

# THE SINGLE TAX REVIEW

A Record of the Progress of Single Tax and Tax Reform  
Throughout the World.

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## HENRY GEORGE, THE MAN.

(*For the Review.*)

By EDWARD R. TAYLOR.

I first met Henry George at Sacramento in the year 1870. At that time H. H. Haight was Governor of the State and I was his private secretary. George and I then formed a friendship which became deep and intimate, and which lasted without a break until the moment of his death. He was a little below the medium height, of stocky build, with sandy hair and whiskers, including moustache, with a large, dome-shaped head, bright blue eyes, very erect and dignified in deportment, yet alert and quick in all his movements; in countenance frank and open, somewhat careless of dress, and with an extraordinary capacity of meeting everybody upon his own level and of interesting him and of being interested by him. He had reached San Francisco on the 27th of May, 1858, after a voyage of 155 days from Philadelphia, on the little steamer "Shubrick" of the U. S. Navy (named after Admiral Shubrick) which was to undertake light-house duty upon the Pacific Coast, and on which George had shipped as steward. He had received but little schooling, and had always felt a strong yearning for the sea, as was evidenced by his having sailed as foremast boy to Australia and India, and to Boston as ordinary seaman on a coal schooner. At the time of his arrival in San Francisco he had not reached twenty years of age by four months, and between that time and the time we first met he had, like so many other thousands, gone to Frazer River,—borne thither on the wings of an excitement which led to nothing but irremediable disappointment; he had learned to set type; had found employment as weigher in a rice mill; had tried to mine and to farm; had got married; had peddled clothes-wringers; had worked on newspapers as a compositor; had secured an interest in a newspaper which almost died aborning; and had suffered poverty to such an extreme that on the day of the birth of his second child, he begged money on the street. He has related this incident as follows:

"I walked along the street and made up my mind to get money from the first man whose appearance might indicate that he had it to give. I stopped a man—a stranger—and told him I wanted \$5. He asked what I wanted it

for. I told him that my wife was confined and that I had nothing to give her to eat. He gave me the money. If he had not I think I was desperate enough to have killed him."

The truth is that George seldom had money beyond his needs, while many times throughout his life he was greatly distressed for lack of it. He seems to have had but little practical business ability, and not the slightest desire for money beyond that necessary for the immediate moment. Yet there was no man with a higher sense of pecuniary obligation. He was wholly insensible to falsehood in the matter of procuring money to meet his necessities, and he repaid his loans with the most scrupulous exactitude. The truth is that business as business had no attractions for him. He seemed to be insusceptible of bringing himself into sympathetic relation with anything connected with it. He was rather singularly constituted, for while he was essentially of a contemplative nature, yet he was fond of action and was remarkably energetic therein. He was ever ready to respond to any call for money if the money were in his pocket; and in such generousities, in his occasional unremunerative employments, and in his indifference to business methods, lay most of his pecuniary troubles.

It will be asked why he did not profit greatly by the large circulation of "Progress and Poverty," as he certainly did not. This was mainly due to the cheap editions which he promoted in the interest of propaganda and from which he derived but little. In all this he was but like himself. He never dreamed of coining the book into money. What he primarily cared for was to have the seed of his doctrine sown far and wide; all else was secondary.

During the period above mentioned George had become managing editor of the San Francisco *Times*, had waged an unsuccessful but courageous war against the press and telegraph monopolies of the day, and was indeed, after the *Times* had breathed its last, the first managing editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which position, however, he held but a short time. During all his life he had been an omniverous reader. He was gifted by nature with intellectual powers of a high order, and with the faculty of expressing his thoughts in engaging and lucid style, and had hence done more or less writing which had promise at the heart of it. He was among the first to point out the dangers of oriental immigration, and had written convincingly thereon. It will be remembered that he had some interesting correspondence with John Stuart Mill on this subject. He had also written for the fourth number of the *Overland Monthly*, then edited by Bret Harte, his noted article on "What the Railroad will Bring Us"—the first trans-continental railroad being then near completion. It is interesting to record that the article was seven thousand words in length, and that George was paid forty dollars for it. It contained these pregnant words:

"The truth is that the completion of the Railroad and the consequent great increase in business and population will not be a benefit to all of us, but only to a portion. As a rule (liable of course to exceptions) those *who have it* will make wealthier; for those *who have not* it will make it more difficult to get.

Those who have lands, mines, established businesses, special abilities of certain kinds, will become richer for it, and find increased opportunities; those who have only their own labor will become poorer and find it harder to get ahead—first because it will take more capital to buy land or to get into business; and second because as competition reduces the wages of labor this capital will be harder for them to obtain.

“And as California becomes populous and rich, let us not forget that the character of a people counts for more than their numbers; that the distribution of wealth is even a more important matter than its production. Let us not imagine ourselves in a fool’s paradise where the golden apples will drop into our mouths; let us not think that after the stormy seas and head gales of all the ages, our ship has at last struck the trade winds of time. The future of our State, of our Nation, of our Race, looks fair and bright; perhaps the future looked so to the philosophers who once sat in the porches of Athens, to the unremembered men who raised the cities whose ruins lie south of us. Our modern civilization strikes broad and deep and looks high. So did the tower which men once built almost unto the heavens.”

Governor Haight had initiated a campaign against Railroad Subsidies which up to his time had maintained an unobstructed course in the legislatures of California; and as he had become interested in George as a writer, he offered him inducements to become the managing editor of *The Reporter*, a democratic paper then published at Sacramento. Haight had started in politics as a Republican just as George had, but each one of them had been moved by reasons satisfactory to himself to join his political fortunes with those of the Democratic Party. George entered with ardor upon the editorial management of *The Reporter*, and continued therein until Haight was retired to private life at the end of his term by reason of his defeat at the hands of Newton Booth. It might be well to note here how little adapted George seems to have been to make himself successful in the newspaper field. In addition to the papers we have already mentioned, he started *The Evening Post* (which was his most successful newspaper venture) and managed to keep it going until it was bought from under him; *The State*, weekly paper published in San Francisco; and in New York, *The Standard*, which did indeed keep its light burning for a few years.

George liked politics apparently as well as he liked the sea, for he was secretary of political conventions, and indeed of the Democratic State Convention in 1871, and was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1872 which performed the preposterous feat (preposterous from almost any view-point) of nominating Horace Greeley for the Presidency. He also in 1871 ran for the legislature unsuccessfully, and was twice a candidate for Mayor of New York,—at his first candidacy running ahead of Roosevelt but behind Hewitt who was elected, and at his second candidacy dying a few days before the election. I never shall forget the great interest he took in the Tilden presidential campaign, and with what boyish glee and hurraing he and two others, on the night of the election, marched arm-in-arm through the

streets of San Francisco in the assumed certainty of Tilden's election. Nor is it easy to forget our sickening depression when reading on the following morning Zach Chandler's official statement to the country (Chandler then being the Chairman of the Republican National Committee) that Hayes had 185 votes and was elected. This depression was in no wise made the less when, on communicating the bulletin-board announcement to Ex-Governor Haight, he quietly said: "They will put him in"—and they certainly did.

As George had been a very strong supporter of William Irwin for Governor, and as his thoughts on those things nearest his heart were demanding study and expression, he deemed it well to secure a public office, if such were possible, from Governor Irwin, that might give him the leisure he so much desired and so much needed. Governor Irwin thereupon appointed him State Inspector of Gas Meters. As his income from this was sufficient for his simple mode of life, and as the duties of the office did not consume the whole of his time, he was thus furnished with a leisure which he had never before enjoyed. This is not to intimate that he was not faithful in the discharge of the duties of his office, for he in truth was both diligent and faithful.

While he was in Sacramento during Governor Haight's Administration he entertained the notion of making himself a lawyer, and to that end, on the advice of a friend, who was asked by him which book he should first read, he went over the four volumes of Kent's Commentaries. This cured him entirely of all desire for the law. The truth is, never was there a man so little cut out by nature for the practical duties of a law practice. He was wise to stop where he did. He was essentially a thinker and writer; and although he did well as a lecturer, yet he spent much time on the platform that might better have been devoted to the practical use of his native genius. Still, his pecuniary necessities were at times so great as to drive him to the platform in order to secure the lucre without which bread can not be procured even by thinkers. George was, in realty, quite uneven as a speaker, sometimes being tame even for a lecturer, and then again rising to the height of real oratory. In fact, after his first speech in London he was spoken of there as a great orator.

The land and man's relation to it had engaged George's attention to a far greater extent than had any other subject, and in 1871 he published a pamphlet of considerable size which he entitled, "Our Land and Land Policy, National and State." In this he very graphically showed the almost criminal prodigality with which land grants had been made to railroads, and it contained indeed the germ of his great book, for in it he called attention to the fact, as it appeared to him, that a tax on the value of land is the most equal of all taxes. Soon after this he started the *Evening Post* as a penny paper and conducted it as such with more or less success for a period of about four years. He was an ardent advocate of Mr. Tilden for the Presidency, as has already been mentioned, and made many speeches throughout the State on his behalf. But whatever it was that filled his thoughts, or in whatever work he was engaged, the land question was ever present with him; to him it was the greatest of all questions. The first light that shone through his darkness flashed sud-

denly upon him, as a light of another kind had flashed upon Paul under circumstances quite different. This experience was his while he was riding on horse-back in the hills back of Oakland. We have it stated in his own words as follows:

“Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had driven the horse into the hills until he panted. Stopping for breath, I asked a passing teamster, for want of something better to say, what land was worth there. He pointed to some cows grazing off so far that they looked like mice: ‘I don’t know exactly but there is a man over there who will sell some land for \$1,000. an acre.’ Like a flash it came upon me that there was the reason of advancing poverty with advancing wealth. With the growth of population land grows in value, and the men who work it must pay for the privilege of working it. I turned back, amidst quiet thought, to the perception that then came to me and has been with me ever since.”

We have seen how he utilized this institutional suggestion in his “Land and Land Policy,” but which only came to its full development in his famous book, “Progress and Poverty.” The collected works of Henry George published after his death consist of nine volumes; but the two volumes making up “Progress and Poverty” are those alone which will keep his name forever on the tongues of men. The genesis of that book and the writing of it will always be among the most interesting of the memories of my life. Our friendship and intimacy had never ceased, and at his request I had written articles for *The Post*. I remember well what a literary debauch we had in the editorial office on the evening of the overwhelming defeat of Newton Booth’s Dolly Varden Party—each one of four or five of us sitting down to write on the subject, myself contributing some half dozen pieces of verse, and all in the midst of the greatest hilarity. It was therefore quite consonant with our relations for George to ask me to come to his residence on a Sunday in the Autumn of 1877, for the purpose of his taking my judgment on something he had just written. He was then living in a small frame cottage on the west side of Second Street some little distance north of Harrison. When I arrived at the house I found him and Mrs. George sitting alone in the front room. Without any ado George produced a number of loose sheets of manuscript, at the same time telling me in substance that it was a magazine article on the cause of industrial depression and of increase of want with increase of wealth, and was to indicate a remedy. He said he wished to read it to me and thereafter take my judgment upon it. He thereupon read the article aloud quite deliberately, and at its close asked me what I thought of it. I responded that it was something beyond the ordinary, but that it would be a great mistake to publish it in that form; that the thoughts in it needed very much more expansion and elaboration than could be given in a magazine article, and that he should expand what he had written into a book. What I said had such immediate impression upon him that he resolved to cast aside the article and do as I had suggested. With very little delay he began the composition of the book, and after some little work on it he moved with his family to the top of Rincon Hill into a house known as the Cutler-Mc-

Allister House at Number 417 First Street, where the work was continuously carried on until its completion two years and a month from the time of its commencement. It will not be thought remarkable that George was able to rent this large house in such a neighborhood when it is remembered that the Second Street Cut had pretty nearly destroyed real property values on the hill, and that one of the supposedly choicest places for residence purposes in San Francisco had lost both character and reputation as a fashionable residential district. The selection of this house was of the greatest benefit to George, for it had a delightful outlook on the Bay, and it gave him opportunities for boating, which he embraced eagerly when his work permitted.

George carried on the work of composition upon the book with the greatest care; he wrote, and rewrote, and rewrote again, revised and re-revised proofs until he felt himself satisfied. I myself went over his manuscript as he prepared it, and over the proofs. He wrote all the book on sermon paper, using deep blue ink; and although he was always disorderly in the use of his tools and generally worked in the midst of a litter of papers and books, yet his manuscript looked very neat. The book was completed in October, 1879—completed after an agony of thought and labor and under difficulties that were simply enormous, not the least of which were pecuniary ones. But the author never flagged, he would not permit himself to grow weary, but toiled on and on, often late into the night, with Hope singing in his heart, till the great travail was over. The book having been born, the next thing to do was to find someone who would give it to the world; and this George fancied was easy enough. Imagine therefore his great disappointment when Appleton rejected the book, and in turn Harpers and Scribners. He then determined to be his own publisher, and to have his old friend William Hinton do the printing. Before, however, putting the manuscript into Mr. Hinton's hands he went over the whole of it with great care, not only making some changes, but rearranging the chapters, and somewhat altering the sub-title. He himself set the first two stickfuls of type on the book; and one day, when the book was about half set up, upon our meeting on the street, he insisted that I likewise should contribute. So, yielding to his insistence, I went at once to Hinton's printing office and set up a stickful of type of the manuscript. As soon as the book was printed he sent a copy of it to his father in Philadelphia, who was then 81 years of age, and who wrote him a very affectionate letter of acknowledgment. A copy was sent to Appleton, who on renewed examination agreed to undertake its publication, which accordingly was done after some months of delay.

In response to copies sent to important persons George received some encouragement, particularly from Sir George Grey of New Zealand, and from Emile de Laveleye, but none whatsoever at home. On the contrary, the newspapers either spoke contemptuously or in hostility. How, some suggested, could an Inspector of Gas Meters be able to write a great book on any subject, much less on one involving questions of Political Economy? In fact, even after George had become a great celebrity, some of our newspapers persisted in speaking contemptuously of him. It is difficult for the man in the street

to understand how it can be possible for the person whom he has frequently met in common salutation to be of larger dimensions than himself. The residents of Nazareth found the same difficulty in recognizing the superhuman proportions of the son of Joseph the carpenter. However, important reviews in the East began soon to appear and thereupon George deemed it well to go to New York. In some way he raised money sufficient to travel thither on a third class ticket, but he had to leave his family behind him. This he did in August, 1880, and thus severed all his residential ties in California. For the remainder of his life he was a resident of the City of New York, making from there numerous trips to Europe and to different parts of his own country. Soon after he went away his library of something less than a thousand volumes was sold at auction. The books fetched but little, as they were all commercial, and many of them in poor condition. On some there were no bids at all, and these were knocked down to friends at any price the auctioneer saw fit.

Appleton soon got out a cheap edition of "Progress and Poverty," and in this and other ways it began to circulate. Before long it was translated into every language of Europe, and it has had in all an enormous circulation.

It has been said that there is nothing essential in George's book, as to remedy at least, that was not derived from the Physiocrats. His answer to this is to be found in his last book—"The Science of Political Economy." The following extract is sufficient here:

"In what is most important I have been closer to the views of Quesney and his followers than was Adam Smith, who knew the men personally. But in my case there was certainly no derivation from them. I well recall the day when checking my horse on a rise that overlooks San Francisco Bay, the commonplace reply of a passing teamster to a commonplace question, crystallized, as by lightning-flash, my brooding thoughts into coherency, and I there and then recognized the natural order—one of those experiences that make those who have had them feel thereafter that they can vaguely appreciate what mystics and poets call the 'ecstatic vision.' Yet at that time I had never heard of the Physiocrats, or even read a line of Adam Smith.

"Afterwards, with the great idea of the natural order in my head, I printed a little book, 'Our Land and Land Policy,' in which I urged that all taxes should be laid on the value of land, irrespective of improvements. Casually meeting, on a San Francisco street, a scholarly lawyer, A. B. Douthitt, we stopped to chat, and he told me that what I had in my little book proposed was what the French Economists a hundred years before had proposed.

"I forget many things, but the place where I heard this, and the tones and attitude of the man who told me of it, are photographed on my memory. For, when you have seen a truth that those around you do not see, it is one of the deepest of pleasures to hear of others who had seen it. This is true, even though these others were dead years before you were born. For the stars that we of to-day see when we look were here to be seen hundreds and thousands of years ago. They shine on, men come and go in their generations like the generations of the ants."

But after all, George's book is his own, notwithstanding anything contained in the work of the Physiocrats. Their ideas in regard to the question of land and the true basis of land taxation are quite different from those of George. Besides, nothing came as a result of their doctrine. Their recommendation of the *impot unique* faded away as though it had never existed. The same can be said of the "unearned increment" of John Stuart Mill, so far as it exerted any influence upon methods of taxation. But far otherwise in the case of Henry George and his Single Tax doctrine with the solid foundations on which it is based. His book arrested the attention of the world; humanitarians saw in it a new Star of Bethlehem; and already it has been put into successful operation. It was, indeed, an arrow of logic which, feathered by love, went direct to the heart of Humanity. Quesney, Mill and others somewhat resemble the Norsemen whose keels touched the American shores centuries before those of Columbus; but nothing followed upon the event; they might just as well have stayed at home; while George is like the immortal Genoese on whose discovery the fortunes of mankind were changed.

Not long after the time when the book began to circulate freely, George made a tour of Great Britain and Ireland during which he delivered a number of lectures in the interest of propaganda. These were deemed to be of such importance as to command the attention of the principal newspapers in the cities where they were delivered, some of these journals going to the length of publishing the lectures in full. As was always usual with him, he submitted to questioning after the lecture was over, and in his answers he proved himself a past master at the game; while in Scotland he submitted to any amount of heckling with the utmost good temper and never with any disconcertment. He also delivered a number of propaganda lectures in Australia, and met with the same hospitable reception as in the case of Great Britain and Ireland. To these latter countries he made visits in 1882, 1884 and 1889, making numerous speeches and meeting many important men. During the visit of 1884 the Duke of Argyle bitterly attacked George and his doctrine in an article published in the *Nineteenth Century* entitled, "The Prophet of San Francisco." To this George immediately replied in the same magazine in an article entitled, "The Reduction to Iniquity." So pithy and so convincing was George's reply that the Scottish Land Restoration League printed both articles in a pamphlet entitled, "The Peer and the Prophet," and circulated it freely throughout Great Britain.

Mention has already been made of George's being drawn into politics, and of his two candidacies for Mayor of New York. In the first, Hewitt defeated him, in the second, Death. In 1897 he deemed it a call of duty to take up arms against Tammany by accepting the nomination of several political organizations in hostility to that organization. He was then ill and with but little of his former physical strength; and yet he entered upon the campaign with the greatest ardor, speaking at three, four and five meetings every night. That George appreciated the situation is evident from the following conversation which he had with one of his physicians shortly before accepting the tendered nomination:



"Tell me: If I accept, what is the worst that can happen to me?"

The physician answered: "You have a right to be told since you ask. It will most probably prove fatal."

George then said: "You mean it may kill me?"

"Most probably, yes."

George replied, "Dr Kelly says the same thing, only more positively. But I have got to die. How can I die better than in serving humanity? Besides, so dying will do more for the cause than anything I am likely to be able to do in the rest of my life."

The physician was a true prophet. On Thursday, October 18th, but five days before the election, after George had spoken at four different meetings, he took to his bed with feelings of extreme fatigue, and early the next morning expired. This caused the greatest possible sensation in the City. The morning papers were filled with laudations of him. All day of the Sunday following his death his body lay in state in the Grand Central Palace, and his funeral was the most impressive ever accorded a private citizen in this country. At the time of his death he was fifty-eight years of age, he having been born on the second day of September, 1839. His parents were of American birth with English, Welch and Scotch blood in their veins, and had lived long in Philadelphia where George himself was born. Of his four children, three are living, one of whom (the oldest who bears his fathers' name) is at present a member of Congress from one of the districts of New York, one a sculptor, and the other the wife of a playwright.

George's domestic life was of the happiest, his wife being as well suited to him as though she had been especially born for his mate. She was charming and sweet-tempered with a voice both soft and low, and she was in addition sympathetic in all his work, and with sufficient intelligence to be of assistance to him in the way of criticism and advice. The attitude of Mrs. George to her husband is well exemplified by what follows: When some friends visited her for the purpose of persuading her to use her influence to dissuade him from entering the mayoralty contest, she replied:

"When I was a much younger woman I made up my mind to do all in my power to help my husband in his work, and now after many years I may say that I have never crossed him in what he has seen clearly to be his duty. Should he decide to enter this campaign I shall do nothing to prevent him; but shall on the contrary do all I can to strengthen and encourage him. He must live his life his own way and at whatever sacrifice his sense of duty requires; and I shall give him all I can—devotion."

Such a wife was almost a necessity to George, for he was without method, inclined to disorderly arrangements, and irregular in his habits. He was abstemious, however, both in eating and drinking, never doing either to excess, but smoking, at times, rather more than was good for him. At table he was occasionally a very poor companion, falling then into a train of absorbing thought and mechanically eating what was easily within his reach. When in the humor he was fond of raillery, and would gird at me for what he deemed

to be my inordinate love of pictures and fine books. He himself cared little or nothing for either. A book embraced for him its contents only; as for the artistic clothing of those contents they were apparently of no moment to him. This might seem exceptional in a printer did we not know that George never learned anything of printing beyond type-setting. He seemed to have but little understanding of graphic art and not true feeling for it; and while he liked poetry, it was of the thought poetically expressed that he cared, not for any form in which it might be couched. Yet, his literary art was of the finest: his sentences are never involved, his choice of words is exact, his diction is simple, yet rich; his thought expressed with transparent lucidity, and the different parts of the subject thoroughly well joined. His great book is a delight to read for the mere sake of the composition and the style. And independently of the economic matter of the book, there are so many facts contained in it, so many illustrations, and so many similes, all so interestingly combined and so eloquently told, that the book on these accounts alone is unique; while considered merely as a politico-economic treatise it is safe to assert that it is without a rival in the matter of interestingness. As to the style we might quote from every page of the book, but I can only give here a short extract, and that shall be a part of what the author says about the difference between man and the animal:

“But not so with man. No sooner are his animal wants satisfied than new wants arise. Food he wants first, as does the beast; shelter next, as does the beast; and these given his reproductive instincts assert their sway, as do those of the beast. But here man and beast part company. The beast never goes further; the man has but set his feet on the first step of an infinite progression—a progression upon which the beast never enters; a progression away from and above the beast.

“This demand for quantity once satisfied, he seeks quality. The very desires that he has in common with the beast now become extended, refined, exalted. It is not merely hunger, but taste, that seeks gratification in food; in clothes, he seeks not merely comfort, but adornment; the rude shelter becomes a house; the indiscriminating sexual attraction begins to transmute itself into subtle influences, and the hard and common stock of animal life to blossom and to bloom into shapes of delicate beauty. As power to gratify his wants increases, so does aspiration grow. Held down to lower levels of desire, Lucullus will sup with Lucullus; twelve boars turn on spits that Anthony’s mouthful of meat may be done to a turn; every kingdom of nature be ransacked to add to Cleopatra’s charms, and marble colonnades and hanging gardens and pyramids that rival the hills arise. Passing into higher forms of desire, that which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the beast, awakes in the man. The eyes of the mind are opened and he longs to know. He braves the scorching heat of the desert and the icy blasts of the polar sea, but not for food; he watches all night, but it is to trace the circling of the eternal stars. He adds toil to toil, to gratify a hunger no animal has felt; to assuage a thirst no beast can know.

"Out upon nature, in upon himself, back through the mists that shroud the past, forward into the darkness that overhangs the future, turns the restless desire that arises when the animal wants slumber in satisfaction. Beneath things he seeks the law; he would know how the globe was forged and the stars were hung, and trace to their origins the springs of life. And, then, as the man develops his nobler nature, there arises the desire higher yet—the passion of passions, the hope of hopes—the desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. He masters and curbs the animal; he turns his back upon the feast and renounces the place of power; he leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, to bask themselves in the warm sunshine of the brief day. He works for those he never saw and never can see; for a fame, or maybe for a scant justice, that can only come along after the clods have rattled upon his coffin lid. He toils in the advance where it is cold, and there is little cheer from men, and the stones are sharp and the brambles thick. Amid the scoffs of the present and the sneers that stab like knives, he builds for the future, he cuts the trail that progressive humanity may hereafter broaden into a high road. Into higher, grander spheres desire mounts and beckons and a star that rises in the east leads him on. Lo! the pulses of the man throb with the yearnings of the god—he would aid in the process of the suns!"

It is one of the most noteworthy facts connected with Henry George, that he, with but little schooling, should have achieved a style so marvellously excellent. He was one of those unique characters that are sufficient unto themselves.

George was in essence a revolutionary. In any country where a revolution was in progress he would likely have been a part of it, if he thought it was based on any principle of right; and in fact he became a member of a military organization got up for the purpose of freeing Mexico from Maximilian. Notwithstanding his devotion to wife and children, and his love for home with all that home implies, yet he was Bohemian in his tastes and somewhat so in his habits. He was one of the founders of the now famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco, and was delighted to participate in its club life. The writer and he passed many pleasurable moments in the early very humble home of the club at the southeast corner of Sacramento and Webb Streets. It would have been impossible to bring him under any set rules, or to bind him to conventionalities. He was self reliant and opposed to restraint of any kind. His marriage was a run-away affair, and he left home without parental consent to go on a sea voyage. He could never see that President Cleveland was right in interfering as he did in the great Chicago strike, and ever afterward entertained feelings of more or less hostility toward him. While he was good tempered and considerate of others, he was quick to anger and easily tempted to personal conflict. He was what we might call pugnacious, yet without anything of the bully. He was courageous to the last extremity of courage in any cause he espoused and seemed to be without feeling of fear. He was the soul of truth and honor, and exceedingly nice in the performance of his obligations, particu-

larly his pecuniary ones, and these he never forgot. As an instance of this I may mention that upon his arrival in San Francisco on his way to Australia, about the first thing he said to some of us who had met him was: "I must find the butcher that I owed when I left here so that I can pay him the amount of his bill." He was, as has been said, not at all fastidious about his dress, but he was cleanly in his person and linen. He always wore a black soft felt hat, but at times Mrs. George would succeed in getting him under a tall silk one when some function demanded it. I can not recall that I ever saw him outside of the house in any coat except a frock coat, and as this was seldom made for him it seldom fitted him. At his desk he generally worked in a jacket or in his shirt-sleeves. His sense of humor was not over developed, yet it was sufficient to be of a saving quality. In essence his nature was deeply religious, but he was not a church attendant except when a boy, nor had he framed for himself any specific creed. His spiritual vision was sufficiently penetrating to see through the materialisms based on mechanical theories of the universe, and always held himself to be under responsibility to God and his conscience. His talk was seldom frivolous even when giving the whole night to conversation. The writer recalls two such nights, one in Washington City where we met by appointment in the evening, George then being on his way to a town where he was to lecture and to reach there was to take an early morning train, and the other in a Massachusetts town where he had lectured and where he was, as in the other case, to take an early train. In each of these instances we embraced the opportunity presented and spent the night until train time in smoking and talking.

He was sincere to the core. He never under any circumstances sought to be anybody but himself. He was a strong individualist and was opposed to socialism and all its ways. He believed in competition, but under conditions which would not be mutually destructive, and these conditions he believed could be brought about by taking all taxes off personal property including improvements on land and placing the whole burden of taxation upon ground rents. He was nearly always cheerful. He neither whined nor complained but patiently bore every burden put upon his back. He was a strong man morally, mentally and physically. Neither ridicule nor criticism could depress him, nor laudation unduly exalt him. He was self-centered, and feared nothing the future might bring him, for he felt in his heart of heart that his was the torch to light suffering humanity out of the abysmal torments of poverty to the high ground of a new hope and a new life.

His most striking element of character was his sympathy for his fellow-man. This was the fire that burned in his soul, and in reality was the main cause that incited the production of his great book. He was not only a political economist—that and nothing more; had he been merely that, he would have written well on economic subjects, but he would not have produced a book which served to carry his name and message to all the peoples of the earth. It took love of man to do that; and in George's breast such love never abated. Men to him were not very much unlike; he did not believe there was that great

difference between the mentalities of men which is popularly supposed. He acted according to this belief. It was always pleasurable to him to talk to men whom he casually met, and he gladly improved every such opportunity. He liked particularly to talk with street car conductors, which in old horse-car days was easier than it is at present. All men engaged in manual labor were interesting to him, and all such men he met in the most natural manner possible. He never affected the attitude of a superior person. Very early in life, the poverty incident to all large cities, interested him, until it began to tug at him for solution. Why was it, that the larger the city, the larger the slum? Why was it that with plenty of unused land within the city limits the tenement houses reared their horrid heads? Was this a natural condition, or was it not rather an artificial condition produced by man, and if indeed it was artificial, then it was surely remediable. On this he pondered, and pondered, and finally by slow approaches reached the conclusion expounded in *Progress and Poverty*. His was a receptive soul awaiting the call that was to set it in responsive vibration; and when the call finally laid its imperative voice upon him, it found him ready and eager.

California no longer looks askance at him. She values him now as one of her most precious jewels. He is in very truth her own, for he came to her when a boy, and remained with her until his final message was delivered. She can proudly say that probably more people to-day are familiar with the name of Henry George than they are with that of any other man. He experienced all kinds of life within her borders, and he often went an-hungered; but his heart kept beating, his mind kept working, and his courage kept burning, until at last he stood on the mountain top of Truth with the breezes of heaven singing anthems of glory around him.

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## LAND REFORM IN GERMANY.

*(For the Review)*

By **DR. W. SCHRAMMEIER.**

*Concluded.)*

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### PROGRESS OF THE LAND REFORM MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

What kind of influence has the Kiaochow Land Ordinance had on the efforts of land reformers in Germany, beyond its importance to our colonial possessions? If, on the one hand, it was the demonstration that the doctrines of Henry George can be realized in our own times, it was on the other hand the means which opened entirely new avenues of thought. Public landed property in the hands of States or of municipalities, right of expropriation for public purposes, leasehold law, taxation of site values, direct and indirect increment taxation, obligation to build on urban land,—all these measures stimulated emulation and further development at home. If we follow up the