RELATED THINGS
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THY PEOPLE PRAY.

For The Public.

O Thou that wrought with calloused hand
And loved the life of humble folk,
Thou who alone canst understand
Our bitter bondage 'neath the yoke,—
Help us, in pity, Lord, to say
A pardon prayer for those who prey.

O Thou that made the good green earth
A fruitful heritage of all,
Recking no mark of horde or birth,
Drawing no bound 'twixt king and thrall,—
Keep us, O Brother-Lord, from stain
When we shall seize our own again.

Our young men and our maidens fall
To glut red Baal's reeking pyres;
Unheard our little children call
Where swirls the flame of Moloch's fires.
Grant, Lord, when we have riven these,
We rear no new idolatries.

Long we have suffered, Lord, our years
Are filled with unrequited toil;
We pay the price of blood and tears
To buy our masters corn and oil.
Lord, make us merciful when we
Are come into the mastery.

Swift winged comes our triumphant hour;
The red dawn vanquishes the night.
Chasten, O Lord, the pride of power;
Teach us to wield our sway aright;
And grant in flush of victory
We lose not sight of Calvary.

Amen.

GEORGE M. P. BAIRD.

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GEORGE AND CROASDALE.

Personal Recollections of E. N. Vallandigham, in the Boston Herald of July 30, 1911.

Henry George's establishment of the Standard, and its rapid attainment of a considerable circulation, marked an interesting stage of the Singletax movement.

The organization of the Anti-Poverty Society somewhat antedated the establishment of the Singletax organ. Certainly nothing could have been wilder than the scenes at the anti-poverty meetings when Father McGlynn was astounding good Catholics with the boldness of his defiance of constituted ecclesiastical authority. Croasdale afterward dubbed this epoch of the Singletax movement as its "howling dervish stage of emotional insanity."

All of us at the Standard office loved and honored Mr. George, and I think of him as the only great man that I ever knew. His simplicity was delightful. Although he was the master of an extraordinarily beautiful and effective prose style, he would consult anybody as to questions of verbal propriety, and even submit to advice as to matter as well as manner. He would have appealed to the office boy upon a question of orthography, and I fairly shiver now at the memory of having had the stupid audacity to mark his proofs with petty critical emendations, when, as not infrequently happened, he submitted them to me.

The secret of Mr. George's early death I have always supposed to have lain in his inability to take genuine rest. Not that he lacked the social instinct, but he had an insatiable scientific curiosity that led him wherever he found himself to pumping dry anybody with whom he came in contact.

His scientific curiosity joined to his transparent simplicity sometimes betrayed him into amusing questions. When introduced to a young Englishman in London who wore a monocle, Mr. George looked at him with the utmost interest and asked, as the rest of the company looked on with ill suppressed smiles, "Do you wear that because one eye is of different focus from the other?"

An Englishman who found himself at the same house with Herbert Spencer told me that the philosopher had the same kind of curiosity, manifested in rather embarrassing questions as to the table manners of those with whom he dined.

Mr. George himself was highly unconventional in all such matters. At home it was hard to get him to sit through a meal. He would rise while waiting for the dessert and stroll off to read a book. The women of the family spent anxious moments looking after his cuffs and his studs, his collars, ties and other small paraphernalia, for Mr. George cared for none of these things. Friends of mine who traveled in Europe with him and his family described with glee the difficulty of keeping Mr. George and his baggage together. He carried over with him a huge packet of manuscript, and no matter what happened to any other part of the luggage that packet had to be kept in sight. In the end the packet came back to America unopened.

Mr. George gathered about him a little group of disciples, and his Sunday evenings at home in his modest brick house over in East Nineteenth street were the oddest mixtures that can be imagined. Every sort of Singletaxer, from the few men of wealth and distinction in the movement to the simplest youth with enthusiasm for the cause, was received with the same simple and sincere courtesy that characterized the man and his family. Sometimes there would be an English M. P. or a visiting woman of letters in the Sunday evening company. Sometimes Hamlin Garland read from his own works. Sometimes there was a little music. Mr. George himself mingled with his guests, talk-

ing with anyone who presented himself, and now and then becoming obliviously absorbed in the conversation.

At the Standard office there was a constant come and go of visitors. The late William Lloyd Garrison occasionally dropped in, and Tom L. Johnson was a frequent visitor. Associated in the editorship of the paper was Louis F. Post, now editor and proprietor of the Chicago Public. Post and Croasdale became the warmest of friends. They had in common much humor and great seriousness of thought and purpose. Mr. George himself enjoyed the humor of both Post and Croasdale. Another active man in the office was William McCabe, half Maori by blood, with the characteristically huge chest of that race, and a marked simplicity of character. Herbert Ward, who had seen much of Australia before he became a companion of Stanley in Africa, came to the Standard office once, and saw McCabe for only an instant, but immediately recognized him as a man of Maori blood. Still another of the Standard staff, connected with the business office, was George St. John Leavens, now dead to the incurable regret of his friends, a man of singular personal charm, with a deliciously sly humor expressed sometimes in audacious exaggeration, a voice that charmed all who heard it, and an infectious laugh. There were few dull days in that office.

Almost my last work for the Standard was to write an obituary sketch of Croasdale, after his sudden death at Merriewold, the Singletax summer park in Sullivan county, had left his friends dazed, and the cause for which he stood the poorer even to this day.

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FIRST AMERICAN SINGLETAX CONFERENCE.*

Personal Reminiscences of the Chairman, Together With His Explanation Regarding the Second Conference and the Amended Platform.

On that table across the room is a jet black gavel—a parliamentary gavel which has just come of age. How old it is as a gavel, I don't know; much less do I know how far back its birth might be traced as wood, mere wood. But as the first national Singletax gavel, it is twenty-one years old precisely, on the day of the date of this issue of The Public—September 1, 1911. Around the center of its head there is wrapped a silver band, now as black almost as the gavel itself, and cherished so; and on that band there is this inscription: "First National Conference, Single Tax League of the United States, Cooper Union, New York City, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1890." The remainder of the inscription explains that the gavel was presented to the chairman by unanimous vote of the Conference; and this accounts for its spending its twenty-first birthday on the table yonder.

Conference Preliminaries.

The first intimation I had of the possibility of my being chairman of that Conference, of the origin of which I intend here to tell as I remember the circumstances, and also of its proceedings as they appeared from the aerie of the chair, was near midnight of the day before.

A preliminary meeting, very much of the nature of a caucus I suppose, had been held at the Reform Club that night, August 31st, upon the call of William T. Croasdale, the official organizer of the Conference. I had not been invited, and knew nothing whatever of the meeting until it was over; but Mr. Croasdale told me then that every other well known Singletaxer he had been able to find was notified, and that the attendance, although some important delegates from out of town had not been found, was thoroughly representative.

It seems that reports of my service as temporary chairman of the United Labor Party's convention for New York at Syracuse in 1887, had favorably impressed this meeting, and the meeting unanimously agreed upon me for chairman of the Conference. A list of other officers was also agreed upon, consisting of Henry F. Ring of Texas (author of the most popular Singletax tract, "The Case Plainly Stated"), William Lloyd Garrison of Massachusetts (son of the great Abolitionist), and Arthur H. Stephenson of Pennsylvania (a Philadelphia business man), for vice-chairmen; of Warren Edwin Brokaw, of South Dakota, for recording secretary; and of B. Gratz Brown of Tennesee and John Z. White of Illinois for assistant and reading secretaries.

Although this caucusing was severely rebuked by the Conference, Mr. Croasdale, who believed that those who go to deliberative meetings with a plan are likely to be more successful and certainly more useful than those who go aimlessly, got great enjoyment out of the result. But of that in its order.

Opening Session of the Conference.

The Conference organized in the middle of the afternoon, September 1st, 1890, having been delayed by the late arrival of the Servia, on which Mr. and Mrs. George were returning from their trip around the world.

The delegates had assembled informally at the Servia's dock to meet them; and one of the jokes of that occasion was the detention by customs officers of Warren Worth Bailey, now editor of the Johnstown Daily Democrat, but then a Chicago newspaper man and president of the Chicago

*The proceedings of the Conference are reported in full in Henry George's "The Standard" (September 10, 1890), which was published at New York from 1887 to 1892 inclusive, and is on file at the Crerar Library, Chicago, the University Library at Madison (Wis.), the Reform *Club* library at New York, and probably in some other collections.