

from unused land it will enormously increase the production of wealth, lead to its equitable distribution, abolish all involuntary poverty and rid the world of the ignorance, misery, degradation, degeneracy and crime which are the results of poverty undeserved. Equally beneficent will be its elimination of millionaires of the Carnegie, Rockefeller, Thaw, Schwab, Corey class, and the entire 400 with their Seeley and monkey dinners and lap-dog parties. With the gamblers in Wall street and the corruption in national, state and city legislatures will go the soup houses, bread lines, the saloon and the social evil, while the mother will leave the shop for her home and the little children will be found in the schools instead of the mines, stores and factories. This will inaugurate that perfect justice which is the highest attribute of God; it will make practical instead of theoretical that Christianity that loves ones neighbor as himself, for this implies that we have first treated him justly.

And it will be true, for freedom is the daughter of justice and the mother of peace and order.

THE QUEER THEORY OF GEORGE HENRY.

(For *The Review*.)

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

PREFACE.

To those who—without perhaps knowing much about it—dismiss from their attention the theory of Henry George, or something impracticable and absurd, it is the intention of the narrative to suggest that the real honor for impracticability and absurdity belong to the theory of George Henry—that is to say, to the theory which underlies the existing system of society. If justice had always been the basis of the State, the promulgation by any individual of the present system in theoretical form would—had it in any way succeeded in attracting general notice—have entitled its author to the chief place amongst irresponsible cranks.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR GEORGE HENRY.

Gentle Reader, if you will obligingly consider yourself on board the good ship *Golden Gate*, of San Francisco, in mid-Pacific, on a pleasant June afternoon in the year 1897, we will have the pleasure of introducing to your notice a rather interesting specimen of humanity. We refer to the gentleman yonder pacing the quarter-deck in conversation with the ship's master, Captain Blinkhorn. The stout, well-put-together man is the Captain—his sunburnt face and nautical swing will, of course, have told you that; the other is Mr. George Henry. Did you ever see a better marked personality? Tall, you notice,

almost ridiculously tall, and thin, with a pale face, which wears a hungry, pessimistic look; his hair, well down to his collar, straight and of a tawny hue—absent from the top of his head altogether you will find when he takes off his cap. Said cap, you note, he wears with the peak behind. And *such* a peculiar figure! If you will observe more closely this will, so to speak, explain itself—he has all his clothes on wrong side before. Begin at the top and verify the statement: his collar is certainly back to front, and his necktie hangs gracefully down his back, over what we would naturally call the front button of his coat; the odd set of his trousers indicates plainly enough that they are reversed, and it is clear that his boots are respectively on the wrong feet. Now assume, of course, that you are looking at a man who, if sane at all, has somewhat extravagant notions of a holiday frolic. But you are quite wrong. That Mr. George Henry is perfectly *compos mentis* we assure you; and half a glance at his countenance ought to convince you that he is not of the frolicsome sort. No, he always wears his clothes in this way; and he does so for the sufficient reason (as he once long ago, condescended to state to a bold critic) that it “accords with the bent of his mind.” That his reply was both philosophical and reasonable you may be satisfied when I mention that Mr. Henry is Professor of Political Economy in the Santa Rockefeller University. He is widely known throughout the west for his learning as well as for his convictions on the wearing of his clothes. Amongst the irreverent students of Santa Rockefeller he is familiarly known as “old Topsy-Turvy.” The Professor is at present on vacation, a generous leave-of-absence having been granted him by his Senate in the interest of his health, which completely broke down a few weeks ago under the strain of his class-work. This collapse was really not to be wondered at, seeing that it is no slight tax on the human brain and nerve-system to expound the Malthusian Theory to an audience of intelligent young men with the design of making it square with fact and common sense.

Professor Henry’s holiday is not, however, to be a mere idle, recuperating pleasure jaunt. His mind is far too active to make such a thing possible. He hopes, certainly, to regain his wonted vigor; but at the same time he has great designs in view for his Science. He has set before him no less a purpose, in this trip around the world, than to discover the economic man, and if possible to take home a living specimen with him. He is well aware that skeptics have of late arisen, who boldly deny the existence of the economic man—the being he and other scholastic professors of the dismal science have made their constant theme—the man, that is, who performs but two functions, those of producing and consuming wealth. He especially remembers one of these skeptics, named Henry George, who openly taught that man not only produces and consumes, but loves, hates, laughs, weeps, reasons, worships and performs an infinity of functions. It will be something to triumph over this new so-called “School of thought” by discovering and capturing an economic man; the Professor restrains himself from picturing all it may mean in the way of preferment and additional salary at Santa Rockefeller if he is so fortunate as to achieve it. The business part of his mission is not unknown to Captain

Blinkhorn who, though not a more learned man than sea captains in general, has evinced no slight interest in it, for he has somehow taken quite a liking to this queer university person, and has promised to render him any assistance in his power. The *Golden Gate* being a merchant ship and not a passenger steamer, Professor Henry is the only guest on board; but apart from the Captain, it may be doubted whether any of the ships company takes him seriously. The forecabin in confidential seclusion, has summed him up as a "queer cuss," but, as his relations with the Captain are such as to inspire respect, he meets with all due deference from every member of the crew. It is the middle of the third week since the ship left port, and nothing worthy of special mention in the log-book has occurred. At this moment, however, Mr. Henry stops at the starboard end of the promenade he has been walking for the last half hour and peers earnestly across the smooth sea through his eyeglasses.

"Captain," he says, after a moment's steady gaze, "I believe I see land on the horizon—just a dim shadow; but, if I am not mistaken, an island of some sort."

"You're right, Professor," replies the Captain. "What you see is Via Recta Island. Take my glass and you'll get a better view of it."

The Professor accepted the glass with thanks and, raising it to position—with the large end to his eye—began to examine the distant object.

"Er—if you turned the thing around t'other way," suggested the Captain, "you would see the land much nearer."

"Pardon me, Captain Blinkhorn," was the Professor's polite but firm reply, "I have my own convictions as to how a field glass ought to be used."

And he continued his interested examination, while the Captain lit a fresh cigar.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROFESSOR'S DECISION.

"Via Recta Island, you say is the name of this country?" said Mr. Henry in a query-tone, still intently looking through the glass.

"Yes, sir, that's what they call it on the chart," replied the Captain. "Queer place too, I'm told."

"You have never visited the Island, then, yourself, I assume?" said the Professor, now turning with all a student's interest to the sailor-man.

"No," answered the Captain, "I've passed by dozens of times within a few miles of the landing place, but I've never landed."

"It's a queer place, you say. How do you mean? Anything particularly strange about the natives you've had opportunities of seeing in this way?"

"Well, I may say, yes," replied the Captain; "they're quite different from the savages you find in this part of the Pacific. For one thing they wear clothes same's—" he was just on the point of saying 'same's you do' but checked himself and changed it to 'same's civilized folk.' "That is," he explained "folks of some considerable time ago, more like George Washington style, if you under-

stand. They're a very contented and well eddicated crowd, too, I should judge from the specimens I've seen, and long-headed as well."

"What do you mean by long-headed, Captain Blinkhorn?" interjected the professor.

"I mean they must have smart inventors among 'em," said the Captain. "For instance, their canoes are not worked by paddles as most savages' boats are, but cut through the water mighty lively 'thout any visible means of locomotion. My opinion is they're worked by electricity someway."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Henry, now thoroughly interested. "They *must* be a decidedly remarkable people."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised, Professor," said the Captain, in a tone which implied that a new and startling idea had just occurred to him—"if you would stand a good chance of finding the man you are after on that Island."

"What, the Economic Man?" exclaimed the Professor eagerly—"you don't mean it! What makes you think so, my dear fellow?"

"Oh, I don't know as I have any pa'ticular reason, only I've heered so much about the gener'l queerness of the place, the idea jest occurred to me," replied the Captain.

"Um—" commented Prof. Henry, in a tone which might have indicated disappointment or merely a slightly subdued interest. He continued, however, to gaze steadily in the direction of the Island. Suddenly he turned to the Captain and said.

"Will you be touching at the place? Oh, I suppose not, of course."

"Well, I kin do it well enough, though it wasn't on the programme this trip; —I'll alter the course a little and stop there if you would like to have a look at the folks," said the good natured officer.

"Thank you, Captain Blinkhorn," returned the Professor heartily. "You will oblige me very much by doing so. In fact," he went on, "after giving the matter due consideration, I have decided to visit the Island in the hope that your surmise as to the possibility of there finding the object of my quest may prove well founded."

"You have, eh?" exclaimed the skipper, not a little surprised at this sudden announcement. "Well, sir, I'll be sorry to have you leave us—we⁵all will, I'm sure, for your society has been most pleasant and improving, still, of course, business is business, and if you've made up your mind to go ashore, that ends it."

"Yes," said the Professor—"yes; I believe I will. At all events, I will unless I change my mind upon coming in contact with the specimens of the population we may meet. I presume, by the way, that I would have no difficulty in getting away from the Island at any time?"

"Oh, no," replied Capt. Blinkhorn. "Vessels stop at the landing place almost every day. There would be no trouble about that."

Already the Captain had given the order to the man at the wheel for a change of course, and in a short time the *Golden Gate* was drawing close in to shore, and the figures of the Islanders could be plainly discerned at the rendezvous.

CHAPTER III.

A HOSPITABLE RECEPTION.

By the time Prof. Henry had packed up his belongings in his cabin, and attended to the removal of his trunk to a convenient position near the gang-way, the ship had drawn in close to the landing. A few minutes later she was made fast to the dock, which had nothing about it to suggest a barbarous community. The Professor bade farewell to the Captain and crew and walked down the gang-plank, followed by a couple of sturdy seamen carrying his luggage. One or two additional trips of the salties finished the work of debarkation; the lines were cast off, and the worthy Professor stood among strangers waving his hand toward the vessel in response to the Captain's good-bye signal. Meanwhile, a number of the natives stood respectfully by awaiting the newcomer's pleasure. Upon turning his attention to them he was not a little struck at their picturesque and intelligent appearance, while they were manifestly as greatly interested in the queer-looking stranger. though if they were amused at his original method of wearing his clothes, they were too polite to let it be seen. While their complexions suggested an Oriental origin their features were those of a white race, and their figures were tall and handsome, and set forth to much advantage by the costumes they wore, which as the Captain had reported, were after the tasteful cut of the classic days of Washington. The professor's first impression was that he had suddenly come upon a rehearsal of one of the old English comedies, but recalling what the skipper had told him of the islanders he at once accepted the situation as one of plain, everyday prose. He was not left to indulge in reflections upon the subject, for one of the men stepping politely forward enquired whether it were his pleasure to proceed to the city. The enquiry, rather to the visitor's surprise, was made in excellent English; the reply was of course in the affirmative. "Then step this way sir, if you please," replied the native, at the same time giving directions for the removal of the baggage to the ferryboat which was moored nearby.

"You mentioned the city," said the Professor to this person of authority, when the boat had started from the wharf and was crossing the beautiful calm bay at a high speed—"I was not aware you had a city here; I had rather expected a village, perhaps."

"Oh yes, sir," replied the man, with evident pride, "we have a city as you shall see when we have rounded yonder head-land. I trust you will find your visit among us agreeable." •

"Thank you," replied the Professor. "I am certainly favorably impressed thus far. May I enquire whether you are the owner of this boat, which permit me to say is one of the swiftest and prettiest I have ever seen?"

"No, sir, I am not the owner—nor even the captain," replied the man, courteously. "This boat belongs to the ferry service and is of course the property of the city government."

"Why do you say 'of course?'" Am I to understand that the city government controls the ferry franchise?" rejoined the passenger.

"Certainly, sir," replied the man; "all the public franchises are naturally controlled by the public. I am Superintendent of Ferries, and am charged with the agreeable duty of looking after strangers who honor the Island with a visit. You are from some distant country, I presume, sir?"

"I am from America; to be more exact, from California, United States of America," replied Prof. Henry. "I may mention," he resumed, "that this is quite an unexpected visit on my part as I had left home with a view of making a tour of the world, but took a sudden decision to land here as the result of some conversation I had with the captain of the *Golden Gate*. I may further mention that I am a Professor of Political Economy in the University, and any business I have in view is connected with that subject."

"I am obliged for your polite confidence, sir. Let me say in reply that my name is Cleerbrane. I will be most pleased to forward your interests in any possible way. You will be glad to learn that our people take a very deep interest in Political Economy."

"I should suppose from what you say that the people of the Island have a general knowledge of this science?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cleerbrane; "I may say without boasting that its principles are quite generally understood among us; it is, indeed, as widely and thoroughly known as reading and writing are in most countries."

"That is most surprising—and most gratifying" exclaimed Mr. Henry. "I need scarcely ask, then, whether you are believers in Protection; of course, you must be."

"You have rightly surmised sir; we are protectionists to a man. The Policy of Protection is, and always has been, our policy as a nation," replied Cleerbrane.

"You delight me sir, more than I can tell," responded the Professor.—"Oh! how beautiful!" This ejaculation escaped his lips as the ferry-boat rounded the headland and brought the city suddenly into view.

Across the narrow bay on a gently sloping hill, backed in the distance by a range of noble mountains pencilled against the blue sky in tints of purple and mauve stood the city, presenting a picture which would have extorted an exclamation of wonder and delight from even a less impressionable beholder than the learned Professor. Its whole appearance betokened comfort and refinement. The buildings, even those in the immediate foreground on the water front—which in most of our own large towns, whatever their pretensions, are apt to be rookeries—were neat and bright looking, suggesting an unusual combination of taste and business; while, further away nothing was to be seen in any direction that could "leave anything to be desired" by an eye cultivated for beauty and refinement. The business blocks were spacious and bore marks of architectural art, while here and there, scattered over the whole area of the place rose towers and spires of public edifices in the most graceful and effective forms. On the gently rising terraces in the background stood the beautiful villas of the more wealthy citizens, surrounded with cultured gardens and well kept shade trees. It was quite the handsomest city Prof. Henry had ever seen

and easily surpassed anything he had hoped to set eyes on in his tour of the world.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, when he had fairly got back his breath; "Wonderful! Positively wonderful! But how is it possible I have never known of this place before. What is it called?"

Cleerbrane smiled proudly at his praise of the city. "We call it the City of Squareddeal" he said.

"'City of Squareddeal'" repeated the Professor. "That at least is suggestive and promising. I am sure I shall enjoy a brief visit to the place."

"I trust so, sir," replied Cleerbrane, politely. "And that your pleasure may be assured I will upon landing introduce you, as in duty bound, to the Welcome-officer, who will be glad to place his services at your disposal."

"The Welcome-officer? That is something new to me," commented the Professor.

"You will find him very polite and intelligent, sir," replied Cleerbrane. "It is his special function to be of service to strangers who may wish to study our manners and customs. But here we are at the landing-place."

As he spoke the ferry-boat reached the wharf and upon stepping ashore the Professor was introduced to the official to whom Cleerbrane had referred, and whose name was Courtesie. Mr. Henry was pleased to find him quite the equal of Cleerbrane both in manner and appearance and at once felt upon a friendly footing with the community of Squareddeal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROFESSOR COMES UPON A PARADOX.

While Professor Henry and Courtesie were engaged in the pleasant task of "scraping acquaintance" Cleerbrane had given orders for the removal of the visitor's luggage from the ferry-boat and it was now safely bestowed upon an auto-motor van standing nearby, ready to be taken to its destination.

"I presume, sir, you will at once go to your hotel," said Courtesie. "I will conduct you to the most central. Kindly step into this coach." And he indicated a very handsome horseless-cab near at hand.

"Thank you," responded the Professor, "but er—" and he hesitated modestly. "Was there anything you wished to see about first, Mr. Henry?" asked Courtesie. "Well-er-I-er-isn't there the usual custom house formalities to be gone through? My baggage hasn't passed the inspection."

"There is no inspection that I am aware of," replied Courtesie. "You are entirely at liberty, so far as that is concerned."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Professor, with a suspicion of relief in his tone. "Then we may as well go on."

So saying he stepped into the cab, accompanied by the official, and the vehicle set off rapidly along the smooth, well-paved street.

"Pardon me, sir," said Courtesie, "but I am somewhat puzzled at your reference to an inspection of your baggage. You surely do not suppose that

we are so rude and barbarous as to think of prying into a visitor's trunks when he comes amongst us."

"Why, certainly, I quite expected it," replied Mr. Henry—"not that I would have considered it rude or barbarous. We always do it in America."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Courtesie. "You are certainly poking fun at me."

"Not at all, sir," replied the Professor, gravely. "How else could we enforce the policy of protection?—and Mr. Cleerbrane certainly informed me that you were Protectionists here, and had that system in vogue as a national policy."

"We certainly are Protectionists," replied Courtesie. "The protection of the citizen is the first concern of civilized government, to our thinking."

"And yet you have no protective tariff!" exclaimed the Professor. "How is the thing possible!"

"As to that, sir," replied Courtesie, "there must be some dullness on my part as to the exact significance you attach to the word 'protection.' I take it to mean the guaranteeing to every citizen of his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as your famous American document words it."

"You are quite right, sir," replied Henry, "and in order that this three fold right may be guaranteed and vindicated, it is necessary that the manufacturers and working classes of the country should be protected from foreign competition. This is effected in our country by means of a protective tariff. I am at a loss to understand how you accomplish it, seeing that, as you say, you have no such tariff."

"By a tariff I understand you to mean a system of taxes upon goods coming in; or is it a tax upon men coming in, or on both?" asked Courtesie.

"Upon goods, of course—foreign goods" replied the Professor. That is, you see, why we search people's trunks at our customs' houses—to make them pay the duties upon taxable foreign goods they may have."

"Oh, it is clear now," replied Courtesie with a bow. "But pardon me for my dullness in failing to see how that protects the people of the country."

"What is your difficulty there, sir?" answered Henry. "Don't you see how it interposes an obstacle to foreign competition, and thus secures prosperity to the home manufacturer and good wages to his employees?"

"I certainly see how such a system would have the effect of benefiting certain manufacturing concerns, provided, of course, the taxes did not happen to be placed upon goods that represented their raw material," replied Courtesie. "In the latter case the tariff might injure instead of benefiting them. But I will admit that in most instances a protective tariff such as you speak of would benefit such concerns, would, in short, tend to make their proprietors rich."

"Exactly so," replied the Professor, heartily, "and by making them rich enable them to pay higher wages, and by means of higher wages benefit himself generally and make the country as a whole prosperous."

"I beg pardon, sir," responded the official, "but I would not be sure of the soundness of such large inferences."

"Why not, may I ask?"

"Because, though a certain class of men be made rich, it does not follow that they will necessarily become generous as they become wealthy. Do you find it invariably so?" and Courtesie paused for reply.

"It is certainly not so as a matter of necessity," replied the professor, "but it is a fair logical inference."

"Not from human nature as we find it on this Island at least, sir," replied Courtesie, politely. "Indeed, I may say the opposite is the general tendency. But perhaps the tariff law provides for this by compelling an increase of wages whenever there is an increase of business."

"No," replied the Professor, "the law does not attempt so impossible a task."

"And you say that there is no tax upon men coming in?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, sir, may I ask what is to prevent an influx of labor in competition with native workers?"

"Nothing that I know of. That must be left to nature's law, you see." replied Mr. Henry.

"And do you not find that employers, however much they are benefited by having their goods protected, are generally willing to get their work done as cheaply as possible?" asked Courtesie.

"No doubt they are, as a rule," was the candid reply.

"Then sir, with all deference, I think I may fairly mark four deductions from what you have admitted," said Courtesie.

"What are they, sir?" invited the professor.

"They are as follows," replied his companion.

"First. A Protective Tariff does not necessarily protect the employees of a protected manufacturer, because it does not prevent the incoming of workers who will accept lower wages.

"Second. It does not protect all manufacturers equally, but may even have the effect of injuring some of them.

"Third. It does not in any way whatever protect the classes that do not happen to be engaged in manufacturing goods that are subject to protective duties, and these classes include the farmers, teachers, preachers, clerks, lawyers, and in fact the great body of the people.

"Fourth. Inasmuch as the object of such a tariff is to keep out goods that are only brought to the country because the people want them, it is an injury and not a benefit.

"In short, sir, I do not see that the word Protection is at all a fitting one to describe the operation of such a system. It is certainly not the conception of protection we have here."

"Evidently not," replied the Professor, somewhat warmly, for he could not quite see at the moment how to reply to the official's logic. "I would be inclined to say, on the contrary, that I find myself in a Free Trade community."

"And you would be quite right, sir," replied Courtesie. "We are thorough

going Free Traders here. Indeed we would as soon question a man's right to breathe freely as to trade freely—we hold that God meant him to do both without let or hindrance."

The good professor was for a moment breathless with astonishment.

"Good gracious! Free Traders and Protectionists at the same time," he exclaimed: "Where am I at!"

"You are at the Hotel, sir," replied the other smiling. "We must defer our interesting conversation for the present."

(To be Continued.)

ADDRESS OF BOLTON HALL.

In The Church of The Mediator, Providence, R. I.

The original plan for man is that every human being should have an abundance of every necessary thing. No trade union wages, no old age pensions, no stinted portion, is the divine plan for us. "The earth," says the old book, "shall bring forth abundantly to satisfy the desire of every living thing."

But we have invented a system by which we have on one side idle lands and on the other idle hands. The monopoly of the land which each of us sustains is responsible for the unemployed lands which are so much needed by the unemployed hands.

We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and we send missionaries to teach the heathen that prayer to the poor—knowing that under present conditions it is often impossible that it should be answered. If God should say, "How shall I give it? Shall I send it down as manna from Heaven?" We would have to answer, "no," for then the manna would all go to the owners of the land and many would get no bread.

Just so would the answer have to be to any method which God might propose under the present system. Even if a new continent were given to us, there would be no relief, for we have been given our daily bread and all that we need in the very wisest and kindest way, in the opportunity to work for it, but we have put it away from us and from our fellows.

Just suppose that when the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country some one should have approached them and said that he was out of work. The staid Pilgrims would have laughed at him.

They would have said: "Why, clear that field of stones, or plow, or cut firewood, or dig sand, or mine coal, or burn limestone, or do anything on the land and we will give not only ample board and clothes, but big wages." Those same lands are here, mostly still unworked; and, whereas the fathers were hemmed into a little strip between the Indians and the sea, we have gridironed the whole continent with rail lines and opened up the world with