

interests that would control the mine would immediately ask for a duty sufficient to protect the mining from competition with the "pauper" platinum of Europe.

HENRY LEFFMANN.

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, March 3, 1914.

Mrs. Fels' Acknowledgment.

So many are the messages, telegrams and resolutions expressing sympathy and condolence received from all parts of the world by Mrs. Fels that individual acknowledgment is at present impossible. The Public has therefore been requested to convey to all of these her appreciation and thanks.



The Funeral of Joseph Fels.

In accordance with the wishes of the family, the funeral services of Joseph Fels were simple. Wednesday, February 25, 1914, will be remembered sadly hereafter by many who loved the man because they knew him and worked with him, and by many in various parts of the world to whom, though they knew him not in the body, his untimely death in the harness came as a shock and disaster. The services were held at the home of his brother, Maurice Fels, 4305 Spruce Street, Philadelphia. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Rabbi Henry Berkowitz, of Rodef Shalom Synagogue, recited the beautiful Ninetieth Psalm, "A Prayer of Moses, the man of God," beginning, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

And how appropriate was the close of that prayer when uttered over the body of Joseph Fels, "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!" The Rabbi said:

Face to face with the solemn realities of death these sublime utterances of the ancient Hebrew Psalmist touch our hearts as they have thrilled the souls of unnumbered generations by their searching admonitions on the lessons of life.

Silence rests like a benediction upon him who, stricken in the meridian of his days and at the zenith of his endeavors, now reposes in the soft embrace of painless sleep. The work of his hands has slipped from his grasp; the busy mind has suddenly halted in its earnest planning; the eloquent lips are hushed; the glowing heart has ceased its throbbing; and we stand in the presence of this supreme mystery, awed, benumbed and humbled. Thousands upon thousands in this and other lands

are present with us in spirit, chastened by the sense of sudden loss.

Other lips will recount in due season and adequate words the sum of the services he has rendered. For us this hour is sacred to the sorrow of the bereft. Within this intimate circle of his dear ones and closest friends we can but struggle to voice the grief with which his passing sears the bleeding heart. For these have seen him in the home and amid familiar associations cherishing vivid dreams of noble achievement, like Joseph of old, whose name he bore. They have seen him stirred by a mighty conviction until he was carried away by it, like one of the Prophets of old; and on the high places of earth he fearlessly proclaimed the truth as he saw it, as he felt it, as he believed it. Some of that resistless power entered into his soul which moved the prophet Amos to leave the quiet of his daily pursuits and to face princes and potentates, declaring,

"The lion hath roared, who will not fear?"

"The Lord eternal hath spoken, who will not prophesy?"

In the safe shelter of his daily activities here in this quiet city, Joseph Fels heard the leonine roar of the mighty industrial system. His heart throbbed with fear because of the social injustice and the economic wrongs devouring the people everywhere through poverty, misery and vice. Unlike the thoughtless, luxury-loving and indifferent, he would not remain deaf to the divine call he heard within. He gave himself to his cause unreservedly, body, mind and soul—with the gifts of his time, his money, his tireless energy and his boundless zeal and enthusiasm. Truly he was touched by somewhat of that same consecration which has fired with ardor the souls of priests, prophets and heroes. The test of such a consecration is found in weights and values not material, nor even intellectual, but spiritual. The world of today attests his sincerity, his singleness of purpose and generous self-sacrifice, his hatred of shams and shallow conventions. Bluntly he exposed what he held to be false, to search out truth. He stood for morals, for principles, for character. And now death has set its seal on the supreme measure of self-sacrifice a man can offer in the service of humanity.

If religion be, as it is in its highest conception, the passion for Righteousness which springs from faith in the ultimate triumph of good; if a religious life be, as it is in its highest conception, one filled by a deathless hope in what is highest and best, and inspired thereby with courage for struggle, fortitude for trial and unflinching effort even unto death, then I believe Joseph Fels was a religious man. He may have been indifferent to the organized forms of religion, but he cherished the pride of his people in that great historic heritage in whose Scriptures he found the sources of the doctrine he proclaimed.

"What is excellent," said Emerson, "as God lives, is permanent."

The excellencies of the life we mourn cannot perish. The friendships he made yield abiding treasures to those whom he cherished. Love is strong as death. These are the consolations which must sustain the living, giving fortitude to those who bear his name, and to whom he was bound in the closest ties of devotion.

Upheld by a devout sense of gratitude for the good that was given, let us reverently fulfill for that which has been taken the last offices of humanity and religion, as we say,

"God hath given,
God hath taken;
Praised be the name of God forever.
Amen."



Lincoln Steffens then spoke as follows:

A great light is breaking upon the world. All of us see it; a little, as from afar. It shone directly upon, it filled the whole being, of that great man whose little body lies there before us. And it filled him with joy. We shall think of him always, not with sorrow, but with joy, as a joyous, joy-giving spirit.

There is joy in the truth which burns in this great light that he bore. For this is that truth: Wherever there is an evil in the world, there is a cause for it; a removable cause; and we can remove it when we shall want to do so really, all of us, as he did.

That is the simple, scientific truth which illumined our friend, and as long as that light shall live, he will live; he and his gladness.



Those who thronged the house and the pave outside were permitted then to pass around the casket, wherein lay so still, almost unbelievably still, he who so lately had pulsed with energy, and had spent himself lovingly, but not for self. The burial was in the family lot at Mount Sinai Cemetery at Frankford, a northeast suburb of Philadelphia. The honorary pallbearers were Lawson Purdy, Lincoln Steffens, Frederic C. Howe, Bolton Hall, S. G. Rosenbaum, John T. McRoy, Benjamin W. Huebsch, Henry George, Jr., Warren Worth Bailey, Louis F. Post, Francis Fisher Kane, Earl Barnes, Francis I. duPont, Daniel Kiefer and Samuel Milliken.



At the grave, Rabbi Eli Mayer read a Scripture lesson, including the Twenty-third Psalm. Frederic C. Howe then spoke briefly:

No man in recent years has awakened so many people in so many distant lands to an interest in a great social reform for the freedom of man as has Joseph Fels, at the side of whose grave we stand today. No single man has demonstrated the power of a single man to compel millions, with different convictions, different languages and beliefs, to think a common language, and to believe in a common ideal, as has he.

Unlike other men, wearied of the emptiness of wealth, and desirous of helping his fellow-man, he spoke to the world of justice, not charity, and awakened a belief in a society where liberty, equality and fraternity would take the place of the inequality and injustice of the present day.

The services were concluded with the address of Louis F. Post.

I wish to offer my tribute to the memory of Joseph Fels. I loved him as I have loved but few friends. He was a man devoted. His devotion to the cause of the disinherited, which lay nearest his heart, seems to me to have been almost without a parallel. Perhaps he did not die for the cause as men so understand; but he did that which was more difficult—he lived for it. He gave to it all he had; not his financial income alone, but himself with it. It is impossible to think that such a man has died. The instrument he used, the body he inhabited, is worn out; we lay it away. But human life would be without reason if the man himself died with his body. We see that this man whom we loved, whom we love, has left that which will live, whether he has died or not. The cause of justice to which he gave his fortune, his energies, himself, is beginning to be understood by the world. As that understanding grows, with it will grow understanding of him, appreciation of him. And as long as the world remembers the names of Henry George and Tom L. Johnson, it will link with them the name of Joseph Fels.



Thus was Joseph Fels laid to rest. The sky was blue and clear, the ground white with snow, and beyond the cemetery was farmland; a quiet resting place for one who had earned it. "For after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers."



Joseph Fels Memorial Meetings.

Plans for memorial meetings in honor of Joseph Fels are already under way in many cities. In Philadelphia a committee headed by Charles S. Shandrew was appointed at a meeting held on February 26. Other members of the committee are Frank Stephens, Scott Nearing, Earl Barnes, S. Burns Weston and Samuel Milliken. In order that the work done by Joseph Fels in England may be accurately explained a cablegram was sent urging the attendance of Josiah Wedgwood, member of Parliament and president of the United Committee for Taxation of Land Values. Mr. Wedgwood promptly consented to come and will address meetings not only in Philadelphia but in other cities where his services will be requested. In Chicago memorial arrangements were put in charge of a committee headed by Otto Cullman, president of the Chicago Singletax Club. Arrangements in process have been reported from New York City, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Cincinnati and other places, with a seeming certainty that scarcely any considerable center of population will omit holding such a meeting. Progressives of all schools are active in the matter. [See current volume, page 201.]