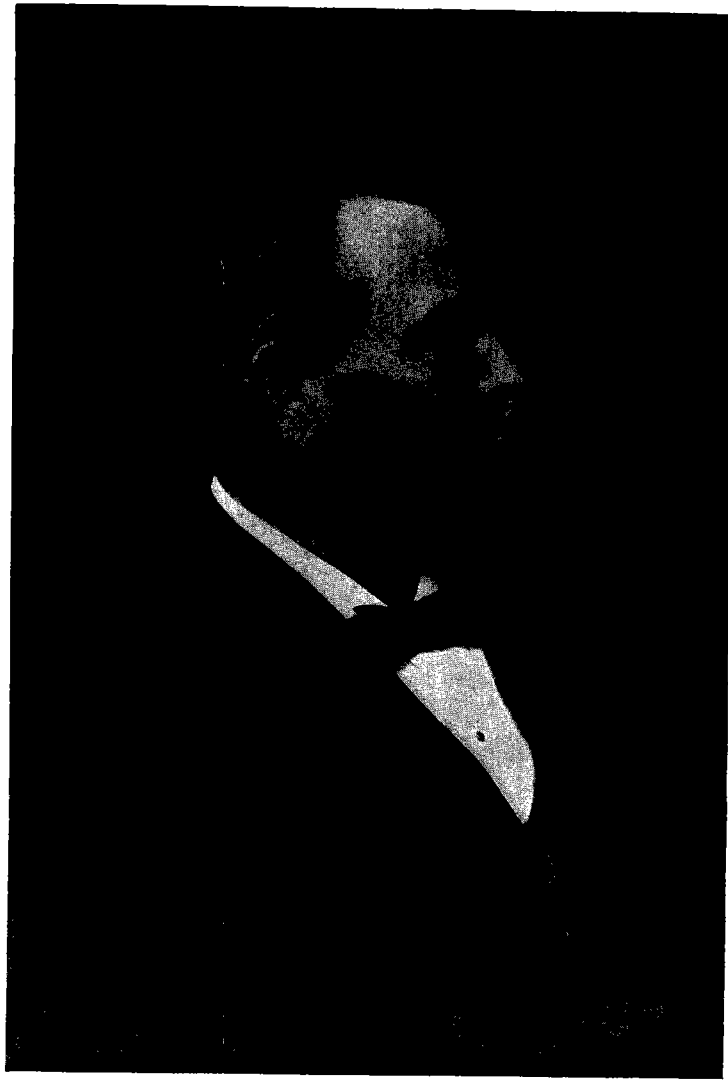


THE TOM L. JOHNSON  
TESTIMONIAL  
BANQUET

HOTEL ASTOR, NEW YORK  
MAY 30, 1910



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1911



Tom L. Johnson

Done by Horace Carr, at  
The Printing Press  
Cleveland

## INTRODUCTION



SELF-CONSTITUTED Committee, composed of August Lewis, Bolton Hall, Joseph Fels, Lincoln Steffens, Frederic C. Howe, and Daniel Kiefer, representing tens of thousands of the friends and admirers of Tom L. Johnson, arranged a public reception and dinner in Mr. Johnson's honor, which took place at the Hotel Astor, New York City, on the evening of May thirtieth, nineteen hundred and ten.

The special feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. Johnson of a bronze medallion with the faces of Henry George and Tom L. Johnson displayed thereon in bas-relief. The medallion is the work of Richard George, the sculptor, and son of Henry George. It is the gift of a multitude of friends, who availed themselves eagerly of this means of expressing their appreciation of Mr. Johnson's devotion to an ideal and of his great service to their common cause.

Frederic C. Leubscher, president of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, presided, and addresses were made by Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati; Henry George, Jr., of New York; Louis F. Post, of Chicago; John DeWitt Warner, of New York; Newton D. Baker, of Cleveland, and Edmund Vance Cooke, of Cleveland, Mr. Johnson responding briefly at the close.

The Committee takes pleasure in presenting the addresses of this memorable evening, the names of the diners, and a list of the contributors to the medallion fund, in the following pages.

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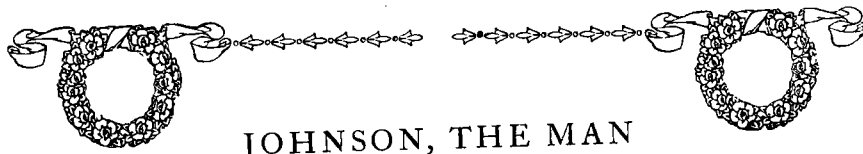
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REV. HERBERT S. BIGELOW

FREDERIC CYRUS LEUBUSCHER  
TOASTMASTER

Friends of Tom L. Johnson:

About twenty-three years ago, in a meeting at Cooper Union, I heard the chairman, in introducing a young man as one of the speakers, say that there had been a president of the United States named Tom whose fame was immortal, not because he was the founder of a great political party, but because he was the great expounder of fundamental democracy. And, the chairman continued, we may have another president of the United States named Tom, who will apply Jeffersonian principles to modern conditions. That chairman was Henry George, and the young man whom he introduced was Tom L. Johnson. His prophecy that Tom L. Johnson would be president of the United States has not come true—as yet; but Tom L. Johnson is generally recognized as the leading practical exponent of fundamental democracy in this country, and our sturdiest fighter against special privilege. We honor him because he is a leader and we love him because he is an all-round man. Many of this large company assembled here to-night have not enjoyed the opportunity of personal association with the man; so we will now listen to one who for years has enjoyed his friendship and confidence, and who will address us on, “Johnson the Man”—Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow.



## JOHNSON, THE MAN

**I**N politics there is the swing of the pendulum like the seasons. The weary work must be done of plowing and sowing and waiting. But when the time is ripe the change is rapid. Yesterday the fields were green, to-day they are yellow. Though the reapers were waiting they are taken by surprise. Political movements, like harvest-fields, turn to gold in a night.

What season of the year is this for our movement? Is it not the harvest-time at hand? The budget necessities of the nations are forcing them to the fiscal program of Henry George. The long-gathering storm of an insurgent democracy is breaking upon a world weary of the yoke of privilege and ready for the realization of mighty hosts. The next fifteen years are to witness, I believe, some dramatic culminations in the long agitation for free trade, free land and a free people.

We gather to-night, not merely to pay a tribute to the man who has led in all our battles in the past. We come to renew our allegiance to his leadership and to rejoice with him in the glorious future that awaits us.

Tom Johnson was ever a fighter. To-night we are gathered around the campfires, and we have our general with us; to-morrow he will be leading somewhere. But we have him here to-night. So we are going to tell him how proud we are of his victories, and we are going to make him listen, while we tell the world why we love him and love to fight with him.

Here is a many-sided man, a man of great mental endow-





ment. While he lay sick here in New York, he kept books on advanced mathematics at his bedside. In the thickest of his Cleveland fights he would go home at night to oversee some electrical experiments, or direct the machinists in the shop that he kept in his barn. Unwearied by the work of a score of men, he still found time to play at problems that baffled the rest of us.

There is no mystery that such a mind should have won in the world of big business. But there is always some mystery, because it is so rare, that a man with the mental gifts to win in the race for millions should deliberately turn aside and devote his ability to the service of others.

But this was because Tom Johnson is as exceptional in moral character as he is in mental power.

There is one word that describes his moral character. That word is honesty. It's in the man's blood. I have seen this man in many a political battle. I have seen him in convention fights, where a trick would have turned defeat into victory. At these times, I have marveled at the man's honesty. Oh, he's a fighter! But this is the best of it—he's square, and he has always had the courage to lose if he could not win straight.

Moreover, he's a prince of optimists. Self-reliance, faith that the right must win; indifference to personal defeat; unfailing sunshine; indomitable hope; he seems always to have enough of these for himself and his whole army, too. Who could not fight for such a man? Emerson might truly have written of him:

"The sun set, but set not his hope.  
Stars rose, his faith was earlier up."

Ability, honesty, optimism; and to these we must add, a perfect genius for friendship. Some of us have reason to know what the friendship of Tom Johnson must have meant

to Henry George; we know that he is a man of rich and wonderful devotion to his friends.

But there is something finer still that gives this man a peculiar place in our affection and esteem. There is a quality yet unnamed which alone explains the inexpressible loyalty and devotion that we feel. How, I asked myself, shall I find words to approach this, the deepest sentiment of this occasion. Then I thought of that bible story:

“And as he was going forth into the way, there ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and asked him, ‘Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?’ Jesus looking upon him loved him, and said unto him, ‘One thing thou lackest. Go, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me.’ But his countenance fell at the saying and he went away sorrowful, for he was one having great possessions.”

But turn a page in the world’s Bible. God’s new Messiah came, preaching his divine message of brotherhood made possible because based upon social equity. This later revelation, like the sweet and wondrous echoes of old Galilee, fell on the soul of another young man who came to the new teacher with the old question, “Good Master, what must I do?”

The teacher, looking upon him, loved him, and said unto him: “Go—risk whatever thou hast and give all that thou art, to teach the poor how they may secure justice for themselves.” Now this young man had great possessions; nevertheless, his countenance shone at the saying, and he went and did what the master said.

It was Tom Loftin Johnson, who, in the nobleness of his soul, turned away from the enticing paths of privilege and power to serve with his whole heart the truth which he had learned from Henry George.



So timely was his help, so complete has his devotion been, so inspiring is his leadership, that our gratitude can make no distinction to-night, between disciple and teacher.

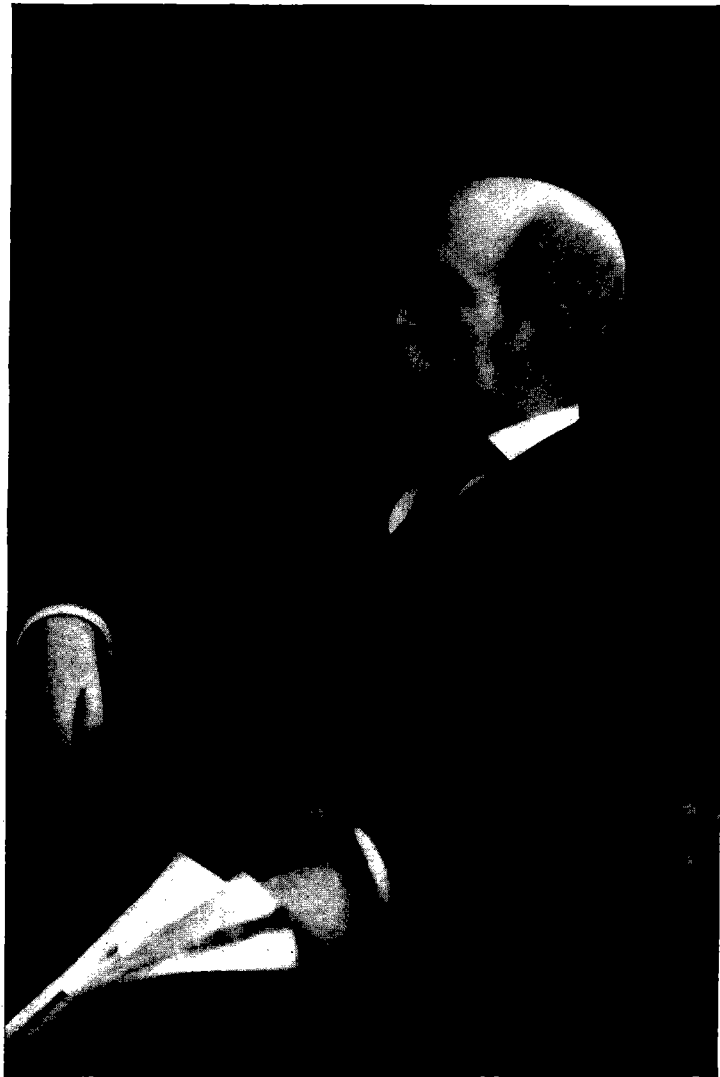
For in our undivided affection, as in the annals of freedom, these names are inseparable and immortal—Henry George, the most useful thinker this nation has produced—and Tom Loftin Johnson, the happiest combination of clear thinking and right feeling; the finest blending of idealism and action, the most radical and the most truly conservative and soundest statesman in the American Republic.

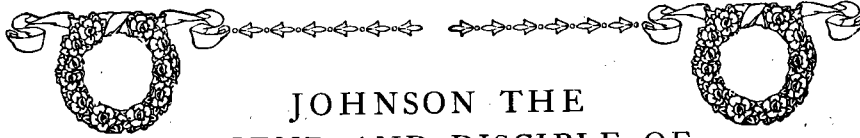
What could we do to honor such a leader and such a friend? This slight thing we have done: we have had this medallion made which we bring to you to-night, Mr. Johnson. Devoted hands have wrought it in brass, and we ask you to accept it, remembering that with these two loved faces side by side, this medallion represents an image which the fires of a holy cause have burned upon our hearts forever.

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

MR. LEUBUSCHER

If the great prophet were still with us in the flesh he would be here to-night, and claim the right of responding to the toast "The Friend and Disciple of Henry George." But it is more than a dozen years since Henry George laid down his life while he was fighting shoulder to shoulder with Tom L. Johnson. It is meet, therefore, that his son and namesake, upon whose worthy shoulders has fallen the mantle of his great sire, should speak to us of the friendship between the two men which only death could end—Henry George, Jr.





JOHNSON THE  
FRIEND AND DISCIPLE OF  
HENRY GEORGE



QUARTER of a century has now passed since the first meeting of the guest of honor to-night and Henry George. Henry George was forty-five years old—in the fulness of his powers. He was living with his family in a little brick house in what was then the outskirts of Brooklyn; his finances as usual so low that he was finding difficulty in paying the rent. He was busy with another book, "Protection or Free Trade," which before book publication he was publishing by chapters, in serial form, in a syndicate of newspapers over the country.

One day a handsome young man of thirty-one, with open manners, infectious smile and magnetic presence, called at the Macon Street house. He introduced himself as Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland. He said he owned a street-railroad system there, and that he had bought a road in Brooklyn which he was fitting with a cable system of his own invention. He told how he had read "Social Problems" first, then "Progress and Poverty;" and that he would rather have it to say to his children that he had met Henry George and had entertained him under his own roof as his guest, than to be able to transmit to them any worldly blessing.

"I did not want to talk about myself," said Tom L. Johnson afterwards. "I did not go there for that. I went to talk to Mr. George about his cause; and I wanted in some way to call it my cause too. But he stretched out on a lounge and I sat in a chair, and I found myself telling him the story of my life.

"Then I said, 'Mr. George, your book on the tariff ques-

tion will soon be out. I want to help to do good with it. I want two hundred copies, so as to send one to each lawyer and clergyman in Cleveland.' I also said to him: 'I cannot write and I cannot speak. The least I can do is to make money with which to push our cause.'"

"Mr. George answered: 'You do not know whether or not you can write; you have not tried. You do not know whether or not you can speak; you have not tried. Take an interest in political questions. It is well enough to make money; but the abilities that can make money can do other things too.'"

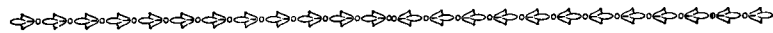
The friendship began at that meeting twenty-five years ago and subsisted for twelve years. It was broken only by death, if indeed, then. Tom L. Johnson, with August Lewis, who is the first to do honor to Mr. Johnson here to-night, were chief among those that followed the dead Henry George to Greenwood, out there at the crest of Ocean Hill, and made the interment at a spot beside which now sleep the father and mother and brother of Tom L. Johnson.

This for the friendship; as for the discipleship, has it not been true? It is indeed inextricably linked with the glorious events of the last decade and more of Henry George's life.

In the first pages of the book left unpublished, "The Science of Political Economy," is the dedication to Tom L. Johnson jointly with that other superb friend and disciple, August Lewis, that testifies to the discipleship with Henry George's last breath, as it were. And since then has not the man we gather around to-night proved by his grand work, and if possible, by his greater sacrifice, his faithful discipleship? Ask them in Ohio; ask thousands over our broad country; ask men and women all over our great world, who, inspired by the glory of his struggles, have been spurred to greater efforts for the cause of justice.

And now in this pause in the wars we take this occasion





to say our little say of this Ulysses of our cause; our great warrior, who yet is so wise in action. This is a season of rest with him, and yet he chafes at ease. He would be in the press of things. Most fitting seem the words of Tennyson in describing the yearnings of the Ulysses of old:

“There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;  
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil’d, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.  
Death closes all; but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;  
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Though much is taken, much abides; and though  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

LOUIS F. POST

## MR. LEUBUSCHER

The first political campaign in which I took part was that waged by Henry George in 1886, for the mayoralty of New York City. The candidate's headquarters were in the old Colonnade Hotel, which was razed many years ago, and there I went to offer my humble services. Strange as it may seem to my friends and acquaintances, I was a shy young man in those days; but the man who greeted me as I entered the room soon put me at my ease. He was a rather undersized young man with a Jovian head. I had the honor of collaborating with him in writing an account of that campaign, and conceived an affection and admiration for him which has not been lessened by his world-wide fame as the greatest writer on fundamental democracy. Mr. Louis F. Post will now address us on "Johnson in the George Campaigns."



## JOHNSON IN THE GEORGE CAMPAIGNS

**T**HERE were three George campaigns, but I shall speak of only two. The middle one was a sort of playing at politics for the good we might do; the first and the last were as serious to the enemy as they were to us.

Those two were in the city of New York, and each was a contest for Mayor. One came off in 1886, when Henry George was defeated by Abram S. Hewitt and ran ahead of Theodore Roosevelt; the other was in 1897, when he died before the votes were cast. They are called "George Campaigns" because George's leadership gave them distinctive character both at home and abroad—in this city, over this country, and throughout the English-speaking world. It is to our guest's service in those two campaigns that this part of our program alludes.

In assigning this subject, the program committee has prudently chosen one that admits of no extended remarks from me. If they don't know that I never like to begin a speech, they do know that I never like to stop. "Johnson in the George Campaigns!" Why, Johnson wasn't in the first George Campaign, and I was six hundred miles away all through the second.

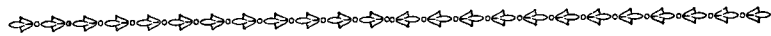
But that is not all. The committee has fixed it so that I can't keep a-going by wandering off into other subjects. If I would speak of Tom L. Johnson as a man, the eloquent tribute of Bigelow would ring in my ears and drown the thought. Were I to recall the long and loving friendship of Tom L. Johnson and Henry George, the tenderness

with which Harry George has told of it would warn me off. Were I tempted to go afield and speak of Johnson's splendid service in Congress, or his career as the best Mayor of the best-governed city in the United States, or his magnificent triumphs in defeat, I should forestall the thoughts of my friends who are better fitted to speak of those things—DeWitt Warner and Newton Baker and Vance Cooke. You see there is really nothing for me to say about Johnson outside of my own subject, so full rounded and complete is this program. I must stick to my subject, even if Johnson wasn't in it at one end and I wasn't at the other.

But I wonder if I haven't created a false impression in saying that Johnson was not in the first George campaign. I guess I should have said he wasn't in it conspicuously. For he was in it. If it had not been for Tom L. Johnson, Thomas G. Shearman, John P. Cranford, August Lewis and a few more such men, disinterested, profoundly enthusiastic, and able to draw helpful checks, the difficulties encountered in that campaign would have been much greater than they were. In those days the legitimate expenses of elections were heavy. So Tom L. Johnson did figure in the first George campaign; but he figured in such a way as not to let even his left hand know what his check-book was doing.

And that has been characteristic of Johnson in the financial aid he has given to the cause of which those two campaigns were a part. He has given money abundantly, but always in the only way in which gifts of money can be useful in a moral crusade. There were no strings to his contributions; and along with the money he gave, he gave also himself.

If he was not conspicuous in the first George campaign, it was because he had not yet learned how to help except in the way he did help. But when the second George campaign came on, eleven years had elapsed. Meanwhile he had learned



practical politics. Meanwhile he had fought four campaigns for Congress and lost two. Meanwhile he had served in Congress the two terms he won. Meanwhile he had learned the art of effective public speech. And the cause which had taken possession of his heart in the first George campaign, had been firmly grasped by his mind when the second came on. He was well equipped in every way for the work of management which fell upon him in the second campaign.

When I met him in the first George campaign, Johnson was a round-faced, clear-eyed, full-blooded, full-spirited boy of thirty-four, a-thrill with the angelic joy of being alive. He was already a successful business man, an expert money-maker, just opening his eyes to the beauties of that moral universe which Henry George had revealed to him. When I rode with him behind the body of our common leader, with August Lewis and Father McGlynn, in that inspiring hour at the close of the second campaign, he had himself become a full-grown leader of men. The first George campaign was his primary school; he graduated in the second. The truth that Henry George tried to make clear, had found in him one of those friends who will not only toil for it, suffer for it, and if need be die for it, but who know what to do and how to do it.

That truth of which he learned so fully in those George campaigns and in the interval between, what was it? A vision—just a vision. Invisible to the physical eye, but a glorious and substantial vision to the moral eye. This is what men die for—visions. It is what men live for if they really live—visions.

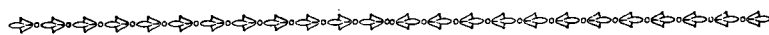
What's the use? Ask any genuine visionary—I will not consent to the usual debasement of that word "visionary", when all history tells me that the most useful men that ever lived, the most successful men, were visionaries, and were useful and successful because they were visionaries—ask any

genuine visionary, I say, ask him what's the use of dying for a vision, or suffering for a vision. Ask that visionary over in London, Joseph Fels, who urged on this presentation and is probably dreaming of it now in his British bed. Ask that visionary at that table over there, Daniel Kiefer, who originated the idea of this presentation. Ask this visionary here, Tom L. Johnson. I don't know what words he would use, but I do know what would be the substance of his reply. It would be the same that any other genuine visionary would make. What's the use of dying or suffering for a vision? Why, that the vision may be realized in human life!

In those two George campaigns Tom L. Johnson sought a realization of the vision Henry George revealed to him. He has been doing it ever since. But he learned then that there is a vast difference between a true visionary and a mere dreamer. A dreamer sees his visions only in his sleep. A true visionary sees his while he is awake. The mere dreamer may wish hard enough to realize his visions; but the true visionary works for the realization of his. Or if the dreamer does work, it is as one in a dream, whereas the visionary works with calculation, with forethought, according to plans.

There is a story of a sculptor — Michael Angelo, I think — who pointed to a block of marble and said: "Within that block of marble there is a beautiful statue. Chip away the surrounding marble, not too much of it nor too little, and the statue will be visible." Now the chipping away at a marble block may not look much like making a beautiful statue. The flat surfaces and rigid angles may give little promise of any complex curves of beauty. But commonplace and inconsequential as they may seem, they are necessary steps to the realization of the imprisoned statue.

Applied to political action, this was the lesson that Johnson learned in the George campaigns. If the vision that George revealed to him was to be realized, the surrounding



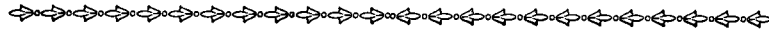
conditions must be chipped away—not likely dreamed away, nor wished away, nor cursed away, but thoughtfully, patiently and laboriously chipped away.

And what a vision—what a vision! It is not what is called the Single Tax, though. That is a primary method of realization. Neither is it common rights to the land, though that is the fundamentally necessary condition for realization. This vision is what common rights to the land would bring about, and what the Single Tax would clear the way for. The vision itself is the brotherhood of mankind.

Here we have a world of abounding wealth. Our wealth-producing power continually increases. All the necessaries of life and all the reasonable luxuries might be produced with a little work by all and without stint for any, so marvelous is the producing power of man. Yet in spite of all the wealth that is produced, and in spite of the vastly more that might be produced, the suffering from want is enormous. Don't deny it, my complacent friend; you whose own belly being full, think no one need be hungry. If you do, the magnificent charities of which you boast, will put your denial down. There could be no magnificent charities if debasing poverty did not furnish them a field for operations. Or think, if you will, of the children—not yours, of course, but children of your race, the human race—armies of them, whose little lives are worn out in the drudgery of factories. Herod himself would turn sick at the stomach if he could see it.

What is doing it? Ask this guest of ours to tell you the answer he got in the first George campaign and the answer he gave in the last one. The working masses are disinherited of the land and through this are divested of the very machinery they make. And so they must, for the bare right to live by work, bargain away their labor for a fraction of what they really earn. With land and machinery thus monopolized, producers are at a deadly disadvantage.





The vision so many came to see in those George campaigns, is the reversal of all this. It is a vision of an industrial democracy under which, if there were any poverty, it would be of the leisure class alone and not of the working class.

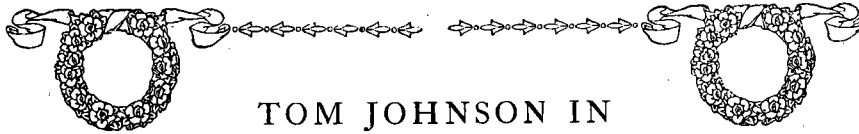
The taxation method advocated by Henry George for realizing this vision, is so simple, so commonplace, so much like merely chipping away the marble which imprisons the statue, that many who are as eager as we to realize the vision, turn away from the method as inadequate. Yet this method is so true, so sound, so manifestly in harmony with the natural laws of land tenure and taxation, that many others ignore the vision in their devotion to the method.

Whether Tom L. Johnson learned the lesson in either of the George campaigns or not, he has at any rate learned the true lesson for realizing his vision, George's vision, our vision. He has kept a steady grasp upon methods without making a fetish of them, and a steady eye on the vision without resolving it into a dream.

JOHN DEWITT WARNER

MR. LEUBUSCHER

We Single-Taxers of the twentieth century are felicitating ourselves on the great progress the movement is making throughout the world. There are signs indeed that the concepts of our philosophy are permeating economic thought all over this country; but we have not yet duplicated the vote that was taken almost twenty years ago in the House of Representatives where six men put themselves on record in favor of a Single-Tax amendment to the pending tariff bill. The motion was made by Tom L. Johnson, and one of the five who voted for it was John DeWitt Warner, who will now speak of "Johnson in Congress."



## TOM JOHNSON IN CONGRESS

**I** AM doubly favored in my toast; first, in being allowed to pay my tribute to a living man who deserves it, instead of being set to frame a eulogy on some one we have neglected until he is dead; and, second, in having assigned me as subject the congressional career of one who might well be proud of every hour of it.

The first time I ever saw Tom Johnson was at Henry George's home, just after he had so happily described the "all-at-once" way the Single-Tax idea flashed on one who studied it, as "seeing the cat"—a phrase that has challenged thousands to test the alertness of their own minds by "finding the cat" in the Progress and Poverty picture.

The next time I met him was at the opening of the Fifty-second Congress when we both did our best to make Mr. Mills speaker. It was a hot fight of weeks before we were defeated; but there was more staked on it than we then knew. On each side were honest men; but the Democratic party stood at the forks of the road, and instead of fearlessly following first principles that would have kept it the people's party, it so trimmed and compromised with the enemies of democracy that it drifted to hopeless wreck, as, year after year, self-respecting Democrats were crowded aside. But then we only knew that we had done our best and were beaten. And in that fight no man gained more in the acquaintance and regard of his fellows that did Tom Johnson.

For the next four years—two of Harrison and two of



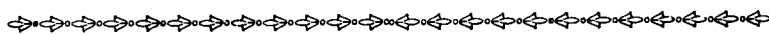
Cleveland—the political situation kept tariff and the currency to the front; and then, to boot

“And everywhere Tom Johnson went  
The Single Tax was sure to go —”

so that there was not a dull minute. If Free Trade was ever better put than he put it, I have failed to hear it; if any one else so flayed alive and vivisected “protection” and tariff “trusts,” I have failed to see it. I shall never forget Dalzell’s startled agony as Johnson cut his way in debate from the inside of the steel trust, and laughed at the hole he thus made in its vitals.

In debate Johnson was dreaded. Never speaking until he felt that there was something that just must be said at once, he wasted no time in exordium, but forced the fighting from the start to a knockout; and stopped—with no peroration needed.

I cannot schedule four years of active work in the minutes I am given here to-night. But a few incidents I must recall. The assumption of our tariff beneficiaries that the constitution, the flag and the franking privilege were exclusively theirs to be used as they pleased, had become offensive. Argument was wasted. Johnson arranged to have “Protection or Free Trade” put in frankable shape; and as first by tens, and later by hundreds of thousands, copies reached all parts of the country, no one could doubt who had best played that game. As a revenue bill was dragging its weary length through the committee of the whole, Johnson moved a single-tax amendment; and though, as I now recall, but half a dozen of us voted for it, I doubt if so little dynamite ever made so sharp a jar as thus did the Single Tax on its début into Congress. The District of Columbia—including Washington, “the beautiful capital city of a free people”—is, as you know, utterly without self-government or political rights



—a satrapy administered by three commissioners under the dictation of Congress exercised through its “District Committees.” Well, Johnson at once made the acquaintance of the Committeemen, and especially of the commissioners, and charmed them by one and another sensible suggestion that they found worked well in practice, until, one day, some one found that District affairs were being run on single-tax lines. There was a great to-do; but Johnson’s only explanation to those who complained that they had thus been led into such heresy was to dub them “Young-men-afraid-of-their-brains,” a phrase that added to the gayety of nations.

In the Fifty-third Congress, as the Wilson Bill was to be sent to the Senate, a few of us planned to hit the Sugar Trust in the face. As is usual, those in control of procedure so planned as, while giving apparent freedom of debate, to give but little chance to “break the slate.” On study of the situation, a few of us thought we saw how the fight might be so shaped as to hold each member to personal responsibility. It succeeded, and we precipitated a *mêlée* in which finally every member had to pass between the tellers with the eyes of the nation and his own constituents upon him. The Democratic majority overrode its own Ways and Means Committee; Republicans bolted the sugar duties; and as the Wilson Bill went to the Senate it provided absolute free trade in sugar—raw or refined. Of those entitled to credit for this, Tom Johnson was among the first. Of course, the Senate restored and worsened the sugar steal. But the Sugar Trust thieves, the senators from Havemeyer, and their reptile train of camp-followers, were forced to take the open as they could not otherwise have been made to do; the Democratic party was taught that horsewhipping at the polls was the natural fate of political recreants; and tariff sins were so exposed that never since has “protection” been respectable.



But one word more. During the two terms I served with Tom Johnson in Congress, I grew to appreciate him as a thoroughbred—one who could be depended upon to stand by his convictions against friend or foe, winning or losing, with or without notice, whether alert at noon or waked at two o'clock in the morning, whatever the consequences. In short, he was incapable of "flinching." I have felt that I thus became one of those, all too few, but now rapidly growing in number, who can appreciate his later career, in which the American people are beginning to know him as one who has unstintedly given not merely his time, his means, and his ambitions, but himself, unreservedly, to the people whom he has led.

NEWTON D. BAKER



## MR. LEUBUSCHER

Tom Johnson's world-wide fame was not made in New York nor in Washington, but in Cleveland, his home city. Most of us have only a second-hand knowledge of his unceasing warfare there against privilege, a war in which he risked health and wealth, but which he will wage until, like Henry George, he lays down his life, fighting in the front ranks. We cannot have a real knowledge of this great war except from the lips of one of his soldiers. Johnson surrounded himself with young men who have honored both him and their city; and one of them will now tell us about "Johnson in Cleveland"—Mr. Newton D. Baker.

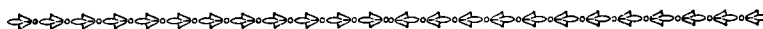


## JOHNSON IN CLEVELAND

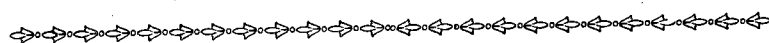


FIND myself embarrassed by the invitation to speak here to-night. It is easier to fight Mr. Johnson's enemies than either to satisfy his friends, or, in his presence, justly to appraise his work in Cleveland. Moreover, to pack into twenty minutes a recital of even the large achievements of the last ten years of his activity is impossible. Those who know Mr. Johnson even slightly will appreciate that activity on his part means results, while those of us who know him best comprehend most nearly the meaning of ten years of such ceaseless, restless, but effective energy as characterizes him.

Ten or twelve years ago, when Mr. Johnson began his municipal activities in Cleveland, the city was to all intents and purposes an overgrown country village. Its social and political outlook was provincial. Its physical improvements had suffered arrested development. The city was ill-kept, its streets uncleaned, its lighting poor, its water supply insufficient, and all departments of its public service indicated a lack of adequacy to the conditions which the great growth of the city had brought upon it. In Cleveland the public life was corrupted, and those low forms of bartering and bribery which seem still to characterize American municipal government in many places, were shamelessly practised there. We had had a ring known as the "Big Thirteen," in the Council, that not only sold legislation like merchandise, but hawked it about at cut rates without even the dignity of maintaining prices. It was such a Cinderella maiden of a city that Mr. Johnson took by the hand to lead out of her low estate.



And the beginning of Mr. Johnson's administration, so characteristic of him, would nevertheless seem both strange and unpromising. He grouped around him as his advisers and immediate subordinates, neither the philosophers nor the big business men of the city. For instance, he selected as the Director of Charities and Corrections the unknown pastor of an obscure Disciple church; who, Mr. Johnson's constant inspiration and support, first taught the people of Cleveland that true public charity and correction did not consist of multiplied back-door handouts, but rather of a public interest in the welfare of the disinherited which would give them new hope from new opportunity in the world. And so, this Director of Charities and Corrections has now achieved a fame less only than that of Mr. Johnson, and Harris R. Cooley is known throughout the United States as an inspiration — nay, as a discoverer, in his field of municipal activity. In the same way he selected an obscure, youthful and inexperienced country lawyer to be the head of his legal department. But so surprising is Mr. Johnson's own ability as a lawyer that the unwisdom of that choice has never been discovered, but in the great legal battles which have taken place between the public interest and privilege, the ultimate victory lay with the people. As the Director of Public Works, Mr. Johnson selected a young man deprived of early educational opportunity, schooled as a day-laborer in a brickyard; but as the years came and went, this young man was recognized as having and developing capacities for business management and administrative skill which not only redeemed the public service from every taint or suggestion of dishonesty, but showed results which could be set down in figures, and which demonstrated almost infinite efficiency in the regeneration of the public works of the city. Now, these successes were due in some part, perhaps, to the zeal and devotion of the men about Mr. Johnson, but if they were



here they would join me in saying that in largest part these successes were due to Mr. Johnson's unflagging industry and unselfish devotion in aiding them to solve their several questions, and to his astonishing sense for the right and the wise and the just in every problem submitted to him. We drew on him mercilessly for strength and encouragement; and his enthusiasm seemed never to wane, nor his capacity for giving to grow less. The result was that in ten years Cleveland became in many ways a model city: its parks beautiful and popularized, its streets cleaned and well lighted, its water department effectively reorganized, its charities and corrections the model of the country, and the public life purified, so that during these ten years there has been no suggestion of corruption or fraud. When we came to the last election, at which Mr. Johnson was defeated, Cleveland had been so long a well-governed a city that the people had lost all their standards of comparison. It seemed so easy for him to govern wisely and well that there was a passive assumption that the trick could be automatically done. And I think a large part of the explanation of that defeat lies in this fact.

But these physical achievements were but the idle-hour occupations of Mr. Johnson as an executive. They were the things that took place as a matter of course—mere incidents of the main program. The great policy of his life in these years was to establish in everybody's mind the truth that public property belongs to the public, and that private interests have no aristocratic right to foreclose equality of opportunity by an assumption of private privilege in public property. Every question presented to Mr. Johnson had to meet and be solved by this acid test: Is there here a privilege to be enjoyed by a few and denied to the many? If the answer to this question was affirmative, the privilege was withheld.

The great fight was about the street-railroad question.

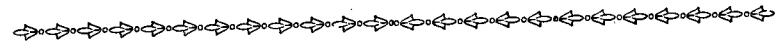


The details of that controversy are well known to most of my audience. When Mr. Johnson was first elected mayor of Cleveland, a prominent Republican politician said to me of him: "Tom Johnson is the rich man's idol and the poor man's God," and this seemed very true. There was, however, an evident feeling that the extreme radical and democratic views expressed by Mr. Johnson were, like so many other political utterances, mere catch-penny devices and rhetorical figures. The knowing ones looked wise and said: "How clever Tom is as a politician! The things he says get votes, but of course no man who knows as much as he, could really intend to carry out such destructive and unpleasant theories." Gradually they were disabused of this impression. He became less dear to the privileged class and correspondingly more dear to the unprivileged. As the fight went on it grew in intensity and in bitterness. All that criticism, opprobrium and insult could do were done to divert Mr. Johnson from his course. Those subtle and far-reaching agencies for the poisoning of public opinion which seem to be at the beck and call of privilege everywhere were levelled against him. His motives, public and private, were aspersed; his character, his life, his every action were presented in a thwart and disnatured view. His former friends fell away from him; his family, even, were not spared, and yet it availed nothing. Indeed, he scarcely seemed to mind it enough, but with a smile always on his lips, he pursued the steady course first laid down. He would not have me repeat in detail the accumulated burdens of a personal character laid upon him by this relentless war. He probably scarcely remembers its frightful cost to him in strength and happiness. His part was that of a man who had given his life to an ideal, and from whom the malice of his open enemies, and the indifference of his half-hearted friends, fell away as nothing so long as the ideal was not lost. Sometimes, we



who were closest to him, achieving a half-victory, and utterly worn out with the length of the battle, would say: "Is it not better to compromise now, and close up, with this much won?" His answer always was: "Our ideal is still ahead." And sometimes, in the darkest hours of the fight, after we had been worsted, and were bruised and apparently beaten, if we asked him: "Must we really turn the other cheek?" his answer was: "Give them the other fist!" And so, out of every discouragement he read, not for himself alone, but for the cause, new hope. Out of every defeat he saw foreshadowed the ultimate victory. It was his enthusiasm, his singleness of purpose, his frankness and justice in forming opinion, that supplied us all in the long and weary contest. And as a result, although perhaps his ideal was not attained, yet the city of Cleveland has three-cent street-railroad fare, and as close an approach to municipal ownership and management as is permitted under the laws of Ohio, while not a friend or follower who invested a dollar to make this victory possible has lost, and the largest part of this victory is that the people of the city of Cleveland have been intellectually and politically and socially emancipated. If you were to ask a Cleveland workingman on the street, as he carries his dinner bucket, what is privilege, he would give you a definition so classical that my friend Post would print it in *The Public*. Through Mr. Johnson's campaigns of education, privilege has been unmasked and stands discovered in the popular mind of Cleveland. So that the leaden atmosphere that once surrounded that city is dispelled. It is now a city of free men, who "see clear and think straight" upon political questions.

And now just a personal word in conclusion. It would be wholly impossible for me adequately to express here my gratitude to Mr. Johnson as my leader. When I was but a child, living in a remote part of the country, my father pointed



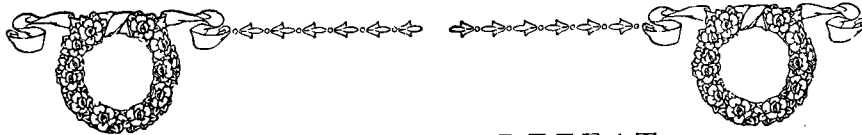
out to me Mr. Johnson's record in Congress, as it has been detailed here to-night by Mr. Warner, and said: "My son, there is a great man!" And though my father has now been taken from me, I rejoice to think that I lived to see the day when both he and I came under the spell of personal contact and intellectual leadership of Mr. Johnson. But, coming from the city of Cleveland as I do, I must bring a message from its people. We are ready enough to lend Mr. Johnson to you for a night, that you may praise him and tell him of your admiration and affection for him, but we in Cleveland are waiting impatiently for his return. Astronomers go upon high mountains, and up in balloons to study eclipses of the sun. We know when the sun is in eclipse by the fact of his absence. Great as has been the work done by him in Cleveland, more and greater work remains for him to do. There are, perhaps, still some people in Cleveland whose faces are to the wall, and who dread the heart-searching radicalism of his opinions and his actions, but the great mass of people of that city are like an army marking time until the leader shall give the order for a fresh charge. He stands upon a pinnacle of tremendous achievements, but only as a vantage ground, from which to issue commands for a more determined assault upon privilege.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE



MR. LEUBUSCHER

A poem was published some months ago in *The Public* which stirred me to the depths. It was entitled "A Man is Passing;" but instead of a dirge of despair it was a song of victory. The poet, Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke, will, in speaking of "Johnson in Defeat," depict an undefeated Johnson.



## JOHNSON IN DEFEAT

**I**T is worth coming to New York to discover that I have one quality in common with a man whom I admire so fully. Like Louis F. Post, who has just confessed to you, I, too, have difficulty in beginning an address. And, indeed, some of my friends say I ought never to do so!

The difficulty I find in beginning lies in determining the proper mode of address. "Ladies and Gentlemen" is too conventional; "Comrades of the cause!" is too self-serious; "Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" too parlor-elocutionary.

I usually find it safe to fall back upon some simple formula such as "fellow tax-dodgers," and let it go at that. But in this case I feel I am addressing the representatives of the one movement which would abolish the applicability of that form of address.

In the very forefront of these newer abolitionists, ever on the firing line, or even ahead of the firing line, stands the man in whose honor we gather together this evening.

I feel I am able to speak of him at a somewhat different angle from those who have preceded me, inasmuch as they have been, and still are, warm personal friends of the man, while in my case I have been a fellow resident of Cleveland with him for a quarter of a century, perhaps; and have seen him both publicly and privately barely half a dozen times.

This point of view has its shortcomings, its blindnesses, of course; but it also has its advantages, its perspective, because I am able to see him unglamoured of his genial personality.



If I, like some of our Republican friends, were enamored merely of a smile, I might awake some day to find behind that smile the weakness amounting almost to wickedness, the stubbornness amounting almost to stupidity, which shields a Ballinger and a Wickersham.

But our champion I do not know by his smile; I know him by his sense; I do not know him personally, I know him politically; I do not know him socially, I know him socialistically; that is to say, class-consciously.

For I am one of the throng, the crowd, the mob, if you will, who followed him, not because they knew who he was, but because they felt what he was.

And, ladies and gentlemen, after all is said and done, that is the class which won the Johnson victories in Cleveland. Those victories were not won by men in dress coats who dine at Hotel Astors. They were not won by parasites of privilege such as you may see whirling by on Broadway. They were not won by the "Alameda citizens" and the "penniless plutes." They were not won by the brilliant professionals, notwithstanding such occasional exceptions as Newton Baker and Fred Howe. They were not won by any of the hopelessly respectable classes. They were won by the common dubs, who, as a class, more nearly than any other, have hearts which beat time to the tune of liberty and freedom, of squareness and fairness, but who need a brass band to give it expression; and Tom L. Johnson was the "brass band."

This is the class which applauded every time Johnson landed a solar-plexus blow upon the body of Special Privilege, and which grieved whenever the Monster "threw him down;" and the Monster *did* throw him down a-plenty. But he was always like the Queen of Sheba in the parable—for I propose no longer to violate the ethics and proprieties of after-dinner speaking. I'm going to tell a story.

❖  
The story goes that an old darky, anxious to be a minister, went to be ordained. He was questioned thus:

“Can you write?”

“No, sah.”

“Read?”

“No, sah.”

“How do you know about the Bible?”

“Ma niece reads it to me.”

“Know about the Ten Commandments?”

“No, sah.”

“The Twenty-third Psalm?”

“Nebber heard of him, sah.”

“Know the Beatitudes?”

“No, sah.”

“Well, what part of the Bible do you like best?”

“Par’bles, sah.”

“Can you give us a parable?”

“’Deed, yes, sah.”

“Let’s have it then.”

“Once w’en the Queen of Sheeba was gwine down to Jerusalem she fell among thieves. First they passed her on de oddah side, den dey come ovah an’ dey say unto her, ‘Fro’ down Jezebel,’ but she wouldn’t fro’ her down; and again dey say unto her for de fird and last time, for I ain’t gwine to ax you no mo’, ‘Fro’ down Jezebel,’ and dey fro’d her down for seventy times and seven, till de remains were ’leven baskets, and I say unto you, ‘Whose wife was she at de resurrection?’”

Every time the Monster threw down Johnson it found there were more remains than ever, and there was never any doubt as to where they belonged at the resurrection.

For there was always a resurrection, though the last resurrection is not yet. For now we come to consider the last “throw-down,” the latest setback, the election of last



November; and, still speaking as one of the throng, one of the common citizenry, we find that even in defeat, Johnson is an inspiration more to us than ever before. How can I do better than to voice my present sentiments in the same words in which I sought to express the defeat, but defeat without discouragement, at the time:

A Man is fallen. Hail him, you  
 Who realize him staunch and strong and true.  
 He found us dollar-bound and party-blind;  
 He leaves a City with a Civic Mind,  
 Choosing her conduct with a conscious care,  
 Selecting one man here, another there,  
 And scorning labels. Craft and Graft and Greed  
 Ran rampant in our halls and few took heed.  
 The Public Service and the Public Rights  
 Were bloody bones for wolf and jackal fights.  
 Now, even the Corporate Monster licks the hand  
 Where once he snarled his insolent demand.  
 Who tamed it? Answer as you will,  
 But truth is truth, and his the credit still.

A Man is fallen. Flout him, you  
 Who would not understand and never knew.  
 Tranquil in triumph, in defeat the same,  
 He never asked your praise, nor shirked your blame;  
 For he, as Captain of the Common Good,  
 Has earned the right to be misunderstood.  
 Behold! he raised his hand against his class;  
 Aye, he forsook the Few and served the Mass.  
 Year upon year he bore the battle's brunt;  
 And so, the hiss, the cackle and the grunt!  
 He found us striving each his selfish part.  
 He leaves a City with a Civic Heart,  
 Which gives the fortune-fallen a new birth,  
 And reunites him with his Mother Earth;



Which seeks to look beyond the broken law  
To find the broken life, and mend its flaw.

A Man is fallen. Nay, no demigod,  
But a plain man, close to the common sod  
Whence springs the grass of our humanity. Strong  
Is he, but human, therefore sometimes wrong,  
Sometimes impatient of the slower throng,  
Sometimes unmindful of the formal thong,  
But ever with his feet set towards the height  
To plant the banner of the Common Right,  
And ever with his eye fixed on the goal,  
The Vision of a People with a Soul.  
And is he fallen? Aye, but mark him well;  
He ever rises further than he fell.  
A Man is fallen? I salute him, then,  
In these few words. He served his fellow-men  
And he is passing. But he comes again!

. . . . .

He comes again. Not in that full-fleshed form  
Which reveled in the charge, which rode the storm,  
But in that firm-fixed spirit which was he,  
That heritage he left for you and me:—  
Before no Vested Wrong to bow the knee,  
Before no Righteous Fight to shirk, or flee,  
Before all else to make men free, free, free.

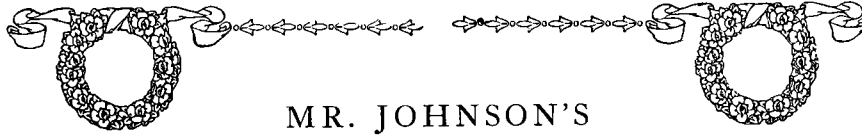
(These lines were added by Mr. Cooke after Mr. Johnson's death.)

TOM L. JOHNSON

MR. LEUBUSCHER

And now — Tom L. JOHNSON.





## MR. JOHNSON'S RESPONSE

**M**R. Chairman, and my friends: The friendly words that I have been listening to to-night might be more appropriate at a later time—when the struggle for me is closed. They are pleasant to hear, but it does not seem just fitting while I am still with you. The bronze medallion, too, in which I am associated with Henry George, seems more appropriate for that later time. I said to my friends when they first suggested this testimonial, that it seemed to me like a tribute to one who had completed his work, who had finished the game; but some of my friends said that I was so near the end of the struggle, we might overlook its seeming inappropriateness. I don't believe we are at the end of the struggle. I don't believe we have been in our last fight together. But if I am mistaken, I have no regrets—only that I might have been stronger, more powerful, more nearly deserving of the things that have been said about me to-night, for no man can deserve all those nice things.

It is nearly midnight, and I am going to be very brief. I have matter enough for a long speech, heart enough to say many things, but I will speak only a word about what I saw recently on the other side of the water.

Since my return I have often been asked, "Did the trip improve your health?" I don't care whether it did or not. If by taking it I shortened my life many years, I should never regret that trip, for I met over there a set of men and women who have kept the fires burning all these years, who have never failed, and who have never compromised the



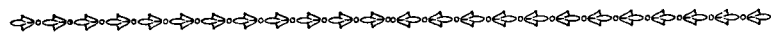
truth. I would have made that trip just to have met one of those men—John Paul. It was my pleasure and delight to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fels, and it was my good fortune to meet and know this man in Great Britain, who, with Mr. Fels, has done so much to bring our movement to the center of the stage.

One night John Paul said a suggestive thing. It was a sort of fable, a dream, I don't know what he called it; but it has been ringing in my ears ever since, and I am going to tell it to you. It symbolizes the work in which we are engaged, the work for what some of us think of as a long distance off.

John Paul said that there was a certain river, and that many human beings were in it, struggling to get to the shore. Some succeeded, some were pulled ashore by kind-hearted people on the banks. But many were carried down the stream and drowned. It is no doubt a wise thing, it is noble that under those conditions charitable people devote themselves to helping the victims out of the water. But John Paul said that it would be better if some of those kindly people on the shore engaged in rescue work, would go up stream and find out who was pushing the people into it. I could not help but follow that thought. We Single Taxers, while ready to help pull the struggling ones out, feel something urging us up the river to see who is pushing the people into the river to drown.

It is in that way I would answer those who ask us to help the poor. Let us help them, that they may at the last fight the battle of privilege with more strength and courage; but let us never lose sight of our mission up the river to see who is pushing the people in.

Just one personal allusion. In London I found to my great surprise that they understood me. I did not know whether they would understand me or not, but they looked on me



as one who had accomplished something—and I was a friend of Henry George. They at least understood that; and they loved me as you do, and of course that made me very happy. In Scotland, in Glasgow, at number 13 Dundas Street, they gave me a banquet, not at two dollars and a half a plate but “at ninepence a skull.” I won’t brag of what we had to eat, but, my friends, we could all listen with profit to what they had to say, and that is what a banquet is for. There was something really charming about it.

But probably the most enjoyable part of my trip was at the dinner that took place under the House of Commons in Westminster the night the Budget was passed. It was attended by radicals in the Liberal party in Parliament, by Irish members and by Labor members. There were thirty-five altogether. During the banquet we went upstairs while the Budget vote was taken, and then came back for our speeches. When we broke up it was to go again into the House of Commons to hear the discussion of the Verney resolution; *our* resolution, we Single Taxers could say, for it declared for our principles. After it was debated both ways, it was carried by forty-three majority.

We of the United States are interested in that struggle over there, not as outsiders, but as insiders. The whole English-speaking world is looking on at the struggle in Great Britain. The English fight seems to us a fight where we are making the biggest headway. But everywhere, all over the world, our cause is moving, so that those of us who twenty-five years ago thought it far off, have now the good fortune of seeing a realization of our dreams. Privilege has been caught, exposed; and there is but one way of putting it down, and that is by the doctrines of Henry George. Abolish privilege! Give the people who make the wealth of the world an opportunity to enjoy it.

And now I come back from England and am invited to



this gathering. I find here that same love and affection that I found abroad, and that I have found in Cleveland. But I am not taking it as a personal compliment to me. I am but an instrument, I am but an agent, in promoting that greater love, that love of big things, that love of justice, which at last must win over the world.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS  
TO THE MEDALLION

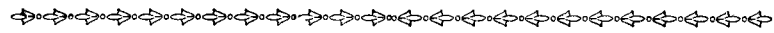
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NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT  
AT THE BANQUET



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 St. Louis, Mo. Cairns, John S.  
 Brandt, H. E. Middletown, Pa. Manchester, Conn.  
 Bregowsky, J. M. Chicago, Ill. Calcott, John, Youngstown, Ohio  
 Brennan, Lawrence Cleveland, Ohio Campbell, A. C. Ottawa, Canada  
 Brennan, P. J. New York, N.Y. Candee, George Toledo, Ohio  
 Brenneman, Cal. Kansas City, Mo. Canning, A. P. Chicago, Ill.  
 Brewster, Benjamin, Dolores, Col. Capen, William H.  
 Briggs, G. A. Elkhart, Ind. Stoughton, Mass.  
 Brill, M. M. New York, N.Y. Carden, George A. Dallas, Tex.  
 Brink, Abel Virginia, Minn. Carey, Arthur A. Waltham, Mass.  
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 Morgantown, W. Va. Carlson, Ella Chicago, Ill.  
 Carlson, N. A. Butte, Mont.  
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 Brosius, E. E. Portland, Ore. Hutchinson, Minn.  
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 Detroit, Mich. Carroll, J. B. Chicago, Ill.  
 Brown, Dr. Edward Cartwright, George  
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 Brown, E. M. Portland, Ore. Carver, M. H. Natchitoches, La.  
 Brown, F. O. Dallas, Tex. Cavanaugh, Hugh  
 Brown, Judge E. O. Chicago, Ill. Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Brown, William Toledo, Ore. Chaffee, Miss Joan  
 Browne, Cornelia J. New Orleans, La.  
 Orange, N. J. Champney, Adeline  
 Cleveland, Ohio  
 Bucklin, J. W. Grand Junction, Col. Chandler, G. L.  
 Long Beach, Cal.  
 Bultman, A. L. Cincinnati, Ohio Chapman, A. A. Fairhope, Ala.  
 Burch, Wallace, Cincinnati, Ohio Charlton, George, Wichita, Kan.  
 Burd, J. L. Palestine, Tex. Chase, Arthur T. Boston, Mass.  
 Burke, Harry Twisp, Wash. Chase, H. Lincoln  
 Brookline, Mass.  
 Burnham, F. T. Newton Center, Mass.  
 Burwell, H. H. Washington, D.C. Chase, Mrs. H. Lincoln  
 Brookline, Mass.  
 Butcher, E. Z. Solomon, Kan.

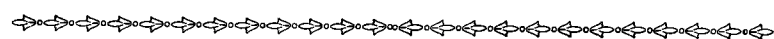


Clark, E. C.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Dellgren, Mrs. August	Chicago, Ill.
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Clement, W. E.	New Orleans, La.	Dennett, Hartley	Brookline, Mass.
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Cooke, Edmund Vance	Cleveland, Ohio	Dintenfass, M. M.	Philadelphia, Pa.
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Dellgren, August	Chicago, Ill.		





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Portland, Ore.  
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Johnson, Mariette	Fairhope, Ala.	Knox, T. J.	Jackson, Minn.
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Jones, Stiles P.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Lanman, Charles R.	Cambridge, Mass.
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Kiefer, Abe D.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Leggett, Joseph	San Francisco, Cal.
Kiefer, Daniel	Cincinnati, Ohio	Lehr, Fred	Cleveland, Ohio
Kiefer, Daniel, Jr.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Lehr, Philip	Cleveland, Ohio
Kiefer, Henry C.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Leubuscher, F. C.	New York, N. Y.
Kiefer, Marian	Cincinnati, Ohio	Leveen, Caspar	New York, N. Y.
Kiefer, Rosa	Cincinnati, Ohio	Leverson, M. R.	New Orleans, La.
Kievitt, Cornelius W.	Passaic, N. J.	Lewis, August	New York, N. Y.
Kievitt, Miss C.	Passaic, N. J.		
Kile, W. W.	Fairhope, Ala.		
Kimball, E. M.	Scio, Ore.		
King, Agnes	Denison, Iowa		



- Lewis, Fay Rockford, Ill. McAfee, Daniel  
 Lewis, Rev. John K. Coal Harbor, N. D.  
     Santa Barbara, Cal. McAllister, E. S. J., Portland, Ore  
 Lewright, J. B. Cuero, Tex. McAuliffe, M. A., Oakland, Cal.  
 Lincoln, W. E., Painesville, Ohio McBride, James Akron, Ohio  
 Lingham, C. A., Lockport, N. Y. McBride, John T., Akron, Ohio  
 Lischer, Charles St. Louis, Mo. McCallum, A. F.  
 Locke, W. L. Lincoln, Neb. Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Loehman, C. H., Cincinnati, Ohio McCallum, I. J. Teague, Tex.  
 Loehr, A. F. Carlinville, Ill. McDonough, John  
     Cleveland, Ohio  
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 Loesch, Lydia T. Chicago, Ill. New York, N. Y.  
 Logan, Dr. Charles L. Chicago, Ill. McGinty, J. B. Chicago, Ill.  
 Logan, Jennie Chicago, Ill. McGuinness, Joseph M.  
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     Nashville, Tenn. McGraith, George M.  
     San Francisco, Cal.  
 Lucas, Tom F. Cleveland, Ohio McKay, Malcolm,  
     Kansas City, Mo.  
 Lynch, F. W., San Francisco, Cal. McKillopp, Anna Chicago, Ill.  
 Lyons, Lewis Philadelphia, Pa. McNeill, M. M. Pittsburg, Pa.  
 Lycett, Thomas E. Mendelson, Simon  
     Thurmont, Md. New York, N. Y.  
 Mackay, John W. Mendelson, Walter  
     Kansas City, Mo. New York, N. Y.  
 Maclean, J. S. Columbus, Ohio Menger, G. A. St. Louis, Mo.  
 Madison, George C. Menger, Mrs. G. A.  
     Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.  
 Maguire, H. C., New York, N. Y. Menger, George J. Palmyra, Mo.  
 Maguire, Emily, Maplewood, Mo. Mercer, Arthur, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Marcellus, Percy S. Orange, N. J. Merrell, Charles G.  
     Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Marcellus, Jane R. Orange, N. J. Metcalfe, Arthur W.  
     Belfast, Ireland  
 Marcuse, B. Montreal, Canada Meybohm, Elfried  
     New York, N. Y.  
 Maskell, John W. Chicago, Ill. Meyer, Mathias Chicago, Ill.  
 Matalene, Charles, Canton, Ohio Middleton, Thomas J.  
 Mathews, William  
     Spokane, Wash. Waxahachie, Tex.  
 Maynard, A. Kenyon  
     London, England

- Miller, Charles W. Bloomington, Ill.  
 Miller, Jay D. Geneva, Ill.  
 Miller, T. H. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
 Miller, Mrs. George A. New York, N. Y.  
 Montegut, G. Houma, La.  
 Moore, E. H. Youngstown, Ohio  
 Moran, Edward Seattle, Wash.  
 Moran, E. E. Whitman, Neb.  
 Moreland, F. T. Portsmouth, Ohio  
 Mosena, Wilbur, Burlington, Iowa  
 Mosher, H. A. Portland, Ore.  
 Mosher, J. B. La Junta, Col.  
 Moulton, C. L. Chicago, Ill.  
 Muirhead, James F. Boston, Mass.  
 Mulligan, Charles V. Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Munroe, Jennie L. Washington, D. C.  
 Mussey, H. R. New York, N. Y.  
 Nachtrieb, J. J. San Francisco, Cal.  
 Nash, Ralph Chicago, Ill.  
 Neu, J. C. New York, N. Y.  
 Newburgh, Charles Washington, D. C.  
 Newcomb, L. E. Los Gatos, Cal.  
 Nickerson, George W. Onset, Mass.  
 Nicholas, W. C. Portland, Ore.  
 Niles, H. C. Key West, Fla.  
 Nitschke, William H. Portland, Ore.  
 Nixon, Samuel, Duluth, Minn.  
 Noctor, Thomas J. Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Numsen, George N. Baltimore, Md.  
 O'Connell, Edw. Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Olmstead, M. T. Brookings, S. D.  
 Orr, Robert Tecumseh, Mich.  
 Ort, William Palmyra, Mo.  
 Osterwisch, C. H. St. Louis, Mo.  
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 Painter, E. W. Aiken, Pa.  
 Palmer, M. H. St. Louis, Mo.  
 Paul, H. T. Orlando, Fla.  
 Paul, Hosea Cleveland, Ohio  
 Paul, A. A. Crockett, Cal.  
 Paulsen, G. M. Boise, Idaho  
 Pauli, Severino, Morristown, N. J.  
 Parker, William Elbridge Seattle, Wash.  
 Payer, Harry Cleveland, Ohio  
 Peabody, George Foster New York, N. Y.  
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 Petersen, Jens Patagonia, Ariz.  
 Peters, M. H. Watseka, Ill.  
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 Pomerene, Atlee Canton, Ohio

- Ponder, John F., Los Angeles, Cal.  
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 Post, Alice Thacher, Chicago, Ill.  
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     San Francisco, Cal.  
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 Prang, Mary D. H.  
     Boston, Mass.  
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 Radcliffe, William Q.  
     Cleveland, Ohio  
 Ragge, Henry, Seattle, Wash.  
 Ramage, M. H.  
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 Robertson, J. B. A.  
     Chandler, Okla.  
 Robins, Raymond, Chicago, Ill.  
 Robins, Margaret D., Chicago, Ill.  
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 Roebuck, E. F., Chicago, Ill.  
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     Brooklyn, N.Y.
- Rogers, William H.  
     San Jose, Cal.  
 Rose, George B.,  
     Washington, D. C.  
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     Kansas City, Mo.  
 Roth, C. L., Chenoa, Ill.  
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     New York, N.Y.  
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     Manzanilla, Cuba  
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 Ryan, Thomas P.  
     Brooklyn, N.Y.  
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 Sague, Horace  
     Poughkeepsie, N.Y.  
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 Sinton, George H. Colorado Springs, Col.  
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 Spaulding, Miss Clara L. Springfield, Ill.  
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 Stephens, Frank Arden, Del.  
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 Sycamore, H. St. Louis, Mo.  
 Taber, S. S. New Bedford, Mass.  
 Taylor, Thomas Youngstown, Ohio

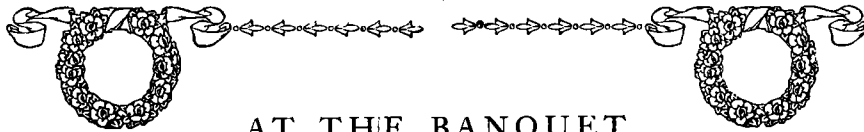


Thalheimer, B. J.	Pittsburg, Pa.	Voght, John P.	Denver, Col.
Thies, C. E.	Hoboken, N. J.	Von Auer, George	New York, N. Y.
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Tiedjens, H.	Milwaukee, Wis.	Walker, T. F.	Birmingham, England
Toppen, Albert	Holland, Mich.	Warburton, James	San Antonio, Tex.
Totten, Edward P.	Bowman, N. D.	Ward, Mrs. Coonley,	Chicago, Ill.
Totten, George A.	Bowman, N. D.	Warren, W. A.	Hermiston, Ore.
Tower, Elizabeth	Iowa Falls, Iowa	Wayman, J. V.	Santa Rosa, Cal.
Treadwell, Dr. C. H.	Chicago, Ill.	Webster, R. M.	El Monte, Cal.
Tuckerman, Miss Lois	Cleveland, O.	Wedman, F.	Thomaston, Conn.
Turpin, J. E.	Cleveland, Ohio	Weir, W. T.	Gladstone, Ill.
Tyson, Robert	Toronto, Canada	Wennerblad, A. J.	Chicago, Ill.
U'Ren, W. S.	Oregon City, Ore.	Werner, Percy	St. Louis, Mo.
U'Ren, Mrs. W. S.	Oregon City, Ore.	Westenhaver, D. C.	Cleveland, Ohio
Van Burklea, H. S.	Eldorado, Okla.	Wheeler, George B.	Chicago, Ill.
Van der Wende, Richard	Paterson, N. J.	White, David	Paterson, N. J.
Vannes, H.	Cincinnati, Ohio	White, John F.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Van Pelt, George	Montgomery, Ala.	White, Laura R.	Ashland, Ky.
Van Vleck, Durbin	Brooklyn, N. Y.	White, Robert	Heuvelton, N. Y.
Veitch, Alexander	St. Louis, Mo.	White, W. B.	Phoenix, Ariz.
Vining, J. B.	Cleveland, Ohio	White, W. E.	Kansas City, Mo.
		Whitefield, J. A.	Washington, D. C.
		Whitelaw, W. R.	Coburg, Ontario
		Whitlock, Brand	Toledo, Ohio
		Wiedner, F. L.	Philadelphia, Pa.





Wiles, W. W.	Toledo, Ohio	Wood, C. E. S.	Portland, Ore.
Wilkes, J. J.	Florence, Col.	Wood, Ernest	Clifton, N. J.
Wilkie, David	Belleville, Kan.	Woodburn, James A.	
Will, Thomas E.			Bloomington, Ind.
	Washington, D. C.	Woodhead, D.	Beaumont, Tex.
Williams, Frank	St. Louis, Mo.	Woodhouse, H. J.,	Pasadena, Cal.
Williges, August,	Sioux City, Iowa		Portland, Ore.
Wills, George W.		Woods, John	Passaic, N. J.
	Germantown, Pa.	Wright, Bartley J.	
Wilmarth, L. E.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.		New York, N. Y.
Wilson, Andrew,		Wright, Dr. George H.	
	Tecumseh, Mich.		New Milford, Conn.
Wilson, George,	New York, N. Y.	Wright, J. G.	Berkeley, Cal.
Winters, Marcus			
	Kansas City, Mo.	Yarnall, B. L.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Witt, Peter	Cleveland, Ohio	Young, J. T.	Superior, Neb.
Wolff, S.	New Orleans, La.		
Women's Single Tax Club		Zent, Frank P.	Everett, Wash.
	Washington, D. C.		



## AT THE BANQUET

### NEW YORK CITY

Adams, Charles Frederick	Doblin, Mrs. Benjamin
Adams, Mrs. Charles Frederick	Dorman, Alexander
Addams, Everitt	Doubleday, E. Stillman
Anthony, Clarence D.	Doubleday, Mrs. E. Stillman
Bacon, Alexander S.	Dunham, Lawrence
Baker, Robert	Dwyer, William M.
Baker, Mrs. Robert	Egan, John J.
Baxter, Jerome	Ehrich, Louis R.
Beggs, Thomas P.	Ehrich, Mrs. Louis R.
Beggs, Mrs. Thomas P.	Faulhaber, W. H.
Bemis, Edward W.	Ferguson, Thomas
Blech, William	Filmer, John
Boestrom, R.	Filmer, Miss Marion
Boulton, A. J.	Fink, Joseph H.
Boulton, Mrs. A. J.	Freeman, Reuben
Brown, James R.	Freeman, Mrs. Reuben
Cahill, Lawrence	Gallagher, John J.
Callingham, William M.	Gatling, Richard H.
Campbell, Hugh	Geer, Mr.
Carpenter, Miss Corine	Geer, Mrs.
Colbron, Grace I.	Geiger, Oscar H.
Corbin, I. S.	Geiger, Mrs. Oscar H.
Corbin, Miss Marion	George, Henry, Jr.
Crosby, John S.	George, Mrs. Henry, Jr.
Crosby, Mrs. John S.	George, Richard F.
Currie, Corine	George, Mary
Darling, Joseph F.	George, Ruth
Deegan, T. E.	Gray, W. S.
DeMille, William C.	Hall, Bolton
DeMille, Mrs. William C.	Hampton, George P.
Doblin, Benjamin	Hampton, Mrs. George P.



Hardin, Rev. Charles A.	Murphy, John J.
Hennessy, C. O'C.	Nadal, B. H.
Hennessy, Mrs. C. O'C.	Parsons, Louis B.
Hennessy, Frank	Parsons, Mrs. Louis B.
Hollister, Dr. M. Cebelia	Pierce, Franklin
Holt, Byron W.	Polak, Howard
Holt, Mrs. Byron W.	Polak, Mrs. Howard
Hopper, John J.	Purdy, Lawson
Hughes, J. W.	Purdy, Mrs. Lawson
Hughes, Miss	Purdy, Miss
Ingersoll, Charles H.	Rich, George
Ingersoll, Mrs. Charles H.	Robinson, Miss Kate
Ingersoll, Robert H.	Roe, Gilbert E.
Ingersoll, Mrs. Robert H.	Roe, Mrs. Gilbert E.
Jehlinger, C.	Rogers, Mrs.
Jones, Dr. Florence Leigh	Rogers, Miss Jennie A.
Kendall, Clifford	Rose, Norman
Kendall, Miss Leslie	Ryan, Thomas P.
Klein, Emanuel M.	Ryan, Mrs. Thomas P.
Knickerbocker, Dr. G. S.	Schalkenbach, Robert
Kohler, James P.	Schalkenbach, Mrs. Robert
L'Hommedieu, S.	Schneider, Philip
Leitch, Miss L.	Schumm, George
Leubuscher, Frederic Cyrus	Schumm, Mrs. George
Leubuscher, Mrs. Fred. Cyrus	Scully, John H.
Leverson, Dr. M. R.	Shoup, Miss Elizabeth
Lewis, August	Shriver, Edward J.
Lewis, Mrs. August	Stirling, Mrs. Anna
Locke, W. H.	Swinney, E. B.
Loew, Harman G.	Swinney, Mrs. E. B.
Lustgarten, William	Theis, C. E.
Macey, George R.	Theis, Henry A.
Malone, Sylvester	Thompson, Frank Stayton
Martin, John	Thompson, Dr. George W.
McGuinness, Joseph	Thompson, Gustav W.
McGuire, John C.	Tuttle, Leonard
McRoy, John T.	VanVleck, Durbin
Meybohm, Elfried	VanVleck, Mrs. Durbin
Meybohm, Lawrence	Wallace, George
Miller, Joseph Dana	Warner, John DeWitt

Waters, John R.  
Weyman, A.  
Wilmarth, Prof. L. E.

Youngman, Miss Adelaide  
Zacharias, I.

## NEW JERSEY

DuBois, Mrs. William B.  
Goldzier, Mr.  
Goldzier, Mrs. Julia  
Jeffery, William  
Marcellus, Percy S.

Marcellus, Mrs. Percy S.  
Record, George L.  
Schetter, Miss Charlotte O.  
Terlinde, B. W.

Baker, Newton D., Cleveland, O.  
Barker, Wesley E., Boston, Mass.  
Barker, Mrs. Wesley E.  
Boston, Mass.

Bigelow, Herbert S.

Blackhall, C. D. Buffalo, N.Y.  
Cable, Ben Rock Island, Ill.  
Carr, Horace Cleveland, O.  
Cooke, Edmund Vance  
Cleveland, O.

Corbin, Jay S., Gouverneur, N. Y.  
Devine, Robert F. Erie, Pa.  
Dickey, L. S. Allegheny, Pa.  
Dickey, W. R. Chicago, Ill.  
Dillard, James H.  
New Orleans, La.

Dintenfass, Mark  
Philadelphia, Pa.

DuPont, A. B. Cleveland, O.  
Eckert, Charles R. Beaver, Pa.  
Garrison, William Lloyd, Jr.  
Boston, Mass.  
George, W. D. Pittsburg, Pa.

Greenlund, W. A., Cleveland, O.  
Hauser, Elizabeth J. Girard, O.  
Howe, Frederic C., Cleveland, O.  
Howe, Mrs. Frederic C.  
Cleveland, O.

Johnson, Prof. L. J.  
Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.  
LaFollette, Miss Madison, Wis.  
Lawson, Fenton Cincinnati, O.  
Kiefer, Daniel Cincinnati, O.  
Mackenzie, Mrs.  
Washington, D. C.

McGuire, James K.  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
Munroe, Mrs. Jennie L.  
Washington, D. C.

Osborne, Thomas Mott  
Auburn, N. Y.  
Post, Louis F. Chicago, Ill.  
Shaffrank, J. H. Cleveland, O.  
Stage, Charles W. Cleveland, O.  
Steffens, Lincoln, Riverside, Conn.  
Stephens, Frank Arden, Del.  
Stewart, H. C. Washington, D. C.