

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.