

HENRY GEORGE'S OWN STORY OF HIS CAREER.

Was Once a Sailor, Printer, Tramp, Editor, and Always an Anti-Monopolist.

This is Henry George's own story. He dictated it to a New York World reporter and revised it carefully.

"I was born in Philadelphia in 1839," said Mr. George. "My father owned a bookstore and was a publisher in a not very large way. Afterwards he was a clerk in the Custom-House and remained there quite a while. I myself began life in Philadelphia as a boy, working for \$2 a week in the office of an importer of crockery. I did writing, carried bundles or turned my hand to anything else there was to do.

"After that I went into the office of a marine adjuster, but I was very anxious to go to sea. My grandfather was a sea captain of considerable note in the early days of Philadelphia. He followed the sea from the time he was eight years old. He had taken part in the war of 1812, and had been captured by the British. I suppose I inherit my love of the sea from him or from hearing my father talk about

after the close of this trip. I had intended to go to Oregon, where I knew a family, one member of which was a niece of Governor Curry, but it was the time of the great Fraser River gold excitement, and I have never been to Oregon yet. I left the ship and joined the rush for the Fraser River region.

"I made my way in a topsail schooner to Victoria, which was then a Hudson Bay station. I found about 10,000 miners camping there. I also found that the stories of gold were largely false. After working in a store for a while I made my way back to San Francisco as a stevedore passenger. There I found Dave Bond, a Philadelphia printer whom I had known. He told me of work I could get to do at the printer's trade in Frank Eastman's establishment. It did not last very long, and afterward I worked in a rice mill as a weaver.

"When this failed I resolved to go to the mines in the interior of the State, and having no other way of

ing papers, and we paid our board.

"My next move was to Sacramento, where I worked on the Sacramento Union and did well. I sent for my wife, and it was there that my first child, Henry George, Jr., was born. I disagreed with the foreman of the office, and after doing so returned to San Francisco and with two other printers started a job office. I came near starving to death, and at one time I was so close to it that I think I should have done so but for the job of printing a few cards which enabled us to buy a little corn meal. In this darkest time of my life my second child was born. I gave up the job office and went back to subbing, managing to make a living that way until I began writing.

"On my return to San Francisco I wrote an article for the Times, which resulted in my being made news editor, and I afterward became chief editor—a place I held for a year or so. From the Times I went over to the Chronicle, of which I became managing editor, but I did not like Charles De Young, and I went to the Herald. It was a new paper, and I came East in its interest. My wife had already come ahead of me to Philadelphia.

"I had come East to make a fight to get the Associated Press despatches for my paper. They were refused, and the Western Union finally gave orders abrogating an agreement it had made with me. It afterward attempted to keep my matter off the wires. I kept up this fight for the San Fran-

nothing, as he had lost hope of succeeding with it. We got the first Bullock perfecting press ever used in California, but just as we were starting a morning and Sunday edition the Bank of California failed and brought on a disastrous panic.

"We were pressed for the money which had been borrowed to buy the press, and the sacrifices we were compelled to make determined me to retire. I held a small political office in San Francisco, by appointment for four years, and during this time wrote 'Progress and Poverty.'

"In January, 1880, I came East after the Appletons had agreed to republish the book here. I came on borrowed money, and left my family in California, but 'Progress and Poverty' was a success from the start. I have no idea how many copies have been sold. I think considerably over half a million. There were three editions in German alone, and there have been editions in Dutch, Spanish, French, Italian and even in Japanese and Chinese. From many of these, of course, I have never received anything at all."

When asked about the trip to England and Ireland which he made about the height of the Land League agitation, Mr. George recalled the fact that he was twice arrested as an enemy of the English Government. He was in Contamara when the first arrest took place. This was at Loobera, and the second was at a miserable straggling village fifty miles further on. It was

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

While excavating for a pond on the farm of L. V. Harkness, near Donegal, Ky., recently, workmen discovered the bones of a mastodon.

Rarefied air has been found by Herr Levinstein to produce strong fatty degeneration of heart, liver and muscles, with death through deficiency of oxygen.

It is proposed to erect a tablet in honor of Professor Giuseppe Sanarelli the discoverer of the microbe of yellow fever, at the University of Sienna, of which he is an alumnus.

It has been ascertained that the pith of the sunflower is the lightest solid known, its specific gravity being 0.028, while that of older pith—hitherto regarded as the lightest substance, is 0.09. Cork is 0.24.

That certain beetles are by no means frightened by lead foil has long been recognized, but it is rather discouraging to add one more to the number of these culprits. Ed. Stich of Naueim, reports that a box somewhat worn oaten was lined with lead. After awhile holes one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and distinctly spiral, were noticed, and traced to the beetle *Tetropium luridum*, Linn., which was not yet on the list of lead eaters, or rather lead destroyers. A cousin of this insect has been known to be destructive to lead chambers. There are, unfortunately, many insects and animals devoid of that sense for the sacred rights of property which we expect of everybody but ourselves.

The most important feature of the present Anglo-Egyptian expedition against the Mahdi is the successful sinking of wells in the desert between Wady-Halfa and Abu-Hamed. The presence of water at such a distance from the Nile has never been suspected, either by Europeans or natives, and bids fair to revolutionize not only the desert tribes, but the entire conditions of desert life. Indeed, the problem of converting the great African deserts into fertile territory seems to be at length in a fair way toward solution, not by means of letting in the sea, as proposed by Count de Lesseps, but by the sinking of wells. Water is evidently to be found everywhere in the African deserts, provided one digs deep enough.

Saw His Heart Beat.

Last November, James Hall, a young man at Shelbyville, Ind., while hunting, accidentally discharged his shotgun while the barrels were resting in an oblique position across the left breast. The result of the accident was that the flesh and the ribs covering the chest cavity were torn away, exposing to full view the pericardium, revealing the motion of the heart. The physicians who were first called said Hall would die in a few hours. Another physician from this city was called and saved his life. To cover the hole where the ribs and flesh were shot away a silver plate was fastened to the ends of the exposed ribs. Skin-grafting did the rest. Hall at that time was sixteen years old and possessed of a wonderful physique. His case is the second one on record where a man saw his own heart beat and lived to tell the story. The leading medical publications of this country and Europe secured detailed accounts of the case and the treatment.

Hall had always been a pretty good kind of a boy, but there were better ones. He faced death with courage. During his long sickness his disposition seemed to undergo a change, and now he has signified his intention of becoming a minister. His parents are poor, but they have managed to secure some money, and he is now ready to start to college.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Ink Bacillus.

An interesting discovery was recently made at Leipzig, namely, the ink bacillus, as it has been named. It has often happened that dangerous blood poisoning has been caused by wounding one's self with an inky steel pen. In Professor Marpmann's bacteriological institute they have succeeded in finding the micro-organism in ink which excites the blood. It has been ascertained that many inks, particularly school inks, contain bacteria. Out of fifty-seven different kinds—most of them made with gall—the majority contained bacteria. School inks colored with an aniline dye, even though the bottle had only just been opened, contained the micro-organisms already mentioned, and the number of bacilli was the greater the longer the ink had been exposed to the air. From such an aniline ink, which had been in an open inkstand for three months, a specific bacillus was isolated and mice were inoculated with it. After four days they died of blood poisoning. The fact that gall-apple inks get covered with mold is a very old fact indeed—now the ink bacillus is known.

Getting His Account Straight.

Bob Borrower—According to my memorandum book I owe you dollars. Lon Lenditt (nervously)—No, Bob—it is only five.

Bob Borrower—The deuce, you say. Then just let me have another Y to straighten out my book, will you?—Pack.



SCENES AT HENRY GEORGE'S HOME, FORT HAMILTON, BROOKLYN.

him. At any rate I went to sea, shipping as foremast boy on the old ship *Hindoo*, an East Indiaman of 500 tons burden. I sailed from right here in New York, leaving the foot of Thirtieth street, on North River, going first to Melbourne and then to Calcutta.

"When I got back to Philadelphia after this voyage I was about sixteen years old, and I felt like staying at home a while. So I went into the printing office of King & Baird. There I learned something of the trade, but soon afterward I went to sea again, going to Boston and back in a small coal schooner.

"It was on this trip that I got the idea of going to California. I saw in the Delaware River a little side-wheel steamer that was being built for the light-house service. She was to be taken to California, and I made up my mind to go in her.

"As a matter of fact, I did go. Off Hatteras we were struck by a storm, which came near being the last of us. I remember it very vividly—how the squall drove the little cockle-shell now here, now there, now with this side touching the surface of the waves and now with that, while I and a negro deckhand worked together, throwing over bags of coal to lighten her. The sailing master hung on to the bridge, shouting to us through the speaking trumpet and barely able to make himself heard as he told us that the work we were doing was for life or death.

"We came through safely, but considerably damaged. Running along, we went into St. Thomas, then to Pernambuco and Rio Janeiro, and afterward to Montevideo. We did not go around the Horn, but through the straits of Magellan. It was a most impressive sight—the deep clear water around us and the snow-covered mountains in the distance. We ran upon a schooner which belonged to English missionaries who were praying and working with the natives. We saw a number of Terra del Fuegians, and they were not at all attractive. I heard afterward that the Patagonians killed and ate those very missionaries who were trying to convert them.

"We were short of coal, and in going through the straits we had to stop and cut cordwood.

"I landed in San Francisco in 1857,

reaching them I started out to walk. I was, in fact, what would now be called a tramp. I had a little money, but I slept in barns to save it and had a rough time generally until finally I made up my mind to return to San Francisco.

"When I got back I ran across Bond again, and again went to printing. They paid seventy-five cents a thousand, or \$30 a week, but as I was still a minor I got only \$12. George Thurston, who is now a captain in the regular army, was my foreman.

"As soon as I became of age I joined the printers' union and so became entitled to full wages. After that I did first-rate. I worked as a substitute, doing what printers called 'subbing' on daily papers. Then I went to work on a paper which Duncan was then editing. I got to be foreman at \$30 a week and he used my name as his publisher until he sold the paper.

"Then I subbed on the dailies until four printers started a little daily paper called the *Journal*. Setting the type was the main thing then, as there was no telegraphic news to pay for, and so I was taken into partnership on the payment of a small sum—between \$100 and \$200, if I remember correctly.

"I worked trying to found the *Journal* until my clothes were in rags and the toes of my shoes were out. I slept in the office and did the best I could to economize, but finally I ran into debt \$30 for my wash bill. What finally broke us up was the threat of civil war, which created great excitement and made the news which came from the East by pony express an absolute necessity. As we did not have it we were forced out.

"It was while in these straits that I first met the lady who is now my wife. Her people did not regard me with favor under the circumstances, and I hardly blame them, but the young lady liked me, and promised to marry me. I had nothing, but my friends fixed everything for the wedding, and a boarding-house, where I was acquainted, agreed to credit us for two weeks' board. As soon as we were married my wife and I went there. Next morning I got up at 6 o'clock and started out to find work on an afternoon paper. I did not get it, but I finally found work on the mora-

cisco Herald, both from New York and Philadelphia, until finally the paper got into bad financial straits and I returned to California.

"It was during my stay in the East that I wrote for the New York Tribune an article headed 'The Chinese on the Pacific Coast'—the first article I ever wrote on political economy.

"When I returned to San Francisco I found the Herald dying, and, as the printers were the only ones on it who could get money to live on, I went to work at the case.

"After this I edited the Oakland Transcript, and made a friend of Professor William Swinton. Governor Haight, who was fighting the Pacific Railroad, offered me charge of a Democratic paper, the Recorder, and I took it. It prospered, and I used the money I made from it in starting a penny paper in San Francisco.

"The articles I wrote, supporting Haight in his anti-monopoly fight, attracted attention, and about this time I also developed the idea which was afterward worked out in 'Progress and Poverty.'

"I published it first in a pamphlet called 'Our Land and Land Policy,' of which a thousand copies were sold at twenty-five cents each. More might have been sold, but when the edition ran out I determined to wait until I could develop the idea in a way I thought more worthy of it.

"Our penny paper was printed on a flat press of the old style, and we found we could not get of enough copies to supply the demand or to make it pay. A man was very anxious to buy and we sold to him. One of my partners went to Paris with the proceeds of his venture, but I remained in San Francisco and was finally induced by the purchaser of the paper to take an interest in it for

this second arrest which most impressed Mr. George.

"The charge against me," he said, "was being a stranger and a dangerous character who had conspired with certain other persons to prevent the payment of rent. The police surrounded me and forced me into what in some parts of this country would be called the hoodlum wagon. I was carried to the police station under a formidable guard, and after being cross-examined was locked up.

"From the window of my cell I could study the misery and squalor of the village, illustrated specially by the fact that it had thirty-two policemen, but only one pump to supply the entire population with water for all purposes. The police searched my trunk and found a copy of my book on the Irish land question, which they considered dangerous matter, I suppose.

"At any rate I was taken to the mansion of the squire for examination. I shall never forget the contrast it presented with the misery of the village. Well-dressed people were playing lawn tennis on its beautiful grounds. It had stately trees around it and an air of the utmost respectability and comfort. The squire sent me back to the subordinate magistrate and I was re-committed to the lock-up. In the mean time a telegram had been sent to London, and Mr. Gladstone I think it was, had ordered my immediate release. So I was turned out.

"I wrote a letter to the President, detailing the circumstances of the arrest, and on my return Secretary of State Frelinghuysen sent for me. He told me that the English Government was willing to pay me damages, but I did not want them. All I wanted was to make it as plain as possible just how things were usually done in enforcing English authority in Ireland."