

That visit of Mr. Bailey helped Mr. Post to consent to accept the position of assistant secretary of labor in President Wilson's cabinet. I must admit that, for one, I thought it was putting a big man in a rather small place. Then when the world war came on, it was hard for me, and possibly others, to become reconciled to Mr. Post being in a war cabinet. But in those horrible times following the war, when the fever of deportation ran high, when proscription and head-hunting were the order of the day, how fortunate we were to have a man of Mr. Post's sanity and sympathy in a place of power. It reminds me of an incident in the life of Henry George, with which you are all possibly familiar as I am. On election night in New York, when Henry George was a candidate for secretary of state, he and Mr. Post were watching the election returns. When it became apparent that Mr. George was rather badly defeated, Mr. Post asked him, perhaps humorously, if he saw the hand of God in the results. Henry George replied: "No, I don't, but it is there."

Those of us who were unable to see the hand of God take Louis F. Post from the editorial chair and the lecture platform, and make him an under secretary, must, in view of the great humanitarian service he rendered in his cabinet position, admit that, while we could not see that hand, it was there.

AN AGE-OLD CONFLICT

"He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call. How they call and call and call till the heart swells that hears them." Louis F. Post heard that call and valiantly did he answer. And what was the battle, the conflict? Ah! the age-old one with Truth on the scaffold and Wrong on the throne, the powerful oppressing the weak and disinherited ones, the monopolists grinding the faces of the poor in the dust. But with his keen, analytical mind, able to see the relation of cause to effect, Mr. Post soon saw that the power of the oppressors was legalized special privilege, and foremost among these was the privilege of making private property of the earth. He consecrated his life to the abolition of that monstrous wrong.

This meeting will have been in vain if forth from this hall go not men and women who will dedicate themselves to the cause for which Louis F. Post did so much and made such great sacrifices.

The fields are white and ready to harvest. Let us not be dismayed because the master gleaner has gone on: this is "my Father's business" and it must prosper. This meeting will not have been useless if one courageous soul embraces the "cross of the new crusade," determined that it shall be carried to newer heights.

HIS SPIRIT PRESENT

It takes but little imagination to feel the spirit of dear old Louis F. Post is here with us tonight. "Where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." How then shall we honor his presence? Surely not by fulsome praise which we all know would be displeasing to him in person. Let us honor Louis F. Post by renewing our pledge to the faith so dear to him and resolve to do what we may to make effective those ideals for which he lived and, as he says, "attach ourselves to the causes that harmonize with the great order of things."

Letters of regret were read from Warren Worth Bailey, of Johnstown, John M. Moore, of Lancaster, and Charles H. Ingersoll, as well as a recent communication from Mr. Post himself to Secretary Williams of the Foundation.

An Old Time "Radical"

LOUIS F. POST, who has just died at Washington, was a familiar figure in Philadelphia in the early nineties when he took a conspicuous part in the meetings which the local Anti-Poverty Society used to hold on Sunday evenings in the Broad Street Theatre. The society was the chief agency of the Single Tax propaganda which was actively carried on in Philadelphia in those days, Frank Stephens, founder of Arden, being one of its most energetic local advocates. Mr. Post and Henry George himself frequently came over from New York to speak at the Sunday evening meetings.

Mr. Post was a Jerseyman by birth. He went from the printer's case to the bar and was prominent enough politically in the second Grant administration to become an assistant United States Attorney in New York. Later he turned to political radicalism of the third party variety and ran for Congress and other offices on Labor and Greenback tickets. He was one of the earliest converts to the Single Tax and became a close friend and associate of Henry George, aiding him in the memorable campaign of 1886, when George threw a scare into Tammany and likewise into conservative business men, by polling 67,000 votes as a candidate for Mayor. Post himself ran for District Attorney as a Labor candidate the following year.

At this period he definitely abandoned law for journalism and the platform. He was one of the old-line radicals attracted by the Wilson variety of progressivism and was made Assistant Secretary of Labor in 1913, serving until 1921. He was unsympathetic with the immigration restriction ideas which have prevailed in recent years, and came under fire for what was alleged to be undue leniency to alien radicals whose deportation was sought. With his death at seventy-eight, almost the last of the Old Guard of Greenbackers, old-fashioned Laborites and pioneer Single Taxers passes from the scene.

—Philadelphia, (Pa.) *Bulletin*.

Liberals Mourn Post

ANOTHER link with the time of Henry George has gone with the passing of Louis F. Post, noted advocate of the Single Tax and long a fighter for ideals of American freedom and democracy that in many quarters seem to be considered old-fashioned and quite out of date. Mr. Post, who died at 78, was one of the leaders in the Henry George movement of the early 80's when George was backed by organized labor and other progressive forces for Mayor of New York and came near being elected. Few remember those stirring days now.

During his long and useful life, Mr. Post was the champion of the oppressed and fought many a battle in behalf

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