

and Poverty." Imagine my disgust on finding it to be a treatise on political economy. But as I had nothing else with which to while away the tedium of a journey, I commenced to read it. I was soon enthralled by the beautiful style of the opening chapter; and before the two weeks of my vacation were over, I had finished reading "Progress and Poverty." Not only that, but I had become a convert to what was afterwards called the SingleTax Philosophy. For two years I did nothing to further the cause, except to call the attention of friends to the remarkable book.

In 1886 the newspapers were full of the candidacy of Henry George for the mayoralty of New York City. This emboldened me to go to his campaign headquarters in the old Colonnade Hotel, since razed. At last I was to meet the man pictured by my youthful enthusiasm as the greatest philosopher of all times. I might add that now, when my hair is white, I have not revised my early judgment. As I opened the door, I was greeted by a young, short, rather squatty man, whose Jovian head was covered by a mass of bushy hair. Thus I first met Louis F. Post. After introducing me to the candidate, who spoke to me as though I were an equal, while I felt like an urchin in the presence of the awe-inspiring teacher, Post took me aside to learn what I could do to aid the campaign. Discovering I had some knowledge of stenography, which was unusual in those days, he set me to work reporting Henry George's speeches.

After this most sensational campaign was over, Post suggested that he and I write a history of it. In the published book "An Account of the George-Hewitt Campaign of 1886," he kindly coupled my name with his as co-author, although my contribution to the work was largely that of amenuensis. This was also typical—never himself seeking the limelight, but always dragging a friend into it.

Post had the art of the campaign orator of injecting stories in his speech, so that his audience never tired even when listening to speeches that required the closest attention. Just imagine keeping an audience interested throughout an hour's address on political economy, mingling laughter with applause. In the '80s one of the leading radicals in New York was John Swinton, who published *John Swinton's Paper*. Swinton's panacea for all economic ills, his cure-all, was the greenback. He and Post had a joint debate on the comparative merits of the land and the money questions. Finally Swinton said, "If I could get all the money of the world you can have all the land." Quick as a flash Post replied, "Agreed; you have all the money and I have all the land—now get off my earth."

Hard work never kills, for if it did, Post would never have lived to be seventy-eight. During the '86 campaign, which lasted a month, I doubt if he averaged four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. At headquarters during the day, speaking at night until eleven, and then taking up

his duties as editor of the *Leader* until 2 A.M. Every New York newspaper was opposing Henry George, so Post started a daily called the *Leader* which lasted a year until the Socialists captured it, when it soon died.

This week there will be many memorial meetings in honor of a man who died over a century ago. Thomas Jefferson's birthday comes on Friday. He was the great American exponent of democracy (with a small d). Post followed in his foot-steps. Before many years, the American people will have learned that were it not for Post and men like him who, despite obloquy, repelled assaults on the very fundamentals of Jeffersonian democracy, they might now be ruled by a Mussolini.

At the conclusion of this address, Frank I. Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, paid a high tribute to Mr. Post and dwelt upon his life-long interest in the labor movement. A notable statement of Mr. Morrison's was: "We can build monuments to the memory of Louis F. Post and other pleaders for social justice by entering whole-heartedly into that struggle."

ADDRESS OF FREDERIC C. HOWE

(IN PART)

TO me the things that distinguish Louis Post are the things that to him were important, and the things that to him were important are not in reality important to very many people. I fancy that they are more generally important to the friends of Mr. Post who have gathered here this evening, but to the generality of folks the things that he held important are not important. I should not emphasize the courage of Mr. Post as courage. I should not exalt the fight he made as such. The thing that distinguished Mr. Post even among his associates was the fact that he held the human mind to be important. He believed in the human mind. All his life, from the time he saw the Single Tax light, he challenged the idea that the world thought through its stomach, and I am quite serious about that because there is a very substantial economic and political group in the world that insists that the world only moves through its hunger and through its poverty. I am not referring alone to the proletarian classes or the Socialist party, but our bankers and business men act on the assumption that the world moves only through its wants, through its hunger, through its stomach. Yet Mr. Post did not question but that the truth, a logical truth, a truth that would stand the test of trial, could be presented with assurance to a landlord, to a banker, to a protectionist or to any class in society, and that if that truth were stated clear enough and often enough, it would make its way.

I am not at all sure but that in the realm of mature adult thinking, *The Public* in those days, edited by a very poor man, living on a very negligible salary, in politics a considerable part of the time fighting a fight for the school board, entertaining his friends and reading apparently

all the important things that came out, was as great an intellectual influence as we have had in this country.

ADDRESS OF ANNA GEORGE DE MILLE

IT is difficult for me to be impersonal tonight because I think no bond of blood could be stronger than this bond that bound me to Mr. Post, a bond of long friendship, of deep respect. I can't remember when he first happened in my life. He seemed always to have been there since my earliest memories, woven into the background, sometimes coming out vividly into the foreground and taking shape in the biggest crises I have ever had to go through, so that it is a little hard for me to speak. I could tell you so many things, so many personal things, so many anecdotes that perhaps some of you don't know, but this seems hardly the time.

This man was one of the best beloved friends of my father, and those of us, all of us, who have known him, know why that was, why he should have chosen this man of such tremendous mentality, of such wonderful judgment, of such tolerance. That clean mind of his that went along with a deep, mellow wisdom. He might have been anything he chose to be as far as power in the world went because he had this great legal mind and a most gifted pen. But these two gifts he did not dedicate to financial gain. He might have served great powers and might have been a rich man, but he died a poor man because he dedicated himself to the cause of humanity.

He put aside all dreams of personal ambition that he might follow the truth as he saw the truth. His life was one long unswerving service to this truth, and unselfishly he endeavored to bring economic justice and spiritual understanding.

There have been many times in my life when the world has seemed so out of joint that I have been almost destroyed, and I have made that pilgrimage down to Washington and found this gentle, quiet, strong, wise person waiting there with advice and comfort and strength, and in that home I have found the healing balm and have gone out again back into life with my spirit renewed, the tangles that had almost distracted me straightened out and a new faith in my heart.

Almost his last words to me when I saw him just a few days before he died were words of deep abiding faith and words of grief over the intolerance that so many of us who are also serving the same cause which Mr. Post served, the intolerance that so many of us have felt for so many others, all of us working for the same goal, but being so impatient with the other fellow because he may not be reaching for that goal in exactly the same way, may not be traveling exactly the same path. I had to quiet him and tell him not to worry about that, that we really were beginning to get the adult angle, that we really were beginning to be a little more tolerant of each other, and he was quiet and smiled again. In that same conversation I got

from him an understanding of death that was an amazing thing. I never saw anybody more completely ready. He was very tired, very, very tired, but he spoke as complacently of death as one of us might speak of going out of this church tonight. It wasn't death at all, really, it was birth, and he was so completely prepared for it that one could not grieve at his going.

He had that amazing sense of time, or perhaps I should say of timelessness. He seemed to understand as only the very great and deeply wise can understand.

ADDRESS OF LAWSON PURDY

The other day I received a pamphlet from Copenhagen, Denmark. It was the land value maps of the city of Copenhagen. I cannot read Danish but I can read land value maps. It was a very interesting thing to me indeed to see the first book of that kind from Europe, and thinking about tonight it seemed to me that perhaps through a humble chain of persons and circumstances, Louis Post was responsible for those land value maps in Copenhagen.

Forty-one years ago an old friend of mine who was not learned said to me, "Lawson, do you read *The Standard*?" I said, "No. What is *The Standard*?"

"The greatest newspaper that ever was published."

He kept that up week after week. I said, "Show it to me."

"I will not," said he. "Go and buy it at the newstand."

After a few weeks he had piqued my curiosity sufficiently so that I did buy *The Standard* at a newstand, and I read some of the addresses made by Henry George in the old Academy of Music for the Anti-Poverty Society and the addresses of Dr. McGlynn, and they were wonders of eloquence but they roused questions, and there on the column of the editorial page, next to the middle, I think it was, were questions and answers, and the questions were my questions and the answers were plain, lucid, logical, carried conviction, and Louis Post wrote them.

By and by, after perhaps three or four months of that education, of reading *The Standard* week after week, I met no Single Taxers, I met no one who knew anything about the subject, this old man who—My goodness, I think of him now as old, I don't suppose he was quite as old as I am now—wouldn't discuss the subject with me, and in that I think he was very wise, because, as I said, he wasn't a learned man. Perhaps he might merely have aroused my antagonism. I might have bettered him in argument possibly had we gotten to arguing the subject and I had taken the opposite. He never would discuss it with me at all. The time came when I said, "Well, there are tremendous claims made for this and it is about time that I read 'Progress and Poverty.' That seems to be the Bible of Henry George and I ought to do it." And so I did, and a new world was opened, light shone on all the problems both of this life and of the life to come, and that light has shone for me ever since.