

From Gerrit Johnson

LET us Single Taxers stop and take an inventory the same as any well regulated business does after a campaign. If we take into consideration the opposition, then Oregon and California made a good showing in this last campaign. But the same thing can be said of every Single Tax campaign. It seems to me the main question now, is at our present gait what prospects have the landless for the use of the unused land. I hear you say:

"Wait, the time is not yet." Yes, wait—I have heard that before. Single Taxers, like mules, are known for their patience, but how about the rest of the world. Personally, I can wait. I have most of my loot turned into government bonds, and Uncle Sam sends me a check twice a year. Yes, I can wait, but how about the families who dwell about one block from where I live, who in zero weather buy their coal by the half bushel—can they wait?

In this State of Michigan, we have what is called a Mothers' Pension. Here in Kent County we have two hundred families on this list. Mothers who have no visible means of support and have children depending on them are eligible to this pension. I hope you will read the following softly lest God should hear.

We allow a child \$1.98 per week. This includes the mother's keep. May I ask, can they wait?

In this great State of Michigan conceded, even by ourselves, to be one of the most prosperous, what do we find? All our prisons, insane asylums, homes for feeble minded, boys' and girls' reformatories are filled to the brim. Single Taxers know what fills these institutions. They are filled, not because some are good and others bad, but because wherever civilization is huddled together, the price of land is high, and where land is high, morals are low. Go yourself into your own State institutions—tell me, can we wait?

One of the forms of amusement today is to see the well intentioned reformers scold and scold at the fruits of our making. See them as they grow frantic because of young women's dress. They do not seem to realize that when girls are budding into womanhood they make themselves as attractive as possible in order to attract their mate. They manicure their eyebrows, drop belladonna into their eyes, paint their faces, pencil their lips, encase their bodies in steel, wear unnatural shoes and show their charms to the best advantage.

Their style of dress is not because they are good or bad, but because, unconsciously perhaps, they realize that nature is in an unfair competition with the economic condition. Instead of trying to reform these girls let us reform the man-made laws that interfere with the laws of nature.

The city of Grand Rapids publicly boasts of being the the city of homes. Probably more workingmen have bought homes here than in any other city in the United States. And yet I see steady, sober men and women in their threadbare suits—I see them starving their stomachs. I see them working, saving, scrimping. I have attended their funerals after they drop dead in their tracks while

trying to pay for a little home. Young people see these struggles, they realize that getting married is like putting one's head in a noose, and the result is prostitution. This is not a question of good or bad, but a question of land. Make land free so that young people can have the same privileges as the birds of the air and build their nest in any place not in use. Make married life a beacon light of hope, instead of chattel slavery, and civilized prostitution will disappear from the face of the earth. I ask, can we wait?

Look the world over and see the profiteering war lords gathering olive branches to cover up their crimes. See them lick their chops as they slyly watch the new crop of suckling babes. They know there can be no peace with barrier walls and monopolized land. Single Taxers know there is only one way to build a League of Nations; to go through the portals must mean freedom. Single Taxers know the solution to our social problems, but what is the use of knowing, if the remedy cannot be applied. What is the matter with Single Tax? Why doesn't the voter vote for it? May I tell you what is the matter with Single Tax as I see it?

Right in front of us there is a big stone wall that acts as a barrier to free land. We have been bumping our heads against the wall, instead of walking around it. What do I mean? I have some advertising matter on my desk, which I brought from California. This stuff was used by the California Anti-Single Tax League. Just read this one card, which was distributed by the millions. It says, "Single Tax will exempt from taxation all railroads, corporations, stocks, bonds, money, credits and automobiles." Now honestly, Mr. Single Taxer, forget your knowledge of Single Tax for a minute and place yourself among the other ninety per cent. who do not know what Single Tax means. Now read the card again: "Single Tax will exempt from taxation all railroads, corporations, stocks, bonds, money, credits and automobiles." Now honestly, while *you* are walking through the streets in your high priced cheap shoes and I ride by in my five thousand dollar automobile, how long is it going to take you to get to vote the tax off my automobile?

I admit we have the truth, but it will not set us free as long as the other fellow gets the votes. Just look over this world of ours, then tell me is it truth or falsehood that shapes our destinies? Is it straightforwardness or hypocrisy that is the "captain of our souls?" Let's forget this truth stuff, these beautiful popular phrases; get down from the clouds where the dreamer dreams dreams. Get back to earth where the voters live. The dreamer may dream dreams and predicts of the world moving forward, but the real moving is done by the practical man who has his feet on the ground.

If I had the power, I would conscript, no not to destroy, but to save. I would take all practical Single Taxers; I would tell them to drop all else until they found a way around that stone wall that acts as a barrier to the unused land. Yours for a better world

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