

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

AN APPRECIATION BY LOUIS F. POST, IN THE "PUBLIC," NOVEMBER 24TH.

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

"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.

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, towards justice in property rights. It reached to the social summits of universal co-operation 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.

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 handfuls 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, traveller, 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.

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.

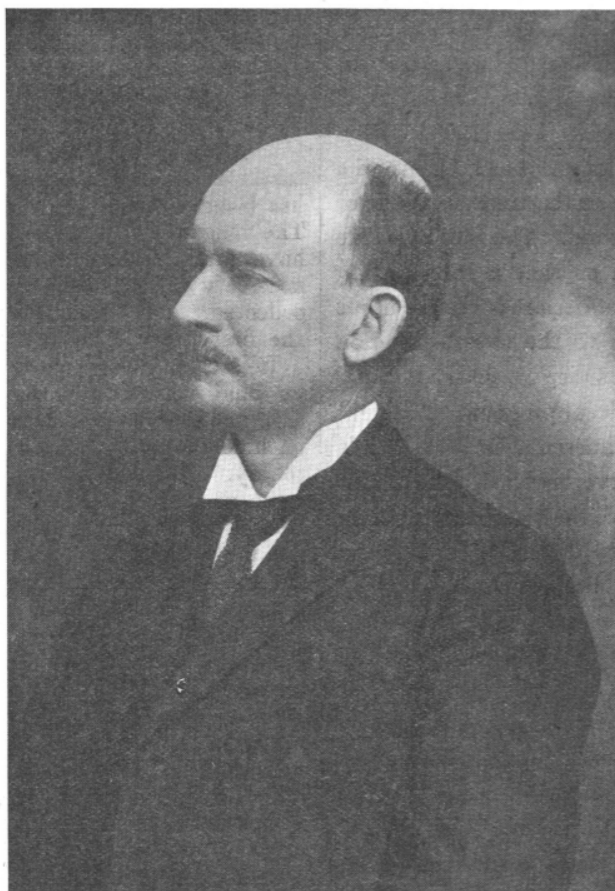
Perhaps, then, a word of appraisal may not be misplaced. Though it seem like eulogy, it is a well-weighted estimate. And I offer it not in praise, but as a true tribute to the memory of one who has for more than thirty years been to me as a younger brother and whose all too early death I deeply deplore.

His fidelity was like his father's. He was tireless in pursuit of the essentials of the cause to which he held himself consecrated. He was rational in the adaptation of means to ends for its promotion. He was bold without rashness and prudent without timidity in all his relations to it. Whatever his faults, those at least were among his virtues, along with a manifest sense

of responsibility, a personal dignity, and an intensity of personal affection and loyalty which counted not a little in making his work for social righteousness effective.

I write of him as if he were dead. But that is only in deference to prevailing habits of speech, for I think of him as living.

His physical body is disintegrating, but shall we therefore say that he himself is dead? Many of us have at some time or other in our lives looked upon this change as death. Perhaps it was as well to do so, when human life now and hereafter were what they appeared to us to be. But with those clearer apprehensions that are so impressively stated in **PROGRESS AND POVERTY**, many of us can say now as its author did when in closing that book he confessed that "a faith that was dead revives."



HENRY GEORGE, JR.

We all live now in a world of concrete manifestations, of which our physical bodies are to each of us the most vital examples. But we also live now in a world of abstract realities, which our consciousness stubbornly refuses to ignore. How, then, can we rationally say that when our bodies disintegrate we ourselves dissolve into nothingness? Because we are dead to the physical world when our physical forms no longer serve us? That is no reason for assuming that we are non-existent in a spiritual world to which from infancy we have been growing accustomed.

The more reasonable inference is that with the loss of the physical body we become, not less spiritual to the point of non-existence, but inexplicably more spiritual—more truly and completely ourselves.

"Life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death" seemed intelligible to the author of *PROGRESS AND POVERTY* only "as the avenue and vestibule to another life." So it is coming more and more to seem to the most of us—not mystically but rationally. In the death of the human body we do not believe that we witness the death of a soul over which there were rejoicings at its birth. We believe that we witness the coming of a soul to maturity. May we not as rationally rejoice over this as over its birth—even though we grieve as we return its physical embodiment to the earth from which it came?

At all events it seems to me unreasonable to think of my friend as having literally died. I think of him as having come more intimately into communion and useful co-operation than ever before with all who have lived for what he has lived for. I picture him as continuing his work with his father, to whose cause he was consecrated from boyhood. I picture him as working with Tolstoy, whose spirituality attracted him in his later years as it had his father before, and under whose influence he remained while his rational consciousness found physical expression.

Call it hope or call it superstition, the fact remains that he has had a spiritual as well as a physical life. And the inference arises which will not be denied, that only his physical life is at an end. It must be that in a larger and freer environment his spiritual life goes on developing that unity of love and effort for just things which has formed the character that we identify as the man we knew.

LOUIS F. POST.

AUTHOR AND CONGRESSMAN

As intimated in our December issue, the death occurred at his home in Washington on November 14th of former Congressman Henry George, Jr., son of the author of *PROGRESS AND POVERTY*. Mr. George had been in ill-health for several years. During recent months his condition had grown worse; and he had been confined to his room since the middle of September.

A funeral service was held at the house by the Rev. Dr. John C. Palmer and Assistant Secretary of Labour, Louis F. Post, a life-long friend of Mr. George and of his father. The body was taken to New York to be laid in Greenwood Cemetery beside his father and other members of the family.

Mr. George is survived by his wife and three children. He was born in Sacramento on the 3rd of November, 1862. Owing to delicate health when a boy he had very little schooling, but he had a great advantage in the intimate companionship of his father and the intellectual stimulus of his father's method of encouraging his children to question all things rationally. Throughout his life he was an indefatigable reader over a wide range of subjects and books, but of political economy and political history and science, particularly.

When less than seventeen he left school for good and, teaching himself shorthand, became his father's secretary, in which service he continued until the early nineties,

except for a few breaks at intervals. When his father came first to Britain in the Land League days, as special correspondent to *THE IRISH WORLD*, young Henry George worked as a reporter on the staff of the *BROOKLYN EAGLE*.

After some experience at reporting he again acted as his father's secretary, accompanying him on his cyclonic lecturing tour through the British Isles in 1884. He was present at the Glasgow City Hall in that year when his father spoke there to the historic Scottish meeting, out of which has sprung the present movement in Great Britain from which may be traced the current of agitation that led up to the famous Budget of 1909.

On his return to the United States in 1885, he undertook more reporting, and rendered his father some further service as secretary during the production of *PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE*. Later he had secretarial experience with the managing editor of the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, and did some supplementary work at writing fictitiously signed articles for that magazine. After a round of campaign speeches in his father's contest for Mayor of New York in 1886, and some miscellaneous service on *THE STANDARD*, which his father started in 1887, Henry George, Jr., became the managing editor of that paper. He served as such with skill and fidelity through trying experiences during his father's long absence in Australasia and on his trip round the world in 1889.

THE STANDARD passing into different ownership, Henry George, Jr., became a Washington correspondent. In 1891 he transferred the seat of his activities as newspaper correspondent to London. Here he made the acquaintance of Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, William Stead, Helen Taylor (step-daughter of John Stuart Mill), and Cardinal Manning. Of this democratic Cardinal he speaks and writes as he does of Tolstoy—"a great spirit no less than a great mind."

Further newspaper work succeeded Mr. George's return to the United States; editorial writing for a Washington paper, and a period of two years in Florida, first as news editor and then as managing editor of a Jacksonville daily paper. After a business venture in Cleveland in 1895 and 1896, Mr. George again joined his father, this time to assist in the preparation of *THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY*.

In 1897 his father was drawn into the campaign for the Mayoral seat for Greater New York as the candidate of the Jeffersonian Democracy. He died just before its close, and Henry George, Jr., succeeded him in the candidacy.

In later years and since his marriage in 1898, Mr. George travelled extensively—as an observer, writer, and lecturer—in the United States, Canada and Japan, and in a trip round the world in which he visited Tolstoy. An account of his visit to Tolstoy reprinted from *THE WORLD'S WORK*, appeared in the March, 1910, issue of *LAND VALUES*. In 1900 he was a candidate for Presidential elector on the Bryan ticket in New York. In intervening times he published in magazines and newspapers many articles and investigations concerning monopolies. He was the author of *THE MENACE OF PRIVILEGE* and *THE ROMANCE OF JOHN BAINBRIDGE*, both published by Macmillan, his investigations furnishing the material for the warnings of the former and the romance of the latter. Mr. George did much lecturing since his father's death, on subjects principally within his own wide experience and observation.

Early in October, 1910, he was adopted as candidate by the Democratic Party and the Independence League for the seventeenth Congressional district of New York. He made a splendid uphill fight, and was returned by a majority of 1,721. Writing just after the close of the contest, he said:—

"We have had a royal fight in a Republican 'silk-stocking' district. It contains nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, and at this election had more than 50,000 voters registered. The incumbent, Mr. W. S. Bennet, was standing for his fourth term and was quite