

Democracy is democracy wherever men abide; and the cause of human rights appeals to all who see the light. Never before has the world been so quickened with the spirit of social consciousness; and it is only to this generation that has been given the knowledge to adjust the activities of man to the laws of nature. A great obligation, therefore, rests upon those who have seen the truth, that they do all that lies within them to enlighten their fellows. Time was when men were satisfied with things as they are, and looked askance at the idea of change; but the old order no longer satisfies, men are ready for a change as soon as their minds grasp the new order. The situation is full of hope. Much remains to be done, but every stroke tells; and the cause is worthy of all that can be given.

HENRY GEORGE JR.

The death of this friend, whom I have loved from his youth up, closes another chapter in the world-wide work his father began.

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"Seeing the want and misery, the ignorance and brutishness caused by unjust social institutions," his father set about to right them. This was the impulse that gave "Progress and Poverty" to the loving emotions and calm thought of a poverty-stricken world.

In the creation of that book, the son served, though a mere lad, as his father's trusted amanuensis; and at the printer's case he contributed his share to the setting of the type.

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But the book was only a beginning. It merely charted the way that Henry George had set out upon.

That way had still to be traversed. It led along the lower levels of commonplace tax reforms. It tortuously climbed the steeps of unjust institutions, grounded in self-interest and prejudice, toward justice in property rights. It reached to the social summits of universal cooperation in universal equality.

On this pilgrimage the son was constantly at his father's side, in his father's confidence and at his father's service.

They came from California to New York; and in the East, as before in the West, they worked together.

They went together to Great Britain when Henry George aroused the people there as they had not been roused before on social problems since the days of Long Will and John Ball.

In the campaign that Henry George made for Mayor of New York in 1886, carrying the banner of this social crusade, Henry George Jr. was his confidential secretary.

They worked together on *The Standard*, and when the father made his tour of the world he entrusted *The Standard* to the editorial and business care of the son.

In the second campaign that Henry George made for Mayor of New York, toward the climax of which he suddenly died, this son of his was again his coadjutor. And upon the father's death the son was chosen to succeed him as the leader of those who on that occasion were enlisted in the crusade that "Progress and Poverty" began.

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As Henry George's body rested in its open grave at Greenwood, nineteen years ago, Henry George Jr. symbolized his consecration to the cause his father's work had vitalized by dropping the first handful of earth upon his father's coffin lid; and from that hour until his body refused longer to serve the uses of his soul, he was faithful—industriously, vigorously, thoughtfully faithful—to that symbolic vow.

This is not the place, at any rate this is not the time, to tell the story of Henry George Jr.'s career in the crusade for social justice which has come everywhere to be identified with his father's memory and name. It is enough to note that as writer, lecturer, traveler, political campaigner in two countries, and Congressman, this crusade was his objective; not as a fetish making everything else invisible, but as a guiding purpose which gave to all things else their true proportions and perspective.

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Nor is this the place or the time for praise. I write of my friend now because he has just died and I loved him. Our paths came together when he was less than twenty and I not many years less than twice as old. The way for our intimacy had been opened by a friendship which "Progress and Poverty" had already established between myself and his father; and that intimacy has continued unbroken for nearly double my own life, and many years more than double his.

We have shared hopes and exultations, doubts and depressions, joys and bereavements, wild expectations and sane reactions, some of them strictly personal but nearly all of them intimately related to the crusade in which we have had a common interest, a common outlook and largely a union of feeling and thought.