

and glory. My thoughts were rather on the book, and I asked: "When do you expect to see your views accepted and the principles in the book realized?"

He was silent for a few moments, and was still gazing at the stars when he said, as if half musingly: "Perhaps it will not come in my day. But it will come, as surely as those stars are there. It would be a deep pleasure to be here when men generally realize the great truth, but it is a deep pleasure to have seen it myself and to have pointed to it. That is enough."

But he did live to see the world give heed to his words far more widely than had ever been pictured in his wildest dreams, and while he died feeling that the forces of darkness had grown to appalling proportions and would make the establishment of right principles and the cause of social justice very difficult in this country, yet he was sanguine of its victory in some part of the world before long, so widely had the ideas been scattered. He was certain that with its triumph in one important place it would soon sweep the world.

From Mrs. Sallie R. McLean.

Nothing short of or smaller than the World's Fair could by any possibility have kept me from being with the believers in Single Tax in Cincinnati, who will to-morrow assemble in honor of the anniversary of the birth of Henry George. A tinge of sadness comes at this year's return of the day, since so lately the one who was in every sense the helpmate of the greatest reformer, Henry George, his loved and loving wife, has been called to join him. In many instances as regards what great men owe to their wives, to their understanding and sympathy, we cannot know; we may have our opinions drawn from our knowledge of human nature, and the logical results of certain causes. But in the estimate of the influence of the home life of Henry George on the great work he so bravely and thoroughly accomplished, we can have no doubt whatever how important was the place filled by Mrs. George.

The crisis in the life of Henry George, the turning point which was to decide whether he would become "the prophet of San Francisco," or the esteemed, respectable, conservative editor of a daily newspaper, came when Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, broke his promise to Henry George, and asked him to advocate in the *San Francisco Post* measures which his conscience did not approve. In the admirable life of his father, by Henry George, Jr., the writer dwells but a short time on that incident in his father's life. That such was the case is another proof of the nobility of his mother's character and of his own. At the time of the publication of his father's biography, Senator Jones was still in public life, and both the widow and the son hesitated or refrained from too plainly giving facts which reflected little credit upon him. There is now no such excuse for saving his reputation at the expense of leaving untold the story of the devotion of Henry George's wife to his best ambitions, and to his life work.

At the time Senator Jones made the demand for a sacrifice of principle on the part of Henry George to help on his own political ambitions, not to comply meant to Henry George the giving up of all his interest in the *Post*, and the loss of all the money he had invested in it, which represented the savings of years of literary and other work. It also meant equal financial loss to his partner, Mr. Hinton. From Henry George himself I had these facts, and when I asked him what he intended doing he answered: "Oh, I will give up every dollar I own, but I will not write anything I do not believe." And Mr. Hinton? I queried. "Oh, *he* says all right." And your wife, what does she say to your giving up everything and beginning again? He threw back his head with that peculiar, dignified gesture which afterwards became familiar to his hearers, and said: "My wife! God bless her! she says all right, too." Within a few months

thereafter the man who might have compromised with truth and honesty to secure present success, and who would thus have become "our prominent fellow-citizen and able editor" was appointed gas inspector in San Francisco, and in the hours of leisure, at the close of each day, began to write "Progress and Poverty." At that time their children were young, and Mrs. George, with her husband, bravely turned away from an assured competence to harrowing uncertainty just at the time when a competence was so much needed for their children's welfare; yet had Mrs. George not said—God bless her memory—"all right," how difficult, how almost impossible would it have been for Henry George to make the sacrifice which was fraught with the welfare of the world!

From Governor L. F. C. Garvin, of Rhode Island.

Henry George and his work will never be forgotten. His soul is marching on. It is only a question of time—probably of a very few years—when the people of some state will apply his scientific system of taxation. An object lesson is all that is needed.

Let one city, or large town, exempt personalty and improvements from taxation, and the end will be in sight. *To the bringing about of a local experiment, therefore, should our best energies be directed.*

We have much occasion for encouragement.

From Hamlin Garland.

It is now twenty-three years since I first read "Progress and Poverty," and some nineteen since I first met Henry George, and as I look back at those early days, my eyes dim a little. Our leader at that time showed no sign of breaking, and his power was tremendous. I have never heard more satisfying oratory than his when moved and fired by an antagonist of large mind. Now he is gone, and his loyal wife is gone, and many of our best fighters are growing old, and some of them are discouraged. But I do not feel so. The movement George began is larger than any paper can chronicle, and wider than the leadership of any man. The principles he taught are subtly interfused with the policies of reformers who acknowledge no allegiance to the Single Tax. I do not deplore this, I think we should be mightily enheartened by it. We lost something when the *Standard* ceased publication, but we gained more when the papers of Chicago began to advocate municipal control of the street railways. What I mean to say is this—we want results, not fame for any man, least of all do we fear for the fame of Henry George. Tolstoy is but a forecaster of the final judgment on "The Prophet of San Francisco," who lived for others, and died for others, simply, and without the slightest wish to be celebrated in bronze.

In its magnificent unselfishness his life and that of his noble wife may well be studied by the youth of the land. I gladly pay tribute to what Henry George did for me in days of doubt.

From Ralph Hoyt.

All honor to the memory of one of the grandest characters that this world ever saw.

Henry George loved his fellow men and all human kind as none but Jesus ever loved them. He turned his back upon all allurements pointing toward fame or wealth for himself, and walked in the straight path toward the emancipation of his fellow beings from a condition of bondage caused by the monopolization of God's bountiful storehouse. He pointed out the true and only way