

### ***How I First Became Interested in Henry George***

It was in the winter of 1894, I think. I was in Toronto, Ontario. A friend, Mr. George Bryan, came to me on the street and asked me to go with him to a meeting where "the Philadelphia Cyclone," Mr. Herman V. Hetzel of Philadelphia was to speak. I reluctantly went along. It was a small hall and about 60 to 75 people there.

Finally, Mr. Hetzel was introduced and it was not long till I realized why he was called the "Philadelphia Cyclone." He outlined the great philosophy very eloquently. An old Scotchman asked, "What about the poor widow with a vacant lot adjoining a beautiful high priced residence?" This he answered in terms most convincing.

I bought a copy of the *Irish Land Question* for ten cents and when I reached home about midnight, I sat down with my overcoat on and read it through, almost till daylight.

I ordered *Progress and Poverty* the next day from a bookseller and read it and reread it. Since that time it has been my religion and my basis for my life's conduct, longing for the glory of its consummation. Henry George was sent, I believe, to open the way for the millennium.

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