

to catch votes, and in that business principles are often an embarrassment. For the C. L. P. in Britain and elsewhere the future is full of hope. The increasing discussion is all our way. The more the people talk about land the sooner will it dawn upon a sufficient number of them that we who demand its immediate restoration without compensation are demanding simple justice. In this fight they who think to defeat us often render very real assistance by provoking thought.—J. W. GRAHAM PEACE.

A Man Sent From God

SUNDAY, OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST, 1897

THE train stopped in Albany. The old car knocker stood in his accustomed place and said, "Henry George is dead." I only stared for it could not be. "Yes," he repeated slowly, "Henry George died last night." The black headlines in the morning papers told of the passing of the greatest American of our generation, and interest in the bitterest campaign the metropolis ever saw gave way to a contemplation and discussion of the ways of immutable Providence.

I hurried over to Rensselaer to see John Rourk. He seemed dazed but agreed to meet me in New York Sunday morning. I went to the office to get a pass, but John waived all formalities and went down on one of the night freights.

Sunday morning we met and joined the long line of people waiting for a last sight of our leader. We passed the casket slowly. A tired looking great little man, more gray than I had known him, but wearing the serenity that comes only to those who follow the paths of Duty.

Soon after noon a knot of people gathered at the entrance to the Grand Central Palace and we joined them. The streets were soon blocked by crowds that had no chance of admission. The doors were opened for a few moments only, but in those few moments the building was filled.

Jew and gentile; priest, rabbi and presbyter; laborer, artizan, shopkeeper, and capitalist; for of such are the common people.

"There was a man sent from God and his name was Henry George," said Father McGlynn, and the assemblage was no longer a decorous service for the dead but a throng of people acclaiming exultingly the completion of a holy life.

It was not for achievement in arms, or accumulation, or industry, nor even in letters, although he had written the greatest prose poem, but because of a simple and earnest life that gave all to his fellow men.

It was nightfall, and after the service the last journey that we take upon earth. Gradually the vast crowds became a procession of marching people—

"Without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept."

Tammany's banners were furled, for the Tiger recognized the passing of the incorruptible, but the Republican banners floated in the nightwind typical of those who say, "I AM," but who too often are not.

In that procession there were few who knew their neighbor. There was only the tread of marching feet, and the thoughts of those who marched. Down Broadway and up the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. At the entrance, police on either side, droned monotonously, "Break step! break step!" Over the storied river and then we entered the crowds again and saw before us a pyramid of people, the Brooklyn City Hall. The procession vanished and in its place was the people.

Henry George had returned to God.

—P. A. PARKER in *The Forum*.

Third International Conference to Promote the Taxation of Land Values and Free Trade

WILL Single Taxers who are looking forward to attending the conference to be held in August 1926 in Copenhagen, Denmark, kindly communicate with me relative to forming a committee which shall represent the American delegation.

A Central Committee, resident in New York, can more easily attend to the practical business matters concerning our part in the conference, questions of transportation and the like, and deal with the foreign committees.

Let us send a fine large delegation that will show the energetic Danish Single Taxers how Henry George's own countrymen appreciate the splendid work they are doing.

To those who know the field, Denmark offers best possibilities for the eventual institution of land value taxation as the law of the country.

—GRACE ISABEL COLBRON,

Care LAND AND FREEDOM, Temporary Chairman.
150 Nassau Street, New York City.

The Benefits of Inventions

HITHERTO it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil if any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny, which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish.

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