

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



practice and precept is in turn sloughed off by better and better ideals.

"In this great struggle which leads on toward general recognition of the dominion of the highest ideals of morality over the truest utilities of physical existence, toward the same recognition by man of the moral law that he has given to physical law, toward the adaptation of material righteousness to moral righteousness, toward the natural adjustment of human relationships both individual and social—in this battle for freedom from defective ideals and a sordid utilitarianism, many there be that fight with Sisera. But they cannot alter the predominant law. 'The stars in their courses' fight against them. They are doomed to defeat by those who, few in number though they be, attach themselves to the cause that harmonizes with the great order of things."

—Johnstown, Pa. *Democrat*.

## From An Old Friend of Louis Post

WHEN Louis F. Post died the other day in Washington, America lost one of its most interesting citizens, a loss not confined to our own shores but felt also in many other lands where Post, as author, lecturer, and editor of *The Public*, a journal of fundamental democracy, was well known and admired.

As founder and editor of *The Public* from 1898 to 1913 he labored diligently and intelligently, and with the literary skill of a De Tocqueville, to impress his countrymen with the dignity and responsibility that is becoming to American citizens. His success in this endeavor is well epitomized by the verdict of another distinguished American, Mr. Charles R. Crane, when he remarked to the writer, "Lucky is the man who knows Louis F. Post. It is a liberal education to know Post." Every man or woman competent to pass judgment will corroborate Mr. Crane.

Born in 1849 Post spent his formative years in the atmosphere of those stirring times when the rights of man (even black men) seemed more important than the rights of property. They were days that might be fairly classified as our second revival of idealism, when our greatest leaders thought Freedom a prize worth any sacrifice of blood and treasure. It is not surprising that an ardent young idealist such as Post, baptized and fairly saturated in the philosophy of Garrison and Lincoln, should be actively engaged in every struggle for democracy that has agitated our country—or the world in the last fifty years.

### PASSION FOR JUSTICE

Although a lover of peace and gentle as a woman, few men have had the courage and tenacity to engage in so many battles for Freedom as had this New Jersey Republican. Long before he went to Washington to act as Assistant Secretary of Labor under Wilson, he had earned the

right to rest from his long campaign. But even at Washington in what to an ordinary man would have been a sinecure free from responsibility he was not to find the rest he had earned. It was inevitable that a man with Post's early training and respect for American legal principles should refuse to permit his office to be used by any official high or low, to imprison or deport men and women not found guilty of crime. Once his duty became clear to him neither threats nor popular hysteria could persuade Post to allow any one to use the office he administered to issue warrants of imprisonment and deportation in the manner of Czaristic or Bolshevik Russian police, and in defiance of American legal principles and fair play.

From the day of his appointment in his twenties to the district attorney's office in New York to the time of his retirement from the Secretary of Labor's office, Louis F. Post fought a long campaign in defense of American ideals.

An interesting feature of Post's association with Henry George is the proof lent to the suggestion that we tend to grow into the likeness of those we admire most. It was surely so in Post's case. In the last work from his hand, "The Prophet of San Francisco," Post unconsciously, but none the less accurately, composed his own best epitaph, when he wrote of George, "With the intelligence of a philosopher, the patience of a scientist, the conscience of a saint, and the simplicity of a child, he followed the course of truth as he honestly saw its beacon lights."

### HELD MORAL LAW SUPREME

The secret of Post's supremely successful life—what it was that made the life of this printer, lawyer, author, and economist a blessing to humanity—is indicated by the faith he had in the supremacy of the moral law. In the last chapter in his "Ethics of Democracy," he wrote:

"We know now that the material universe, from largest to least, is a universe of law—invariable law. Except in obedience thereto, no man—whether greatest of inventors or humblest of mechanics—would any longer think of pursuing his vocation.

\* \* \*

"As certainly as physical law dominates matter does moral law dominate the physical. Though conformity to the laws of matter alone will enable us, for illustration, to forge a knife of keenest blade, the uses of the knife—without which it has no reason for existing and would not be made—fall within the jurisdiction of moral law. We may use it to carve things that minister to human needs or the human sense of beauty, thus serving our brethren and moulding our own characters more and more in the divine likeness, while conquering the stubbornness of external nature; or we may make it an implement for torture and murder. In the one case we advance in moral righteousness by conformity to the moral law. 'The stars in their courses' fight with us. Though the torture be inflicted and the murder done, the unrighteous purpose they were intended to serve will in the outcome inevitably fail.