

But the Virginians did it. They learned a couple of years later, when the New England regiments came pouring over their hills and through their valleys, singing their way down to the Gulf to the tune of "John Brown's body,"—then they learned how strong a dead man may be—if he dies in the right and for an idea. Dead, Tom L. Johnson's power is even now regnant for good in the hearts of millions.

Mr. Johnson's visions were practical—always exchangeable for race-betterment. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" says Emerson. While his wagon was thus hitched, always, Johnson never lost control of the team, nor allowed the glare of the star to blind him into stumbling over obstacles which always also are on the ground and which yet must be overcome. His edifice of character was of the highest, but he knew that the blocks for character building often lie right about our feet. The Commodore of the ship of progress may walk the quarter deck in serene quiet, but, as Wendell Phillips used to say, "There's always a fanatic down in the hold feeding the fires." Mr. Johnson never underrated the worth of the humble stoker down below.

It is proposed to build a memorial to Tom L. Johnson. It is well, and a noble gratitude. Sculptured shaft or labored dome will perpetuate a memory greatly worthy of an immortality. But it is a memory already enshrined in the hearts of the people. If ye do no more than this, what thanks have ye? Do not even the pharisees so? Even Andy Squire, the brains which in the last analysis Tom Johnson always had to fight in his campaigns for common welfare, will contribute to a memorial. Even the Cleveland Plain Dealer will show forth its purely platonic love for the people and testify its academic civic righteousness, by doing the like. The incense most acceptable to Tom L. Johnson and the most fragrant to his memory, will be to do as he did, to fight his fight, and as far as in us lies complete his labors.

If any of you suppose as he supposed, that you have been called by Henry George to the mount of vision and to tread its sublime heights in the pathway of the Singletax, to such I say, Work for the Singletax, agitate for the Singletax, and when the time comes that you can, vote for the Singletax. Such of you as believe, as Tom L. Johnson believed, that to the people belong their own streets and the fullness thereof, I ask you to work for that end till the people shall come to their own again in the shape of better street car service, at a price—and no more—which shall fairly pay those who furnish it. And this work is to be done by voice and influence, and—better than all else—by vote. To you exhorters for the open door of equal opportunity, and its twin brother the square deal, I advise a square deal by you. On the bench see that the relief which a court of conscience can give is not measured by the length of the Chancellor's foot but by the equity of the case. At the bar

let the advocate be eloquent and the lawyer be cunning to give every man his own—no more, and certainly no less. In every walk of life let the tread of man be straight. In each field of human endeavor let the husbandman come in joy, bringing the sheaves of justice with him. This is what Tom L. Johnson would say were he and not I now speaking.

His creed, do you ask? He better than I knows what it is, now that the problem of life is unriddled. But I cannot think it much different from that of Victor Hugo:

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,  
And still go on. If but the way be straight  
I cannot go amiss. Before me lies  
Dawn and the day; the night behind me; that  
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I see,  
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less;  
The future is not one of my concerns.

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## THE VISION OF TOM L. JOHNSON.

Peter Witt in the Cleveland Press.

"Tom Johnson's dream."

Peter Witt, erstwhile the irrepressible, bubbling, chuckling Peter Witt, let his eyes swim out over the roofs of high buildings and hotels until they rested on some spot far out on the horizon.

"Tom Johnson's dream," he repeated, and tears stood in his eyes—forgivable, unashamed tears. "Why, Tom Johnson's dream," he finally said, "was the most wonderful, beautiful dream a man could have—a dream of a wonderful age for us people of the earth. Indeed, so beautiful and so big a dream was it that even the fact that scarcely anyone could comprehend its vastness and that nearly everyone scorned its worth, could not embitter him. 'I can be patient,' he used to say, 'because it *will* come some day, Pete. It will *have* to come.'

"Hardly a man understood Tom Johnson. And this, I guess, was natural, for it seems that believers in democracy are born, not made. History tells us that the world's greatest Democrats came from aristocratic environment, and we certainly know that at present some of the greatest plutocrats can't jingle a penny in their pockets. Tom Johnson came from aristocratic Southern stock, but was the greatest democrat of his day, for *his* democracy was always spelled with a small 'd.' He knew well what poverty was, for, through the misfortunes of war, he, as a child, was compelled to feel the bitter pangs of biting poverty. It was no wonder, then, when there was thrust upon him a copy of Henry George's 'Social Problems' that the great awakening took place, and that from that moment until his last breath his great mind, his big heart, his superb courage were all thrown into that great fight for abolishing involuntary poverty. For that really was Tom Johnson's great dream—

his ultimate aim: to abolish involuntary poverty and to give everyone on this earth all that was destined for each.

"Therefore, much against his wish but because he looked upon it as an easy way to propagate the thoughts he believed in, he stood as a candidate for Congress in 1888. His letter accepting the nomination at that time gave his creed—to create conditions whereby the producers of wealth—the people—could be made the enjoyers of the product of their toil."

"He was defeated by a few votes, which of course meant nothing to him. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, and immediately upon taking his seat commenced to battle against the established order of things. Two years later, although he had been gerrymandered into a Republican district, he was re-elected. It was in this next session of Congress that he attracted so much attention. Pleading guilty to being a monopolist and showing just how he was a beneficiary of unjust laws himself, he announced that he stood ready to repeal every one of them. In fact the Congressional Record shows that for four days he pleaded with the Democrats to answer the roll as their names were called in order that they might proceed with the business of making good the party's platform declarations.

"The betrayal of the people by the victorious Democrats caused a complete Republican landslide in 1894, and although Johnson ran thousands ahead of his ticket, he went down to defeat. Opposed to silver, he remained loyal to the cause of Bryan in 1896, for while he believed the party to be in error in this one phase, he knew it was correct in the other doctrines it enunciated, especially in those regarding the making of an onslaught on special privilege.

"In 1897 Johnson left for New York, and spent the next three years in the further accumulation of money; and then, at the age of 46, he returned to us in 1900—strong in body, keen in intellect, superior to most men and the peer of any—to devote the balance of his life and to give his fortune to the furtherance of the great cause he so fervently believed in, courageously fought for, and heroically died for.

"To Tom Johnson 'municipal ownership of natural monopolies' and 'equalization of unequal taxation' and 'three-cent fare' were but slogans—a means to an end. And this end was his dream—to bring the people one step nearer to that golden age he knew was in store for the children of this world. And how he struggled toward these things during those nine years into which were really crowded a lifetime!

"He knew the earth was bountiful—that there was enough and more than enough to go around—that this world should be a magnificent place to live in, a beautiful place to die in, and that the wrongs and cruelties practiced and perpetrated

upon the many were merely the results of man-made laws which bestowed privilege upon a favored minority at the expense of all the rest.

"With every beat of his heart he felt for those to whom life was merely a struggle for nothing more than existence from the cradle to the grave. To him the day was too short to complete the task he knew was so great, before that day of his dream could be ushered in when privilege and poverty would be no more.

"In addition to his great brain and his big heart, he had a personality which is hard to describe—beautiful, kind, thoughtful, considerate. No man could *know* Tom Johnson and not love him, and the greatest regret of all those privileged to be close to him is that they were not permitted to do for him that which he had done for them. Dead though he is, his spirit will dominate the affairs of this people. His beautiful memory will be the instrument to push forward thousands—to help us all to come nearer to that day his long vision saw—the day which he struggled for, which he gave his life for, and which, at the last, he came to die for."

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## TOM L. JOHNSON'S FULL DAY'S WORK.

Rev. Harris R. Cooley in the Cleveland Press of April 10, 1911.

It is now nearly thirty years since Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to the little church of which I was then pastor. He was in the full vigor of his youth, with a strong boyish face. I soon came to know him in the life of his home where many friends were made welcome.

He was in the midst of a successful and promising business career. His ancestors were of a vigorous type, with the kindness and genial hospitality of the Kentucky people. In his childhood adversity came to his father's house, so that he had felt the hardship of a struggle with poverty. His mother told me that there were times when she had not much besides hoe-cake to feed her hungry boys. At the age of twelve, Tom gave his aid to the support of the family by selling papers on the streets of a Virginia town. At sixteen he left school and entered the employ of the Louisville street railway. Before he was nineteen he was its superintendent.

When, according to the Southern custom, he asked Mrs. Johnson's father for the privilege of marrying his daughter, the father turned to him and said:

"And what have you with which to support and care for a wife?"

Lifting up his arms, Tom said to him: "I have these two hands."

His rise in the business world was as rapid as it was brilliant. Transportation companies in the