

single cent of revenue required for the nation, for the state, or for the municipality by a tax upon land values and upon land values only. That is single tax.

We propose leaving land in the private possession of individuals, with full liberty on their part to give, sell it or bequeath it; simply to levy on it for public uses a tax that shall equal the annual value of the land itself irrespective of the use made of it or the improvements on it.

We do not propose to assert equal rights to land by keeping land common, letting anyone use any part of it at any time. We do not propose the task, impossible in the present state of society, of dividing land in equal shares; still less the more impossible task of keeping it so divided.

We would accompany this tax on land values with the repeal of all taxes levied now on the products and processes of industry, which taxes, since they take from the earnings of labor, we hold to be infringements of the rights of property.

God cannot contradict Himself nor impose on His creatures laws that clash. If it be God's command to men that they should not steal—that is to say, that they should respect the right of property which each one has in fruits of his labor—all these taxes violate the moral law. They take by force what belongs to the individual alone; they give to the unscrupulous advantage over the scrupulous; they have the effect—nay, are largely intended—to increase the price of what some have to sell and others must buy.

They corrupt government; they make oaths a mockery; they shackle commerce; they fine industry and thrift; they lessen the wealth that men might enjoy and enrich some by impoverishing others.

I am convinced that single tax is the only remedy for existing evils and am willing to dedicate the balance of my life to advocating the cause.—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE TO TELL US ABOUT TOM L. JOHNSON.

Tom Johnson is 45 years old. He was born in Kentucky, but his blood and parentage is of Virginia origin. The Johnsons of Virginia are as famous in their way as the Robinsons. One of Tom Johnson's grandfathers was a distinguished soldier under the first Harrison. Robert Johnson was a pioneer still honored by Kentuckians. Tom's father was a military man of great force of character.

Like innumerable other poor boys of

the world's history the young Johnson received his education in the common schools and then became a messenger boy for the Louisville Street Railway company. His marked characteristic at that time was—all ears and no mouth. He was a prodigious listener, but a very poor talker. The Louisville company was having a struggle to convince the general public that street cars ought to be patronized. On its own part the public was apparently convinced that street cars would never supplant omnibuses.

Johnson, first messenger, then clerk and finally an assistant in the one office of the Louisville company, had knowledge of all the obstacles which the corporation was forced to overcome. He mastered the details of a street railway business before he reached his majority. He listened and listened and said little until he began to feel the strength of his own will, and then he acted. His family was poor and he was one of its financial stays.

The Louisville road and certain other struggling western street roads were in great need of a new style of switches and certain improvements in the car machinery. No inventor had yet supplied these wants. Johnson tried his own hand at designing what was needed, and as rapidly as he believed that he had succeeded, patented his discoveries. He went to bed one night to awake in the morning to find himself famous and on the way to wealth. His nickel-in-the-slot box for collecting fares was a success. His automatic switch was adopted by all the street roads at once.

At 22 his patents had brought Tom Johnson sufficient money with which to place his parents in comfortable circumstances and to enable him to buy the only street railway that Indianapolis possessed at that time. The Indianapolis cars were then pulled by mules and the service was wretched. Johnson supplanted the mules with horses, painted the cars, introduced comfortable seats, uniformed his employes and by the attractive appearances of all his property brought the public to rapid and profitable patronage of his investment. With the money he made from this line he purchased a bankrupt horse line in Cleveland. . . .

Strange as it may seem, Tom Johnson carried on this fortune-making without making bitter enemies. He was shrewd, calculating, a hard worker and a hard hitter, but no one was to be found at that time nor now who cherishes against him the memory of one treacherous action or the doing of a thing that could be called unmanly.

He fought his battles in the open. He kept his temper when he was the hardest pressed. He always paid close attention to his digestion. He never hurried as nervous men hurry. If there was seeming occasion for worry he laughed. If business cares should have kept him wakeful at night he slept. His equipage was and is marvelous. . . .

The patent steel rail used in the automatic switches invented by Johnson was not approved of by the big rolling mills of those days. They did not believe the rail could be made a success, and were not inclined to make them. Johnson desired the rail for use on his lines, but it was with difficulty that he persuaded the mills to turn them out. Once though that any considerable number were on the market the demand for them became great, and the mills could not produce them fast enough. The price charged for them was high. Johnson objected to this. His objections were of no avail.

Then it was that he organized the Johnson steel works at Lorain, O., and Johnstown, Pa. After that he manufactured his own rails at prices that met his own views. The previously greedy rolling mill owners were forced to bring their prices down to his or quit the market.

From owning the street railway lines of Indianapolis and Cleveland Johnson became the chief of the system of trolley lines which now center at Allentown, Pa., and which gridiron all of that section of Pennsylvania. Later with a brother he purchased a controlling interest in the Nassau Electric company, of Brooklyn. On this line he established a five-cent fare to Coney Island. In time he owned nearly all of the Brooklyn lines, with extensive holdings in the street railway systems of Detroit, Chicago and Boston.

The determined character of the man is shown in the story told of his sale of his Brooklyn lines to the Whitney-Flower syndicate. At that time he was the master mind of the 17 street railway systems of Brooklyn. He was asked by representatives of the syndicate desiring to purchase what he considered the upset price to be. He named the sum—a total represented by millions of dollars. An afternoon was agreed upon when the syndicate and he should meet and reach a final settlement. The time came and \$200,000,000 of traction capital intimated to Mr. Johnson that his price was too high. He was affable, but unyielding.

"It is my price, gentlemen," he said. "Not a dollar less can I take for the property."

They pleaded with him. Men with certified checks in their hands sat around all that afternoon and waited for him to yield. National banks were kept open long after their regular closing hours in the hope that Johnson would change his price. Trust companies held their clerks until nine o'clock at night, waiting for the final papers to be signed. Every skillful argument possible on the part of the great financiers was advanced to make Johnson yield. He listened politely, manifested no annoyance, but would not change his figures.

Ten o'clock came that night before bowing to his will the representatives of the traction kings paid over what he demanded and the deal was concluded.

"Gibraltar would be easier to subdue than Johnson," commented one of the traction lawyers, as he reluctantly signed his name to a paper which gave the Kentucky boy what he believed to be right and just to himself.

The price paid him for the Brooklyn lines was \$30,000,000, or \$10,000,000 more than this government gives to Spain for her possessions in Asiatic waters.

In his growth from poverty and a clerkship to the position of trolley king of the United States, Tom Johnson mentally did not develop along the lines so many self-made men follow. Conservatism in thought—a conservatism that in time becomes a disease—did not grow with his wealth. Where by all the traditions of the past and all the recorded history of past financiers his hand and his mind should have shut tighter and tighter as his wealth increased, they opened, expanded.

As a manufacturer of steel rails he should have been a protectionist; as an extensive real estate owner and corporation creator he should have regarded Henry George as an enemy of the republic and a most dangerous man. On the contrary, Tom Johnson came to the full tide of his manhood regarding the protective tariff as an enemy of the republic and Henry George as a prophet foretelling the end of things and systems now revered by some people.

A protective tariff was certain to enhance his profits. Yet he took what seemed to be the anomalous position of being satisfied with his profits as they were and of standing convinced that free trade, while possibly diminishing his individual profits, would increase the good standing of thousands oppressed by the other system.

In a speech which he delivered at Boston he said:

"We believe that free trade, when carried out, removes every obstacle to the

production and distribution of wealth. Protection is born of the same narrow spirit that fines men for building houses, that puts the tax gatherer in the position to charge a man more for a lot on which he has built a home than for a lot on which he merely raises goats and tin pails. That is as much a charge on trade, to fine men by raising their taxes because they build a house, as it is to levy a tax at a custom house, whether for revenue or for protection.

"Free trade, if carried out, means the pulling down of every artificial barrier of wealth; it means the placing of the burden of taxation on monopoly and special privileges, on land values and franchise values, those values created by the whole community."

Mr. Johnson was a free trader before he became a disciple of Henry George and the closest adviser of that eminent single tax advocate. His conversion to the theories of George serves as an illustration to how he transacts all the affairs of life that come within his sphere. Chance, fate or something else brought a copy of George's "Progress and Poverty" into the hands of Johnson. He read the book, and was disturbed as well as pleased. He said to a friend:

"The book is as true as the gospel, but—"

There was a doubt, and that doubt lingered. Finally he took the volume and gave it to his lawyer with the request that he read it. That gentleman glanced at it and remarked:

"Why, I can refute every argument in it."

"Do it," replied Tom Johnson, "and give me the result written out."

"I have no time for such employment. The book isn't worth it," answered the lawyer.

Johnson then said to him:

"You are my attorney. Read that book; review it carefully. Answer its arguments, which you say are fallacious, and when you have finished hand me your report with your bill for services."

The lawyer accepted the proposition only to return the book in a short time with the statement:

"I cannot do it. It is a great work."

From that time on Tom Johnson was the friend of Henry George and the advocate of his theories. He sought the acquaintance of George both by correspondence and personal meeting. He gave freely and intelligently to the single tax cause. But that the hour would come when he would turn his back on his business career and say, "I have finished; now for a fight for a principle," no one believed.

One of his first steps after he came to full faith in single tax was to seek a seat in congress as a single tax representative. He was nominated in Cleveland on a single tax ticket and came so near to being elected that he frightened every man opposed to him. This was in 1888. In 1890 he tried the same thing again, and, to the utter astonishment of every machine politician on both sides, was elected by 3,400 majority. He went to congress and he preached single tax every day that he was in Washington. People would have called him a madman if it were not for the proof before them that he was one of the foremost business men of the day.

To get rid of him Ohio was restricted, and it was believed that his particular district was so shaped that he could not return. The statement was freely made that he would be beaten by at least 2,000 majority. Again he fooled his adversaries. He was reelected to congress by 3,200 majority. As soon as he was in Washington again he and his friends began speaking "Progress and Poverty" on the floor of the house in such a manner that practically the better part of George's work was inserted in the Congressional Record and scattered over the country to the extent of 1,000,000 copies. Johnson spoke for free trade also and gained for his speeches the same wide circulation that he had for the single tax sermons. He tricked and fooled in his propaganda every old-timer in Washington and held his own personal popularity at the same time.

He left congress through defeat in 1894 at the polls. Now it is said that in the future good of the single tax cause he will stand once more for a seat with every prospect of being elected. As he puts it:

"My business has been sufficiently wound up in various ways to make me practically free now, and I have no idea of engaging in any more money-making schemes that will interfere with giving practically my entire time to the promotion of the interests of single tax. The question of taxation in any form involves the discussion of the philosophy of Henry George, which I am convinced is the only way to remedy the evils which oppress the people and the country."

When he is in the political field he makes his campaign with a tent and a band. His views on street railroads are valuable—most valuable just at this time. He says:

"I do not want to tax the bonds and stocks of street railroads. If your purpose is to tax the railroad, put your tax on where it belongs, where you can see

it and measure it. Do not attempt to put in these mere evidences of ownership that drift all over the world. I do not think that is the best way to reach the street railway question. The wiser way would be to have the municipalities own the street cars and run them free. If enough people in the community think they ought to own the street railways, I think you would find that they would own them soon. They would begin by refusing grants for 999 years and adopting the rule laid down in Massachusetts, where no street railroad has a franchise for more than 60 days. That is probably quite long enough. If the railroad is a public servant under our present scheme of private ownership that is worth while to remain, it will stay. If it fills a public office and does a useful service to the community, it will be upheld. If it does not, it ought to go."—Chicago Times-Herald of Feb. 12.

An excellent story is told of a certain prominent director, who is equally renowned for his ability to make or take a joke. An employe whose house is in the country applied to him for a pass to visit his family. "You are in the employ of the company?" inquired the gentleman alluded to. "Yes." "Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer, instead of the company, would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and carry you home?" This seemed a poser, but it wasn't. "No," said the man, promptly, "I would not expect that; but if the farmer had his horses out, and was going my way, I should call him a very mean fellow if he would not let me ride."—Coming Nation.

A curious example of the reward of excessive virtue, which is often its own undoing, is thus given: The English pickle manufacturers have been making their pint bottles hold a little more than a pint, to be on the safe side of an English law on the subject. But when they sent these pint bottles to Canada they ran against a law which provides that any package measuring more than a pint must pay duty as a quart.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Sussex laborer who was giving evidence in a case of manslaughter arising out of a quarrel of two companions, one of whom had been killed by the other hitting him with his pickax, gave the following lucid description of the act: "You see, he pecked he with a peck and he pecked he with a peck, and if he'd pecked he with his peck as hard as he pecked he with his peck he'd killed he instead o' he killin' o' he."—Chicago Chronicle.

### THE BROWN MAN'S BURDEN.

After Rudyard Kipling.  
Pile on the brown man's burden  
To gratify your greed;  
Go clear away the niggers  
Who progress would impede;  
Be very stern, for truly  
'Tis useless to build  
With new caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden;  
And if ye rouse his hate,  
Meet his old-fashioned reasons  
With Maxims up to date.  
With shells and dum dum bullets  
A hundred times make plain  
The brown man's loss must ever  
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden;  
Compel him to be free;  
Let all your manifestoes  
Reek with philanthropy.  
And if with heathen folly  
He dares your will dispute,  
Then in the name of freedom  
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And if his cry be sore,  
That surely need not irk you—  
Ye've driven slaves before.  
Seize on his ports and pastures,  
The field his people tread;  
Go make from them your living,  
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
Nor do not deem it hard  
If you should earn the rancor  
Of those ye yearn to guard.  
The screaming of your eagle  
Will drown the victim's sob—  
Go on through fire and slaughter,  
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And through the world proclaim,  
That ye are freedom's agents—  
There's no more paying game!  
And should you own past history  
Straight in your teeth be thrown,  
Retort that independence  
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
With equity have done;  
Weak, antiquated scruples  
Their squeamish courses have run.  
And though 'tis freedom's banner,  
You're waving in the van,  
Reserve for home consumption  
The sacred "rights of man!"

And if by chance ye falter,  
Or lag along the course,  
If, as the blood flows freely,  
Ye feel some slight remorse,  
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,  
Imperialism's prop,  
And bid him, for your comfort,  
Turn on his jingo stop.

—H. A. Labouchere, in Truth, of London.

What is sadder than the way in which the Poles of Polish Russia were forced to greet the coming of the centenary of their great poet, Mickiewicz. They were permitted to give money for the erection of a monument which was to keep alive the memory of Mickiewicz, but were not allowed to print or mention in any way his name. The day the monument was unveiled speeches were

prohibited, and no applause was heard. What the crowd did when the monument was seen was to keep a dead silence, but every head was uncovered.—New York Times.

## Finance and Transportation

BY

JAY D. MILLER.

Paper; 96 pages; Single Copies, 10c.,  
50 Copies, \$1.00.

Gov. H. S. Pingree, Lansing, Mich.

"This publication presents in their true light questions that immediately concern the American people."  
Mayor S. M. Jones, Toledo, O.

"It is one of the most comprehensive statements of our social and economic problems that has come to my hands."

Prof. Geo. D. Herron, Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia.  
"Its facts are presented in a very unprejudiced and helpful spirit, and can not be set aside. I use it among my students and recommend it everywhere."

Louis F. Post, Chicago.

"It is an intellectual mine which all parties to the controversy may profitably explore."

JAY D. MILLER'S SONS, Oak Park, Ill.

## HARRIS F. WILLIAMS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

1101 Chamber of Commerce Building . CHICAGO

### The Public Leaflets.

From time to time THE PUBLIC will reproduce, in pamphlet form suitable for mailing in open envelopes at the one-cent rate of postage, the editorial articles of permanent interest that appear in its columns. These pamphlets will be supplied upon the following terms:

Single copies, delivered at office.	\$0.02
Quantities delivered at office, per 100.	1.00
Single copies mailed to any address, postage paid.	.03
Single copies mailed to any address, postage paid, upon orders for 100 or more, per 100.	2.00
In quantities, mailed in bulk to one address, postage paid, per 100.	1.25

The following pamphlets are now ready:

1. *A Business Tendency* (from THE PUBLIC of September 10, 1898).
2. *That Favorable Balance of Trade* (from THE PUBLIC of October 22, 1898).
3. *Nero-Tees*, by E. J. Salisbury (from THE PUBLIC of November 12, 1898).
4. *Department Stores* (from THE PUBLIC of November 12, 1898).

## The Public

is a weekly paper which prints in concise and plain terms, with lucid explanations and without editorial bias, all the really valuable news of the world. It is also an editorial paper. Though it abstains from mingling editorial opinions with its news accounts, it has opinions of a pronounced character, which, in the columns reserved for editorial comment, it expresses fully and freely, without favor or prejudice, without fear of consequences, and without hope of discreditable reward. Yet it makes no pretensions to infallibility, either in opinions or in statements of fact; it simply aspires to a deserved reputation for intelligence and honesty in both. Besides its editorial and news features, the paper contains a department of original and selected miscellany, in which appear articles and extracts upon various subjects, verse as well as prose, chosen alike for their literary merit and their wholesome human interest. Familiarity with THE PUBLIC will commend it as a paper that is not only worth reading, but also worth filing.

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.

Free of postage in United States, Canada and Mexico, elsewhere, postage extra, at the rate of one cent per week. Payment of subscription is acknowledged up to the date in the address label on the wrapper.

Single copies, five cents each.

Published weekly by

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Room 622,  
Schiller Building, Chicago, Ill.

Post-office address:

THE PUBLIC, Box 687, Chicago, Ill.