

THE LIFE OF

HENRY GEORGE

by his daughter
Anna George De Mille

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It is a great privilege for me to be here today. I appreciate more deeply perhaps than anybody in this room what it means to be introduced as the daughter of this man whose disciple I am. I wouldn't have the temerity to come to you and talk to you about him if I were coming only as his daughter, but I am coming as a disciple, as one who finds him greater every day. The more I study him the more I realize he was a seer, he was one of the super-ones, he was one of the pure of heart, and one of the great leaders. And so I say this in all humbleness. But you want to hear about him!

He was not an Englishman as so many people have thought. I don't know why the understanding has been spread in his own country that he was an Englishman. He wasn't. He was born in Philadelphia of a long line of Philadelphians. He had, however, two British grandfathers; one from Scotland and one from England, and one of these--the Scotchman--was a painter and engraver who engraved many of the documents that were signed by George Washington. He came to America when he was a young man. The other grandfather was a sea captain, who also came to Philadelphia, because in those days--the early part of the 19th Century--Philadelphia was a big sea port. Henry George was born there in '39. His own Father was a publisher of ecclesiastical books, but the love of the sea was in his Father's heart. His Father, Richard Henry Samuel George, and the little Henry, who was the oldest son, the second born--he had a sister two years older than himself--had this great passion and love for the sea. It was inculcated, I think, by the fact that he was taken very often by his Father down to the docks. Then, when he was big enough to go alone or go with his gang of boys off to play where they wanted to, he would take them to the docks and play there on the vessels that were anchored and had come from far away. Also, because his Father was a deacon in the Episcopal church and the family was absolutely dedicated to church matters, many missionaries who came to the port of Philadelphia, would be entertained in the George household. And there this small boy, avid for tales of adventure and for knowledge of the great outside world, would imbibe the interesting facts that these missionaries would tell of foreign places.

The boy went to school. He must have been pretty brilliant. He stopped school at the age of 14, just a little past 14, and any of you who have read any of his writings will be rather amazed at the brilliancy of his English. In Oxford and Cambridge they study not only his economics and his philosophy, but they hold him as a great perpetrator of perfectly beautiful English. But the boy stopped school, as I say, a little past 14, and his Father was a very wise man and knew that the wanderlust that had seized the boy should be met in some way, so he put him in the hands of a friend, a sea captain, and deliberately let him be sent away to sea so that the boy would not be tempted to run away. Thus, this youngster of 15 went off as a sailor before the mast on a sailing vessel--no cushiony job. It was bitter hard work climbing up the masts, handling ropes, rigging, handling wet sails, going through storms, living on that hard fare with plum duff only on Sundays

and special Holy Days, with cockroaches crawling over the table and over his bed. All of these things this boy who had had an easy comfortable home in Philadelphia, had to cope with. It was a long trip but it was a superb education for this little lad. He came back jolly glad to stay in Philadelphia for a while.

He didn't go to school again, but went into his Father's printing establishment and learned to set up type. He stayed there until he was 19, and then again the desire to travel came. This time it wasn't so much to travel as to amass wealth, and those who knew him in after years when he was grown up and a man fighting the ills of the world, fighting for humanity, would be rather amused at that idea that this man who cared naught for wealth or anything that it gave, was at that time anxious to come to California where he too could amass a fortune like the other people that he read about. He felt that this was the land of plenty and that he could come out here, and by honest work get enough to give himself the things that he saw and craved, and to make for a more abundant life for the dear ones he would be leaving in Philadelphia. He knew that money meant travel, it meant culture, it meant the grace of life, that which he felt every one of us has a right to. So again he went as a sailor before the mast, and worked his way around the Horn and up to San Francisco. But when he got to San Francisco, even though this was only in '53, he found conditions far different to what he had expected. There didn't seem to be any chance, any place, for a boy of 19, a strong, sturdy, ambitious, tireless boy, a boy of unusual mentality. There seemed to be no place for him and he had the cruelest kind of a cruel struggle. He knew what bitter hunger was. He knew what frustrated ambition was. But always he toiled tirelessly at his typesetting, or any job he could get. One time he went out trying to sell mangles from door to door, and then he got a chance to take tickets at the door of a hall where Mark Twain was giving his very first lecture. Those men were friends ever after--Mark Twain and Henry George.

But Henry George was 21 and he met a girl who had been born in Australia and had been brought to California when she was 5 and had lived in San Francisco a life of very great ease and almost luxury. She had come down here to Los Angeles to school, to the convent of the Sisters of Saint Vincent's de Paul--the ones who wear the big cornets, these lovely nursing, teaching sisters--and had gone back to San Francisco where this young, impecunious man met her. They fell in love. He had no money at all but she was willing, in spite of the objections of her guardian, a young uncle, to gamble with this young man. When Henry George said to her one day, taking a coin out of his pocket--a 50¢ I think it was--"There is all I have in the world, but will you marry me?" And she said, "I will risk it if you will take the responsibility." So they eloped, and the only thing she took in the starting out on this life was a box with a package of books that he had given her--books of poetry mostly. He was very passionately fond of poetry, and it was always a wonder and amazement to his friends the way he could quote poetry at the drop of a hat. You'd mention something to him and he would say, "Milton says," or "Browning says--." He got that from his Mother who, while she was opposed to the theater and to

anything that was wicked, like cards or concerts or any dancing, or anything of that kind, was passionately fond of poetry, and the gift was handed on to him.

Well, these young people, he and his bride, started out in life. He was dressed in borrowed clothes for the wedding, and got up at five o'clock the next morning to hunt for another job, and life was not all "gas and gaiters", by any means. The only thing she knew how to cook was black English fruit cake. He got a job on a morning paper, which means that he had to set type in the evening, you see, and got home at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and he would sit down and eat this delectable meal of black fruit cake. It's supposed to be indigestible, but it worked all right there. They had a little son and then a little Henry George Junior, and then two years later another son came--Richard, who grew to be the sculptor. When this baby was born, the doctor turned to the young Father and said, "For God's sake, feed this baby. He is hungry." But there was no food in the house and as soon as the mother and the new-born baby were asleep, the young father took the little two year old Junior and left him at a friend's house, and then himself went down to his little shop where his little printing press was, to see if by chance the people for whom he had printed some handbills, had paid, but they hadn't. There was no money, so this young man, only 25 then, went walking the streets of San Francisco absolutely destitute and desperate. Then he went to the first well dressed man he saw and he said to that man, "My wife has just been confined and there is no food in the house. For God's sake, give me some money." And the man put his hand in his pocket and gave this young Henry George \$5.00, and I believe that from that time, the dedication in the life of Henry George began.

At the time of Lincoln's assassination he wrote a little article. Nobody knew that he could write. He didn't know it himself. For some time he had been using his spare time writing essays--anything that came into his head. One of them that is now at the New York Public Library among the Henry George Manuscripts, is called The Use of Time. But he was evidently equipping himself with the tools that perhaps in his subconscious mind he knew he might some day need. And when this great cataclysmic thing came--the death of this President they had so honored and revered, this great Democrat, this great follower of Christ, this man who had the real belief in the Brotherhood of Man--when he died Henry George went to his table and wrote an article. He put it in the compositors' box in the room where he was setting type for this paper, put it in anonymously. But next morning it was one of the leading articles in the paper, and the editor came down into the composing room and asked for the printer who had written that article. When he found it was Henry George, the editor gave him an assignment to go out and study the effect in San Francisco of Lincoln's death, and Henry George wrote a second article which was given a leading place in the paper, and that time they realized that this man had a very great power with his pen, and he was made one of the reporters. Some time went on and he ultimately became the editor of one of the most important papers in San Francisco--the Evening Post. He was the editor who had

all the say-so, and his friend William Hinton, who had been one of his fellow printers had to do with the publishing of the paper. It became a very great power. They did something very clever I think, at the beginning when they launched this paper. At that time there were no coins smaller than a nickel used on the Pacific Coast. West of the Rockies the smallest coin was a nickel. But these men got some bankers to send to Philadelphia to the mint for about \$1000.00 worth of bright, shining, new pennies. So when people started to buy this paper, which was only priced at a cent, they got four golden pennies back. You see, it made quite a lot of lovely publicity for the paper. The paper grew so big that they charged 2¢ for it and then on up to a nickel. It became such a power that they started a morning paper, the Morning Sun, the first illustrated paper, I think, in the world. But just at this time there was one of these little depressions which we know about. We are doing them a little bigger and better now, so this depression business now is nothing new. They have been rampant before at various times and this was one way back there in San Francisco. It hit them very badly because a man--Senator John P. Jones of Nevada--had agreed to buy one of the great presses such as they used in the great papers on the Atlantic Coast, and he had offered to forward the money for this thing and had done so, when just at this time he felt that he had to have the money back "smikitty rick", and that meant that the other two--Henry George and William Hinton--had to go into their pockets and pay him, and it was a very tragic thing for them because it left them both flat "busted", and the paper was out as far as they were concerned. They both withdrew, and it seemed to Henry George, of course, at that time, the most tragic thing that could happen in his life; to have had this thing that he had built so big, to have worked himself to a place where he could say dauntlessly, fearlessly, what he wanted to say to a big reading public, to have had all this snatched away from him was almost more than he could bear. But he got out of the thing owing no debts but, as he thought, at the very foot of the ladder.

However, the hand of God was in the thing, as he so often said in the letters which I have been re-reading lately. He'd say, "I came to a place where there seemed to be a dead wall, no opening, no way out, and suddenly after all this work and all my faith, suddenly a door opened in a place where I had not looked for it!" That faith you find all through everything that he wrote, and very particularly in his private letters to friends. And this time the door opened in the blank, black wall, and it was an assignment from the Governor of California, who gave him the job of inspecting gas meters. That is something to laugh at. It sounds perfectly ridiculous when you think of the man who wrote this book (pointing to "Progress and Poverty") going around examining gas meters and putting little brass tags on the ones that were good and reporting the ones that were dishonest. But he went up and down the State, this State that he loved so well, this adopted home of his, and he saw people, and he had time. He had time for himself such as he hadn't had since he had been a child. And with this time he wrote the book that had been burning in his soul for years; the inquiry he had been making as to why, with all this wealth, why, with all this progress, there is always poverty. It certainly isn't the Divine Law. It isn't

the Great Plan. It has something to do with the twisting of the foundation of this great thing that we are building which we call "civilization." It has something to do with man's inhumanity to man. There is something wrong at the very base. He had been asking himself these questions and he had found the answer, and strange enough, the first part of that answer came to him away out beyond San Francisco, out in the great spaces where he had been riding his mustang, going on what he called "thinking rides." And he came to a farmer plowing a small field in the center of a great open unused space, and he called to the farmer and said, "How much is the land here? All this land that is not being used around your farm?" And the farmer called back that it was so and so, naming a very small price, but he said, "Soon it will be selling for \$1000.00 an acre when more people come." So Henry George saw that great fact that this storehouse, this great earth, the ship on which we are traveling through space, is magnificently equipped, it has more than enough for all of us. There is so much more that we can't compute it. We have no idea yet, even with all our science, how much more there is in the earth, on the earth, and in the air. Every day science is bringing us new knowledge of new wonder as to the equipment of this great ship, and yet today there are some twelve million people in our own country who are without, who don't know where the next meal is coming from. So Henry George saw this great fact--that it was because this storehouse was being speculated in, being held by a few at the expense of the many, that the land, the earth, from which everything comes--our food, our clothing, our shelter--being possessed by a few, being monopolized by a few at the expense of the many, while at the same time the result of the labor of the many was being taken in taxation, was a maladjustment all through, that the simple fact of taking the annual rental value of the land itself for community and public purposes and leaving the result of individual labor--your house, your barn, your silo, your crops, your pigs and cows, all of the things that are the result of individual labor--untaxed, would stimulate labor and destroy monopoly and privilege. So he worked this all out and wrote it in his book. There was no typewriter there and none of these stenotype machines. It all had to be done by pen with great toil, but that beautiful manuscript is now in the Library of Congress. Ask to see it if you get down there some time. You will see the care and neatness of it all. It was sent to Philadelphia to his brother, who took it up and down the Atlantic seaboard from one publishing house to another. He was turned down by all of them, of course. They said, "Who is this Henry George? We never heard of him. What school, what college is he from?" And Tom George had to say he hadn't gone to any college. "Well, then, why is he trying to find fault with Malthus and trying to find fault with the Iron Law of Wages? Who is he? How dare he do it? Nobody would want to read his book." So the book was turned back again and returned to San Francisco, and Henry George was quite in despair then, naturally, having put his heart into the book with a year and a half of actual work, although a long time had been consumed in writing it in his own head. When it came back, some of his printer friends got together and said, "If you have the book plates, perhaps some one of these publishing houses will then take it, so we will all get together and help you print the thing and make the book plates." These confreres of his in the

printing house of his friend William Hinton, who had been his partner on the paper, helped him, and Henry George himself set the first stick of type, and he taught his young son, Henry George Junior, who had copied some of the manuscript, to do a little of the typesetting, and these other printer friends of his all got together and took turns in setting up the type for this book whenever they had time. It was a real labor of love.

Dr. Edward R. Taylor, whom some of you may know, a doctor of medicine in San Francisco, a Doctor of Laws, Dean of the Law School up there, a really fine poet, and a friend of the literati of San Francisco--and there was a very fine literati in those days--helped check up on the galley proofs. So this book was finally printed and there were something like three hundred copies. There are very few of them now. They are very rare. Just a few weeks ago on Fifth Avenue in New York City in the big shop of Scribner's they had one of their huge plate glass windows dedicated to first editions, and right in the center in a black velvet lined box was "Progress and Poverty." You may imagine how that made me feel, to see it given very first place. I went into the shop and asked them how much it was, hoping I could buy it, for I wanted one very much of that first edition. They told me it was \$60.00. That also is amusing in rather a bitter way because the man had had such trouble getting it printed.

After these book plates were made and after this author's edition had been sold, which paid for the plates themselves, the book was taken back to New York, and Appleton and Company decided they would print it and publish a very limited edition. Henry George said to them, "How about copyrights? How about copyrights in England?" And they laughed at him. They said, "My goodness, you don't suppose this book will ever get over to England?" Well, that is funny too because some twenty-five years ago it was estimated that there had been two million of these books sold, and this isn't a novel, you know. This is heavy going, and when two million copies of a book of this kind are sold that means something. That was twenty-five years ago, and I have tried ever since to compute the number of volumes there have been, but I can't tell you how many editions there have been in England as well as in America; the Henry George Foundation of England, the Henry George Foundation of Australia, the Henry George Foundation of Canada, and of this country. There are three or four German editions, also some in French, and I myself have a Chinese edition, and Count Leo Tolstoi sent to me, through my brother, a copy of the Russian edition. But at the time of its inception it wasn't worth copywriting, so there is no way of counting up.

Henry George was not living on "easy street" even then, after the book was taken, not by a jug-full, but he got a job as a writer. He was engaged to go to Great Britain to write the condition of affairs over there for a paper in the east, the Irish World. He went to Ireland and stayed there for six months, and then he was in England, London mostly, for six months. While he was there writing up the Phoenix-Parr murders and the Michael Davitt-Parnell Fenian affairs, and the Home Rule fight in Dublin, he was in close touch with the people who had read his book,

and the very few who had read it in England, and during this time he was writing back these magnificent articles. Some one of the critics of a big paper--I think it was the London Times-- wrote a perfectly enormous criticism of the book that took up most of a page. The next day the whole English edition was sold out, and Henry George became quite the vogue. Du Maurier cartooned him. He was in "Punch" and he was in almost every paper every day. He went up and down Scotland and Great Britain and talked to perfectly enormous audiences. It was an amazing experience, and this man who had started out as a rather sorry speaker, a man who was frightened and hadn't much flow of language, who had to write his thought out more or less, memorizing it almost, flowered into an extraordinary orator, a man who was spoken of by those who knew Cobden and Bright and the great orators of Great Britain, as one of the big orators, a man of such conviction and of such power and of such beautiful English flow that people loved him for that even if they hadn't been won by his logic and the truth and the conviction of his message.

He came back to America and found himself a lion, which was very amusing to him, because he had gone away from New York pretty poor and down and out. When he came back the "big wigs" gave him a superb banquet at \$10.00 a plate, and everybody was there--judges and doctors, big politicians, and congressmen--a brilliant thing. He kept on working, plugging, plugging at this message of his. He wrote a book entitled "Protection or Free Trade" which was the discussion of tariff. He was living at a boarding house while he was writing it, and one day when it was nearly finished he came home and went straight to his desk where his manuscript was and found that the desk had been tidied, and there was not a paper left. The whole manuscript of the book had been destroyed by the house maid. I don't know how that makes you feel but the other day I lost three letters that I had written, so the thought of losing the manuscript of a book on political economy, where every word, every syllable has to be weighed, was a terrific tragedy. It rather shook him for a little bit but he sat right down and started on the book again, and ultimately finished it. This book, I might tell you, was afterward divided into six parts, and under the Leave to Print rule of the congressional records, six congressmen had the whole of Protection or Free Trade set out in the records and published in a special little edition that cost 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ and a better edition cost 2¢. There were nearly two million of that book in that edition. So when I tell you that Henry George has had the most terrific publication--more I think than all of the other economists put together including Marx--I don't think I am making a misstatement. When I add up the more than two million, probably three or four million of Progress and Poverty, and the over two million of Protection or Free Trade, and all of these other books--Social Problems, The Land Question, The Perplexed Philosopher, and The Science of Political Economy--I think it is safe to say that Henry George has had more publications than all of the other economists put together.

In 1886 he was asked by the Labor Party, the United Labor Party of New York to run for the mayoralty. He didn't want the job of Mayor, didn't want any public office, so he said to them, thinking it was just a wild thing, "If you give me ten thousand names I suppose I will accept."

They gave him thirty thousand names, so he had to accept. He made a terrific campaign, a magnificent campaign, and at the time of the election Tammany was at the helm as it has been many times since, in fact, most of the time. At that time there was no secret balloting and it was so easy to cheat that there was really no way of checking up. It was conceded, although I have never seen it in print and cannot prove it, but Tammany itself has conceded that Henry George was really honestly elected, but he was not counted in. Abraham S. Hughes, the Tammany man, was counted in. Henry George came next with a big vote, and Theodore Roosevelt, one of the Roosevelt family, came third; he was the Republican candidate

After this Henry George went right to work again, wrote some more, lectured some more, went to Europe, and had perfectly tremendous ovations wherever he went--the real birth of a World Movement. He went to Australia and had an amazing experience there. He was a shy person in spite of his selflessness. He was always frightened before he had to make a speech, and he hated anything like pomp and circumstance. He didn't care how he looked. Shall I tell you how he looked? He was not very tall. I think he was below average height and he had blue, blue eyes; sometimes they were steel grey, but always they were shining bright and had a light away back that shown through and saw through anything that he was looking at. They were the kind of eyes that you couldn't lie to, even if you wanted to. He had a tawny red beard, with a little hair only. What little hair he had was much darker than the beard, almost brown, which always seemed strange. He had a pink and white skin. He had small feet, and I must tell you something my Mother told me that has always been amusing to me. When they were very young, they went with their little son, Henry, into a shoe shop, and as they were going out, my Mother heard the young man who had been waiting on them say to the other clerk, "Sure there's not much to be made out of that family. Himself has a 'buy's'foot, and hers is a girl's foot, and as for the baby's foot, he has no foot at all." He had beautiful hands and feet. His hands were small and his fingers were tapering with pink palms, but he didn't care a tuppence how they looked. They might be ink-stained or anything. He had no consciousness of the way he looked. I remember one time a man named Bolton Hall--he is a lawyer and a writer and is now eighty years old--got me aside. Henry George's study was on the top floor, and Mr. Hall saw me as he was coming down the stairs, and he called me while he was putting on his coat and hat and said, "It is a little difficult for me to talk about, but don't you think you could brush your Father's hat a little and just sort of tidy him up a little?" I 'lowed as how I could, so as Mr. Hall stood there I got my Father's hat off the hat rack and I carefully brushed the nap off it, creased it down the middle, arranged the ribbon, and fixed it perfectly beautifully and hung it up. Just then my Father came downstairs, grabbed his hat "socko" right in the middle, put it on backwards--so that the ribbon came in the wrong place, and the ashes from his cigar fell down on his coat. "Don't disturb me. I'm in a hurry," he said, and he just kissed me goodbye and pounced out of the house, and all Mr. Hall's efforts and mine had gone for nothing in just one second. He was absent minded and when he went to a restaurant he would hang up his hat on the rack, but when he took it down, most

of the time it was somebody else's. And just the other day when I was reading through some old letters I came across a letter of my Mother's to my big brother, and she said they were on their way to Australia and "Well, we have gotten this far--to St. Louis--and up to this time your Father is on only his fifth hat." He had changed hats five times. He used to leave a wake of collars and cuffs and shirts and sometimes an over-coat behind him wherever he went. Sometimes I have heard him say to my Mother, "You know, it really pays me to take you with me in what you save in the way of my clothes." One time in Scotland he picked up a bag in one of those compartment trains over there, and got off. When he reached his destination he was perfectly aghast to see that he had picked up somebody's bag with a woman's shoes and other things that weren't his in it. He telegraphed back and found the people at the station where he had alighted frantic with a crazy woman who said that some man had gotten out and grabbed her precious bag with her precious shoes, her new shoes, and had left a horrid bag filled with horrid old papers! I remember when they were going to Australia and I was a little girl, and it meant very much in my life to ride in a cab in those days. I didn't get that chance very often for Henry George was always poor, even though his books sold enormously, even though they were copyrighted--the later ones. He used to give some away until he got almost nothing from them. He gave them away because it was the truth the world needed, and he wasn't thinking about the income at all. But this time when he was going to Australia my big sister and I were to be allowed to drive down with them to the station when they were coming across the country to San Francisco, and at 6 o'clock that night, I think, and the train went at 8, my Father came home from his office of his weekly paper *The Standard*, a single tax paper, in order to pack for a trip around the world in about half an hour. Thank goodness he had married the woman he had because she had packed all his things, his toothbrushes and neckties. His packing consisted of just collecting these beloved papers and numerous articles that he wanted to remember. So he had to commandeer every valise in the house, and my Mother got into the cab and these bags went in and then the typewriter was handed through the window, and my sister and I were left on the sidewalk because there wasn't enough room for us. We didn't get to go to the station and I didn't get the trip in the cab. It was one of my tragedies.

He was absent minded in other ways. He loved cold stewed tomatoes, and I have seen him eat a whole dish at lunch time before the family came down. Then he would say to my Mother, "Anna, I wish you'd give me tomatoes. You know how I love stewed tomatoes." He used to sit and eat the whole dish of olives, while my Mother was trying to kick him under the table to let him know that they were for the whole party. He was perfectly unconscious of these things.

There came a time when he was asked again to run for the Mayoralty of New York. The time before, there had been a priest, Father McGlynn, the pastor of the largest diocese in New York, except of course the Cathedral, helped him. This man was beloved by thousands and a man of great power, of great enthusiasm, a gorgeous looking man, tall and commanding, with a magnificent voice and a beautiful golden eloquence,

a man rich in his own right who had really and truly given everything to the poor. He came across the teachings of Henry George and was converted and it showed him that here was a continuation of the Christ spirit, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man made manifest through scientific reasoning and explanation. Father McGlynn began preaching this doctrine as the Christ teaching, but he was called down by the Archbishop, who was probably stirred by the powers that be--the Tammany group in New York, and excommunicated. He was afterward re-instated. He went to the Pope himself. He knew Italian magnificently as well as Latin, and he talked to the Pope, Leo XIII for several hours, and at the end of that talk the only thing the Pope said that touched on this one subject was, "Are you for the destruction of private property?" And Father McGlynn said, "No, I am not." And the Pope re-instated him.

You see, our theory of private property is that private property is the thing that individual creates. It is the result of labor. Land value is not the result of any one person's labor. It is put there for use to all of us and its value increases by the coming of people to that spot, and not one person's doing. So Father McGlynn and Henry George worked together. They called them the Priest and the Prophet, and they had a great society called the "Anti-Poverty Society" in the old Academy of Music in New York, to which as many as could be jammed into it flocked every week.

Some years later in 1897, Henry George was asked again to run for the Mayorality of New York. This time it was Greater New York, and again he didn't want this. Again he was desirous of sticking to his teaching, his lectures, and his writing. He wanted to finish his book, "The Science of Political Economy," that he had been trying for years and years to finish, but it seemed as though it was a chance to get his message out to the public again, and so he called together his friends who had been urging him not to do it. Four doctors had told him he hadn't the physical strength and that if he went into this thing it would probably mean his death or at least a frightful breakdown. He called these people together and as each one plead with him he listened to them as they sat around a great table. Then at the end he said, "I have listened to you all. Now each one of you answer me this question. Will it help our cause if I make this fight, if I get out into the great arena again, and people read the message that I have written in these books, or listen to the message that I will give to them verbally? Will that help?" And one after another of these best loved friends of his--Tom L. Johnson, afterward the Mayor of Cleveland, Hamlin Garland, the writer and poet, Willis J. Abbott, afterward the editor of the Christian Science Monitor. Judge Samuel C. Berry who has dedicated himself to the uprooting of Tammany--all of these different men-- Dr. Cohen from Philadelphia who operated on the eyes of Ramsay McDonald a few years ago--these magnificent men all congregated and stood beside Henry George as he made this fight. He moved from his place at North Hamilton on the Narrows of New York Bay on the lower Bay, into the Union Square Hotel, and had three weeks of the most extraordinary dedication, the most extraordinary experience, the love of all these people. Some days he made twelve speeches a day, this man who had been told by

four doctors that he couldn't stand the strain. He died suddenly on the night that he had made five speeches. Dan Beard, who is I think the Chief Scout or the Scout Emeritus of the Boy Scouts of America, had been presiding at that meeting, and Judge Samuel C. Berry, and Lawson Purdy, afterward the tax expert of the court of New York, had gone ahead to hold the crowds until Henry George came, and on that last night someone had rushed up to him after he had made his speech and had taken his hand, looked into his eyes, and said, "Henry George, friend of the Laboring Man." And he had looked into this woman's eyes quietly and he said, "I am for Men." He wasn't just the friend of the laboring man. He was the friend of all.

On Sunday, a few days later, his body had lain in state and something like two hundred thousand people passed through that building, rich and poor and low. He was for Man and they all knew it. At the funeral service this priest who had suffered excommunication for his message, spoke, and a Jewish rabbi, an Episcopal minister, and a Congregational minister, and a judge each paid a superb tribute to this man who never held office but called for this demonstration from the great citizens of New York. His body was taken down through the city. Sixteen white horses drew it down through that great twilight of a rainy Sunday afternoon, across past the City Hall where he might have been the Mayor, but the City Hall was all dark now, not a sign of life in the building. The bell was tolling across the Brooklyn Bridge where traffic had been stopped over to the Brooklyn Barrough Hall where every window was alight, and as the bells were tolling he became just a common citizen again, the father, the husband, and the friend was taken for this last night back to his only home and buried next day in Greenwood on the hillside looking down the sea he loved so well, and on his grave was put a monument that was paid for by public subscription, and a bust that his son, his sculptor son, the little son that had been born hungry, had done, was placed on the grave, and just a few weeks ago from Denmark and England, disciples of his came bringing wreathes from their own country to lay at the grave. And so it is all over the world.

It is hard for us who believe in what he believed to cope with the inertia that we find in people who think they have no part in this great responsibility for what our world is today, but then we are given heart of grace when we see that people like you will come out of the sunshine on a Saturday afternoon to think about these things, to get together to plan that this world may be a better place for those who follow us. I beg of you, not because I happen to be the daughter of Henry George, but because I am his student and his follower, that you look into this message of his. I believe it will give you an optimism, a faith in God, a belief in your fellow man, that you cannot have otherwise. Thank you.