

toric corner in Egyptian corn, down to Aaron's turning tail and worshipping the golden calf the moment Moses' back was turned, there was a yellow streak in them. Out of such material God chose to create the most wonderful of the races. How was Pharaoh to know it? And how are we to measure the capabilities of the Filipinos?

"It is extremely unlikely any such part is reserved for them in the world's history as fell to the Jews. It is impossible that they should furnish the central figure in the world's redemption as the Jews did. But we have no more right to assume that they were worthless than Pharaoh had to take it for granted that he knew it all about the Jews. No more right and far less reason.

"Pharaoh had his God also, as authentic in his mind as Jehovah was to the Jews, and his god sanctioned the slavery of the Jews, told him it was manifest destiny and probably, through some priest of Isis, dropped a hint of benevolent assimilation into the bargain.

"His chosen people—well, the Filipinos are at least the children of the Father of all. I haven't heard of His disowning them. He has given them, not the genius of the Jews, but a genius of their own. Every race has if it is allowed to work out its own expression of race consciousness. Every race has something to give the world. We can make them manikin copies of the Yankees, if we succeed in the conquest, can prevent them from fulfilling the purpose that God meant for them just as Pharaoh could have stifled the race consciousness of the Jews if God had not taken it out of his hands.

"Of course, I don't know what form it would take. Nobody could ever have guessed it of the Jews. All we know about the Filipinos is that they have a superb talent for lying and an excellent taste in music with natural grace in dancing and natural art in oratory. I fancy Pharaoh might have given the Jews about such a character, by the way, but he never guessed their real national gift. It wasn't his business to know it, and it isn't our business to guess what the Lord intends to make of the Filipino.

"Pharaoh's business was to let the Jews go their way. He refused to do it, and they went away with results that were bad for Pharaoh. I guess

the Lord can get what He wants done now just as well as in the days when the Red sea swallowed up Pharaoh and all his host. I know it. We know it a great deal better than Pharaoh. Because we have not only the Bible record, but the lesson from history that whoever puts himself in opposition to the methods by which the human race is to be developed by God's plan inevitably suffers for it. We don't know what God's plans for the Filipinos are, but if we know anything about history we ought to know we are guilty of a species of blasphemy when we try to tell God we know more about it than He does and when we try to make the Filipinos in our image."

"No, no," she cried. "You are wrong. I know you are wrong. You are comparing our president with Pharaoh. You can't be right."

"If I do it may be unjust to Pharaoh. He was born to be an oriental despot and never had a chance to be anything else. Our president inherits the doctrines of Adams and Patrick Henry and sits in the seat of Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. Pharaoh never heard that the just powers of government rest on the consent of the governed and it wouldn't have made any sense to him if he had. He never read the declaration of independence and couldn't conceive of such a proposition as that all men have the right to their lives, their liberties and the pursuit of their own happiness. Pharaoh's heart was hardened before the first interview of Aaron and Moses."

"You don't understand," she persisted, "Pharaoh was a heathen and we are Christians."

"Well," I admitted, "I guess I don't."—John Stone Pardee, in the Red Wing (Minn.) Argus.

#### THE POSSIBILITIES OF TRANSPORTATION.

Portions of an article on "Albert L. Johnson, the Man," written by Henry George, Jr., for The Single Tax Review of Jan. 15. (Published at 62 and 64 Trinity place, New York city. Single copies, 25 cents.)

It was on the 17th of June, a glorious summer afternoon, and just a few days before he unexpectedly passed, that I had my last chat with Albert L. Johnson, a man in many ways as remarkable as his more widely known brother, Tom L. Johnson. . . .

"The doctors say that I must keep quiet for a few weeks," he remarked; and then he continued in a meditative

way: "That's a hard thing for a man like me to do. I never before in my life have been so long quiet. I have been thinking of all I shall do when I get out again. I'll do things that no man ever ventured to do. I'll make money for myself, but at the same time I'll do things for the human race. I'll make it easier for human beings to come together.

"What makes man the first of animals is brains. What animates those brains is bringing one man within easy touch of another. Mental power then multiplies. We know what a toll gate is; it is a barrier to free intercourse. Ease of communication is freedom, and freedom is the reverse of slavery. Ease of communication is one of the chief secrets of civilization.

"If I can break down impediments existing between one human being and another, and bring them into close touch I shall, in effect, multiply active mental power—increase that thing that invents and constructs machinery, that makes books, that contrives microscopes, that does all the wonderful things that belong to our era and to the eras that have gone before ours. Isn't that something to work for?" . . .

"I'm not proud. I know what I came from—poverty. My father lost all he had in the civil war trying to keep chains on the black man. He did not think black slavery was wrong. He thought a 'nigger' was different from a human being. He fought, and his side lost. I was born in Helena, Ark.; a hotbed of 'niggers, mules and cotton.' The war broke out at that time, and my mother carried my brothers—Tom and Will—and me around after the southern army as well as she could. When the war was over my father had nothing left of his planter's estate. He had to begin over again. He got into the street railroad business in Louisville, and that is where Tom and I began our railroad careers.

"After awhile we went to Indianapolis. It was Tom's scheme, and my father and I went with him. He had obtained some money for an invention. He borrowed some more. We got hold of a dead road, and we put life into it. All of us worked, and worked hard. I was a conductor on one of those Illinois street cars. I pulled a bell strap and worked a bell punch 18 hours a day for \$1.85, the prevailing wages then. I rose to the place of foreman, afterwards to that of superintendent, and in later years I became president of systems that

made that Illinois street line in Indianapolis seem insignificant. I saw what the other side—the seamy side—of life was. It would push your heart back to know what it is to work so long for such small pay, and realize that tens of thousands of families have to be sustained on such wages.

“Perhaps it was because we knew all this, because we ourselves had been through it, that my brother Tom and I have always since been friendly to organization among workmen, and particularly railroad men. We never had a strike, not even in Cleveland in 1892, when Mark Hanna’s lines were tied up. And we may justly claim that we did much to raise street railroad wages. We raised them little by little, until from \$1.85 for 18 hours, such as I had received in Indianapolis, we paid in Cleveland \$2.10 for ten hours, and we never anywhere paid less where conditions were the same.

“Of course, business is one thing and generosity is another. I don’t pretend to say that these high wages were paid for mere kindness. We knew that good pay and shortened hours would get the pick of the men and their best efforts. That’s just what we needed. Our policy was to cut fares to a minimum. Of course, to reduce fares is to increase traffic, and to increase traffic necessitates improved management, so that we had to have the most skillful and most careful men. In handling increased traffic we had to take precautions against accidents. We found it cheaper to pay high wages to efficient men who would have few accidents, than low wages to men who would pile up damage suits.

“But all this is an old story. What I want to do now is to get at the new things. I want to reduce fares over a great area. While we were increasing the men’s wages, my brother and I cut street railroad fares in Cleveland from 25 cents to five cents, and gave free transfers; and in Brooklyn we connected the Bowery with the ocean beach for five cents. We did that and made fortunes for ourselves, while we gave cheap transportation to the public. We found that the traffic rose as the fare fell—that the new business more than offset the cut in charges. Of course we knew that there must be a limit to the minimum charges—that we must reach a point where the increase in traffic would not counterbalance the reduction in fares. But we have not as yet found that point, and I do not believe any man to-day can say where it is.

“My brother, experimentally, reduced fares to three cents for a few days in Detroit while he was president of the system there, and then returned to the five-cent fare. He found that the receipts during that three cent period were exactly equal to the receipts of a like five-cent period preceding, and that when fares were increased again to five cents the business correspondingly fell away so that the income remained stationary.

“This confirmed our speculations. The reduced fare was a two-thirds saving to the public, without hurting the company, and it is certain that if the three-cent fare could have been continued the business would have grown and made a good profit for the company. But my brother did not own control, and the other owners were afraid to continue the experiment. In fact, they had not given their consent to it in the first instance. My brother acted without consulting them. It proved that his belief about low fares was right.”

From this Detroit experiment Albert Johnson’s discourse turned to his project to connect New York and Philadelphia with an electric system which should make time equal to the steam express trains, but at a very much lower fare. The Westinghouse and the General Electric companies had each offered to guarantee an equipment that would run cars 60 miles an hour. As a matter of fact experiments have since been made on a military electric road in Germany, and a sustained speed of close to 100 miles an hour has been attained. Mr. Johnson’s idea was to build a road as straight as possible between the two cities, with no grade crossings, and to make no stops or slow-ups, having special cars or trains run to or from intermediate points, and switch to or from the main line. He had commenced the formation of this line by the purchase and extension of an electric road between Trenton and Princeton, N. J. He had also purchased a bridge over the Delaware river, and another part of the Johnson system is now in operation between Trenton and Yardley, and other points on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. He intended to buy or to construct other roads and thus make a through line between New York and Philadelphia, cars to be running between the great cities within a year.

“The rate of fare between New York and Philadelphia is now \$2.50,” Mr. Johnson said, continuing his fa-

vorite line of thought. “I propose to put my fare at 50 cents to start with, although I make it this high only because others raise an outcry and say I’ll ruin myself. But the truth is that I have made careful calculations upon what my electric system in the Lehigh valley, Pennsylvania, is doing, and I say candidly that I’d be ashamed to tell the public how much money I could make at 25 cents a passenger from New York to Philadelphia, and that there is a big fortune at a five-cent fare.

“That sounds like a dream, I know. But I am no dreamer. I am a practical railroad man who has created new railroad business by reducing fares. I have my own and my brother’s business experience in a number of the large cities of the country, and knowledge gained through my Lehigh Valley system, connecting a large number of towns and villages, to guide me both in the construction and in the operation of electric railroads. I have also had Westinghouse electrical experts make special calculations for me, and I am prepared to prove that no more electricity is required to send a car that makes no stops or slow-ups at a high rate of speed from New York to Philadelphia than it does to carry a car from end to end of a system in New York or Brooklyn, where there are frequent stops at street corners. From seven to twelve times more electricity is required to start a car than is needed to keep it going after it has once been in full motion, so that a car traveling the long distance, but making no stops, would use no more power than one traveling the short distance with frequent stops. The wages charge would be the same in both cases. Damage charges are very heavy in a large city. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit company had \$1,000,000 against it in damage suits last year. A million dollars would raise or depress every crossroad along the line of a New York-Philadelphia railroad, so that there need not be a single grade crossing, and the most fruitful source of accidents would thus be cut off. Then, the expense of building a street railroad is very great, as compared with that of a railroad through an open country. In this way I reach the conclusions that railroad fares between New York and Philadelphia should be no greater than those of railroads in the cities!”

This will indicate the daring genius of Albert L. Johnson. “Progress is doing new things,” he said once in my hearing to some of his lieutenants, who hesitated to carry out an experi-

ment his fertile mind had suggested. Because others were reluctant to leave the beaten path, he was in most new matters, his own lieutenant, and no president of a railroad ever knew more about every detail of construction and operation. He knew, because he himself had served in every capacity.

The New York-Philadelphia project grew out of the years of experience, first in Cleveland, where his brother and he had started with a little line on the West side, their service being provided by "four second-hand cars, and 19 mules." Against the masterly opposition of Mark Hanna, the famous king of Cleveland, they pushed into the heart of the city, and then into the East side. Leaving Cleveland, Albert Johnson took hold of undeveloped railroads and franchise rights in Brooklyn, N. Y. Out of these he and his brother Tom built the Nassau system, famous in the street railroad world for its long haul, low fare, and enormous traffic. Losing control of the management through the sale of the stock of one of their partners, they disposed of their Nassau interests. Tom L. Johnson was free at last to do what he had long desired to do—to devote himself to the single tax cause. Albert Johnson turned to the development of a Lehigh Valley system in Pennsylvania, in which he had previously embarked with the view, some time, of making it a large enterprise.

He had started an opposition in Allentown, and with low fares, improved equipment, and better management, had compelled the General Electric company, which owned the original line, to sell out to him. Mr. Robert E. Wright, who managed the fight for the other company, was taken into the Johnson company. He became Mr. Johnson's chief adviser, and on the latter's death was elected to succeed Mr. Johnson in the presidency of the company.

Beginning with the Allentown road, lines in neighboring towns were absorbed or constructed and connecting links built, so that at the time of his death the Lehigh Valley Traction company ran through and connected more than 60 towns and villages, and supplied electric light to a score. His plan was to connect all these communities with Philadelphia. The fare on the steam trains from Allentown to Philadelphia is \$1.80. He proposed to make as good time, but to charge at start only 50 cents, and less, subsequently.

From this Lehigh-Valley Philadelphia plan developed the Philadelphia-New York idea. And Mr. Johnson had

the confident expectation not only of carrying passengers at revolutionary fares, but also of carrying freight, too, and at rates that would astonish the world. The steam roads charge a dollar or more for transporting a ton of coal from the anthracite regions to tide water. He saw "millions of profit" at 25 cents a ton.

"Most railroad men may call me crazy for proposing to do such things," he said in conversation, "but that is because they themselves, or their stockholders, have not the courage to try it, or else they do not know how. But I can tell you that where I lead, other men will follow. They will get courage, and will see how simple it all is—provided, of course, the right kind of management is supplied. And then it will not be long before the whole country will be covered by a network of these electric railroads, each running its single cars, or its trains, as necessity may demand.

"My belief is that, with the kind of development which I know is possible, there would be large profit to an electric railroad carrying passengers from New York to Cleveland for 40 cents, and from New York to Chicago for \$1.50.

"I'm no dreamer. I am a practical railroad builder and operator. I have made a fortune by putting fares down and improving equipment and management, and I am willing to stake all I have on an extension of this policy. I talk about that with which I am familiar. I don't go thinking about flying machines when I know what can be done with railroads."

It was in this bold, open style that Albert Johnson proclaimed his purpose to ask the people of Philadelphia for the right to construct a new railroad system on all the unoccupied streets of that city. "I talk publicly," he said at the time, "because I propose to go into partnership with the public by giving, in low fares and free transfers, what usually goes to the politicians who peddle railroad franchises. I shall give a three-cent service that will be better than the present five-cent service."

The Johnson proposal was hailed with rejoicing by the masses of the people, but the politicians were not slow to see their own advantage. The Quay faction, commanding at Harrisburg as well as in Philadelphia, rushed through a bill, and then, by virtue of this act, several franchises, giving all ungraded street railroad privileges in Philadelphia and several other cities of Pennsylvania to members of their own "gang," and when Mr. John Wan-

amaker offered to give to the city of Philadelphia \$2,000,000, and to the franchise stealers themselves half a million dollars, for the newly obtained grants, they scorned to answer, treating him with contemptuous silence. Nothing so brazenly corrupt had ever been done in notoriously corrupt Pennsylvania. Albert Johnson foresaw the reaction that would sooner or later come. His comment, when he heard of the franchise robbery, was: "These politicians are really helping me, for their theft of these franchises comes very close after my unusual proposal to give the people three-cent car fare. The politicians propose to give the people nothing. They have stolen those franchises, not to use them, but to sell them, and the people will get no benefit. I shall fight, however. I shall carry the matter into the courts, and in the meanwhile I shall build my Lehigh Valley road down to the city line of Philadelphia, where my passengers may find cars of the Union Traction company, the street railroad system that now serves Philadelphia."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," and so it was that great, stalwart Albert Johnson, a very giant to outward seeming; Albert Johnson, with his brilliant plans—plans that he believed would lift humanity to higher planes—was called to the long sleep. He had all that a man could desire to live for; a happy home, an affectionate family, a wealth of friends, a large and rapidly increasing fortune, and he was elated by exalted aspirations. In the prime of manhood, for he was but 40, and in the flush of success, he was called. Years before, while driving 12 horses before a snow plow over the street railroad system in Cleveland, he had been thrown to the ground by breaking harness. It is supposed that he then injured an artery in his chest. Time, with its stirring action and heavy mental strife, insidiously developed the injury, until, with warnings that could scarcely be believed, nature yielded to death.

The death came suddenly, as befitted the man of action that he had always been. He died standing, enfolded in his brother Tom's arms—united to the last with that brother to whom he was so devotedly attached, and for whom he had such loyal, such unstinting admiration.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

In his "History of Medicine" (New Sharon, Me.: New England Eclectic Publishing Co.), Dr. Alexander Wilder presents an outline of medical history from the period of the earliest records. The book was written pursuant to the request and under the sanction of the National