

RELATED THINGS

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THE DEAD DREAMER.

For The Public.

Alas, that he who so lately
Went his rounds with buoyant tread,
Upheld by visions as stately
As the poise of his handsome head,
Should be counted now with the dead.

Our listening souls still burning
With the fire of his fervent word,
And our eager fingers turning
Some page of his story unheard,
For the day of our dole deferred.

In his fine air hopes were kindled
That had lain like smouldering wood;
By his magic, evils dwindle
That in many a boding mood
Overshadowed a dawning good.

A democrat, true to the meaning,
Regardless of class or of clan,
Or ways, time-honored, of screening
The power holding under its ban
The heritage born with the man.

He was met with that lofty scorning
That in every age has come
To the prophet's word of warning
Arousing the blinded and dumb,
And the conscience quiet and numb.

They called him a foolish dreamer,
Yet feared lest his dream prove true;
They called him a cunning schemer
With but ends of his own in view,
When he told of the wiles he knew,

Learned in the ranks of the spoiler,
Where our laws had given them leave,
'Round the unsuspecting toiler
A tissue of wrongs to weave,
While they laughed in the silken sleeve.

Too heavy they made the burden
On his shoulders cheerfully laid,
By a soul that craved no guerdon
Save right of a brother to aid
In a cause unjustly delayed.

At length, when his footstep faltered
In its ever triumphant pace,
They joyed in plans to be altered
When a man was out of the race,
And a pliant tool in his place.

Mayhap 'twas by fortune's favor
He went in his genial prime,
Ere warring weakened its savor,
Or ruffled its rhythmical chime
That made him the man for the time.

Yet the heart has quick misgiving
When we think of this leader, gone

From his old place with the living,
Though his soul with a host moves on
In the glow of his dreamed-of dawn.

D. H. INGHAM.

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TOM L. JOHNSON'S MORAL CAPITAL.

Address of Judge Chas. R. Grant, Delivered at Akron, Ohio, April 30, 1911.

Men and Brethren: The great storehouse of the English tongue has been ransacked to find apt words with which to appraise Mr. Johnson's value to the world in which he lived and for which he wrought. As these words are largely a lip-service, I shall not repeat them. Hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, and in this coin Mr. Johnson's memory is strangely rich. I shall only say that "he has run his course and sleeps in blessings; he shall have a monument of orphans' tears wept over him."

He was an enthusiast, a dreamer—an agitator, if you will. The tornado purifies the atmosphere; intelligent dissatisfaction, lawfully translated into conduct, is the condition of all progress, the hope of the race. The enthusiast, from the dawn of time has been the true world-betterer. The promise of the day of Pentecost was this—"And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Alfred the Great dreamed of a saved kingdom before the peasants' fire and let the oat-eakes burn, and as the old song ran—even—

Our own immortal Washington
Built castles in the air.

Tom L. Johnson knew the worth of an ideal. The real business of the world, more or less, says Carlyle, is "to find your Able man." Behind the personality of every great man lies the consciousness of an unspent reserve force. Men cannot see it, cannot translate it into words, but they feel it and appraise it by intuition. This elusive but very real surplus of life is power. It was Tom L. Johnson's moral capital.

This power that makes for righteousness does not die with the body. When John Brown in his cell, waiting for the doomsman to knot the rope, said he was worth more for hanging than for anything else, he stated a truth so profound that had the South been wise to interpret the signs of the times we should have had no Civil War and chattel slavery might have been alive among us today. Edmund C. Stedman wrote a poem then, called "Virginians, Don't Do It," in which he said—

. . . Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever when
You've nailed his coffin down.

But the Virginians did it. They learned a couple of years later, when the New England regiments came pouring over their hills and through their valleys, singing their way down to the Gulf to the tune of "John Brown's body,"—then they learned how strong a dead man may be—if he dies in the right and for an idea. Dead, Tom L. Johnson's power is even now regnant for good in the hearts of millions.

Mr. Johnson's visions were practical—always exchangeable for race-betterment. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" says Emerson. While his wagon was thus hitched, always, Johnson never lost control of the team, nor allowed the glare of the star to blind him into stumbling over obstacles which always also are on the ground and which yet must be overcome. His edifice of character was of the highest, but he knew that the blocks for character building often lie right about our feet. The Commodore of the ship of progress may walk the quarter deck in serene quiet, but, as Wendell Phillips used to say, "There's always a fanatic down in the hold feeding the fires." Mr. Johnson never underrated the worth of the humble stoker down below.

It is proposed to build a memorial to Tom L. Johnson. It is well, and a noble gratitude. Sculptured shaft or labored dome will perpetuate a memory greatly worthy of an immortality. But it is a memory already enshrined in the hearts of the people. If ye do no more than this, what thanks have ye? Do not even the pharisees so? Even Andy Squire, the brains which in the last analysis Tom Johnson always had to fight in his campaigns for common welfare, will contribute to a memorial. Even the Cleveland Plain Dealer will show forth its purely platonic love for the people and testify its academic civic righteousness, by doing the like. The incense most acceptable to Tom L. Johnson and the most fragrant to his memory, will be to do as he did, to fight his fight, and as far as in us lies complete his labors.

If any of you suppose as he supposed, that you have been called by Henry George to the mount of vision and to tread its sublime heights in the pathway of the Singletax, to such I say, Work for the Singletax, agitate for the Singletax, and when the time comes that you can, vote for the Singletax. Such of you as believe, as Tom L. Johnson believed, that to the people belong their own streets and the fullness thereof, I ask you to work for that end till the people shall come to their own again in the shape of better street car service, at a price—and no more—which shall fairly pay those who furnish it. And this work is to be done by voice and influence, and—better than all else—by vote. To you exhorters for the open door of equal opportunity, and its twin brother the square deal, I advise a square deal by you. On the bench see that the relief which a court of conscience can give is not measured by the length of the Chancellor's foot but by the equity of the case. At the bar

let the advocate be eloquent and the lawyer be cunning to give every man his own—no more, and certainly no less. In every walk of life let the tread of man be straight. In each field of human endeavor let the husbandman come in joy, bringing the sheaves of justice with him. This is what Tom L. Johnson would say were he and not I now speaking.

His creed, do you ask? He better than I knows what it is, now that the problem of life is unriddled. But I cannot think it much different from that of Victor Hugo:

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight
I cannot go amiss. Before me lies
Dawn and the day; the night behind me; that
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I see,
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less;
The future is not one of my concerns.

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THE VISION OF TOM L. JOHNSON.

Peter Witt in the *Cleveland Press*.

"Tom Johnson's dream."

Peter Witt, erstwhile the irrepressible, bubbling, chuckling Peter Witt, let his eyes swim out over the roofs of high buildings and hotels until they rested on some spot far out on the horizon.

"Tom Johnson's dream," he repeated, and tears stood in his eyes—forivable, unashamed tears. "Why, Tom Johnson's dream," he finally said, "was the most wonderful, beautiful dream a man could have—a dream of a wonderful age for us people of the earth. Indeed, so beautiful and so big a dream was it that even the fact that scarcely anyone could comprehend its vastness and that nearly everyone scorned its worth, could not embitter him. 'I can be patient,' he used to say, 'because it will come some day, Pete. It will have to come.'

"Hardly a man understood Tom Johnson. And this, I guess, was natural, for it seems that believers in democracy are born, not made. History tells us that the world's greatest Democrats came from aristocratic environment, and we certainly know that at present some of the greatest plutocrats can't jingle a penny in their pockets. Tom Johnson came from aristocratic Southern stock, but was the greatest democrat of his day, for his democracy was always spelled with a small 'd.' He knew well what poverty was, for, through the misfortunes of war, he, as a child, was compelled to feel the bitter pangs of biting poverty. It was no wonder, then, when there was thrust upon him a copy of Henry George's 'Social Problems' that the great awakening took place, and that from that moment until his last breath his great mind, his big heart, his superb courage were all thrown into that great fight for abolishing involuntary poverty. For that really was Tom Johnson's great dream—