

published, one the "Single Tax Year Book," and the other a volume of his poems.

His shabby little office—about the size of a large closet—in a shabby old building was the mecca of Georgians from all parts of the world. Nor was the Single Tax the sole topic of conversation. He discussed politics and literature, of both of which he had an unusual grasp. And many a joke would he crack. It is not generally known that he also wrote for a number of humorous papers.

When Henry George's pen dropped from his life-less hand in 1897, Joseph Dana Miller picked it up and worthily wielded it until 1939. That some one half as worthy will use it is the fervent hope of the few remaining 1886-ers as well as of the numerous 1939-ers.

FREDERIC CYRUS LEUBUSCHER.

## From Benjamin W. Burger

FIRST came within the ken of Joseph Dana Miller a quarter of a century ago. A few years later, we offered ourselves to the voters of New York City under the Georgeist banner. Joe was almost the last of that devoted group whose high privilege it was to know "The Prophet" in the flesh.

Our friend breathed serenity and charm. In his presence one felt lifted. To him the things of this world were of small moment. Paradoxically, he devoted his life to elucidating the laws which govern the distribution of wealth. He was gifted of tongue; he wrote with vigor and clarity.

Tragedy struck him at life's high tide. Of the beautiful English girl who won his love, he wrote:

"I never met a spirit more serene, nor one whose graces of person were matched by graces of character, and an undefinable flower-like essence which gave to her presence a subtle charm."

Alas, she was not destined long for this life. He penned these tender lines of her:

"Hersê, dear heart, to meet you once again,  
Where comes not death nor pain,  
And you the same sweet self, with frank brave eye,  
That could not look a lie;  
The laugh that rang its note of perfect mirth,  
And now is done with earth;  
Oh, but to meet you—once again to stand  
And take your outstretched hand.  
May I then hope—oh, light and radiance passed—  
To greet you at the last?"

For himself, our friend sought neither fame nor fortune. Ever, he radiated sweetness and light. In high degree, he possessed the instinct and feeling of a poet.

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the World, 'This was a Man.'"

## Little Known Phases and Facts in the Life and Work of Joseph Dana Miller

By JOS. HIRAM NEWMAN

TO record appreciation of a long, personal friendship with Joseph Dana Miller, is a complex task. Simply to refer to him as a gifted writer, thinker and philosopher, is most inadequate. He was the personification of intellectual honesty. In order to characterize him completely, it becomes requisite to consider his personal traits and habits. It has been said, and perhaps with truth, that one must eat, drink, sleep and play cards with a person before testimony of character can be offered. Application of this test with respect to Joseph Dana Miller, must conclude in evidence of true greatness. In a measure, this narration will offer some memories from my long association with him in order to enable others to know him, who were not similarly privileged.

### THE SENSITIVE SIDE

His disposition in fortune and adversity was calm enough to be phlegmatic, with a temperament so even that few thought it possible for him ever to show the signs of wrath. Yet, he could readily be wrought up if anyone seriously attacked his sincerity. He was never known to press an idea as the one and only solution to a controversial question; therein lay a force which compelled an admiration for his opinions. He was, perhaps, one of the easiest of persons to get along with in gatherings. Whether at work or at play, he exuberated charm. On personal questions he was apt to be sensitive; his age was one such point. When the publishers of "Who's Who in America" decided that Mr. Miller was sufficiently important to have his name included, they requested him to furnish a biographical sketch, which he did. Because he was peculiarly sensitive about his age, he made no effort to correct the date of birth which they erroneously published as July 1, 1864. In reality that important event occurred in 1861. He died at the age of seventy-seven years.

As is so often the case in the lives of men and women who never married, Mr. Miller remained a bachelor because of an unfortunate occurrence in his youth. The lady of his affections whom he was to marry died before that event could take place. It is quite evident that no one else seemed to him qualified to fill the void; he never thereafter showed any serious interest in any other woman.

He was most fortunate, after the passing of his forebears, in the selection of people with whom to reside. He lived for many years with the Whites in Brooklyn, where he was regarded as a member of the family. Mrs. White, several years his senior, looked after his wants as would a mother. In her husband, Harry White, Joe had a real friend. To the children, Harry, Jr. and Grace,