

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### THE BUILDERS.

For The Public.

Brothers of Time and Sun to God's own mountains,  
O Pyramids, that stand through countless ages!  
What do you mean in all your fog of mystery?

What is the message you write on Time's dim  
pages?

Forerunner of palace and of mansion in all coun-  
tries,

Symbol of might and of Toil's hard degradation,  
Monument to that power which shackles freemen,  
You stand unchanged, unchangeable as Earth's  
foundation.

Open your caverned mouths and bawl your story;  
Speak out the pent-up secret from your bosom.  
You cannot lift the veil which hides your mystery.  
Those mummies in your heart, are they less grue-  
some?

You speak—yet mutely do you tell your record;  
Your every rock throbs with a sentient story—  
A bondsman's sigh, who broke beneath his burden;  
A master's curse, who wrought for Pharaoh's  
glory:

"Build, damned brute, and die with bursted muscle,  
Die, for ten thousand men are ready at my beckon;  
Build for the glory of your king and for your na-  
tion;

Die, for what will a life among a million reckon?

"Man unconstrained is but a worthless savage,  
Roaming at will, and losing all care of direction;  
Only the rod of command builds a great temple,  
Only the hand of a master leads to perfection!"

GEORGE T. EDSON.



## DID THE PEOPLE VOTE FOR CALVARY?

Extracts from a Sermon Delivered by Rev. Quincy  
Ewing in Christ (Episcopal) Church,  
Napoleonville, La., Palm Sunday,  
March 31, 1912.

Can anybody, having read the New Testament, or a single one of the Gospels, entertain for a moment the thought that the men who brought Jesus to Pilate would have been willing to refer the question of his life or death to the mass of the people—the mass of the adult male population of Jerusalem?

How absurd such a thought would be is manifest on this evidence alone, that during the last week of his ministry he taught every day in the porch of the temple, in the very face of the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and not one

of them dared to molest him; not one of them dared to order his arrest anywhere in or out of the city in daylight. And, surrounded as he was by only twelve unarmed disciples, what danger would there have been in arresting him, had the people wanted him arrested and put to death? . . .

The marvel is not that the people of Judea did not prevail and prevent the crucifixion of Jesus. The marvel is that they prevailed enough to prevent it so long; that they prevailed enough to force their chief priests to bribery and midnight subtility, in order to lay hands on a defenceless Prophet and get him before the bar of their packed court. . . .

It is well to have the record in mind when one hears such statements as that ascribed to the Kansas Congressman.\* It is well to remember at all times that Jesus was crucified, not because the Jewish people wanted him crucified, but because they didn't want him crucified; not because they rejected him, but because they accepted him; not because they were his enemies, but because they were his friends.

If we must charge the Jewish people with responsibility for the crucifixion of Jesus, let us do so fairly. Let us, with the record before us, confess that it was their approval, not their condemnation; their hosannas, not their maledictions, that sent him to the Cross. It is many thousand times more likely that the Jew we meet on the street today is a descendant of one of those who waved his palm branch and cried, "Hosanna to him who cometh in the name of the Lord," than that he is a descendant of one of those who made the midnight excursion to the Garden of Gethsemane, and then sat as a judge in the Sanhedrin between midnight and sunrise.

So, it would seem, the priest or the politician is treading on dangerous ground, who points back to Calvary when he decides against the people the question whether they are fit to govern themselves, or fit only to give their consent to being governed. The company of the chief priests, scribes, and elders is not good company for any man to place himself in today, who believes that the people need to be saved from themselves by official saviors; that majorities would go at once headlong to self-destruction, unless restrained by a select minority.

The ancient elders, and scribes, and chief priests—who were also chief politicians—were firmly convinced that the people of their day needed to be saved from themselves—from the wild foolishness of following after Jesus of Nazareth with his terrifying Gospel that threatened to "put down the mighty from their seat and exalt the humble and meek." That is why they persuaded their retainers to ask Pilate for the freeing of

\*Congressman P. P. Campbell in his published letter to Mr. Roosevelt. See *The Public* of April 5, pages 317, 322.—  
Editors of *The Public*.

Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus. The people could be safely trusted to deal with the robber. They could not be safely trusted to deal with the Prophet!

The modern elders, and scribes, and chief priests, and chief politicians, are as firmly convinced as their ancient prototypes that the people need to be *saved from themselves*—from the wild foolishness of supposing that they should have and enjoy what they believe to be good for themselves, rather than what a clique or a class believe to be good for them. But the world over, there is abundant promise today that the old conflict between the priest and the politician on the one hand, and the people on the other, will not have its old termination.

There is abundant promise that the reign and authority of those who "fear the people" is about to end; that the leadership and service of those who *trust* the people is about to begin.

There is abundant promise that not the select circle of the ephods and the breast-plates will prevail; but the *great multitude of the palm branches and hosannas!*



### LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON.

Walter Lippman in *The American Magazine* for February. Reprinted by Courteous Permission of the Editors of *The American*.

Civil engineer and civic engineer, builder of the Harvard Stadium, leader in the Single Tax movement, author of an ideal charter for the city of Cambridge, propagandist for everything he believes in: Prof. Lewis Jerome Johnson of Harvard University is a tornado of efficient enthusiasm sweeping out the cobwebs of petty doubts, and the whole litter and rubbish of habits, caste-feeling, prejudice and snobbishness.

His pupils seem middle-aged and settled by comparison. He makes most people feel as if they were about half alive. Come within radiating distance of him, and if you have time to think of yourself, you'll feel like a listless, anemic putterer. In a few minutes you'll hear him go at a vested stupidity and smash it with a bludgeon of genial indignation which makes you want to laugh for joy at the sport of it. On top of indignation comes enthusiasm over a piece of democratic good news from Vancouver or Denmark, explained and expounded in spite of dinner, other engagements, and the routine of things. "Oh," he sighed to me once, "I can't stand it. Life's getting too interesting for me."

He hails you from across the street as you go sauntering along worrying about yourself. "You know," he will say, "the Grand Junction scheme for election of city officers is better than the Los Angeles one. Look here," and he fishes out of his green students' bag, charts, statistics, news-

paper reports, and proves it to you then and there in the sunshine with the cars clanging by.



But his energy doesn't sputter. It has the quality of completing effectively whatever it undertakes. In the city of Cambridge they need among other things a new charter, for the present one is obviously a treasure for the Historical Society which preserves so carefully the Washington Elm and the minds of some of the inhabitants. So with a few others, principally engineers like himself, he set to work to draw up for Cambridge the most democratically efficient charter it was possible to devise. He went for his inspiration and for his models to the experiments of democrats the world over—to New Zealand, and Switzerland, to Des Moines, to U'Ren's work in Oregon. He studied their failures and their successes, and he helped write a charter based on their experience.

"But," protested a Boston banker, "it's all very well in New Zealand and Switzerland, but that doesn't prove it'll work in Massachusetts."

"Well, it works in Oregon, doesn't it?"

"Ah, yes," replied the practical man to the theorist. "but Oregon isn't Massachusetts."

"I tell you," said Johnson, "what kind of proof you want. You want me to prove that it has worked well in Massachusetts for a hundred years.