

ine mourners. The common people wept as he passed.

Then of a sudden, in those hushed streets, we heard the tolling of a bell. It was the bell of the Catholic Cathedral. The great belfry spoke as the hearse drew near. It tolled out a city's grief. It sounded forth a city's praise.

Tom Johnson was a Protestant. But the silent multitude stood with uncovered heads and forgotten creeds.

Here was a man who had been obedient unto his heavenly vision. Here was a man who had fought a good fight, who had kept the faith. Here was a man of splendid endowments and great riches, who had turned aside to serve the cause of freedom and justice among men. In this service he lost his fortune. His malady, too, was due to the overtax of his stupendous labors. He literally gave his life and all that he had in as holy a cause as men ever knew.

What then was the meaning of that cathedral bell? Our Protestant hearts were deeply touched. For the august cathedral seemed to bend in acknowledgment of the glory of this life and the sacredness of its devotion to the city's good.

The bier of Tom Johnson had become our common shrine, where, not as Catholics and Protestants, but as the united children of God, we came to honor his valiant soul and to rejoice and grieve together.

+ + +

TOM L. JOHNSON AS A LOVER OF MEN.

Stanley E. Bowdle at the Memorial Service in Cincinnati, April 16, for Tom L. Johnson.

Twenty centuries have passed since the resurrection, and to-day the record of the event seems to inspire us to purchase millinery simply.

Few seem to be inspired with the thought that we individually and nationally need to rise from the dead—not hereafter, but Now. Yet this was precisely the idea—the only idea—taught and intended to be taught by the life, death and resurrection of the Christ.

The epistle for the day throughout Christendom contains this idea, in the striking philosophic words of Paul: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." To Paul's mind Christianity was a process of burying the old ideas, the old life, and germinating the new life, and acquiring the new mind. Yet strangely enough, here in America, as Oscar Wilde well said, "the greatest treason is a new governmental idea." Strange this is, because Christianity is essentially a new idea, a new life, a new mind.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." This is the essence of Christianity—that love, which as Paul said, "worketh no ill to the neighbor"; the love that makes a gov-

ernmental environment for the neighbor, so just, so equal, so economically fair that public charity is no longer necessary, penitentiaries are less populous. That new commandment has energized every reformer the world has known. As Swedenborg puts it: "Though men do not know it, love is the life of the world." He had no particular reference to conjugal love; he meant that whatever good has come to man, whatever changes have come to his government, all has been the result of love. Some men have loved their brethren better than themselves, and have toiled at thankless tasks, and ascended, as all such have been compelled to ascend, a Calvary. Such a man was Tom Johnson. I don't know what he thought of Jesus, but I do know what he thought of that new commandment.

Some years ago, while residing for a considerable period in Mexico, I found myself in a rural tram car going out of Guadalajara to visit a friend on a great Mexican farm. I fell into conversation with a man opposite, telling him how much I enjoyed the country, and above all what I thought of the climate. My wretched Spanish seemed to attract a poor fellow close by. As we reached the end of the journey I started to walk the remaining mile, when that same fellow came up and said: "Pardon me, sir, but in speaking of my country I am glad you confined your admiration to the climate, for that is all we have. There is no justice here. There is no proper evolution. And all this is due to the fact that the land here is owned by the few. The many are slaves. The farm you are going to visit has side lines forty-five miles long. Mexico is approaching revolution because of this. Your countryman, Henry George, comprehended the land question." With this he was gone.

This brief statement by a humble Mexican who owned nothing but his ragged clothes, startled me, chagrined me, for I had not read Henry George. Since then I have read him. I can comprehend something of the love of humanity that wrote those works. That love of man, George passed on to Johnson, who was his chief disciple in America.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another"—here was the great principle *integrated into the Christ life*. That great principle is today in countless ways being integrated into our national life by the toilsome, thankless work of a few men—men of liberty, men of love. Tom Johnson was one of these.

Judge Gorman has spoken of the curious charm of the works of Mr. George. What he has written holds us. The charm of his books, like the charm of the books of Edmond Kelly, the distinguished lawyer and sociologist, is that the hand of love wrote them. And we are here to-night commemorating the life of Tom Johnson because his life was touched by the same noble spirit; because

he, with them, comprehended the new commandment, belonging to the resurrectionary order, given by the Christ—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

+ + +

"STRONG OF HEART."

One of the last messages of Tom L. Johnson was: "Tell the boys to be strong of heart."

He who lived the faith superbly, safe at last from storm and stress,

Finds release from weary marches, finds surcease from battle-press;

Give him of the passing moments, one,—for love can do no less!

He was human! He had failings! Rose the buoyant man we knew,

Strong above them to the Duty that its load insistent threw

On the shoulders of the Leader who dared rise and trust the True.

Aye! the load he bore was heavy, and the foe he met was strong;

Ranged its eager ranks about him; howled the rabble, jeered the throng,—

Calm the man's supreme insistence that the Right outweighs the Wrong!

So he comes to us sword-shattered from the field of fallen Gain,

Broken, in our service dying, fails the heart without a stain,

And the vanquished is the Victor! lives again!

—Hugh J. Hughes in Farm, Stock & Home.

+ + +

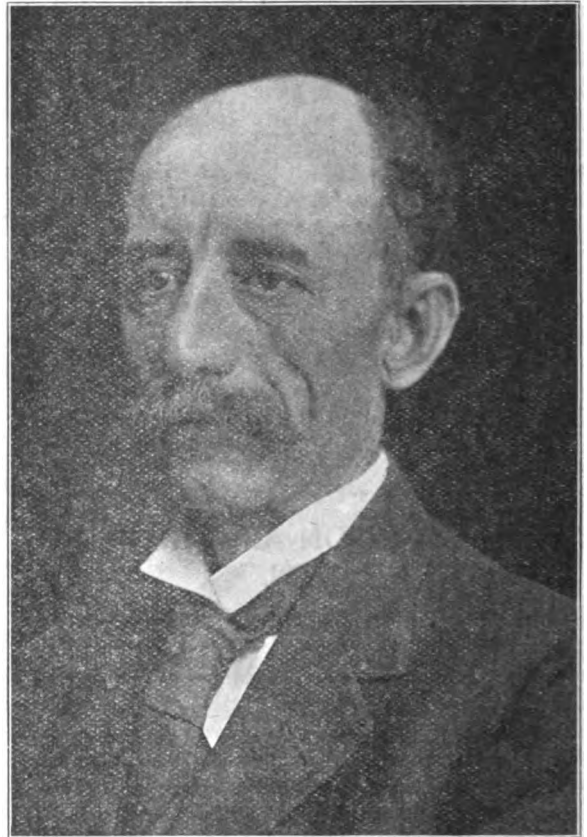
J. J. PASTORIZA.*

Another of the numerous Single Tax advocates who have come into the public service because they represent this growing principle of social progress, is J. J. Pastoriza, of Houston, Texas. Mr. Pastoriza made a strenuous primary campaign of twenty days for one of the four commissionerships of the commission-governed city of Houston, and at the primary on the 28th of February he received 3,587 votes—a majority of 866 over the then Commissioner against whom his campaign was distinctly made. The election did not take place until April 10, when Mr. Pastoriza was formally elected by 2,494—being only 32 votes less than the only higher candidate and about 2,200 votes more than his only competitor, the Socialist candidate. He is called a "plutocrat" by the Socialists and a "Socialist" by the plutocratic interests.

Mr. Pastoriza became a Henry George convert at the time of Mr. George's death while leading the campaign of democratic Democracy for Mayor of Greater New York in 1897. From that day to this

he has been ceaselessly active in propagating the idea.

A propaganda object-lesson of his designing has become famous nationally. He bought a site out in the woods near Houston a few years ago and erected on it the "Single Tax Log Cabin." Meetings have long been held there frequently for single tax discussion, but the significance of the investment developed when the locality became a choice residential neighborhood in the city. The cabin lot, worth only \$500 at the time the cabin was built, is now worth \$5,000. It is a modest demon-



stration of the George doctrine that the financial advantages of community growth are sopped up as with a sponge by land values.

To Mr. Pastoriza the city of Houston is indebted for such progress along Single Tax lines as has been made there—the separate assessment of land values and improvement values for taxing purposes, and a tendency to check tax burdens on the latter and increase them on the former. Although not elected Commissioner on a Single-Tax platform, and having no intention of using the office in efforts to make impossible jumps in the direction of limiting taxation to land values, Mr. Pastoriza has made no secret of his views, nor is he likely to ignore legitimate opportunities for commending them to public approval.

*See The Public, current volume, page 242