

free trade he demands for them can be achieved regardless of international agreement. If our government makes American farmers trade-free to buy what they want of Canadian producers, the Canadian government will be forced by home influences to make Canadians trade-free to buy what they want of American farmers. And therein is the value, the only value probably, of President Taft's reciprocity agreement. Adopt it, and the whole plundering protection system which separates this country from Canada in the interest of monopolists in both countries will crumble as surely as a Holland dyke would if so much as a pin stream were allowed to run through.

\* \*

### Good Politics.

"Say nothing, but say it strenuously." Guess who's been through our town.

\* \*

### An Iniquitous Doctrine.

In the third of our series of letters from China, in *The Public* of April 7, there is at page 319 a brief but pointed reference to the continued imposition by the British government upon the Chinese of the opium evil. That opium story, long and sad and devilish, discloses in simplest form the utter wickedness of the doctrine of "vested rights" as opposed to natural rights—to the plain garden variety of "square deal" if you shy at "natural rights." When a wicked source of profit is once recognized by government—the opium trade by the British government, for instance—the doctrine of "vested rights" demands that this source of profit be not cut off by government without full compensation for prospective profits. Consequently, unless the whole people be taxed to compensate a few for their loss of a ghoulish commerce, the ghoulish commerce must continue indefinitely.

\*

Whether its profits are moral, or secured by laws that foster vice, that sanction slavery, that grind the poor, that exploit workers nominally free, and that honeycomb the land with working children's graves, is all one under the doctrine of "vested rights." Such vice must continue to be fostered, those slaves must continue slaves, the poor must be content to be plundered, workers nominally free must submit to exploitation and think of God as having made them for it, and their babes must be slaughtered—all this, generation after generation in perpetuity, unless at some utopian period human sympathy animates the prosperous strongly and widely enough to win their consent to buying

off the aggressors. Such is the doctrine of "vested rights." Could a more infamous theory of human relationships be invented anywhere outside of hell?

\*

Property interests, whatever they be, which have no better defense in law or ethics or morals than that doctrine of "vested rights," ought not to survive and cannot survive. With the development of intelligence those interests will have to go, compensation or no compensation. Fathered in the past by able and cunning greed, and mothered by general ignorance, they are maintained today lazily by the unthinking and defiantly by the crooked in thought. With the development of moral and self-defensive intelligence in the mass, they must give place to property interests that depend, not upon the doctrine of vested rights for title, but upon useful work.

\* \* \*

### TOM L. JOHNSON'S PUBLIC SERVICE

The public service of this self-consecrated man whose wasted body has now returned to the earth whence it came, was in its principal features a municipal service. Distinctively, he was "Mayor Tom" of Cleveland.

But the consecration call and his cordial response occurred long before he became Mayor; and from that hour steadily until his death—at a cost, too, that even his most intimate friends may hardly know—public service was his dream of the night, his vision of the day, and the work of his life.

\*

Tom L. Johnson served the public when he reluctantly resumed the money-making career which his higher call had decided him to abandon, because Henry George advised him that he owed his faculties in that respect to the cause, uninviting to almost every man of wealth, which he had espoused.

He served the public when he joined in the repugnant game of partisan politics, playing it as it had to be played, in order that he might in Congress promote the fortunes of the same cause.

He served the public when in Congress he brought to light the plutocratic tax regime of the District of Columbia; when he spurned appeals to consistency on the floor of the House by denouncing Protection as a fraud which, though he profited by it as a business man, he would not stand for as a Congressman; when he used his Congressional "leave to print" for franking Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade" broadcast, as

plutocratic Congressmen used theirs for the dissemination of Protection documents; and when he challenged defeat for re-election by his reply to a Cleveland labor union which demanded that he vote for tariff protection on their products, by telling them candidly that he would not do it and explaining that their interests as workers could be best protected not by obstructive tariffs but by free trade.

He served the public when in the Democratic national convention of 1892, he originated the platform declaration that "Republican protection is a fraud"—in which he, however, had with native candor made no partisan reservation.

He served the public in a thousand other ways before becoming Mayor of Cleveland, ways which few knew of but himself and of which he in his modesty could not appreciate the value. It was all in the day's work with him.

+

But in truth, Tom L. Johnson's greatest public service was as Mayor of Cleveland,—at any rate his most distinguished public service, that which has broadened his fame and is most likely to perpetuate his memory as a statesman.

Not the particular service, however, which indifferent eulogists mention in perfunctory obituaries or unthinking friends recall with regret. His struggle for 3-cent fares on street cars was not in itself his great Cleveland work. As well eulogize or criticize the builder of a temple for a new setting-maul he had used, as Tom L. Johnson for his 3-cent fares. This movement was a means to an end, and not the end itself. It was a bit of civic engineering—a bridge, a tunnel, a passage-way from the habitual to the ideal.

By bringing civic ideals at their lowest level into contact with the most familiar of a people's daily habits, Mayor Johnson began the cultivation of that "civic mind," as Vance Cooke's verse has named it, which, in the true teaching spirit, he developed to a point that distinguishes Cleveland among all the cities of the Union. The voters of Cleveland have learned to think in the mass. "He changed the habit of thought of half a million people," writes Edward W. Doty, one of his trusted Republican associates of Cleveland, who adds: "We who live in Cleveland view our own troubles and our own ambitions from a far different vantage point than we did ten years ago, and this change is directly due to the work of Tom Johnson."

This was the meaning of "Mayor Tom's" campaign for 3-cent car fares. This accounts for his long struggle, through social and business ostracism and the loss of friends whose friendship

snapped under the dollar strain. This it is that has made that struggle worth its tremendous cost to him, and given to its incomplete victory the character of a perfect triumph.

His Cleveland movement for 3-cent fares was but the initial stage of a definite plan in Tom L. Johnson's thought, for a civic minded city. It was the primary part of his plan for such a city as Lincoln Steffens thought he saw in Cleveland when he wrote of Johnson as "the best Mayor of the best governed city in the United States," of his plan for a city which as a competitor of other cities and an example for other cities, should develop through municipal government a civic mind also for counties and States and the Republic at large, thereby realizing the truth that Frederic C. Howe phrased when he wrote of cities as "the hope of democracy." It was the beginning of a work which was to culminate in the fulfillment of the prophecy of "Progress and Poverty." In all his public service Tom L. Johnson steered by the chart and the compass that Henry George had given him.

+

Nor did Johnson conceal his plans in his own mind. He published them a year before he became Mayor of Cleveland, and we republish them in this issue of *The Public*. That speech at Chicago in February, 1900, with *Trusts* for its theme, stands not alone as a profession of his economic faith; it also charts the policy he subsequently pursued as Mayor of Cleveland.

The chart does, indeed, broaden out beyond municipal and into State and national affairs, but it is nevertheless and altogether his municipal chart. When he made it he thought perhaps that public service in respect of each kind of monopoly he named must be confined to its own sphere—some of it national, some coincident with State boundaries, and some of it municipal. With further experience in public service, however, the conviction grew upon him that municipal government is the key to the whole problem of government.

He did mingle in State politics, even to the extent of becoming a candidate for Governor; but all this was less to make headway in the State with reference to State affairs, than to release Cleveland from State interference in local affairs. Service in municipal government became his highest concept of public service.

Did he covet the Democratic nomination for President? In his maturer life he had not the slightest ambition in that direction. Not for the Presidency itself, much less for a nomination,

would he have withdrawn from his sphere of public service as Mayor of Cleveland.

+

Men say that Tom L. Johnson's work is done.

No, it is not done. Whether in a continuing life he may promote the public service to which for twenty-five years he was consecrated, none of us need now discuss. We may hope, we may trust, we may believe. If it is so, it is so; if not, not. Be it either way, however, of this at least we may be sure, and by the test alone of the life he lived in the body, that the group he drew about him in Cleveland, and the individuals elsewhere that he inspired, do not survive him in vain.

That Cleveland group which sat at Tom L. Johnson's feet, which learned from him, worked with him, saw his vision, knew his aspirations for Cleveland and his reasons and motives and methods,—upon them at any rate a mantle has fallen, his mantle, which they must not but worthily wear. No truer memorial of him could they offer the people of their city, of all cities, of the whole country, than to take up his program of public service where at Death's command he laid it down.

Should their memories grow dim, they may turn to his Chicago speech for guidance. Of their abilities, that these were proved to him is proof enough. Their courage and endurance have been tried, and the fidelity that commanded his confidence must discredit itself to be discredited at all.

Tom L. Johnson's pain of body and weariness of mind and heart are over, but his work is not done, nor is it ended. Such work so begun can never end while the world's workers are in poverty amidst the abundance which they themselves create and continually renew. His reply to critics of his and Harris R. Cooley's humane administration in Cleveland with reference to work house unfortunates, is in its application as broad as are all the interests of the human race: "We are not trying to make money, we are trying to make men."

---

## NEWS NARRATIVE

---

The figures in brackets at the ends of paragraphs refer to volumes and pages of *The Public* for earlier information on the same subject.

---

Week ending Tuesday, April 18, 1911.

---

### Burial of Tom L. Johnson.

Tom L. Johnson's body was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 13th, in a grave on high ground overlooking a widespread

burial valley and a vista of sea, and within the shadow of the tombstone of his dearest friend and mentor—Henry George. [See vol. viii, p. 646; and current volume, page 345.]

+

There were no formal ceremonies, neither at the home in Cleveland nor at the burial place in New York. Proposals from both cities that the body lie in state had been declined in friendly spirit, and every temptation to invite a special display was resisted; but a bare announcement that the private funeral procession would leave the Cleveland home at 4 o'clock on the 12th and go direct to the funeral car, brought out a vast crowd.

+

The route, three miles or more in length, was lined on either side with fellow citizens of this first citizen of Cleveland. It was not a curious crowd, nor remorseful, nor hysterical, but loving—such a crowd as would have stirred Tom L. Johnson's own affections to the depths could he have seen it. And it held its place in the misty rain until the hearse had disappeared. Flags were at half mast on the houses along the way, and some were fringed with black.

+

At the home, the Rev. Harris R. Cooley had read Bible passages, and the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow had made a thoughtful prayer. There was nothing more. The heavy mahogany coffin, overspread with a pall wrought of flowers, was then carried to the hearse by Johnson's Cleveland friends—A. B. du Pont, Newton D. Baker, C. W. Stage, Frederick H. Goff, Peter Witt, W. Burr Gongwer, Fred C. Alber, and John N. Stockwell—and the procession moved to the Lake Shore train, which left Cleveland Wednesday evening and arrived in New York Thursday morning.

+

At New York other pall bearers took the body in charge. They were William J. Bryan, Henry George, Jr., Lincoln Steffens, Ben T. Cable, A. J. Moxham, August Lewis, P. A. Brennan, C. M. Bates, Frederic C. Howe, and Atlee Pomerene. A processional journey of an hour or more brought the body to Greenwood, and to the same spot in that famous city of the dead where nearly fourteen years ago Tom L. Johnson and Father McGlynn had come together to witness the burial of George. The cemetery plots of the two families adjoin. On one rises a tall four-square tapering monolith of granite, cut with the Johnson name and surrounded by the graves of Tom L. Johnson's father and mother and his brothers; on the other is Richard George's unique and massive monument to his father, with his own bronze bust of his father looking out toward the sea, and here