

The recent death of Mrs. George makes this double anniversary still more notable. No worker in the cause to which her husband gave his life, should fail to recognize her invaluable though obscure service. But for her devotion to his interests, her wifely and motherly care, her intelligent appreciation and encouragement, her unfailing moral support in days of trial, how different might have been the issue of the career we commemorate.

From Henry George, Jr.

Permit me to rejoice with you in your celebration of the twenty-fifth birthday of "Progress and Poverty." To all of our faith it must be a mile stone in the progress of real civilization, and the number that we can say are of our faith is quietly but steadily increasing, not alone in this country, but in every country where men realize that there is a social problem to solve. It has been well said that one man with an idea can make a revolution. As truly it may be said that one man with social justice in his heart can remake the world.

The event you celebrate awakens memories relative to the writing and publishing of "Progress and Poverty."

None but a very few among my father's friends, less than could be counted on the fingers of one hand, realized the importance of the book that he was at work on while he was in the act of writing. But his very intimate friend, Edward R. Taylor, the lawyer and poet, knew it, and his partner on the *Evening Post* up to a short time before, William M. Hinton, knew it. Professor William Swinton, holding the history chair in the University of California, also knew it. My father read what he wrote to these friends, and he tested his own conclusions and manner of presentation by their criticism. Later as the writing advanced he read parts of his manuscript to other friends in respect to special points, and thus before the book went into the printer's hands it had become strong as a fortress in all that its pages contained. So thoroughly had the subject been thought out, so fully had every contention been tested and buttressed that up to the day of his death my father would have been willing to lay down a copy of the book itself as his answer to the world of controversial literature "Progress and Poverty" had called forth.

Hinton knew that the book was to be of great importance to the world and he offered to set the type and make the plates for it, and to take his pay when some time in the indefinite future my father should have it to give.

Taylor very early realized the deep significance of the work, and indeed he was of the few men who early in the seventies, when my father published his pamphlet on "Our Land and Land Policy," urged the author to rewrite it into a larger, fuller and more ambitious work. Taylor had constant words of praise and encouragement for the author, and was ever ready with his purse to lend his friend money, but for which the work at critical moments must have stopped. Taylor had the warmest and deepest admiration for his friend's character, sympathies and genius, and later when the book was born my father testified to his appreciation of Taylor's companionship by presenting to him an autograph copy inscribed, in the blue ink used in writing "Progress and Poverty," with words of affectionate gratitude that to Taylor's posterity in times to come should be richer in worth than treasuries of gold and precious stones.

I have a vivid recollection of standing with my father out on the front door step of our residence at twilight just after the "Author's Edition" of "Progress and Poverty" had been printed and was being read with exclamations of astonishment and admiration by his larger circle of personal friends. As was his wont, my father gazed at the brightening stars and talked of their wonder

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