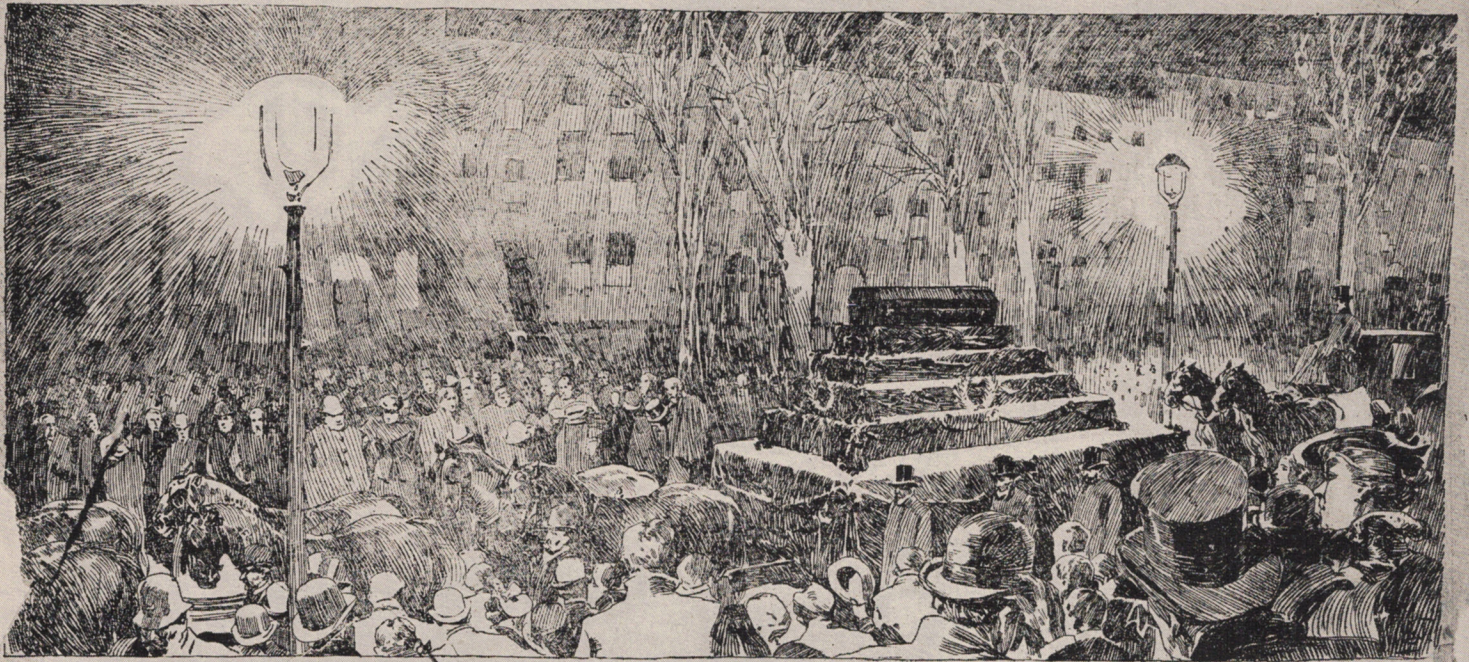


THE BODY OF HENRY GEORGE BORNE AT THE HEAD OF THE NIGHT PAGEANT



ALL DAY LONG A MULTITUDE LOOKED ON THE DEAD FACE OF HENRY GEORGE.

the crowd in the body of the hall the people who were patiently passing themselves in the open air for the solemn night march from mid-New York across the bridge to Brooklyn.

her, decked the tier with a row of the simplest emblems. Then she went away. It was barely seven o'clock, and three hundred policemen, advance guard of the powerful body which Chief McLaughlin had detailed to the great labor of control there and keeping the streets about the group.

white rows from Mr. and Mrs. Tom L. Johnson, and those sent by the Journal, John K. Mitchell, Mrs. Lucy Johnson Wade, and many others.

The scene from 7 o'clock until 2 p. m. was unobscured with the monotony of the parade. Of "well-known" persons whose names appear in the gazetteer—there were hardly any to march in line with the crowd.

The funeral cortege of Henry George, from the *New York Journal*, November 1, 1897.