

He found us dollar-bound and party-blind;
 He leaves a City with a Civic Mind,
 Choosing her conduct with a conscious care,
 Selecting one man here, another there,
 And scorning labels. Craft and Graft and Greed
 Ran rampant in our halls and few took heed.
 The Public Service and the Public Rights
 Were bloody bones for wolf and jackal fights.
 Now, even the Corporate Monster licks the hand
 Where once he snarled his insolent demand.
 Who tamed it? Answer as you will,
 But truth is truth, and his the credit still.

A Man is fallen. Flout him, you
 Who would not understand and never knew.
 Tranquil in triumph, in defeat the same,
 He never asked your praise, nor shirked your blame;
 For he, as Captain of the Common Good,
 Has earned the right to be misunderstood.
 Behold! he raised his hand against his class;
 Aye, he forsook the Few and served the Mass.
 Year upon year he bore the battle's brunt;
 And so, the hiss, the cackle and the grunt!
 He found us striving each his selfish part.
 He leaves a City with a Civic Heart,
 Which gives the fortune-fallen a new birth,
 And reunites him with his Mother Earth;
 Which seeks to look beyond the broken law
 To find the broken life, and mend its flaw.

A Man is fallen. Nay, no demigod.
 But a plain man, close to the common sod
 Whence springs the grass of our humanity. Strong
 Is he, but human, therefore sometimes wrong,
 Sometimes impatient of the slower throng,
 Sometimes un mindful of the formal thong.
 But ever with his feet set toward the height
 To plant the banner of the Common Right,
 And ever with his eye fixed on the goal,
 The Vision of a People with a Soul.
 And is he fallen? Aye, but mark him well;
 He ever rises further than he fell.
 A Man is fallen? I salute him, then,
 In these few words. He served his fellow-men
 And he is passing. But he comes again!

He comes again! not in that full-fleshed form,
 Which revelled in the charge, which rode the storm,
 But in that firm-fixed spirit, which was he,
 That heritage he left for you and me;
 Before no Vested Wrong to bow the knee,
 Before no Righteous Fight to shirk, or flee,
 Before all else to make men free, free, free!

BOOKS

TOM L. JOHNSON'S OWN STORY

The personal reminiscences of Tom L. Johnson begun in Hampton's Magazine for July, are to

was read by the author. The poem was still again printed in The Public of April 7, 1911, at the time of Mr. Johnson's death. We give it here with seven final lines which have been added by the author since its first publication.

be supplemented with a connected narrative of his life, under the title of "My Story." The publisher is B. W. Huebsch (225 Fifth avenue, New York), and the book is to appear in September. In this book Mr. Johnson tells of his childhood, his recollections of events connected with the Civil War, his early business enterprises, and the influences that made him a beneficiary of the System; his relations with Mark Hanna, his inventions, the lessons of the Johnstown flood, his friendship with Henry George, his Congressional experience, and his co-operation with Pingree in Detroit. In his own charming style the Story is a complete autobiography from the beginning to the latter days of his life; and in an Introduction and the final chapter Elizabeth J. Hauser brings the narrative down to the day of Mr. Johnson's death. It is to be hoped that other biographies of Tom L. Johnson may be written, but it is doubtful if any others can have quite the charm, the intimate touch, the human interest of this one. A story his friends will cherish, it will help other readers to understand one of the biggest and best among the public men of the generation in which he lived.

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AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF TOM L. JOHNSON.

Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland. By Carl Lorenz. Published by The A. S. Barnes Company, New York. Price, \$1 net.

There were two general types among those who truly knew Tom L. Johnson. They were such as, knowing the good in him, loved him for it, and those who, knowing the good in him, hated him for it. This book will be liked by neither. Yet it is a book that both may read to advantage.

It has general usefulness for its connected narrative of official facts; and friends and enemies of the distinguished Mayor may find it a fair picture of the man as he must sometimes have appeared to well meaning persons who did not understand him. It is a snap shot by a journalist with the journalist's dramatic feeling for events and lack of feeling for their significance. The author knew Tom L. Johnson, but was evidently never in his confidence nor capable of estimating either his purposes or his motives, whether to like them or to dislike them.

The minor facts are often submerged in mistaken guesses. A trip to England, where Johnson had an impromptu private reception by radical members of Parliament, becomes a "trip to England to take part in a meeting of Singletaxers;" and his reluctance in purchasing Henry George's "Social Problems" in the early '80s was because "cash in those days was not plentiful with him," although in fact Tom L. Johnson could not at that

time have been in such financial stress as to be embarrassed by the expenditure of a dollar or two. The author who could say that the beauties of nature never aroused Johnson's enthusiasm, could hardly have been with him ever as a friend in the presence of any of the great beauties of nature. That some of Johnson's friends cherished hopes for him as a Presidential possibility is doubtless true as the author says; but none who knew Johnson well would credit the author's suggestion that Johnson "cherished the same hopes." He wouldn't have swapped the Mayorship of Cleveland for a certificate of election to the Presidency. That Johnson said: "I do not like to be an ex," may well be true; but it was wholly uncharacteristic of the man to say so in the spirit attributed to him. If he ever said this, it was not as a despondent candidate yielding to defeat, but as a tireless crusader cheering his followers while planning for victory in another battle. And superficially indeed must Johnson have been known to an author who writes that "as a politician he made of his enemies a pack of wolves, of his friends a herd of sheep." No one as fair as this author evidently intends to be, could have written that picturesque contrast, if he had been present at even one political consultation of Johnson and his friends. If Johnson's enemies appeared as wolves to a distant and short-sighted observer, it was because they were crooks with whom Johnson would not compromise and who had to fight him bitterly or stand aside; if to such an observer his friends seemed like sheep, it was because they had been in full conference with him, and instead of helping meekly to carry out arbitrary plans of his were co-operating to carry out plans they themselves had helped him to make.

One notable illustration of the author's lack of equipment for taking the measure of a man of Johnson's character is his estimate of Johnson as of a "multiplex nature." No man's nature was ever more simple. This was really the confusing fact about Johnson to observers who expect multiplexity instead of simplicity in great principles, great facts and great men. They are fooled by the simplicity much as liars are fooled by the truth, because they are not looking for it. Another illustration is the author's attempt to explain why Johnson was not a socialist. Johnson understood socialism too well to meet it with threadbare objections that no longer fit if they ever did.

It is difficult to figure out, as the author seems to have done at page 73, how Johnson could have come "out the victor in a glorious struggle with an inglorious end," but this peculiarity may be "scrapped" with the other defects of the book and yet leave a residuum of value. It is a book to be owned and read, but not to be accepted without a great deal of critical consideration and of comparison with better sources of knowledge and judgment.

PERIODICALS

Twentieth Century.

Henry George, Jr., Congressman from New York, opens the July number of the *Twentieth Century* (Boston) with a study of "Tom L. Johnson: the Man and His Work." It is a story of Johnson such as Congressman George alone of all living men could tell at first hand.—Mr. Flower writes rationally of Christian Science in the same issue of the *Century*, and Louis F. Post gives an account from personal recollection of the notorious "Morey Letter" of the Garfield campaign.

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Henry George in Catholic Setting.

The *Catholic World* (New York) for June begins a philosophic dissertation upon "Henry George and Private Property," by John A. Ryan, S. T. D., a priest whose economic qualifications for the work are considerably above the clergy grade. In this article Dr. Ryan clears ground and lays foundations; his discussion is to follow. Although not stated as Henry George might have stated it, Dr. Ryan seems to have outlined George's position intelligently and fairly and not unlikely in better form and phrase for the audience he addresses.

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THE DEAD.

Adelaide Guthrie in *The Outlook*.

Who are the Dead?

Are they the souls who, questing, forth have fared
Through the loose doors of their frail tenements?
Who tarried not for staff, nor wine, nor bread?
Who to the stress of Night their bosoms bared,
Despite our bitter tears, our fond laments?
Are they the Dead?

Who are the Dead?

Are they the souls who, from their larger view,
Regard with quiet eyes our foolish ways?
Marvel that we should seek to stay, instead
Of speeding them to their environs new?
And smile to see the sepulchers we raise?
Are they the Dead?

Who are the Dead?

Say, rather, are not we in full-sensed life,
Bound by our sickly fears, our outworn creeds
That strangely speak of faith,—we, who are led
Apart from Love, by selfish aims and strife,
Stifled, enslaved, undone by our misdeeds,—
Are not we Dead?

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Man receives his life from the earth, which is the source of all that is necessary to his existence. The alienation of the land, then, is the first attack upon the rights of man. No one can pretend to fix imprescriptible rights upon the soil. It is in violation of Natural Right that it has been done. * * * To permit land to lie fallow, or to use it for unproductive purposes, or for purposes injurious to general interests,