

Lawson Purdy, Edward McHugh, and many others raised powerful voices in this campaign. Numbers of meetings at which the candidate appeared told how little he had lost his hold upon the affections of the people of Greater New York. And then came the tragic culmination.

DEATH OF HENRY GEORGE.

Henry George, in as dramatic a political battle as New York has ever witnessed, died Friday October 29, 1897, at 4:30 A. M., in the Union Square Hotel. He had addressed several large meetings before retiring. Mrs. George was with him and was awakened by his convulsive movements and faint moanings. He was found dead with a smile on his lips. Around his bedside were grouped Mrs. George, Henry George Jr., Dr. Kelly, Edward McHugh and August Lewis.

He had lived for the people and had chosen to die for them. The choice was deliberate. He had entered the campaign against tremendous odds, for opposed to him were the power of Tammany and the "reform" forces behind Seth Low, the independent candidate for the mayoralty. On his own side were growing physical weakness but the power of a great idea; and as the campaign advanced it began to be felt that he stood a nearly even chance with the two other candidates.

It is doubtful if the city had ever been so stirred to its depths by the death of any citizen. The event had all the elements of a tragedy, with the election but three days away and the result in doubt. It was felt for the first time that this man of great genius, of strong personality, to whose standard men flocked as if drawn by some hidden magnet, was a real leader of men. Some perception, too, that the truth for which he stood made him great, seemed to dawn upon the minds of the be-fuddled editors who were now called upon to comment upon his life and death.

The many eulogies that followed were often tempered with rejection of the Single Tax and the regret that a man so great should entertain an idea of this kind. It seems not to have occurred to them that if the idea for which Mr. George stood were a delusion the subject of these eulogies was not a great man, but a very much misled one, as well as a false and dangerous prophet. Even William J. Bryan who sent a telegram saying "he was one of the foremost thinkers of the world," has since maintained a discreet silence as to whether the chief thought of all his philosophy was true or false. If false he was not a "foremost thinker," but a very sorry example of self-delusion.

WHAT PROMINENT MEN SAID OF HENRY GEORGE.

From all over the country came letters of regret at the untimely death of the Prophet. John P. Altgeld wrote:

"He was one of the great men of the age and he made a deeper impression on the economic thought of this country than any other man."

Tom L. Johnson said simply: "Henry George was a great man."

Ex-President Cleveland wrote: "I have always regarded Henry George as a man of honest and sincere convictions and ever held a high opinion of him."

Tolstoy sent a cable message in which he said:

"Henry George has formulated the next article in the programme of the Progressive Liberals of the world. I admire his spirit, which was so Christian; his style, which was so clear, and his metaphors, which were so striking. He indicated the next step that must be taken. His ideas will spread, nay, they are spreading. During the Winter I have peasants come to talk with me. Around the samovar we have often discussed the future of the land. I found them of two minds. One section would give every adult male an equal portion of land, and the other would have the whole land held by the community, cultivated and owned in common. But when I explained Henry George's idea they all agreed that this would be the best.

I quite agree with George that landlords may be expropriated, without dishonesty, without compensation, as a matter of principle; but as a question of expediency I think compensation might facilitate the necessary change. It will come, I suppose, as emancipation came. The idea will spread. A sense of the shamefulness of private ownership will grow. Some one will write an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" about it. There will be agitation. Then it will come. Many who own land will do as did those who owned serfs, voluntarily give it to their tenants; but for the rest a loan might be arranged so as to prevent work being stopped by the cry of confiscation.—LEON TOLSTOY.

William T. Stead, the famous English writer who perished in the founding of the Titanic, cabled as follows: "George was an international man, whose ideas overspread the world, leaping the Atlantic on one side and the Pacific on the other with as much ease as if they had been rivulets. His influence in the British Empire has been the greatest in New Zealand, where it has been an important factor in moulding recent legislation."

Edward M. Shepard said: "The death of Henry George is the ending of a noble life. He has stood as no man in our community has stood for the equal democratic rights of the masses of men. The days of aristocratic and statutory privilege are long past. But political organization has in our country established essentially aristocratic and despotic methods as really and vitally inconsistent with enlightened democracy as any prerogative of aristocracy or monarchy. All of this Henry George saw with marvelous clearness. And he was one of the few men who, when he saw a wrong, let no consideration of his own ease or interest prevent his preaching it to the world. Within a few days, and without dreaming his beneficent career in this world was to end, I expressed my profound admiration for the man."

Bishop Potter wrote: (in a letter addressed to Mrs. Henry George) "May I offer you my sincere sympathy in view of the great sorrow that has come to you? Your husband and I were both pupils of the late Dr. E. Hare in Phil-

adelphia, and I remember very well his father's bookstore in which he first developed his love of reading. But he did more than read. He thought, and he loved to serve his fellowmen. There were many questions concerning which we did not see alike, but there was none in connection with which he did not reveal himself as a faultless and upright man, and in every best personal characteristic an example to his fellowmen."

Dr. R. Heber Newton wrote: (in a letter addressed to Mrs. George) "My deep sympathy is with you in this crushing blow. I loved him. Truly he died a martyr's death. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of liberty."

James Creelman wrote: "The only other man in the world comparable to Henry George is Count Leo Tolstoy, and I have more than once watched the great leader of the Slav race pouring over Progress and Poverty, lost in admiration of the philosophic genius revealed in its pages. Wherever I have wandered in my travels I have found the name and teachings of Henry George known, and to some extent understood, by educated, thoughtful men. His death is like to the destruction of some great city, a calamity to the civilized world."

Dr. Felix Adler wrote: "In reviewing the career of Henry George we recognize those distinct services he rendered to humanity. He did the most of any man to make the readers of two continents realize the problem of poverty. His claim as a writer is secure and he stood as a great popular leader. He died in the midst of a great fight for the people whom he loved. It was his sincerity that the people loved. They realized his great love for humanity and respected him. Whether or not they approved his idea for reconstructing society, they loved and admired the man."

William J. Gaynor, then Judge Gaynor said: "I had no personal acquaintance with Henry George and never met him so far as I know. Many persons who are called educated have during this campaign called him a socialist. They seem wholly unaware that instead he was regarded by the socialists as their foremost opponent, and was in fact the extreme opposite of socialism, really the greatest individualist since Jefferson.

His death is tragic. To Henry George in the flesh we have to say farewell, but his great honest, pure head and heart will long contribute to vibrate in the world. His life teaches anew that there is no use of living except to help the human race now and in posterity. With this out of our lives and motives what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.

Elsewhere Judge Gaynor said: "Farewell, Henry George! Great, honest, pure heart and brain, farewell! Two hundred years from now it will be known that an election was held in New York City only because you were one of the candidates; and now that you are gone people will come to know that you were one of the few men of your age whose names are to survive."

Joseph H. Choate said in the course of a speech: "A hero has fallen today. A man of spotless record. No honester man was ever seen on the streets of New York. He died as a hero died on the field of battle, at the head of his troupes fighting for the people he loved."

WHEN THE BODY LAY IN STATE.

On Sunday, October 31, one hundred thousand people looked at the dead face of Henry George where the body lay in state in the Grand Central Palace. Then at night a great procession escorted the remains through the streets of New York and Brooklyn to his home at Fort Hamilton to be consigned to Greenwood the following morning. We quote the following report from the morning *World* of Nov. 1st.:

It was Sunday, of course the day of rest. But let no one imagine that the multitude that thronged toward the Grand Central Palace was making a holiday. These people went to a funeral; only loving respect for Henry George's memory urged them to go. Not curiosity, but sincerest grief filled their breasts.

MOURNERS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

The mourners came from all over the Greater New York. For proof of that ask those who work on the ferryboats, on the Brooklyn Bridge, on the elevated and surface roads in this city.

The mourners wore their best, as befitted such an occasion, and they were good to look upon; any good American was proud of them, so decent, well-mannered, orderly, polite were they. But, after all, that only proves them sincere mourners, for women and men of the Greater New York do not take their pleasures sadly.

CROWD NEEDED NOT POLICE.

Like confluent streams to the ocean, the mourning, sorrowful people flowed toward the Grand Central Palace. They went there in the sun's first rays; they went when the pale moon illumined the misty dusk.

An astonishing number of women and children was in the multitude. But that was fitting too. By woman's gentle influence much of the good that Henry George worked for, fought for, existed for, may be accomplished. Then the children of to-day, men and women, will call him blessed.

Very many of these women and men wore emblems of their mourning, portraits of Henry George, bits of crepe, black ribbons. Well-dressed, well-mannered as they were, these people were distinctly, distinctively, emphatically working people—and that's just why any good American was proud of them. It was perfectly plain that they work for their daily bread—and that's just why they mourned Henry George.

Without the hall the streets were blocked by policemen; hundreds of them. The policemen were admirably handled and comported themselves discreetly and politely. But how little they had to do!

Deep, profound sorrow makes a man a child. Such was the mood of the people yesterday, so gentle were they, so docile, that it was only necessary for the police to direct them here, there, and they went, for they knew that to obey was to get nearer to that dear face on which they loved to look. Of their own accord they "kept moving" toward Henry George's coffin.

The tens of thousands were filtered through the cordon of police drawn across Lexington avenue at Forty-sixth street. Then they proceeded to the hall in long line, never ending. Entering, ascending to the main hall, the mourners passed by the coffin in which lay all that was earthly of the man who died fighting for the people.

They passed quickly, yet their progress was dignified and solemn. With a glance they saw that the funeral decorations were of the simplest, but most effective; a background of black cloth, some half-folded American flags, a portrait of George, a bust of him, palms, ferns, a mass of flowers sent to prove love and sorrow.

The people passed the coffin in which lay George's body. Some men wept. Women raised their children in their arms that they might look on George's face and re-

member him. The hand of death had smoothed the furrows that creased that strong and rugged face; on it lay the impress of infinite peace.

TWO HUNDRED PASSED EACH MINUTE.

On the average two hundred people passed the coffin every minute. That by actual count. For hours not a woman or a man passed who was known to the reporters who were there. That proves, if any proof were needed, that these mourners were what their appearance so plainly indicated: that they are working people; that they are wage-earners; that they are not what is called "distinguished." For, please to understand, it is a reporter's business to know by sight, at least, the so-called distinguished people, the well-known ones, who have made themselves celebrated, or notorious, in any way.

After the people had passed for hours they were excluded, and then the hall was filled again for the funeral services proper. About 7,500 took seats on the floor and in the spacious galleries, and then the doors were closed. On the platform were Seth Low, Mayor Strong and Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City. The pall-bearers entered, and Henry George's relatives, his widow, supported on the arm of that son who bears his father's name, his fond and faithful daughter.

Mrs. George could not repress her emotions. When the singers sang "Lead, kindly Light," which her husband had loved, Mrs. George burst into tears, with which her daughter mingled hers. But when wise and good men told what they knew of Henry George his widow seemed to forget her grief and hung upon their words, which brought her comfort.

THE SERVICES, AND THE EULOGIUMS PRONOUNCED.

Henry George was an arch priest of the religion of humanity. So, in his funeral ceremonies, priests and ministers of different religions which make up the religion of humanity took part. These learned and experienced men, good judges of their fellow-men, knew Henry George and appreciated him at his worth.

The Rev. Dr. Heber Newton read the impressive funeral ceremony of the Episcopal Church. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, a Congregationalist, who has the head of a patriarch and the kindly heart of a child, told of Henry George's services to mankind. Father McGlynn, a Catholic, Rabbi Gottheil, a Hebrew, extolled George's virtues, pictured his life and his work.

Tears were in Father McGlynn's voice and in his eyes; Rabbi Gottheil's words were beautifully eloquent. In a word, at these services the common religion, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," obliterated creeds.

So earnest, so truthful were these speakers that those who listened burst into applause. They were forced into applause which told those who spoke to them, "You speak the truth. We believe you." The applause was but the sounding echo of the speakers' words.

"This palace," began Father McGlynn, "this palace, not dedicated to the rich but to industry and recreation, has to-day been consecrated. We stand upon holy ground. We stand in the presence of a messenger bringing us tidings from God.

"We stand upon ground that is made sacred by what remains of a man who was raised up by a peculiar providence of the Father in heaven to deliver to men a message of truth, of righteousness, of justice, of peace on earth," continued the fervent preacher.

"He died in a struggle for what?"

"For the chair of the Mayor of New York? No! That was not for him. It was altogether too small for him."

Nor was the Rabbi, the learned and pious Hebrew who had come to laud Henry George, less eloquent.

LONG MARCH BEHIND THE TEACHERS COFFIN.

After the remarkable services those in the hall passed by the coffin, and then the thousands who still waited in the damp air were admitted. Dusk had deepened into

night when the coffin was closed and borne out to the waiting funeral car, where many of the flowers sent as tributes were piled.

Such a funeral procession, passing in the night, had never been seen in this city. The sombre car, drawn by sixteen led horses, slowly moved along. Behind and around it were a guard of honor and the pall-bearers, and then a long line of carriages. Behind them walked hundreds of workmen, men of all trades and professions, who had intended to vote for Henry George, who honored him dead.

The solemn progress of the procession was almost silent, for only one or two bands of music dotted its length. It stretched through the night, spectral, shadowy.

Crowds of people, most respectful, who raised their hats as the funeral car passed, stood in the streets of New York and her twin city.

And so Henry George was taken toward his grave.

THE PUBLIC FUNERAL A MAJESTIC TRIBUTE.

The *New York World* of Nov. 1st, thus described the funeral procession:

The day was dying. Night was drawing its black mantle over the eastern sky. It was time to bear Henry George to his last sleep.

Around the Grand Central Palace the police drew their cordon a little tighter. The fast gathering crowds were forced up to Forty-fourth street and down to Forty-second street. Lexington avenue for two blocks was as clear as Deputy Chief Cortright and 200 policemen could make it. Then there was a slight movement from within.

"He's coming!" was whispered through the crowd, pent up a block away on each side.

The sixteen horses, caparisoned in black net, with a groom at the head of each, and the silken draped catafalque were ready in front of the building. Suddenly the crowd parted. Six men appeared. They were the undertaker's assistants bearing the black-covered coffin that contained all that was mortal of Henry George.

THE PROCESSION STARTS.

Hats were raised. All uncovered in the presence of the dead. A band of twelve pieces struck up a dirge. Quickly the coffin was lifted to the top of the catafalque. There was no delay.

"Attention!" cried Col. Waring, the Grand Marshal. "Forward—March!"

The muffled drums rolled out the Dead March, the grooms sprang to the heads of the sixteen black horses, the catafalque started—Henry George was borne on his last journey between two lanes of the people he loved.

Dense was the crowd that lined the sidewalks on both sides. There were people in all ranks of life, men who were in rags; men who scouted every idea that Henry George ever put forth; men who believed in him as a Messiah come to save the world.

Some stood there silently, some wept openly; all uncovered as the sombre catafalque passed by. In front went Sergt. Gannon at the head of a squad of twelve mounted police. Two solid walls of humanity, all anxious to pay one last tribute to the dead, were banked up to greet them.

Behind came the only band in the procession—Burke's band of twelve pieces. Then followed Col. Waring on horseback, Chief Marshal, attended by the assistant marshals, Richard Watson Gilder and John Brisben Walker, and behind them the two chief aides, Reginald Woodruff and James R. Brown, all mounted.

Mr. Gilder was by far the most picturesque figure in line. He rode along without so much as a move of his head, wrapped in a hooded cloak that lent an air of weirdness to his person that was remarkable.

Down Lexington avenue moved the procession. At Forty-second street it turned toward Madison avenue. The carriages fell into line at Depew place, and the pall-

bearers took their places in two single files beside the catafalque. On one side walked Tom L. Johnson, August Lewis, Jerome O'Neill, Willis J. Abbott, E. Lawson Purdy, John Gilmer, Edward McHugh and Arthur McEwan. On the other side were Albert L. Johnson, Dr. John H. Girdner, Thomas Gaskell Shearman, Andrew McLean and Father Ducey.

Then came the catafalque.

It was not a showy affair, as public funerals go. A plain every-day truck made the basis. On this was built a series of steps, five in number, and on the top the coffin, twelve feet from the ground. The whole was draped in black silk. On the sides and corners were the wreaths sent by loving friends.

Sixteen black horses, shrouded in black net, drew the catafalque. A groom walked at each horse's head to guide and control him. The pace was a walk. Not a word was spoken. Every one uncovered.

Sixteen carriages fell into line when the procession passed Depew place. In the first was Mrs. George, her sons Henry and Richard and her daughter Anna. In the second carriage came Henry George's brothers, John Valente, Maurice Reid and Thomas L. George. In the third were his three sisters, Mrs. J. B. Chapman, of Cleveland; Mrs. Joseph C. Shoemaker, of Tuckahoe, and Miss Caroline P. George, of Philadelphia.

Charles W. Dayton rode in the eighth carriage. The others were occupied by relatives and near friends of the dead.

Madison avenue was quiet as death when the head of the procession turned into it at Forty-second street. But there was hardly standing-room there, so dense was the crowd. There was little light and the new moon had gone behind a cloud.

The great catafalque rolled on up the hill in the darkness, while the onlookers uncovered in silence and the mourning sympathizers closed in behind. Nothing but the steady tramp of many feet and sometimes the dull roll of the drums broke the stillness.

The friends of Henry George were massed in the side streets below Forty-second street. As the rear of the procession passed each organization it fell quietly into line. Some marched by fours and some by eights. All were silent and serious.

But for every one in line there were a hundred on the sidewalks. A parade of the military, with gorgeous uniforms and braying bands, with life and sunshine, could not have brought out more people than were in the darkness and gloom to see this sombre procession. They had not come to see; they had come to honor. The bared heads and the silent tears showed that. The ragged men who looked on Henry George as one who had come to lift them out of their misery were not more affected than the well-to-do, who made up more than half the gathering.

As the head of the procession reached the top of Murray Hill at Thirty-seventh street there was a stop. Something was wrong. The catafalque heaved and lurched. A hundred willing hands sprang to the rescue to steady and support it. Suddenly the truth dawned on those in charge. The catafalque was in danger of breaking away and dashing down hill.

Only the two wheel horses could work. The rest were helpless to hold it back. The unwieldy thing gathered speed and the wheels began to creak ominously. The onlookers held their breaths.

But the grooms tightened their grips on the horses' heads. The wheelers were dragged back on their haunches and an accident was averted.

"We should have had brakes," gasped the undertaker when the danger was over.

All the way down Madison avenue, where Henry George expected to draw little strength, there were crowds. It took heroic work on the part of the police to keep the people back on the sidewalks. The stoops were thronged. There was not a window without its quota of bared heads.

At Twenty-sixth street a turn was made into Fifth avenue. Delmonico's was the only place that did not honor the passing dead. Barely half a dozen people left their places at table to see the funeral as it went by. The big widening at Twenty-third street was filled with a silent, reverent throng. And for the first time a glimmer of light from the arc lamps on Broadway fell on the silent host of mourners.

Every face was a study as the catafalque went past. On some was written pity; on others devotion. Some spoke of sympathy more plain than words. Not one had a sneer, though there must have been thousands in the silent mass who did not believe what Henry George taught when he lived.

By the time Broadway was reached the procession was fully made up. It was not so large as was expected. But men from every walk in life were there. Many had fallen in as individuals on the spur of the moment. Many had come with organizations that had intended to support Henry George. There was a big delegation from the Citizens' Union, Twenty-second Assembly District, that had not intended to support Henry George.

"We have come to honor him as a man," said their leader.

At Union Square another host was waiting for the dead to pass by on the road to its last resting place. It was just 8 P. M. The procession had been under way nearly a full hour.

When the catafalque reached Grace Church, at Tenth street, the bell tolled for the dead. It kept up its sad tolling while the mourners marched by in silence, without music.

The main body of the procession was made up as follows, in fourteen divisions:

Tile workers.

Manhattan Single Tax Club.

Henry George Club of Astoria.

Single Tax Club of Brooklyn.

New York Typographical Union No. 6.

Sixteen to One Club.

Home Rule Democracy.

Citizens' Union, Twenty-second Assembly District.

Delegations from out of town.

Citizens.

Hundreds of organizations were represented in the line, but they carried no banners and made no display. It was as individuals and not as organizations that they honored the memory of Henry George last night.

NEWSPAPER TRIBUTES.

Rarely, if ever, has a more extraordinary tribute been paid to the memory of a private citizen than that which New York witnessed yesterday.

It was a tribute in which men of all sects and parties and citizens of all classes joined to honor the memory of one who had battled valiantly for his fellow kind. It was an outpouring of popular sympathy and respect which attest the place Henry George held in the hearts of the people.—*N. Y. Herald*, Nov. 1. 1897.

Mr. George had clasped to his heart the people of New York and of many other lands, not so much by his economic teachings as by his rare personality. He had addressed every part of the English speaking world and had left behind him everywhere a settled belief that his heart burned with love for the unfortunate, the humble and down-trodden members of the human race.—*Evening Post*, Nov. 1. 1897.

Profoundly tragic as is the death of Henry George at the moment, it can truly be said that his life closed in the noblest service to his ideals, fitly rounding a career that from the start has been singularly worthy. He dies in the crisis of a political struggle of extraordinary excitement and bitterness, in which his own utterances have been fearless and outspoken, but throughout that struggle he has received from all sides the most respectful and sympathetic treatment. Even from the organs of the men he denounced there has not been the suggestion of an unworthy motive on his part. His name for the past month has been on the lips of all men; rarely has it been spoken without cordial recognition of his manly character. Had it been possible for him to become first Mayor of Greater New York it would hardly have been such a triumph for him as the general

tribute of confidence in his integrity which happily he received before his death and which is now an unbroken chorus.—Part of an Editorial, *N. Y. Times*, Oct. 30, 1897.

No demonstration of popular feeling on the death of a public man since Lincoln's body lay in state in the City Hall has been so imposing in extent and character as that of yesterday.—*N. Y. Times*, Nov. 1. 1897.

JOHN S. CROSBY INVOKES GEORGE'S SPIRIT AT GRAND CENTRAL PLACE.

(There were solemn funeral services held in the Grand Central Palace, on Sunday night, Oct. 31. There were many noted men on the stage, and there were tender eulogiums from Rev. Lyman Abbott, Rabbi Gottheil, Dr. Edward McGlynn, and John S. Crosby. It was the last who in a thrilling burst of eloquence waked the uncontrollable emotions that in the presence of the dead broke into a wave of cheering that swept over the mighty assemblage.)

“The struggle in which Henry George spent his life was one for the benefit of all mankind. I call upon you to keep up that struggle and to carry on that fight until victory is won.

“Why is it that not only in this city on this beautiful Sabbath day, but in San Francisco and other cities all over this and other lands men are paying homage to the memory of Henry George?

“You answer because he was a good man. Yes, it is true that no whiter soul has ever taken its flight to celestial regions, but other good men have died and are dying who receive no such praise. You say he was an able man. Yes, but there are able men dying day after day.

“Why, then, this unprecedented demonstration?

“This is the man who had a theory and who was called a man of one idea. If that theory is a mistake, why is it that the world, when he passes away, arises to pay a tribute to him? It is this stupendous demonstration throughout the civilized world that is a tribute to the truth of the theory of Henry George. It matters not whether it is to do away with poverty or not, it is not your business or mine as to the result—Henry George has demonstrated beyond a question that that which he has demanded is simple justice to mankind.

SHAMED ESTABLISHED INSTITUTIONS.

“They say that he threatened established institutions. Threatened them? Yes, he did more than that, he shamed them. Walk through your streets and parks and see the statues of the men whose memories you have perpetuated in granite and in bronze. Are they not nearly all of them men who threatened or attacked established institutions?

“Henry George said that men had certain inalienable rights given to them by God and which could not with justice be taken from them. One of these rights was a place on earth. He believed that one man had as much right on earth as another man, that no man can have any more right than another.

“In his book *Progress and Poverty* he began with fundamental principles,

with absolute truths, with axioms as you do in mathematics, and he went on to an inevitable conclusion, and no man has ever answered his arguments."

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE MANHATTAN SINGLE TAX CLUB. 1886-1892.

(For the Review.)

By **BENJAMIN DOBLIN.**

What follows in this article are chronological notes for the most part gathered from only partially preserved records and presented here without any attempt at elaboration. It is hoped, however, that they may lead to a full and complete history of the club whose work has been so valuable a part of the great propaganda. Mr. Doblin would therefore request all those who read this article and can add anything to the recollections of events not fully covered, or recall something that has been omitted, to communicate such information so that complete data may be available for the writing of a real history of the Manhattan Single Tax Club.—Editor SINGLE TAX REVIEW.

Searching through records, reading minutes and fragments of reports, many of them missing, is disheartening to one whose memories are revived by the search. The dominating glow of enthusiasm, the unselfishness members constantly displayed, are lost in the dry details of club administration.

Oh, we were a serious lot! The responsibility of establishing a just social order was too absorbing to leave room for the frivolous fancies of life.

The movement began as a crusade. Henry George infused that spirit into his disciples and they went forth to destroy a monster iniquity.

Understood! No. We did not stop to care. Our task was to let light into dark places; to educate a people long trained to believe that governments were instituted to apportion privileges. Often we stumbled, tripped by the teachings, traditions and customs of our environment.

At best this can only be a partial account of the Manhattan Single Tax Club. Its location in the Metropolis, where Henry George lived, afforded it the opportunity of participating in all the earlier activities. New York City was the theatre of epoch-making events. Here was born the Anti-Poverty Society, headed by the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn. His fame as the people's priest—the "Sogarth Aroon" as he was affectionately called—was already established when his open public advocacy of Henry George's philosophy finally brought him into conflict with his ecclesiastical superiors, who punished him with immortality. Here Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, an Episcopal minister, espoused the cause of George at the risk of his pulpit. Dr. John W. Kramer, his assistant, ably seconded him. William T. Croasdale, editor of the *New York Star*, supported Henry George editorially and told the owners when they objected to find another boy. Croasdale, the Quaker