

of the "under dog." As assistant secretary of labor in the Wilson administration, Mr. Post many times proved his friendship for the workers. He kept his head during the "Red" hysteria of 1919 and succeeding years and did much to mitigate the lot of those who fell innocent victims to that popular outburst of unreason. In his book, "The Deportation Delirium of 1920," he told the story of the government's drive against alleged "Reds" and confirmed the opinion of many noted lawyers and others who had roundly denounced the whole proceeding as largely unjustified and tinged with inexcusable cruelty and autocracy.

Mr. Post's death is a big loss to the nation, which needs men of his liberality and enlightenment today perhaps more than ever before.

—Seattle, (Wash.) *Union Record*.

A Personal Tribute

MAN's ingratitude to man is common enough to have developed into doctrine. Like every other rule, however, it has its exceptions—with this tribute for splendid contrast. It was given to this column by the writer, and is printed here for the reason that loyalty to a friend who can no longer be of material help is a beautiful thing that all of us should know about:

"Testimonial to the Hon. Louis F. Post—a missing friend.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed. Mr. Louis F. Post's helping hand to me will never be forgotten, for when he came to Washington, D. C., from Illinois, to take over the duties of the First Assistant Secretary of the Department of Labor he found a messenger to be likened only unto a young calf with its mother on one side of a fence and he on the other side, seeking a little hole, where he might stick his head through to partake of her full bag of milk. Well, I got there, for he chose me as his messenger. From that day his helping hand, his most human kindness, were ever present.

"So one day, being so anxious to know how I was standing with him, I asked permission to see him to tell him how grateful I was to him for the promotion and his many kindnesses to me. I was granted the permission to see him. I walked in, wringing my hands, and said: 'Mr. Secretary, I came in to thank you for all that you have done for me.' He looked up from his papers he was reading, with a look as soft as down, and said: 'Carlos, I've done nothing. You have done it yourself.' I then saw my efforts had not been in vain. I thanked him and said: 'Mr. Secretary, you are one man brimful of human kindness, with a heart as big as the world.'

"Gracious Father, may it be Thy will for me to meet him again, for I know it will be in Heaven.

"CARLOS R. BLACKWELL."

—Washington *Star*.

Louis F. Post

WITH the passing of Louis F. Post almost the last of the Old Guard drawn about him by Henry George has joined the silent majority. William T. Croasdale, Thomas G. Shearman, Dr. Edward McGlynn, Judge Maguire, Edward Osgood Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, Tom L. Johnson and many others of the gallant band who led in the New Crusade which was inspired by the Prophet of San Francisco had long preceded him into that bourne whence no traveler e'er returns. And perhaps no death since that of Henry George himself will be so widely mourned as that of Mr. Post.

He had perhaps been closer to Henry George than any other man who had caught the new vision. Mr. George had been quick to recognize the extraordinary talent of Mr. Post, then a writer on the *New York Sun* under Charles A. Dana. "Progress and Poverty" had been assigned to him to review and answer. It was in his effort to refute George's argument in that monumental work that Mr. Post himself saw the light; and instead of undertaking to dispose of the philosophy advanced therein he adopted it as his own and for forty years he had been its undeviating champion as a writer, as a speaker, as a teacher and as a public official. He could not apply that philosophy in full as assistant secretary of labor in the administration of President Wilson, but the spirit of humanity which dominates it characterized all his acts while holding that high office.

Mr. Post had visited Johnstown on a number of occasions for the purpose of making addresses and he had many friends and admirers in the city and throughout the county. His books have likewise had many readers in this community. He was a prolific writer, his books including "The Ethics of Democracy," "The Single Tax" and several others, all relating to the social question. His whole heart was in the cause of human betterment. He never had a thought which was not inspired by lofty purpose, by humanitarian desires and by a keen sympathy with the victims of social maladjustments. Perhaps the spirit of this fine man is best set forth in his own words concluding his study of the ethics of democracy. He had been discussing utilitarianism in contrast with idealism and he ended with these inspiring words:

"That which we have likened to a swinging pendulum is as the ebb and flow of battle. Now one side seems to have the victory and now the other. But in this battle, whatever is true and good in both sides will conquer. For there is good and truth in both utilitarianism and idealism; and for the good and truth in each 'the stars in their courses' fight against Sisera. Whatever is imperfect, inadequate, narrow, indefinite and one-sided in our perceptions of the ideal is improved, expanded, broadened, defined and rounded out with every succeeding reaction from utilitarian epochs; while whatever is sordid in our utilitarian