

THE JOURNEY ENDED.

XXI.

*The Journey Ended.*

Like unto a drama on the mimic stage when the closing act is reached there need be but hints and touches—sentences explanatory here and there, to synthesize the cumulative story. So, in this story of real life, there needs be but a flash light here and there to show where and how the brief time was passed before the closing day and hour, when, for Jerry Simpson, time surrendered to eternity.

It is September 1905. The closing scenes rush swiftly toward the curtain fall.

Jerry is at home in Roswell. He has aneurism of the heart. For months he has

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felt death drawing near. He suffers great bodily pain. He can speak only in whispers. But there is no gloom about the house, instead there is an exaltation, as if the on-coming Solemnity heralded a sublime and perfect peace.

As to the Life Beyond, Jerry has no dogmatism, he sometimes says, "I rather think that we shall go on and live and learn; in this life we get our first lessons and then pass on to other grades."

Jerry Simpson loves to live upon this earth. He would like to regain health against the time which he so surely believes is coming when the American people will re-align their forces and engage in another mighty contest on issues vital to the nation. But, if it cannot be—if he is never to be well again—why then he will look death in the face as squarely and as unafraid as he has

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faced all things else in life. He has found men friendly, it has been good to be alive, so, then he "will press death's hand, and having died, feel none the less how beautiful it is to be alive."

Jane, once the invalid, tenderly cared for by her husband, is now the stronger. It is she who reads aloud the last few months. She reads Trine's *In Tune With the Infinite*, and, for the very last book of all, she reads *The Riddle of the Universe*. The time that Jerry long ago foretold has come to little Jane, "she understands."

Jerry is beamingly happy, despite his pain and weakness, when "Son" Lester and Gerlie come. He fondles Jerry Jr., and takes great delight in whispered chats with him.

The word has gone abroad that Jerry Simpson is alarmingly ill. Letters of sym-

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pathy, telegrams of inquiry, pour in. Friends make pilgrimages to Roswell.

The new home and the new friends are very dear to Jerry, yet he yearns for Kansas that so honored him and that he honored in return.

One day, in the late September, Jerry and Jane, start for Wichita. These two have journeyed many times together, this is the last time.

The doors of St. Francis Hospital, Wichita, open to a sadly worn, exhausted man. But worn and pain-wracked though he was, he smiled and jested. Gloom and Jerry simply could not live together.

Judge Stevens, of Medicine Lodge, came to St. Francis Hospital to serve his old friend.

Dr. Minick, the hospital physician, was the Republican committeeman who officiated

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on the side of Senator Long during the famous Simpson-Long debates.

Dr. D. H. Galloway, beloved friend and attendant physician at Roswell, assisted in the care of Jerry at St. Francis.

The good Sisters of St. Francis Hospital marveled at the stream of callers, the telegrams, the loads of flowers for this new patient.

Inquiries came to the "Wichita Eagle" office from all over America, asking to be kept advised as to Jerry Simpson's condition. The days at the hospital run into weeks. The friends of the brave, cheery patient gather now and then a little hope. The press dispatches are anxiously read; in many thousand homes the first item sought in the daily paper is that which brings word of the sick man at Wichita.

The physicians can permit but few

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friends to enter the sick room; among those who may see Jerry are his loyal friends David Leahy and Victor Murdock. Mr. Murdock holds the place in Congress which once was Jerry's. He is the "little red-headed reporter," named thus by Jerry in the early Populist days, who started the "sockless" story. Jerry believes in him and loves him well. With Mr. Leahy, Jerry leaves a special word to the "boys" of the press.

There is time between paroxysms of pain for much conference with Jane. Jerry wishes her to buy a little home and live in Wichita—which she will do. He also talks much of Jerry Jr. Jane is enjoined to look to it that the little lad is given the best opportunity for schooling. He thinks there are great things possible for the child.

In one impassioned hour he said, "Oh,

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Jane do not be afraid when I am gone, I will take care of you, I will be with you, no harm shall come to you."

Whether this assurance to the little wife he had so tenderly shielded arose from some vast pity that made the wish father to the thought or whether it was conviction flashed upon him from the luminous Life to which he was very near, no one can surely say.

Lester, Gerlie and Jerry Jr. came to St. Francis Hospital for the last days.

"Come and kiss me, son," said Jerry to Lester, and then, half shame-facedly, he said, "Jane do you think I'm a baby?"

The nurses, wanting perfect quiet, sometimes sent Mrs. Simpson from the sick-room. Jerry then would motion Jane to him and whisper, "Come back as soon as they are gone and snuggle down by me." And she would slip back and they would hold each

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others hands and talk over early days and laugh, gleefully, like prankish children because they had disobeyed orders and eluded the nurses.

There are but a few hours left. Something has cleared away and Jerry can speak aloud. Then comes a spasm of pain more dreadful than any before endured and Jerry says: "Well now I'm up against it; this is the real demon, all the rest has been a joke."

There are now five minutes left, Jerry smiles, the pain is gone, he breathes easily. Then all is quiet, and Jane and Lester and Gerlie and Jerry Jr. look at his peaceful happy face and know that he is dead. It is the morning of October twenty-third, 1905.

Flags are at half mast, in other Kansas towns, as well as in Wichita. The body lies in state in the Masonic Temple. Women of the Relief Corps drape the flag about him.

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The solemn service of the Scottish Rite degree of Masonry will be held. The ministrations which others find in churches, Jerry Simpson found in the Masonic Lodge.

These loving friends, Victor Murdock, Col. Thomas G. Fitch, Amos McLain, P. M. Anderson, F. A. Amedon, and O. H. Bentley, will bear the body to the grave.

The hour for the funeral service is come. The large auditorium is crowded, many are unable to gain entrance. There is a blend of sadness and exultation in the feeling of many of those present: sad because there will be no more earthly greeting from Jerry Simpson; exultant in the memory of the noble life of this tried and true American.

The whole panorama of his life passes in great and glowing pictures before the heart-sore listeners while Victor Murdock

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pays this great tribute to his friend:

"Here halt the quick, and here the dead progress. He has gone out alone, far in the deep darkness, where for each one of us a grave is hidden. Eye nor voice nor hand may follow him. The black barrier is dropped between him and us—the black barrier between the quick and the dead. Facing the iron and cruel gate stand the quick, some stark in fear, some benumbed with grief, some wrapped in wonder, but all alike halted, arrested inexorably. Before the mighty mandate we pause, and then, in all humility, cry out, as children of sorrow, our little word of comfort to his loved ones, our little word of tribute to a friend. If we hope, refuse us not the privilege. If we reach out a little in the dark refuse us not. If the stars and the wind and the sunshine and the rose whisper to us the evidence of

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infinity and promise of eternity, let the material world refuse us not. For standing out against the bald, black wall this afternoon let us cry out again; for our friend we cannot call, our friend we cannot longer see, let us cry out the only challenge that ever met the thrown glove of death—the thundering answer of a mighty faith. The soul is immortal, for, as God, the giver, is infinite, so is the spirit He gives eternal.

"When he was dying, Horace Greeley murmured: 'Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; those who bless today will curse tomorrow. Only one thing endures—character.' Jerry Simpson had character.

"I asked him once why he came to Kansas—what called him here. 'The magic of a kernel, the witchcraft in a seed. The desire to put something into the ground and

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see it grow and reproduce its kind came to me, and I did not resist it,' he said. 'That's why I came to Kansas.'

"The mischievous fates placed him in the only agricultural section of the world capable of spontaneity in novel political action in Kansas. And when the political storm arose, there sprang, full-armed, to lead it, the son of the Canadian snows, the son of the lashing lake, the son of the Kansas prairie—Jerry Simpson.

"Do you remember him: his entrance to the stage; his attitude before an audience; that smile, that charming, winning, and that warning smile? Do you remember his eyes, the eyes where lightning played fast and incessant from a hot heart and an electric mind? Do you remember the whole attitude that cried out to you, 'Come on, and beware?' In that day, men in Kansas carried him on

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their shoulders. And when success came, Washington yielded its admiration, for, in the sally of debate there, no adversary ever put him down, but many went down before him. It was a great, a picturesque career, and he deserved it all. He won it all, and he won it alone."

The journey ends at the beautiful Maple Grove Cemetery, where later on they brought the confined dust of Little Hallie and made a little grave beside that of her father.

And here his friend, who knew him long and well, the writer of this story, says goodbye. A kindlier, more unselfish, more chivalrous man I never knew.

"Lord keep his memory green."



JERRY SIMPSON, JR



RUSSELL SIMPSON

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS.

JERRY SIMPSON.

HON. TOM L. JOHNSON.

DEAR MRS. DIGGS—

I am delighted that you are writing the life of Jerry Simpson, a rough diamond of a man whose every impulse was for good. I learned to love him when we were members of Congress together.

Before he arrived he was heralded as "Sockless Jerry," which gave him a false and unpleasant introduction but as he became better known the real greatness of his character developed. When he left Congress there was no man who held the respect of both friends and foes more than Jerry Simpson.

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I have seen him face the hot blooded members of Congress hurling almost insults at him and in his quiet dignified way humiliate them in the presence of the whole House. One scene especially I remember in which under a vile attack, without any excitement whatever, he first resisted and then conquered his antagonist who within a few days not only apologized but became one of his strongest admirers.

Congressman Hatch of Missouri, one of the democratic leaders in endorsement of Jerry Simpson's real democracy once offered on the floor of the House to trade off ten weak-kneed democrats for Jerry Simpson the populist and the sentiment was warmly applauded. He did this to emphasize his belief in Jerry Simpson's democracy by comparison with some men who only thought they were democrats.

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I taught Jerry to ride a bicycle and we made many a journey in and around Washington. It was on these trips more than at any other time that I learned the big impulse that inspired his life and the tremendous sacrifice he was making and had made in the cause of the plain people.

There were some men who dressed better; some men who had a smoother flow of words, but in his rugged way he had the greatest power of happy expression of any man I know.

During all my acquaintance with him I never saw him fail either in judgment, courage or discretion.

Trusting that your work will in some way give the picture of this great man's life, I remain,

Sincerely yours,  
TOM L. JOHNSON.

*Cleveland, Ohio.*

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### SENATOR CHESTER I. LONG.

From 1886 to 1902 in every political campaign Jerry Simpson and I supported different tickets and candidates. In four campaigns we were opposing candidates for congress. During all that time we disagreed on political principles but our personal relations were friendly. He was a most skillful antagonist, a resourceful debater and one of the best political speakers Kansas has produced.

*Medicine Lodge, Kansas.*

### TOM McNEAL.

I made Mr. Simpson's acquaintance very shortly after he settled in Barber county, and was intimately acquainted with him during a considerable portion of the time of his residence there. While it chanced that he and I differed politically, I always enter-

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tained a high opinion of his ability and respect for his personal integrity. I regarded him as a remarkable man. He was possessed of great native wit, shrewdness and courage. He was a born leader of men and easily commanded both the respect and fidelity of his followers. His native wit and shrewdness enabled him to adapt himself easily to all sorts and conditions of men, so that he was at home, either when mingling with the rough bearded farmers of his own district, or with the smooth shaven and well dressed denizens of the metropolis.

An omnivorous reader and possessed of a marvelous memory, his mind became a veritable store house of information. This fact connected with his natural mental alertness made him one of the most formidable antagonists in a rough and tumble debate that this country has ever known.

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Long before his death his political enemies had ceased to ridicule him and had come to regard him as a man of much more than ordinary power. Few men, indeed, have passed away about whom more was said, spoken and written that was commendatory, and less that was deprecatory as to either his character or ability.

My personal relations with him were always of the most pleasant character and I learned of his death with feelings of profound regret.

*Topeka, Kansas.*

### WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

When Jerry Simpson, as he was familiarly called, entered Congress he was dubbed "Sockless Simpson," and "The Sockless Statesman," by some of the eastern papers. But his colleagues were not long in finding

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out that his claim to distinction was in his head rather than in his feet.

He at once entered the lists as a debater and was the hero of a number of interesting discussions. His speeches contained a delightful commingling of logic and humor, and his hearty good nature made him popular on both sides of the House.

No question under consideration in the National Congress was too large for him to grapple with and he clarified every subject which he discussed.

My esteem for Jerry Simpson increased as my acquaintance with him grew.

*Lincoln, Nebraska.*

### WILLIAM GARRISON.

God gave us prophets of old to warn the people of coming danger. When our flag had brooded over slavery eighty years, pro-

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fecting not the weak, God gave us a Lincoln to give the nation a new birth of freedom.

When combinations of wealth were filling the halls of Congress with their agents; when the great Mississippi Valley seemed content with a system that taxed the people to make millionaires; when the wealth of a nation was in the hands of a few, it was then we heard the voice of Jerry Simpson crying in the school houses of Kansas: "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

I had the pleasure of nominating Jerry Simpson, at Wichita, for his second term in Congress. He was greatly beloved and was regarded as the Abraham Lincoln of Kansas.

When the history of reform is written; when we have a government administered by and for the people let it be said of Jerry Simpson that he gave the best of his life to free labor from the bondage of capital.

*Pond Creek, Oklahoma.*

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### DENNIS FLYNN.

Jerry Simpson and I differed radically in politics, but we have always been the warmest personal friends. I have known him for twenty years. We both lived in Barber county when only a few of us were living there, and when we both went to Congress we neighbored at the Capital City and neighbored closely. Mr. Simpson did not prove discreditable to Kansas in Congress. Before his entrance to that body people thought they would see a show, but his colleagues soon learned to respect him and then learned to admire his ready wit and fine natural talents. He made himself agreeable to the members and took an active part in the proceedings of the lower House. The benches and galleries were never empty when it was known that he would have the floor to speak.

*Guthrie, Oklahoma.*

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### DAVID LEAHY.

It was my privilege to have an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Simpson for a period long antedating the appearance of either an ambition or a disposition to enter public life until the hour of his death. In that last hour—that awful hour when the world receded from his conscious vision, when the unknown was but a threshold's width away, when the sable curtain fell forever between him and those he loved—he was the same Jerry Simpson whom I had known on the farm, in the small, curious combinations of village activity, in the superheated politics of the district, in Congress and in his retirement. This last hour was the proof of his whole life—it was the perfected and completed evidence of the sincerity of all his public and private actions and utterances, of the truth of his professions that he was the friend of man.

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Tempermentally Mr. Simpson was what is generally known as a good fellow. It was this quality in him that made so many of his political enemies his personal friends. It was this quality in him that made Kansas weep many honest tears when he passed away. He was a choice companion, never dull, stupid or even commonplace. I never knew a newspaper man who did not secretly admire his personality although the exigencies of party politics might have forced them into open and seemingly bitter condemnation of his methods. Interviewers and writers of contemporary activity loved him. He was to them what meat and drink and shade are to the travelers in the desert. In all his utterances there was material for a story and a quaintness and originality of expression that never failed to give a professionally desired tout ensemble to an interview. People have

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erroneously interpreted his tact and readiness to accommodate reporters as a fondness for notoriety. It was not. The truth is this, that Mr. Simpson was a sincere believer in certain reform principles and had an apostolic zeal in their diffusion among the people. Carried away by this zeal he often was frank and candid to the uttermost and outermost limits of danger in expression, and if newspaper men had loved him less he might have met many embarrassments. Usually sharp, keen and penetrative it is not an unfavorable commentary on the character of Mr. Simpson to say that he was universally admired by newspaper men. It was good to know him intimately as I did, and no one has a greater measure of respect for his memory. He had a genius that would have made him useful and conspicuous in any age of reform and betterment the world has ever experienced.

*Wichita, Kansas.*

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### HON. CHAMP CLARK.

I valued Jerry Simpson very highly as a friend. He was kind, genial, bright and faithful. He possessed a wonderful assortment of general information and was much of a philosopher. He was one of the best rough and tumble debaters with whom I have served in thirteen years in Congress. His wit, humor, sarcasm and wide knowledge of men and things rendered him a master in that difficult field of human endeavor.

If I should live a thousand years I shall never forget his skillful handling of Nelson Dingley and his silk hat with the London trade mark. That was a rich and racy incident which enlivened the proceedings amazingly.

There was one occurrence which must have warmed the cockles of Jerry's heart. When he first appeared in the House subse-

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quent to a serious illness during which it was generally expected that he would die, the members cheered him till the glass ceiling was in danger of being cracked. The cheering was not confined to Democrats, Populists and Silverites but the Republicans joined in heartily. That was a great day for Jerry and was proof positive that he stood high in the estimation of the House.

I shall always cherish his memory, both as a personal friend and a public man.

*Bowling Green, Mo.*

## HARRY LANDIS.

I was Jerry Simpson's intimate acquaintance and warm friend in Barber County. It seemed to me that there was no great subject related to human welfare about which he had not read and striven to become informed. He knew not fear, either mental or physical.

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How strong and full of health he was in those days. No man in Barber County would have cared to arouse his righteous wrath and risk a physical encounter. He would not quickly resent an insult to himself but he would readily punish a man who was imposing upon another. He was the most skillful and powerful oarsman I ever saw, it was a delight to see the ease and grace with which he would manage a boat.

I have often pondered upon the secret of his influence as a personal leader both in private life and in the political field. I think his great personal popularity arose from his abounding good nature and his genuine kindness. His power to sway men in politics rested chiefly in his own intense convictions. He was in a degree a fanatic. That which seemed to him to be truth he dwelt upon until he felt that it must and would prevail and

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bring relief to the needy, suffering sons of men.

He was a big, strong, fearless man, always espousing the cause of the weak, always for the under dog in the fight. He was gentle as a woman, kind, sunny tempered, witty and alert. He was an incomparable "mixer" and a steadfast friend.

*Kansas City, Missouri.*

## LOUIS F. POST.

Jerry Simpson's name first fell upon my ears in the Union Station restaurant at Kansas City. It was about two weeks after his first election to Congress, and the sensational victory of the Kansas populists was still fresh in the public mind. Sitting opposite me at the breakfast table—I, a tenderfoot freshly imported from New York—was a disgusted and garrulous man, who explained what he

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evidently regarded as a political episode of unprecedented degradation. "Why," said he at one point in his tirade and with an outburst of contempt, "they've elected a man to Congress over there who doesn't wear socks." The tone and manner were so significant that I never stopped to reflect that a man's feet might be pretty decently clothed with stockings instead of socks; and there rose up in my imagination what was doubtless the counterpart of a picture that filled the imagination of my chance acquaintance. It was a picture of a ragged and barefooted tramp, steeped in ignorance as well as poverty, "beating" his way to Washington to take a seat in Congress. Such a Congressman seemed impossible. But my informant assured me that what he said was true, and that the man's name was Jerry Simpson.

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Carrying this picture of Jerry Simpson in my mind, I went over to Kansas. At Lawrence my best informant told me that Simpson was "a very adaptable man," who in a couple of weeks would be "as much at home with a swallow-tail coat in a Washington drawing room as he was then without socks on a Kansas prairie." By the time I reached Topeka, he had grown larger, and I was told that "anyone who picked him up for a fool would make a mistake." Determined to see this curious man in his proper person, I started for Medicine Lodge, but stopped at Wichita, for I learned that he had passed me on his way to Topeka. A Wichita informant about him was prolific—all from Republican sources—and he fairly towered. Incidentally, too, I got a hint that he was a disciple of Henry George. When at last I met him at Topeka, I found this to be true; and a few

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weeks later he spoke for us Single Taxers at Cooper Union, New York City, in defense of absolute free trade. From that time until his death I felt it an honor to be able to number him among my closest and most cherished friendships.

As a man, Jerry Simpson was open, strong, unflinching; and he was as thoughtful, prudent and rational as he was frank and courageous. A politician of public spirit, his democracy was as thorough as Jefferson's. It permitted no distinction of race or creed or class or nationality. Like Henry George, whose intimate friend he became and whose disciple he was proud to be, Jerry Simpson stood for men. It was that that made him a free trader. It was that that made him a single taxer. He believed that the right to trade is a logical corollary of the right to the use of the earth, and that both are natural

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rights of which governments cannot in justice divest anyone.

In loving his neighbor as himself by holding aloft the principle of justice, Jerry Simpson made his life a Christian example in a higher than any sectarian sense. A democratic nobleman, who never forgot a friend or failed to forgive an enemy, a republican citizen who knew no class distinctions, an honest man whose honesty towered so far above policy as to be his guiding principle of thought and action regardless of personal consequences, he was withal one of those rare patriots to whom, as to William Loyd Garrison, their country is the world and their countrymen all mankind.

*Chicago, Illinois.*

HON. W. D. VINCENT.

It was my privilege to serve as one of

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Mr. Simpson's colleagues in the Fifty-fifth Congress. During the five months extra session we lived in the same house and I was with him most of the time, which gave me an opportunity to study and appreciate his simplicity and his greatness. He was one of the most agreeable and entertaining companions I ever met. He was always witty but never tiresome. His witticisms came spontaneously and yet there was philosophy in what he said. Some men are humorists because they make it a study and try to be funny. Their forced wit soon becomes tiresome. Jerry was humorous because he could not be otherwise, and he was just as brilliant and entertaining at the end of a month's daily conversation as he was in the beginning. In debate he showed the same characteristics. He was always ready. Quick as a spark of electricity, you could no more knock him off

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his feet than you could prostrate a solid rubber ball. Nothing pleased him better than to have his opponents fire questions at him—the faster they came the better he liked it. His answers came as quick as a flash, and if he had known a week in advance what the questions were going to be his answers could not have been more complete and to the point. More than once with his sarcasm and irony did he make such old debaters as Dingley and Grosvenor regret that they had interrupted him. In his controversies with the big men of the house he appeared to be as cool and unconcerned as if he were engaged in the pastime of telling stories to a crowd of schoolboys.

In the Fifty-fifth congress Simpson was practically the leader, not only of the Populists, but of the Democrats on the floor of the House. The man whom the Democrats had

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selected as their leader was too conservative and he was almost lost sight of when Jerry made his bold fight on the Reed rules. Simpson became impatient with the Speaker's rulings and he waged a war on the "czar" that will go down in history as one of the events of the national House of Representatives. Jerry was positively in the right in that controversy and he never lost an opportunity to harass the Speaker. At times Reed would become so exasperated that he could scarcely control his temper. Jerry dared to say to the Speaker's face what other members were almost afraid to say behind his back. Notwithstanding all this Mr. Reed was his personal friend and admired his brilliancy and audacity.

Let us hope that the life and character of Jerry Simpson will be an inspiration to

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younger men to take up the fight for humanity where he left off.

*Clay Center, Kansas.*

### HAMLIN GARLAND.

As I look back upon my acquaintance with Jerry Simpson I remember most vividly his humor, his quick wit and his kindness. We were drawn together first by our common interest in Henry George and his land reform but I came to like "The Sockless Sage" because of the quaint charm of his manner and the sincerity of his convictions. I saw much of him in Washington and we used to bicycle about the suburbs together. We conspired together in St. Louis to get the land plank into the Peoples Party platform and always I found him single-hearted in his desire to make the world better. Handicapped by the lack of education in the

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formal sense he nevertheless was a man of knowledge and I enjoyed his talk quite as much as his speeches. I saw him on the floor of the House during the time when "The Alliance" had its "Wedge" in Congress and it was a delight to me to see him measure swords with some of the polished fencers of the floor. He was quite able to take care of himself and Speaker Reed always had a twinkle in his eye when Jerry rose to reply.

He was a sturdy democrat in the best and broadest sense of the term a "Henry George democrat" as the phrase at that time expressed it.

He will long remain in the memories of those who knew him as one of the most picturesque figures of western politics.

*Chicago, Illinois.*

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### MRS. JENNIE L. MONROE.

The first time I saw Jerry Simpson was at my home on Capitol Hill. I was entertaining the Washington Single Tax Club. Mr. Simpson had been in the city but a short time and was a stranger to most of those present. He was a distinct surprise to us all. He looked like a theological student. He talked very little during the evening, but he was in no wise self conscious or ill at ease. The few remarks which were elicited from him evinced a thorough knowledge of Single Tax theories.

After the meeting, I remarked, "If this Mr. Simpson is a Kansas ignoramus, I would like to meet some of the wise men of that state."

A short time thereafter I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Simpson, and their son, Lester, and it was my great pleasure to be

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intimate with the family during their entire residence in Washington.

I greatly admired Speaker Reed, for two reasons, first, because he was an honest statesman, second because he had a genuine, personal liking for Jerry Simpson.

It is upon Jerry Simpson as a public man of distinction that the memory of most people will linger; I like best to remember him in his simple, everyday, home life, where I ever found him courteous, genial, sincere. He was never effusive in his protestations of desire to benefit his fellow men, but he ever impressed me as one to whom the thought of being of service was never absent.

During Mr. Simpson's severe illness, I remained at their home for two days; there was a continual stream of callers—most of them congressmen, and all of them eager to render any possible service. It was during this time of anxiety that I learned of the warm friendship existing between Tom Johnson and Jerry Simpson, and also of the warm

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personal regard of very many of his colleagues who were not at all in sympathy with his political views.

I esteem it one of the privileges of my life to have known Jerry Simpson.

*Washington, D. C.*

### JUDGE W. W. GATEWOOD.

When Jerry Simpson died God took from among us one of Nature's noblemen. He was a diamond, not in the rough, for, by self culture he had made himself a polished gentleman. When Abraham Lincoln was splitting rails in the wilderness of Illinois, he was a prophet undiscovered. The fullness of time revealed the true character of Lincoln to the world, and the whole earth has united in canonizing him. Simpson was the same sterling character of man as Lincoln. Of and from among the common people, yet in no sense was he provincial or prescribed by the limits or prejudices of any class. As he grew the horizon of his mental vision extend-

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ed until Jerry Simpson in the meridian of his manhood was one of the broadest minded men and one of the most liberal in his views among all the public men of our day. Without early opportunities for education or advancement, by the natural force of character that was in him, by the laudable ambition he always had to do something worthy among his fellows, by his devotion to the right as it was given him to see the right, and by honest, constant, faithful discharge of every duty that fell to him to do, he gradually and steadily arose in the appreciation of those about him until among the first statesmen of his country he became recognized and appreciated as a thinker and a leader worthy of the highest consideration and the most implicit confidence.

The writer knew Jerry Simpson as a warm personal friend. His life was much that every father should wish his son to become. In his business life he was faithful, honest and true. In a word, Jerry Simpson,

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from first to last, was an honest man—the noblest work of God.

*Roswell, New Mexico.*

### C. W. DURFREEST.

Honorable Jerry Simpson was, in my mind, one of the most companionable men with whom I have ever had the pleasure of associating. Generous to a fault, magnanimous in spirit and action, he was always willing to respond to the occasion.

My association with him in the Land and Immigration business, extending over a considerable period of time, was a great education for me. I shall always look back and remember with pleasure, the period in which we strove together, in directing and bringing people to the Pecos Valley. We never had an unpleasant word, and I know of no one held dearer in the hearts of his friends and constituents than Jerry Simpson.

*Roswell, New Mexico.*

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## JERRY SIMPSON.

### ROSWELL, N. M., RECORD.

Not for the honors he had won in the past nor for high office he once held, but for his everyday personality as a neighbor and private citizen, his leadership and earnest efforts in presenting to the world the advantages of the valley which he chose for spending his declining years in peaceful simplicity of living, the city of Roswell and the Pecos valley sincerely mourns the death of Jerry Simpson, a good and useful man. Unspoiled by success, dignified and determined enough on occasion, he was childlike in his frank enjoyment of the simplest relations. Everybody called him by his first name, and yet he was none the less respected. It was not a vulgar familiarity that caused his friends to refer to him as "Our Jerry." It was rather, like the parental pride whose heart with love in contemplating the achievements of "our boy"—cherished by the humble fireside, and looked upon with wonder and admiration as his voice was raised in the halls of the great.

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### HENRY W. YOUNG.

Jerry Simpson was one of the most original and unique personalities the present generation has seen and at the same time wholesomely human and genuinely lovable. Although so illiterate that he couldn't write a dozen words without misspelling several of them, he was none the less a great man. In the halls of Congress he wielded an influence greater than any other member of the minority, and in the thrust and parry of debate he had no peer. He was as quick-witted as an Irishman and his repartee came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. Politically, he was, like Mayor Tom Johnson, a single taxer, a disciple of Henry George.

Knowing him intimately, as one knows a man with whom and against whom he has battled in conventions and committee rooms, and with whom he has talked familiarly by the hour, I feel impelled to say that while Jerry was human and fallible, like the rest of us, he was a clean, honest, straightforward

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self-respecting American who had at heart the interests of all the people and worked for them as he saw the light.

Jerry contributed in no small degree to the gaiety of the nation and he made the most prosy political subjects bright and diverting by his original way of looking at things and by his homely anecdotes and illustrations. It would be well for the people of the United States if there were lots more like Jerry in public life. But he stood alone and singular, the only one of his kind and by far the more interesting on that account.

It seems well and fitting that he should have come back to Kansas to die. Although he was born over the border in Canada, it was here that he made the long step from city marshal of Medicine Lodge to member of the United States Congress. His story is part of the heritage of our state, and we are glad that the last scenes upon which his mortal eyes gazed were those of one of our greatest valleys and the last skies whose mornings

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brightened and whose sunsets flamed over him were those of the commonwealth he loved and honored, and which had honored him.

*Independence, Kansas.*

### MRS. CORA G. LEWIS.

Many people who admired Jerry Simpson as a public man, knew little of his delightful personality. He had the reserve of the genuinely refined, and was most loveable as a friend. He was a guest in our home many times, coming the first time with Mrs. Simpson. He had been very ill and was really not able to speak, and to meet and to shake hands with the crowds of people that always swarmed into town to hear him. I shall always remember the exquisite care his wife gave him when she brought him to the house in a state of exhaustion after the hand-shaking ordeal.

We always had enchanting hours with books, when he was with us, and long looks

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backward over the pathway of the race to its present place, and made many plans to help hurry the coming of the day of brotherhood. The books we loved best are more precious because he has read aloud from them. He had a way of stopping in the midst of a thought and drawling, "Say do you remember what Hugo, or perhaps Emerson or Matzini, said about that—haven't you got it somewhere?" Mostly we had it, and some of the books have turned down corners yet, as he left them. Sometimes there were friends in, to share the beautiful hours. No matter how much we tried to keep away from it, every talk on the problems of humanity, came untimately to Henry George's solution in "Progress and Poverty." We have a copy of this book that he gave us. It was in paper covers and he had been reading it on the train during a campaign. It has a few penciled comments on the margins, and is hallowed by memories of the times three of us read that wonderful last chapter together.

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Warden Haskell had this book bound for us by a convict at the penitentiary. It seemed to me that was what it needed; to have been written by Henry George; to have been loved and read by Jerry Simpson; and to be bound by one who had suffered; for the lives of both writer and lover were beaten out against the bars of life, trying to ease the burdens of mankind. I remember once when Mr. Simpson came to Kinsley, Mr. Lewis was in Topeka taking care of the speaker's bureau during a hard fought political campaign. Jerry came in Friday evening, and went to bed with the usual good night, and "rest until you want to get up." We were in the midst of an exciting local political fight and I was running the Graphic. I went to the office early Saturday, leaving the household in charge of my mother, and a faithful maid. The town was full of people, for Jerry was to speak at the opera house in the afternoon, and at eleven a. m. there was to be a procession

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headed by the speaker. Jerry had been informed by the chairman of the arrangements. I refreshed his memory as to the plan Friday evening. Along about 10:30 Saturday the chairman of the congressional committee, came to the office after the speaker and said the procession was forming. I said "he was very tired yesterday and I am afraid he is still asleep at our house. Won't you go down and ask mother to have him called at once?" The chairman went. He came back surrounded by a chilly official atmosphere, and said icily, "Jerry isn't there." "He has taken your three children and gone for a walk on the prairies, and your mother says he has been gone an hour and he knew all about this parade." I was aghast. I went home at once, and reproached mother for having let the hero of the day escape. Eleven o'clock came and no Jerry. The procession had formed, the horses were prancing and the wind blowing, and again the chairman ap-

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peared, about as mad as a man can be. He said bitingly to me: "Is he out with those children yet?" I felt most deeply my guilt in being the mother of the three who had so endeared themselves to Jerry. Eleven thirty came, and I was desperately trying to smooth the ruffled plumage of the chairman, while mother and the maid kept a sharp lookout for the run-a-ways. Finally the chairman took his departure, icicles crackling from his outraged person at each step. Mother and I felt most decidedly, at this point, that politics was not woman's sphere. The procession, without a personage, wended its way about the little town, a sense of resentment against Jerry and me pervading its entire presence. About one o'clock the wanderers came home. They were so happy, so dirty, and so tired, I had not the heart to say a word. Their arms were full of long sweet grasses, lacy brown weeds and late autumn flowers. Two of the children had thrust a branch from a

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cottonwood, through a big tumble weed, and were towing it home in triumph, to show their grandmother. They unloaded their trophies on the veranda and besides the things visible there were hidden treasures—stones, a small lizard, a few late frogs, some curious seed pods and a weather-beaten bird's nest. As gently as I could I broke the news of the heroless parade to Jerry. He said, "Oh, I don't care; I hate processions anyway. I was so tired and I had a walk that's rested me enough to last a week," and he turned to arbitrate the question, as to whether the lizard belonged to the six-year-old boy, who saw it first, the seven-year-old boy, who caught it, or their sister of ten, who carried it home in her apron pocket. I was not to be trifled with further. I insisted upon a proper toilet, a hurried luncheon and telephoned to the committee that their candidate would be at the Graphic office ready for a conference with the party leaders at one thirty. When

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we got there the atmosphere would have chilled an Esquimo. Jerry felt badly for he loved people, and hated to grieve them, much as he abhorred anything in the shape of display. That night at dinner we all felt depressed. Finally Jerry said, "Well Jim ought to have stayed home and tended to this thing. What did he go away for anyhow?" "Yes," I said, "he is the cause of all the trouble. He should have been here instead of leaving this meeting to me." Mother straightened up and began a defense of her son-in-law, whom she would not have blamed for Jerry's forgetfulness. We laughed and soon forgot the annoyances. Friends came in for the evening, and Jerry charmed and delighted us until midnight with his conversation. His keen mind always dominated a company. A great reader, a profound thinker, a lover of men, a man to whom shams were abhorrent, a gentle kindly spirit, whose wit was keen as a flame, as a guest he left in our home a trail of sweet scented memories.

*Kinsley, Kansas.*

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### JUDGE FRANK DOSTER.

There is a species of justice akin to the retributive which compels us finally to accept the creed of those who because of it we first persecuted and reviled; but rarely indeed is the grace given us to admit to the victim of our hate and scorn that we have been converted to the saving reason and-power of his superior virtue. Paul, it is true, confessed to the face of those he had scoffed at and scourged; we rather than make avowal to those whom we have wronged because of their faith, meanly conceal our conversion, or more often, and meaner still, usurp the place of the prophet who had told us of the better way, and pretend to have been, instead of he, the first apostle of the righteousness he had preached. We seem never to be able frankly to admit that we were in the wrong and another in the right. If we make the admission at all it is always so compromised and qualified with "buts" and "ifs" that the virtue of that "honest confes-

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sion which is good for the soul" becomes deprived of all efficacy by the lies which accompany its telling.

Jerry Simpson in what he preached illustrated more than anyone of this generation the strange anomalies of human nature just mentioned. In his public career he was calumniated and reviled more than any man of his time. What obloquy and reproach did not fall to his lot had either not been conceived in thought or else failed of expression because of the limitations of speech. The superlatives of contempt, ridicule, epithet, and anathema were inadequate to voice the disapproval and contempt of him and his doctrines. They sound strange now, those indictments under which he was arraigned at the bar of partisan malignity and hate. It will be profitable to glance at some of them so as to know how radically in so brief a space of time the law of political high crimes and misdemeanors has changed. He said that party politics was corrupt and that

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party organizations existed chiefly for the purpose of public plunder. The sickening revelations of boodle, graft and fraud in the courts and other investigating tribunals seem to justify the suspicion of everyone in official life. He said that avaricious trusts and combines were possessing themselves of the substance of the industrial toiler and should be compelled to let go. The universal judgment of the country, voiced in particular by its president, now approves what Jerry Simpson said, and demands that the trusts let go. He said the people as a whole should own and operate what the individual could not own and manage for himself. The socialization of the public utilities of light, water, communication and transportation is now the accepted philosophy of the vast majority—is practiced in numerous instances, while in all other instances we only await decision as to the available time and methods of realization. Not to further call over the list, he said a dozen other truths of large mo-

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ment and of like kind to those mentioned, which like them fell upon dull ears or were ridiculed by scoffing tongues, but every one of which in less than a score of years has been accepted by populace and politician, and on which those who crucified him for uttering them are now riding into office. With the exception of what Jerry Simpson thought on the financial topic, viz., the kind of material out of which money should be made, absolutely everyone of his views has passed into the accepted creed of the two controlling political parties of the nation, and it only needs a financial panic or a recurrence of hard times to turn men's thoughts to a serious consideration whether, after all, he was not right as to that. Less than twenty years ago, for preaching what everybody now believes, he was the most illy thought of and worst abused man of his time. Only his nimble wit and contagious good humor saved him from actual physical violence; now his erstwhile enemies speak of him with

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respect, some of them even with affection. He was a man whom not only Kansas but the nation will presently remember to love.  
*Topeka, Kansas.*

## MRS. LESTER SIMPSON.

I think few girls feel toward their father-in-law as I did toward Mr. Simpson. I could never see him in any light except as a most perfect husband and father. He was always kind and generous in his home and always had a kind word and pleasant smile with which to greet us all. I never met him that he did not greet me with a smile and a "Hello Gerlie."

He never told his family of anything that might worry them, but he would tell us of the better things that were in store for us.

I was with him a great deal in his last illness and while we all knew he was suffering untold pain I never heard him speak one word of complaint.

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Oh, there is so much to be said about  
Daddie.

*Lipscomb, Texas.*

### MRS. JERRY SIMPSON.

I want to say a few words directly to  
the personal friends of my husband. I  
want them to know how truly he valued their  
friendship. Especially do I want to tell  
the 7th District friends how grateful he was  
for their kindness, their warm support and  
for their contributions which made it pos-  
sible for him to go through his first cam-  
paign for Congress without financial embar-  
rassment. Dear old friends, he spoke of  
you so often.

Oh, how many precious memories I  
have of my good husband. How wonderful  
were his patience and his tender care of me  
during the years of my invalidism. His  
was the gentler nature, mine the more im-  
petuous. Never once in all his life did he  
speak in any but gentle, loving tones to our

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little son. And oh, what delight he took in  
our little grandson, Jerry Simpson, Jr.

My husband did not leave us wealth  
but he left a far more priceless legacy, in  
the record of his public career and his un-  
tarnished name. And it is my hope that  
our son Lester, his wife Gerlie, of whom he  
was so fond, and their two sons, Jerry and  
Russell, may ever find inspiration and in-  
centive to noble living in this book.

The world is better I am sure because  
of the life and work of my Jerry.

Faithfully yours,

JANE SIMPSON.

*Wichita, Kansas.*

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