

As boy and man, from the day of the publication of "Progress and Poverty," Henry George, Jr., was his father's right hand.

With a judgment and discretion beyond his years he met dissension and rebellion in his father's absence.

With an ability shadowed by the brilliance of his father's achievements, he lifted and held high his father's standard.

Some held him proud, but who, of all who conquered by the sword, left such dominion to his son as Henry George achieved by pen and voice?

To have lived, worthily, soberly and discreetly; to have done no thing which might reflect discredit on his father and that cause for which his father died; to have written books, that will live and which are not unworthy of a place beside the masterpieces of his father, are not mean achievements.

Poverty was never far from either father or son. Many things, harshly criticised in the son, were due to this. We may know what a man does, but how seldom we know why he does it.

To son, as to father, this poem by Richard Realf seems a fitting tribute:

*"He did not wait till Freedom had become
The proper shibboleth for courtiers' lips,
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood, and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new worlds heaving Heavenward from the void;—
He loved his fellows and their love was sweet,
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet."*

From "Reedy's Mirror", St. Louis, Mo.

THE SON OF A PROPHET

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The Son of a Prophet

Few tasks are so hard as being the son of a great man.

When that man has not merely attained the highest rank as author and orator, but has successfully assailed vested wrongs esteemed venerable by the custom of centuries, the task of being his son is appalling.

Men instinctively contrast the son's actions, not with the actions of that father in his youth, but in the full glow of his mature manhood.

The obscurity which kindly shielded the errors of the father's earlier years has changed to pitiless glare exposing every action of the son.

Thirty-seven years ago, the Prophet of San Francisco raised his voice in the California wilderness and declared that the poverty which shadows progress everywhere, in what we call our civilization, has its root in the private ownership of the land on which and from which all men must live.

The festering slums which cluster around our palaces, the vice and crime lurking in the shadow of our churches, the ignorance bred beside our schools, famine stalking where granaries burst with grain; shivering nakedness beside warehouses filled with wool, and, deadliest of all, our social crimes, children toiling while their fathers are perforce idle, and in all our cities women forced by famine to sell their very souls for bread.

All these that lone Prophet declared to be fruits of human laws which made the land God gave for the use of all, the private property of a few, to be used or withheld utterly from use by the many, as these few might decree.

Nineteen hundred years ago a Nazarene carpenter preached similar doctrines to some fishers by the Sea of Galilee.

Privilege crucified him between thieves.

But his doctrines of the equal Fatherhood of God, of the equal brotherhood of men, whispered fearfully by slave to slave, and spread

by the mouths of prisoners and fugitives, won their way despite sneers and scars, burnings and battlings with beasts in the arena.

Then privilege stole his livery for its service, invoking the law of God to sanction laws of man which deny and defy God's laws.

With a faith that never faltered, an energy which never slackened, an ability as writer and speaker unequalled in our times, this new Apostle of Equality wrought ceaselessly till nineteen years ago, death crowned him martyr to the cause of man. But long ere this, he was cheered by the recognition of the truths he taught, in every corner of the earth.

Though scribes and Pharisees sneered and the Rulers and Chief Priests strove to harass him, the common people heard him gladly, as they had heard his Nazarene predecessor centuries before. And it came to pass that, before death came, the truths he taught found acceptance in every country on earth.