabling the few to rob the many, and that I was opposed even to a tariff for revenue, believing that the only just way of raising revenues is by the single tax upon land values. So long as I continue to represent you in congress I

shall act on the principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. Whenever I can abolish any of the taxes that are now levied on tabor or the products of labor I will do it, and where I cannot abolish I will do my best to reduce. When you get tired of that you can elect someone in my place who suits you better. If you want duties kept up, you may get an honest protectionist who will serve you; you cannot get such service from an honest free trader.

But I believe that you have only to think of the matter to see that in adhering to principle I will be acting for the best interests of all working men and women, yourselves among the number. This demand for protective duties for the benefit of the American workingman is the veriest sham. You cannot protect labor by putting import duties on goods. Protection makes it harder for the masses to live. It may increase the profits of favored capitalists; in may build up trusts and create great fortunes, but it cannot raise wages. You know for yourselves that what your employers pay you in wages does not depend on what any tariff may enable them to make, but on what they can get others to take your places for.

You have to stand the competition of the labor market. Why, then, should you try to shut yourselves out from the advantages that the competition of the goods market should give to you? It is not protection that makes wages higher here than in Germany. They were higher here before we had any protection, and in the saturnalis of protection that has reigned here for some years past you have seen wages go down until the country is now crowded with tramps and hundreds of thousands of men are now supported by charity. What made wages higher here than in Germany is the freer access to land, the natural means of all production, and as that is closed up and monopoly sets in wages must decline. What labor needs is not protection, but justice; not legalized restrictions which permit one set of men to tax their fellows, but the free opportunity to all for the exertion of their own powers. The real struggle for the rights of labor and for those fair wages that consist in the full earnings of the laborer is the struggle for freedom and against monopolies and restrictions. In the effort to cut down protection this struggle is timidly beginning. I shall support the Wilson bill with all my ability and all my strength.

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