
A well-attended memorial meeting was held at the Liberal League on Girard Ave., near 9th St., Philadelphia, Sunday, March 2nd, 1919, to honor the late Luke North, leader of the Great Adventure movement for the Single Tax in California. Eloquent and appropriate addresses were made by William Ross, Harry Hetzel and Leo W. Marks. Additional appreciative remarks were made by Messrs. Guerrera, Mulholland and Goldsmith. The chief points noted by the various speakers in commenting upon the departed leader’s great service in the cause, were his individual devotion, his inspirational power, and his unconquerable hopefulness. His magnificent confidence in the innate goodness of mankind, his reliance upon their responsiveness to appeals to the noblest ideals, and his modesty as to his own contribution to the cause were adverted to. Sincere tributes to his unquestioned importance in the great crusade which resulted in the unprecedented vote for the Single Tax in California were made by the speakers. The potency of his inspirational writings, the marvellous pen touch with its irresistible swaying force, its capacity for keen analysis, deft; alert, incisive, flashing now with wit alluring, and captivating with its varying charm and then with merciless swiftness and certainty of stroke “as though with scimitar of Saladin armed” was error and treachery put to flight. His was a poetic soul. He wrote and sung as he wrote. His genius was evangelistic. He caught the overlooked, and rapt one’s attention, until the commonplace sordidness of daily life became a hideous thing. He quickened the vision of men to perception of the tragedies, as thus:

“There are starving children across the street! There are broken, weary, anxious, homeless, mortgaged people beneath the windows of every snug home and millionaire’s palace in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles in a Land of Plenty! “Where the unused land and natural opportunities for a billion people are held away from sixty millions in want! “Everywhere millions and millions of idle acres—millions of people huddled in slums! What a smart lie it is to say they would rather stay there than go to work on the land, than build a home on a lot! What a transparent lie while thousands of land sharks make fat livings by selling and foreclosing installments on lots and acres!”

“School children cultivate speculators’ idle lots!”

How this great injustice harrowed his soul! Do you marvel that Luke fought? His fine chivalry found here the great offence. So putting aside the things, that, in happier times, he would have loved to do, he threw himself into the fray for the children’s sake. Of course he did not last long. He burned too intensely. And though he knew this, he never faltered. He willingly, aye, joyfully paid the price. How joyously he sang even while the call to go was sounding.

“These are the dawning hours of history! Now! when the crowd is awake, and ready for stupendous things! . . . . This, the hour of world changes!”

Luke North sleeps! The words most fitting are those the Master spoke of his ancient kinsman in spirit, Moses:

“Leader and Servant of Men! . . . Toiler toward the promised land seen only by the eye of faith! Type of the high souls who in every age have given to earth its heroes and its martyrs, whose deeds are the precious possessions of the race, whose memories are its sacred heritage.”  J.A.R.

“We sometimes read of men facing death with a smiling countenance, but did you ever know of any one who looked with a smiling face on his own tax bill? The resentment toward taxation is a heritage of the days when a tax was very largely a robbery of the lowly for the benefit of the great. We have not yet escaped from the influence upon the minds of our ancestors of the acts of princes and lords of feudal times who compelled tribute wholly out of proportion to the means of the people or the rewards which came to them by reason of government.”

—New York State Comptroller Travis.