

have the fellowship of the common life. Even the newsboys called him by his first name as though he was their friend, and he was. He was generous to his enemies as well as to his friends. His heart was very tender, but very courageous. He was the bravest man I have ever known. Even his bitterest enemies never accused Mr. Johnson of being afraid. And he possessed a wonderful mind. He seemed to be able to comprehend almost instantly a financial proposition, a municipal problem, or a question of sociology. What other men had to think out by laborious processes, he seemed to see and feel almost intuitively. He rendered his judgments quickly, and with great frankness and clearness.

His largest public service to the future of humanity will be his work for the Henry George movement, to which he devoted his life. His direct services to the city of Cleveland are seen in many definite achievements; but, more than all these, is the new public spirit, the growing consciousness, which he inspired. It has brought to our municipality a larger vision, and started it on a broader pathway.

I cannot forbear to speak of what this life of service did for Mr. Johnson himself. When he surrendered the mayor's office after nine years of bitter conflict and struggle, and of deep personal sorrow, he declared that these strenuous years had been his best and happiest. His ambition was "to do a full day's work before the sunset of his life." There came to him greatness of character through service. If he had become a money king, his worth might now be expressed in dollars. Today his worth to the world can only be expressed in terms of life.

Those of us who knew him will miss his genial greetings, his glad fellowship, and the helpfulness of his presence. Words cannot express the joyousness, the tenderness and the inspiration of his companionship with his intimate friends. David's lament is ours: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle! I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." We lay him tenderly away by the side of his father and his mother and his friend, Henry George, the prophet and giver of his vision. As we stand in simple silence by his last resting place, we bring to him the tribute of our love.

But here we ourselves are born again of his spirit to a new devotion to the cause for which he gave his life. We cannot rest until the dawning of the coming day when in this land of ours, man is placed above mammon, and the right to life is more than the right to things, until the kingdom of justice and human brotherhood shall come on this earth among the children of men.

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Resume of Tom L. Johnson's Career.

Descended from a Kentucky pioneer, a Virginian and the father of Vice-President Richard M. Johnson, Tom Loftin Johnson was born on the Vice-President's old plantation near Georgetown, Kentucky, July 18, 1854. His father, a wealthy Mississippi slaveholder at the breaking out of the Civil War, found himself at its close the head of an impoverished family. Tom L. Johnson, then hardly eleven years old, raised money for

the immediate needs of the family by means of a special privilege for the sale of newspapers on a railroad train. This experience taught him the importance of special privileges for money making purposes, and furnished a setting of economic wisdom for the career of civic patriotism to which the last twenty-five years of his life were almost exclusively given.

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In the winter of 1869 he began working in a rolling mill, but by summer he had embarked in the street car enterprises with which he was always afterwards identified. Beginning in Louisville, he went to Indianapolis, then to Cleveland, and finally to Brooklyn, New York. He married Margaret Johnson, also a descendant of the father of the old Vice-President. She and two children, Loftin and Elizabeth, and three grandchildren, survive him.

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Through reading "Social Problems" and "Progress and Poverty" in the early 80's, Tom L. Johnson became a disciple and an intimate friend of Henry George. He helped in the George campaigns for Mayor of New York in 1886 and for Secretary of State in 1887, and managed the George campaign in Greater New York ten years later. Meanwhile he had run in Cleveland four times for Congress. Defeated in 1888, he was elected in 1890 and 1892, and was defeated again in 1894. In Congress he voted for the Maguire single tax bill, tried unsuccessfully to get President Cleveland to veto the emasculated Wilson tariff bill, and made George's "Protection or Free Trade" a frankable public document. He was a prominent participant in the first Single tax Conference—held in New York in 1890. Together with August Lewis he made the writing of Henry George's "Science of Political Economy" possible; and largely through his support the Cleveland Recorder and The (Chicago) Public were sustained, the former from 1895 to 1898, and the latter from 1898 to 1908. His personal interest in The Public continued till the close of his life. When in 1909 Joseph Fels founded the Fels Fund for putting the Single Tax in operation somewhere in the United States within five years, Tom L. Johnson was made treasurer, with Daniel Kiefer as chairman, and until his death he co-operated heartily in promoting the work of this organization. At Mr. Kiefer's suggestion, the great George-Johnson medalion by Richard George was presented to Johnson at New York on Decoration Day a year ago, at a meeting in honor of his public services at which he was the guest; and at the Fels Fund meeting at New York in November of last year, Mr. Johnson was especially useful in the deliberations both at open meetings and in committee work.

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In 1901 he was elected Mayor of Cleveland,

again in 1903, again in 1905, and finally in 1907. Defeat came at the election of 1909. His story from his first election as Mayor to the day of his death is the story of Cleveland. It may well loom large in the story of municipal government throughout the United States, for he set Cleveland on a hill as a city with a civic mind.

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During nearly all that time Tom L. Johnson carried heavy loads in addition to his official responsibilities—loads of responsibility from obligation, from affection, from sympathy, and from civic conscience—the burden of which few even among his closest friends appreciated. The tremendous mental strain of bearing those complicated responsibilities brought on the incurable disease—cirrhosis of the liver—of which he died; and in the midst of it all, he suffered what was to him the least of his misfortunes, the loss of his wealth.

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Signs of physical breakdown were obvious in 1908, and they grew worse. In 1909, however, he seemed better; and though weaker in the winter of 1910, outward signs of recovery were promising. There was an appearance of improvement in the summer, and this had grown at the beginning of the present year. But his suffering from pain was intense all through those many months, and whatever others thought, he knew that he was dying. He knew it months ago; he anticipated it years ago. As the signs of its coming increased, he increased the intensity of his work for the realization of his ideals. Even upon his deathbed, he brought his will to bear as his physician asked him to, until a few days before the end. Then he begged off with his physician, and made no further effort to live. Knowing that any revival of his strength would be only temporary, that it would not serve him in his public work, and that the painfully wearisome experience must come again if he lived through this crisis, he said his goodbyes and went his way.

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Stricken on the 16th of March, Mr. Johnson lost consciousness on the 9th of April soon after midnight, and died on the 10th at 8:47 in the evening. Until this loss of consciousness his mind, except in sleep and occasional lapses into unconsciousness toward the end, was as clear throughout all the period of his physical decline, from the first to the end, as it had been in his most vigorous years. His last words before finally losing consciousness were, "I'm so happy"; and not long before, in acknowledgment of the devotion of his nurses, he said: "I am sorry for the sick who do not have the friendly care and attention that I have received."

At his bedside through his closing illness and at his burial at the last, was James Tyler, a man not far from his own age, who had been his constant personal attendant for many years—a personal servant in name and function but in fact a personal friend. Mr. Tyler came of a race of slaves, Mr. Johnson was a democrat of the kind that ignore distinctions of race and class. With him as with Thomas Jefferson, all men are equal in rights. It was with no condescension on one side nor servility on the other, but with genuine respect on both, that these two companions were friends. Besides their personal ties, each was drawn to the other by the magnetism of a common faith; for Johnson had shown to Tyler, and Tyler too had seen, the vision that stirred the thought and kindled the eloquence of Henry George.

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Bryan on Johnson.

William J. Bryan, who cancelled his speaking engagement at the Indianapolis meeting of Democrats at which Governor Wilson spoke, in order to serve as a pall bearer in New York at the burial of Tom L. Johnson on the 13th, was reported from Washington on the 11th as saying of Johnson: "He was one of the noblest spirits whom it had been my privilege to associate myself with, and I regard his death as a great loss to the cause of real Democracy. His unselfish interest in public questions, and his untiring zeal in an effort to secure remedial legislation, put him in the front rank as a public man. His death will bring sorrow into a multitude of homes, but his life will continue to be an inspiration for generations to come."

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Tom L. Johnson Memorial in Congress.

In the House of Representatives on the 11th, Representative Howland, Republican, from Tom L. Johnson's Congressional district, the 21st Ohio, offered the following resolution, which is known as "House Resolution No. 52":

Resolved, That the House has heard with regret of the death of the Hon. Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, a former distinguished member of this House, and hereby extends its sympathy to his family. In his death the country has lost one of its foremost citizens.

The following colloquy between Congressmen Howland, Henry and Mann, the latter the Republican leader of the House, thereupon occurred, as reported at page 164 of the Congressional Record:

Mr. Howland.—Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Mann.—Mr. Speaker, reserving the right to object, I would like to ask the gentleman from Ohio whether there is any precedent for this?

Mr. Howland.—I do not know whether there is any precedent for it or not. I think it is a matter in place, and proper at this time.

Mr. Mann.—I shall not object to this resolution,