

are the graves of Henry George and his wife and daughter. A new grave awaited the coming of the body of Tom L. Johnson. Before the coffin was lowered Mr. Cooley made a prayer, and he and Mr. Bigelow delivered brief addresses. When these were over the friends dispersed and the burial was completed.

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Address of Herbert S. Bigelow at the Open Grave of Tom L. Johnson.

Herbert S. Bigelow's address at the open grave of his personal and political friend, delivered extemporaneously and with undisguised, almost unrestrained feeling, was as follows:

When, in yonder city by the lake, we saw the bared heads and eager faces of the mighty throngs through whose streets we bore the body of our friend, there came the thought that there, where he did his work, his body should be left. There is but one spot of earth that has prior claim. It is here where his father and his mother lie, and where rests the friend who was the inspiration of his life.

We speak not of his public service; that is a part of the history of his country, than which no nobler chapter ever has been written or ever will be. We speak not of his private life and character; that is a story of infinite sweetness and tenderness treasured by many hearts. But because we believe that he would wish it so, we bear a last witness to the truth for which he lived and died.

He was an honest man, a man of great primal honesty. Therefore he loved justice. But with that marvelous mind of his he readily understood that justice is impossible while men are denied equality of access to the resources of the earth. Moreover, he believed that the wise way to secure this basic justice was the way pointed out by Henry George.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Those words are true of any man in whose soul are born the grand tomorrows and whose valiant spirit strives with noble sacrifice to bring that better day. How we feel today the uplifting power of this life! From here we shall hear the voices calling, calling to the people in the slums below, calling them to break the grip of monopoly, to leave the morass of poverty, to come up to the highlands of hope, to God's open fields of freedom and fraternity.

There is one word we would write above this grave. That word is "Victory." His victory was no man's defeat. His was the victory of splendid endowments consecrated to the tireless service of his fellow men. "Defeat"—this is a word that was never on his lips, never in his heart. However much we craved for him honors that the world could give, we know now that there is no honor, no victory of an hour, that could add to his eternal glory.

He knew that every truth is born in a manger; that it is nursed in poverty; that it is unrecognized at first save by the few wise men; that by the mob it may be despised and rejected; nay, even crucified, dead and buried, as the world may think. But he knew also that if it is God's truth it will have its resurrection from the grave and be written yet into the hearts and laws of men.

In honor to his memory we must believe—we

dare not doubt—that from these two graves a new republic shall arise—a republic founded upon the truths of Henry George and inspired by the example of Tom Loftin Johnson, his beloved disciple and his friend.

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Address of Harris R. Cooley at the Open Grave of Tom L. Johnson.

The Rev. Harris R. Cooley's address at the open grave of his personal and political friend and parishioner, delivered extemporaneously and with intense feeling manifestly suppressed, was as follows:

In our bereavement we again enter the tender fellowship of the common sorrow of the human family. We are children crying in the night, and we cannot understand the mysteries of death, nor the mysteries of life. In the presence of so great a grief, the deepest things which are in our hearts cannot be spoken. . . .

The renewed life of nature is all about us, the birds have returned, the grass is growing on the hillsides, the flowers are blossoming in the valley, the leaves are coming on the trees, as though God were saying to us by a thousand voices, "My children, you were made to live and not to die." Beyond every winter of storm and tempest and death, is the springtime of life and growth and peace. We place flowers on the casket of our dead, not only as tokens of our love, but as messengers of our hope. Jesus gives his word of comfort, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He came to teach us how to live abundantly and bravely this common human life. According to his words, the higher life comes to men by ministry and service to the poor, the stranger, the sick and the imprisoned.

In the midst of a brilliant business career, there came to Mr. Johnson, through Henry George's teaching, a vision of the possibility of this earth becoming a place of opportunity, freedom and comfort for all; a vision of the kingdom of God coming into this world with a chance for a full human life for every child of man. And he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The great Apostle in chains stood before King Agrippa explaining the motives of his misunderstood life. He tells the King that he has simply obeyed the vision which came to him. The glory and pomp of the King has long since been forgotten and he is known in history only because there once stood in his presence a despised prisoner who was not disobedient to his heavenly vision. This obedience to his vision, this devotion to the common good, is the only explanation of Tom L. Johnson's life and work.

He himself was more than the sum of all the things he did. For nearly thirty years I have known him in his home, in business, in public life. One of his chief characteristics was cheerfulness. His smile was not superficial, but was the genuine expression of the glad, happy soul of one who had a hopeful attitude to life. He believed in men. The surface distinctions of wealth and dress meant so little to him. Some of his friends were in humble walks. He met them not with any feeling of condescension, but as his fellowmen with whom he was glad to

have the fellowship of the common life. Even the newsboys called him by his first name as though he was their friend, and he was. He was generous to his enemies as well as to his friends. His heart was very tender, but very courageous. He was the bravest man I have ever known. Even his bitterest enemies never accused Mr. Johnson of being afraid. And he possessed a wonderful mind. He seemed to be able to comprehend almost instantly a financial proposition, a municipal problem, or a question of sociology. What other men had to think out by laborious processes, he seemed to see and feel almost intuitively. He rendered his judgments quickly, and with great frankness and clearness.

His largest public service to the future of humanity will be his work for the Henry George movement, to which he devoted his life. His direct services to the city of Cleveland are seen in many definite achievements; but, more than all these, is the new public spirit, the growing consciousness, which he inspired. It has brought to our municipality a larger vision, and started it on a broader pathway.

I cannot forbear to speak of what this life of service did for Mr. Johnson himself. When he surrendered the mayor's office after nine years of bitter conflict and struggle, and of deep personal sorrow, he declared that these strenuous years had been his best and happiest. His ambition was "to do a full day's work before the sunset of his life." There came to him greatness of character through service. If he had become a money king, his worth might now be expressed in dollars. Today his worth to the world can only be expressed in terms of life.

Those of us who knew him will miss his genial greetings, his glad fellowship, and the helpfulness of his presence. Words cannot express the joyousness, the tenderness and the inspiration of his companionship with his intimate friends. David's lament is ours: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle! I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." We lay him tenderly away by the side of his father and his mother and his friend, Henry George, the prophet and giver of his vision. As we stand in simple silence by his last resting place, we bring to him the tribute of our love.

But here we ourselves are born again of his spirit to a new devotion to the cause for which he gave his life. We cannot rest until the dawning of the coming day when in this land of ours, man is placed above mammon, and the right to life is more than the right to things, until the kingdom of justice and human brotherhood shall come on this earth among the children of men.

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Resume of Tom L. Johnson's Career.

Descended from a Kentucky pioneer, a Virginian and the father of Vice-President Richard M. Johnson, Tom Loftin Johnson was born on the Vice-President's old plantation near Georgetown, Kentucky, July 18, 1854. His father, a wealthy Mississippi slaveholder at the breaking out of the Civil War, found himself at its close the head of an impoverished family. Tom L. Johnson, then hardly eleven years old, raised money for

the immediate needs of the family by means of a special privilege for the sale of newspapers on a railroad train. This experience taught him the importance of special privileges for money making purposes, and furnished a setting of economic wisdom for the career of civic patriotism to which the last twenty-five years of his life were almost exclusively given.

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In the winter of 1869 he began working in a rolling mill, but by summer he had embarked in the street car enterprises with which he was always afterwards identified. Beginning in Louisville, he went to Indianapolis, then to Cleveland, and finally to Brooklyn, New York. He married Margaret Johnson, also a descendant of the father of the old Vice-President. She and two children, Loftin and Elizabeth, and three grandchildren, survive him.

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Through reading "Social Problems" and "Progress and Poverty" in the early 80's, Tom L. Johnson became a disciple and an intimate friend of Henry George. He helped in the George campaigns for Mayor of New York in 1886 and for Secretary of State in 1887, and managed the George campaign in Greater New York ten years later. Meanwhile he had run in Cleveland four times for Congress. Defeated in 1888, he was elected in 1890 and 1892, and was defeated again in 1894. In Congress he voted for the Maguire single tax bill, tried unsuccessfully to get President Cleveland to veto the emasculated Wilson tariff bill, and made George's "Protection or Free Trade" a frankable public document. He was a prominent participant in the first Single tax Conference—held in New York in 1890. Together with August Lewis he made the writing of Henry George's "Science of Political Economy" possible; and largely through his support the Cleveland Recorder and The (Chicago) Public were sustained, the former from 1895 to 1898, and the latter from 1898 to 1908. His personal interest in The Public continued till the close of his life. When in 1909 Joseph Fels founded the Fels Fund for putting the Single Tax in operation somewhere in the United States within five years, Tom L. Johnson was made treasurer, with Daniel Kiefer as chairman, and until his death he co-operated heartily in promoting the work of this organization. At Mr. Kiefer's suggestion, the great George-Johnson medalion by Richard George was presented to Johnson at New York on Decoration Day a year ago, at a meeting in honor of his public services at which he was the guest; and at the Fels Fund meeting at New York in November of last year, Mr. Johnson was especially useful in the deliberations both at open meetings and in committee work.

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In 1901 he was elected Mayor of Cleveland,