

THE SINGLE TAX REVIEW

A Record of the Progress of Single Tax and Tax Reform
Throughout the World.

THE QUEER THEORY OF GEORGE HENRY.

(For the Review.)

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XIV.

"AT YOUR SERVICE."

"Will you pardon my intrusion upon your privacy, sir, for the sake of enlightenment to a benighted foreigner," said the Professor, with a good humored smile.

"Ah! it is Professor Henry!" replied the other genially, "Delighted to have your society, my dear sir. Smoke a cigar with me, and let us enjoy a chat."

As he spoke he extended his cigar case, and the Professor, with polite acknowledgment, accepted a "weed." It may be mentioned here that its quality was proved in the smoking—the finest cigar the Professor had ever tried; and the explanation thereof may be added: Social conditions in the Island, (to wit, the absence of Monopoly) gave scope for national competition in the cigar-making industry—competition, not in price, for wages could not be depressed by any action of capitalists—but in quality. The best goods in every line were the goods that received the best patronage.

The Professor seated himself, and after a few preliminary puffs, began.

"I have been making some notes of your social relationships, sir, and find them so different from what I have been accustomed to that I desire further information, if you will kindly afford it me."

"Most willingly. I am at your service to the extent of my ability," replied the Art Critic—Helpfuli, to give him his name.

"Ah!" said the Professor, smiling—"you have given me the key note in that phrase 'at your service.' The idea of a mutual service seems to be the basis of society here, according to my observation. Have I rightly concluded?"

"Quite correctly," replied Helpfuli; then he added with a puzzled expression—"What other possible basis would there be for a Christian community?"

"As to that," replied Henry, "the usual basis is selfishness, every-man-for-

himself, jealousy, rivalry, cliques, rings, coteries, spite, hatred and devil-take-the-hindmost."

"A *Christian* society, I said," and Helpful looked at the Professor in astonishment.

"Yes, Christian—nominally, at least; United States, England, France and so forth."

The Art Critic smoked thoughtfully for a moment. "What would you say supposing that Turkey should advertise to the world that the Sultan's government is a practical illustration of the Republican idea." "I should say they lied," replied Henry, promptly. "But would it be a more flagrant lie than it is for a Society such as you have outlined to put itself before the world in the name of Christ?"

It was now the Professor's turn to meditate.

"To come at once to the practical," he resumed, "I observe here this evening, as I have observed at other houses on similar occasions, that there are amongst the guests, people from what I would call humbler ranks of society, trades people, mechanics and even laborers."

"Well?" commented Helpful.

"Well, sir, I find that decidedly new and strange," said the Professor.

"It is not customary, then, in America?"

"Decidedly not; such a mixture would be utterly impossible there."

"Mixture, you call it. Do you find it an invariable fact that persons engaged in trade, mechanical callings and laboring occupations are lower in character, more rude, unsociable or vicious than those who are engaged in the professions and arts?" asked Helpful.

"Oh no; I would not say that," replied Henry. "I presume in personal character there is about the same average of moral excellence in all classes, except the very lowest."

"Then, if character be made the basis of social intercourse, there would be no reason, in your view, why all classes, omitting only the very lowest, should not associate together," commented Helpful.

"Certainly not; if character were the basis," asserted Henry.

"And what other basis should there be?"

"Well, perhaps there *should not* be any other, but there *is*. The basis with us is money and position, and not character," said Henry.

"Precisely, your basis, in other words, is distinctly unchristian or anti-christian; and hence the edifice built thereon is practically pagan, or I should rather say, Satanic. Now with us, the basis is character, and the edifice is what has struck you as a unique temple of Christian fellowship."

"It makes all the difference, that's a fact," said the Professor. "But our upper classes could never be got to associate with people who work; or at least who work at the lower occupations."

"The source of that devilish prejudice—the word is not too strong—is that idleness has, in your civilization, come to be regarded as honorable, because *is* has come to be regarded as the fruit of power, and the love of power is inherent

in human nature. Now, I do not deny that honor may rightly be due to a man who has achieved a position in which he need no longer work, if he feels disposed to take his ease, providing that he has done so by his own power, either of brains or hand. That proviso, however, is essential."

"Well," replied Henry, "at that rate you cannot withhold admiration from our upper class. They have gained their millions by the exercise—either themselves or their fathers—of their power of brain and hand, chiefly of brain, I suppose."

"In what way have they devoted their brain power to produce such splendid results?" enquired Helpfuli.

"Well—er—" began the Professor, "I suppose the great fortunes of America have sprung from the devotion of that power mainly in three directions: first, shrewd foresight, second, judicious investment, and third, successful manufacturing."

"Exactly," replied Helpfuli: "Now let us briefly analyze these three terms. First, shrewd foresight, in getting possession of land or cornering some necessary of life; second, judicious investment in values based on the ownership or control of land, such as oil wells, coal mines, railway, telegraphs, telephones, or other franchises; third, successful manufacturing, rendered successful at the expense of the consumer by the artificial means of tariff protection. The brain-power exhibited in the methods you have named, sir, is not entitled to honor; it is the mere cunning of the beast of prey. In this country, moreover, it is happily rendered impossible. Every rich man in this Island has given value for what he possesses, and hence we may honor him even if he ceases to work. He is at all events not a legalized thief. But we would not honor him if, having ceased to work, he also ceased to serve."

"Is service then, compulsory here?" asked Henry.

"Not by law, of course," replied Helpfuli, "but by moral force of public opinion, yes. The man who fails to serve his fellow-men here in every way he can is regarded as unchristianlike, and no reproach can be more deeply felt than that."

"Then you all regard yourselves as stewards?"

"Precisely," replied the other. "The only value our gifts or possessions have, is the power they give us to minister to others."

"That is a very noble ideal," said the Professor, "but in justice to my own country it is only right I should mention that not a few of our millionaires are noted for their ministering in this way."

"Not precisely 'in this way,' pardon me," replied Helpfuli. "At least I have seen it stated that they will do anything for the poor—'except get off their backs.' Now in this Island, nobody can be on anybody else's back."

"But I scarcely understand how people of taste can care to associate with the ruder classes, as you seem to do here," said Henry.

"The ruder classes, as you call them, are not as a rule rude," replied Helpfuli. "The difference is is one chiefly of education, and we who have enjoyed the advantages of higher training feel it a sacred obligation to share

our knowledge with those less favored. That is what we got our learning for—nothing else."

"Queer idea!" said Henry, as if to himself.

"Perhaps so. Many of Christ's ideas were 'queer.' But why should it seem queer? It is only common gratitude and justice. If these good brothers and sisters of ours had not made our clothes and books, kept our houses, cut our wood, dug our coal, built our streets and drains, and provided our food, how could we ever have had time for study? Now, for example would you ever have become a university professor, if you had been obliged to do all these services for yourself?"

"That's a new idea to me, also," confessed Henry. "I have never thought of that before in my life!"

"Then why should it seem unnatural that we should love and respect these hard-handed brothers of ours?" demanded Helpful. "Would we not be craven curs indeed if we felt otherwise than thankful to them, and considered it other than a privilege to serve them as they so nobly serve us?"

"I see," said the Professor. "Then you don't exclude even the roughest laborers from your fellowship?"

"You mean those who do the roughest labor," corrected the Art Critic. "Many of them are the truest ladies and gentlemen. Exclude them? Certainly not. On the contrary we think them entitled to special honor and consideration on account of the very distasteful nature of their toil. You are aware, I suppose, that for this reason laborers are paid better wages than mechanics, and wages that rise in proportion to the difficulty, danger or disagreeableness of their work?"

"I was not aware of it," replied Henry, "but that strikes me as being fair and right."

"That class is the one to which you alluded some time ago as the very low, I presume, is it not?" said Helpful.

"Yes—manual laborers, scavenger cart drivers, washer women, and so forth"—replied Henry. "With us this class is immediately next to the absolute pauper."

"And the absolute paupers are, I suppose, simply those who, like our neighbors in Shiftless Row, positively refuse to do any useful work?"

"Far below them, I assure you in circumstances," replied the Professor. "And I would not say they refuse to work—certainly not all of them. They become paupers because they cannot get employment."

"Cannot they go and employ themselves, then, if nobody else wants help? Why not go direct to the land, as Adam and Eve did?"

"They can scarcely do that, sir; there are—er—legal obstacles in the way."

"The lion of land-speculation bars the path; yes, so I believe. Well, I will refrain from saying what I think of Christians who will condemn their fellow creatures to abject poverty, and then hold them in contempt as the lowest class. The very thought gives my cigar a bad taste. Come, let us change the subject."

So, after a little further conversation of a general character, the gentlemen rejoined their company.

CHAPTER XV.

REJECTION AND REVENGE.

The Professor could not flatter himself that he had as yet made any real progress with Nitka Wherewithali. He had enjoyed the felicity of meeting her on several occasions at evening parties, and she had certainly treated him with charming civility, but he was beginning to fear that she did not fully reciprocate his love. However, he did not allow himself to despair. He reminded himself that the feminine heart was an intricate subject which he had not hitherto studied, and he reasoned that a novice could as little hope to understand it without a course of training as a freshman could expect to understand collegiate Political Economy in his first term. It might be that Nitka was over head and ears in love with him, only that he was not competent to read the signs. This line of self-argument kept his hopes alive, and he strove, with all a student's earnestness, to read in her civilities a deeper significance than appeared on the surface. He could not convince himself, however, that she meant anything more than the words implied when she remarked on certain occasions that the weather was beautiful, or expressed the hope that he was quite well. It is true that on each such occasion she gave him her hand in a decidedly cordial manner, and with none of the formality and affectation common to the society belles he had heretofore met; but this, also, would not bear any special construction in his favor, as he noticed with pain that her manner was equally sincere with other people. Moreover, he was particularly disturbed by the fact that very frequently she was in the company of a young gentleman of local eminence—very much younger than himself, and confoundedly handsome. Yet, of course, this might not really mean anything. At all events, the Professor kept up his courage, and availed himself of every opportunity of using all his arts to impress the fair Nitka. It was a marvel to himself what resources of strategy he developed to this end. He managed during the next few months to be in her society at least a score of times, and every one of these chances, he flattered himself, he had taken full advantage of. On three occasions he had been so favored as to walk home from church in her company, and to entertain her on the way with comments upon the preacher's style, which he felt must be effective with a young lady of so much intellectual force. His plan of campaign had meanwhile settled into the determination to lay siege to her brain rather than her heart. What he felt he lacked in personal beauty he trusted he could more than make up in mental charms. It was, therefore, to impress her with his critical acumen that he remarked upon what he considered an extravagance of gesture on the part of the preacher as they returned from service on the third occasion. "An orator should never make angular gestures," said he; "they are invariably ungraceful. When Mr. Exegesi this evening in one part of his discourse pointed straight upward

with his right arm, and at the same time held his left arm straight out, the effect was a rigid right angle, and set every rule of correct elocution at defiance. In a man of so much ability and good judgment I thought it a remarkable error." "Gestures are graceful or ungraceful in accordance with their significance, I should think," replied Nitka; "in the case you refer to I was really struck by the appropriateness of the attitude." "Were you indeed?" said the Professor. "How I envy the preacher his happiness in having impressed so fair a hearer!" Nitka was accustomed to compliments of this kind from her escort, but somehow they did not touch her as they should have done. "I am afraid," she resumed, "you were not strictly attending to the thought Mr. Exegesi was enforcing by means of that gesture. It was one worthy of being noted and remembered"

"I fear I must really plead guilty to your charge, Miss Wherewithali," he replied. "Can you recall his observations?"

"Oh, yes, I don't think I shall ever forget the words," said she, "they were: 'remember, my friends, your religion extends precisely as far in that direction as it does in this, and no farther. The extent of your religion in its radiation among your fellow men on this earth measures precisely the distance it reaches towards God; God does not recognize any piety that does not manifest itself in service to man.' That was the thought and it was worthy of the gesture—elocution or no elocution!"

"Yes," said the Professor thoughtfully, "it *was* an admirable thought; I shall make a note of it; I imagine it will stand repetition, when I return home."

"Do you think of returning to America soon, Professor Henry?" asked Nitka.

He listened eagerly for some symptom of a quiver in her voice as she spoke the words, but failed to detect it.

"Er—well,—er—that is somewhat uncertain," he replied, "not very soon. unless—" and he hesitated, not quite certain how to finish. "It depends to a great extent on yourself, dear Miss Wherewithali," he added, giving her what he esteemed a most fetching glance.

"On *me*, Mr. Henry. How can that possibly be?" she asked, in genuine astonishment.

"I will explain tomorrow evening, if you will permit me," he rejoined, and so she was left to puzzle her little head with the problem until the time indicated.

The Professor was to be a dinner guest at the city Treasurer's house on the Monday night, and he went to keep the engagement with the feelings of a man who is on his way to know his fate. We will not dwell on the particulars. Suffice it to say that in the course of the evening, in the conservatory, with the approved scenery of ferns and palms, and with the conventional atmosphere of exotic perfume so favored of romantic novelists, the Professor avowed his love and offered Miss Nitka Wherewithali his hand and heart. "You are my first and only love, dearest Nitka," he said in impassioned tones—"and anything I can do to make you happy, yea, even to dying for you, I am more than willing to do!" Nitka seemed astonished more than melted.

"I do not know that it would give me any real satisfaction to have you die for me," she said in steady tones—oh, *how* steady! "But are you willing to—to wear your clothes the other way on?" The Professor turned pale.

"Anything—anything but that!" he gasped. "Anything in reason—but but not, not quite that. You do not make that a condition; say you do not!"

"Pray do not understand me to be making conditions, dear Professor Henry," she replied, with perfect good nature. "I have no right to do so. Nor should I leave you any longer unaware of what I thought must be generally known to all my friends. I am to be married next month to Mr. Cominwelli." The Professor was on the point of fainting, but recovered in a few moments, and with the words, "That good-looking chap—I thought as much!" uttered in a feeble and heart-broken voice, he turned and left the Conservatory. Soon afterwards he bade Mr. Wherewithali and his family good night in a depressed manner, and went to his hotel.

From his room in that abiding place he did not emerge, excepting for a meal, for many weeks. His rejection had turned his heart to gall, and this misfortune being followed on the very next day by the receipt of a letter from the President of the Santa Rockefeller University (to whom he had written an account of his Island) telling him that unless he could return to his chair as free from the social heresies he had been picking up as he had been before leaving home, he need not return at all, the unhappy man's resolve was taken. He would revenge himself upon the haughty girl and the Island in general, and save his situation by one and the same blow—he would write a book that would revolutionize the society of Thingsasthaotterbee Island! This grim resolve soon became in some manner known throughout the city, and the work was awaited with ever growing interest by the whilom friends of the embittered Professor—whose calling cards were meanwhile sent in vain to his room. He was "not at home" to anybody.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EPOCH-MAKING BOOK.

The blow was delivered! The Professor's book was out. The head of a native publishing house had been summoned into the presence of the recluse at the end of several weeks—the first fellow-man who had been so privileged, and had gratefully received the manuscript to be translated and published. There was no difficulty in making the arrangement on Professor Henry's part, as the public interest in the forthcoming work ensured a large sale, and the best publishing houses were eager to secure the prize. Accordingly one fine morning the gratifying announcement of "Now Ready" was made, and in a few days everybody was reading and discussing the epoch-making book—"Poverty and Progress," for such was the title the author had given it. It was, of course, duly reviewed in the press. One of these reviews we reprint here, as the most convenient form in which the nature of the *magnum opus* can be set before the reader.

(From the Tkswolfskn Daily Critic)

"Poverty and Progress," by George Henry. Fairchance Publishing Co. 8 vo., 350 pp., \$1.50.

It may be said that this is a remarkable book. The author tells us in the opening chapter that it is the outcome of much thought and study upon a painful problem which has been persistently presented to his mind as a visitor to this city. That problem, briefly stated is, Why is there no outlet in the civilization of this Island for the charitable impulses of the benevolent and wealthy? The solution of this question the author sets himself to discover with a mind entirely free from prejudice or preconceived opinions, and by the light of clear reason and inexorable logic.

The work is divided into ten books with a Preliminary chapter on the Problem.

In this opening chapter the author comments on charity as one of the most gracious virtues possible to human nature. By the term he means the disposition of mind which makes it a pleasure for the rich to give succor to the poor. Without this virtue, he contends, human nature is woefully deficient; and consequently, he argues, without an adjustment of social relations which affords scope for its exercise, a civilization is fatally defective. It is the practical absence of all opportunity for the cultivation of charity in the souls of the rich in this Island which has so painfully impressed the distinguished Economist. As he truly says, there is no bounty dispensed by the wealthy people here in the form of alms, even in our public institutions, to say nothing of our private circles. This he regards as a most lamentable condition of affairs, and he sets out in Book 1 to discourse the root of the evil.

BOOK 1—The enquiry begins with the question of wages. It is clear that people who receive good and steady wages, or in other words are permitted to enjoy a larger and larger share of what they produce, will neither require nor accept charity. Why, then, is it that in this Island wages tend constantly to increase, and the gap between the poorest and the richest to become ever narrower and narrower? To find the answer to this question we must first ask, where do wages come from? The reply is at hand. They come out of a wage fund held by capital, and is a part of what is known as Wealth, that part which is employed in conducting business. The general term Wealth our author defines as "anything that may be legally owned and exchanged." All wealth is disposed of in three ways: in Wages, in Interest, and in Rent. Wages is that part of wealth which goes to the worker; Interest, that part which goes to pay for the use of capital; and Rent that part which is paid by the user of land, houses, etc., to the owner thereof. Capital and labor are mutually antagonistic forces, and hence when wages are high capitalists suffer, and vice versa. Rent is antagonistic to both capital and labor, as with the increase of rent both employers and laborers (who have to pay it) suffer. The law of land rent is that all the value which can be produced, above the product of the poorest free land in use, goes to the landowners. This is why owning land in a progres-

sive community is the shortest and surest road to riches. In many large cities annual incomes reaching up into hundreds of thousands are drawn from comparatively small areas of land. The class that own Capital, in the order of nature, ought to produce rich men, but the most valuable form of Capital is land.

BOOK II—Another explanation of the unfortunate high rate of wages in this Island is found in the fact that population here has not yet begun to outrun sustenance. This law of nature will no doubt be vindicated in due time, as it is now vindicating itself in Europe and America. This natural law is the method designed by Providence for providing scope for charity.

BOOK III—In this book the author discovers "the loose screw" in our system. That discovery is made when he proceeds to enquire into the distribution of wealth. He demonstrates clearly that as wages ought to go to the laborer, and interest to the capitalists, so rent ought to go to the landowner and whereas in accordance with the law of rents—with every progressive step of society land rent must infallibly increase, he clearly proves that many land owners must infallibly become millionaires, while capitalists and laborers grow poorer—the latter class in time becoming practically pauperised. Then would we have the condition most favorable to the cultivation of charity. But this desirable state will not be reached in this Island, because under our existing system there are no landowners. Our law has foolishly and wickedly provided against that possibility by taxing the land rent into the public treasury. We may candidly say that we believe the author has here put his finger on the precise cause of our present lamentable lack of subjects for charity. As he proceeds to point out, we really recognize but two divisions of Wealth here. All that is produced by human exertion we call wages and give it to capital and labor as the two forms of human effort; all that spring from the presence and growth of the community, and represents the value of the national opportunity, we give to the public Treasurer, representing all.

BOOK IV—In this book the author traces very ably the forces which go to increase land rent—growth of population, improvements in production, cultivation of the arts, and faith in future prosperity. We are ready to recognize the soundness of his argument, but can scarcely share his lamentation that this vast source of wealth should be closed to private landlords.

BOOK V—The author goes on to prove—and does so most forcibly—that what he calls our "unfortunately independent and self-helping" condition in this Island springs from the fact that private landlordism is thus unfeelingly disinherited and deprived of the right of growing rich that it might make itself useful to the poor. While common people are allowed to have free access to land, they will never consider it a favor to be given a job, he complains. We agree with him, but see no reason to complain.

BOOK VI—Having pointed out the evil, the author now points out the Remedy. That, of course, is to abolish our present Single Tax system and adopt the American and European system instead; in other words, treat land as Wealth (which the author erroneously calls it) and allow it to be privately owned and speculated in. We are not likely to accept the advice.

BOOK VII—This book is devoted to a plea in behalf of the proposed system. That plea is eloquent and conclusive if we grant the premises, viz., that the social conditions obtaining in New York and London are desirable. We cannot concede this, however. We fear the author has some malignant design against us in making the suggestion.

BOOK VIII—In this section Prof. Henry sets forth at large the fruits that would be produced by the proposed change in the interest of charity. But we are not convinced. Slums, rape, disease, injustice, and death—the price is too high to pay for a few lovely flowers of aristocratic culture, and a few Lady Bountifuls.

BOOK IX—Is another eloquent set of chapters still further setting forth the benefits of having the classes and masses well defined with a growing gulf between them, spanned by the beautiful foot-passenger bridge of charity, and

BOOK X—Is a concluding picture of the bliss which awaits humanity when landlordism has perfectly fulfilled its mission—one Potentate who owns the earth, and a race of slaves bowing at his feet. It is an able book, wonderfully logical and candid, but we fear George Henry is a crank.

This criticism expressed the universal view of both press and public in the Island. The country roared with laughter. But Nitka Wherewithali, now happily married, shook her head sadly and said to her husband, "Poor man, I'm afraid the disappointment has turned his brain!"

Within a month after the appearance of his great work the Professor left the Island. It was understood that he had given up his design of continuing his tour of the world, and had gone back to his university chair to resume the teachings of these notable doctrines in Political Economy.

CHAPTER XVII.

"GEORGE HENRYISM."

When we say that dissent from the teachings of "Poverty and Progress" was universal in the Island we make allowance, of course, for the principle that every rule has its exceptions. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, or even a community, and it would be too much to expect that in a population of six millions of human beings, whatever the conditions, there should not be some who were perverted in mind or in heart, or both. Accordingly, it need not surprise the reader to learn that the Professor's teachings found sympathetic readers here and there, and it is safe to say, in view of the nature of his doctrines, that where this assent did not spring from weakness of the reasoning faculty, it arose from moral defect. We have already had occasion to remark that wealth is a source of power, and the love of power is a passion of the human heart, or at least of many human hearts. The system proposed in the much discussed book certainly made a powerful appeal to avarice and greed, and naturally it found a response in those who were by nature avaricious and greedy. And so it came to pass that amongst the people of the Island there were those who read the work and rose from

the perusal saying, "What a grand thing it would be for *me* if I could only get hold of some land that other people would have to use! Why, it would be precisely the same as owning slaves! Better still—for it would entitle me to take the greater part of what they produced, without troubling myself about clothing, feeding or sheltering my chattels!" In due time the believers in "Henryism," or the "George Henry Theory," as it was variously called, got together in little groups and coteries for purposes of mutual edification in the new faith under the general name of "Multiple Taxers." A little later they formed what they called the "Poverty Society," under whose auspices Sunday meetings were held, where eloquent orators—generally reputed for their personal meanness—delivered pious orations on the beauties of Christian charity and the necessity of arranging things so that this grace could be cultivated on a large scale. The next advance step was an effort to get the question into practical politics, and to this end it was contemplated to nominate Mr. George Henry for Mayor of Tkwolfskin. His departure for home before matters had quite reached this step no doubt saved that gentleman from a very humiliating defeat in the Election. Incidentally it may be well at this point to very briefly outline the electoral method of the Island.

The government of Island of Thingsasthaotterbee was a real Democracy, and hence it was "broad based upon the people's will." Its electoral system realized the principle expressed in the phrase, "one adult, one vote; one vote, one value," and it did this by a system of voting and counting ballots which resulted in the House of Assembly being an exact proportional representation of the political opinion of the country, and not merely of a majority or plurality of the electors. The foundation of this just and sensible system consisted in a simple departure from the plan in vogue in America, viz.—large districts, instead of small. It is clear that where, in an ordinary electoral division represented by one member, the person elected is the nominee of one or other of the two great parties, a proportion of the electors attached to the defeated candidate amounting sometimes to one half or more are disfranchised, or worse still, misrepresented by a man whose political views are distasteful to them. Thus in every constituency, under the prevailing method of election, a great proportion of the people are deprived of the dearest right of liberty—that of the right to a voice in the government of the country. This, of course, applies with still more force to those electors who are adherents of minorities standing for special sets of opinions. Such minorities cannot hope to be represented at all until, by growth through long years, they become here and there majorities. Now, it is surely a misnomer to call a House of Assembly *representative* when, of the six or seven parties into which the electorate is divided, but one is adequately represented one partially represented, and all the others disfranchised or misrepresented. By the simple expedient of large districts instead of small ones, the System of the Island avoided such a travesty of democratic government. Each electoral district embraced a section of country entitled to from six to ten members, on a basis of representation by population.

Nominations could, of course, be made to any number, and thus every minority was free to nominate its man. Let us suppose the case to be that of a six member division, in which twenty candidates have been duly the results; but he has the right to mark six of the names by using the figures 1 2 3 4 5 6 in the order of his preference—six or fewer than six as he pleases. When the polls are closed the number of ballots cast, say for example 10,000, is divided by the number of members to be elected, 6, and the quotient or quota is 1666. This quota is necessary to the election of each of the six candidates, and any of them who have received 1666 straight votes—that is, ballots in which their names are marked 1—are forthwith declared elected. Any surplus votes given to these successful candidates over the required quota are then distributed among the other candidates whose names on them have been marked 2, and again the result is declared. By the second count another candidate may achieve the quota, and then his surplus ballots are disposed of in accordance with the expressed choice of the voters. Meanwhile the ballots marked 1 for those candidates who are manifestly, “out of the running” and not within possible reach of the quota, are marked off, and their ballots distributed in accordance with the marking, and a new count made. In this way all the votes cast in the election are duly apportioned to the six candidates who are found to be most nearly the first choice of all the electors, giving five of them the full quota, and the sixth the full quota less ballots which have been “exhausted”—such as those marked only for two or three candidates all of whom were elected on first count, etc. Thus it will be seen that no voter loses his vote. If it does not get him the member he asks for, it certainly gets him the next best according to his own opinion. It will also be seen that a minority representing 1666 voters in such a constituency by marking their own candidate could elect him without any incidental aid from other voters.

The “Multiple Taxers” sought consolation for their disappointment in securing the Professor as their candidate by adopting his manner of dressing, and thereafter were easily identified above their fellow citizens by their topsy-turvyness both of costume and reasoning. Inspired by the powerful motive of selfishness, however, they persisted bravely in what they called the “good cause,” and their energy found in due time a journalistic outlet. The paper was called the “National Multiple-Taxer,” and set forth in every issue the blessings which would arise in the shape of Charities if only the people would relinquish the control of the land, with the coal mines and oil wells therein, and all the public franchises based upon the land—telegraphs, railroads, telephones, etc., into the hands of private corporations. To the sarcastic query why they did not also include the post office business in the list, the propagandists thought it best to make no reply.

Meanwhile, Prof. George Henry had safely arrived at San Francisco and resumed his work in the Santa Rockefeller University. Upon the result of a prolonged interview with him, the President had been set entirely at his ease with regard to the effect of the social heresies of the Island, as the Professor

was able to assure him—and did so with a bitterness which could hardly arise from mere political economy—that he had washed his hands entirely of their economic errors. When in proof of this he handed the President the English manuscript of "Poverty and Progress," the latter was entirely satisfied. When a little later, the President took leisure to give the work a thorough reading, he was not merely satisfied, but delighted. "My dear Professor," said he, taking his colleague's hand, "it is the most accurate and scholarly exposition of the existing social system of Christendom that has been written. Accept my hearty congratulations!" The Professor smiled sadly. He was gratified at the compliment—but he was recalling what he had seen of life in the far away Island, and he was thinking of Nitka Wherewithali.

And so, with a disappointed heart, and a set of opinions which had been sadly jumbled by coming into contact with a clear view of Things-As-They-Ought-To-Be, the Professor took up his college duties once more. He knew that he must teach along the lines of his book—though he felt the falsity of the whole thing—or resign his living. He heard from time to time from his votaries in the Island as to the progress of the Good Cause of Monopoly, and tried to feel gratified at the fame he had received in those distant parts. It did touch his vanity to know that quite a goodly number were emulating his behind before methods of clothes-wearing. But he got no real, deep satisfaction out of it, after all. For a while an occasional letter arrived from a disciple of the multiple tax, he was every day in receipt of newspapers and magazines from which he learned that the system so happily in vogue throughout the Island—the system of Single Tax—was every day gaining conquest throughout the world. He feared that instead of his converting the Island, Providence had decreed that the Island should convert Britain and Australia and America. The news from Glasgow and from the British Parliament had reached him. "Well," he sighed, as he sat alone in his economic chair, after his students had retired—"it can't be helped—Truth is mighty and will prevail!"

The end.

LAND MONOPOLY, THE CURSE OF THE CENTURIES.

American Land Monopolists.

(FOURTH PAPER.)

(*For the Review*)

By H. MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Who owns the land in the United States? This question was partially answered in the second and third papers of this series, in which it was shown that Congress had, within a period of twenty years, generously bestowed upon railroad corporations lands belonging to the people almost as great in area