THE QUEER THEORY OF GEORGE HENRY.

(For The Review.)

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

SOME INCIDENTAL LOCAL INFORMATION.

The conversation having thus been brought to an abrupt close by the stoppage of the cab at the curb in front of the hotel, the gentlemen stepped out. Prof. Henry paid the fare—though Courtesie pleaded to be permitted to do so for him—and was decidedly surprised to find the charge very reasonable.

"I gather that the cabs are not owned and controlled by the city authorities like the ferry-boats," he remarked, as they proceeded toward the hotel, into which the porters were already carrying the trunks from the van newly arrived.

"No, we interfere as little as possible with private enterprise. Of course the cabs and other public conveniences are controlled as to their charges, and must abide by certain reasonable regulations, but otherwise they are purely private concerns."

"I am relieved, sir," replied Henry: "I had begun to fear that you were Socialists."

"Far from it, I assure you," responded Courtesie. "We are distinctly individualistic in our policy. Only such functions as are essentially monopolistic or dangerous are placed in the hands of the people through their constituted government; only such services, that is to say, as require the control of a public franchise, or involve the moral well being of the community."

"I see," said the Professor—"you mean such branches as railways, canals, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, gas and so on."

"Precisely, and also the sale of intoxicants. But pardon me, I must allow you to get comfortably settled before inflicting local information upon you." With this polite rejoinder, Courtesie stepped aside while the Professor signed his name to the hotel register. When that duty had been performed, and he had been assured of the suitability of the accommodation allotted to the visitor, the official took his departure, having made an appointment to wait upon the Professor next morning.

Perhaps it is hardly needful to mention that the unique appearance of the distinguished economist had in the meanwhile been a source of great interest—not unmixed with innocent amusement—to the people about the hotel corridor and office. His face, as that of a foreigner, apart from its peculiar expression of intellectual hunger, was calculated to attract the attention of the natives, unaccustomed as they evidently were to strangers; while his absolutely original method of wearing his clothes could not fail to strike them with its strange-

ness. Of course they did not know that the queer personage was an orthodox college exponent of Political Economy, or they might have tempered their wonderment with a sense of the eternal fitness of things.

The guest was duly conducted to the elevator and thence to an upper floor, where a very handsomely furnished apartment was placed at his disposal. His belongings were soon brought up, and he had a right to consider himself at last comfortably settled.

"Well," mused he, as he took in the surroundings with much satisfaction, "they understand the gentle art of keeping house. This as as good as anything we have in San Francisco—and betokens a satisfactory state of civilization at all events." He had walked over to the window, which commanded a splendid view of the business centre of the city, and his admiration was again as strongly appealed to as it had been by his first view of the place. "Civilized!" he muttered—"well, I should say so. There is not one of our American cities from New York to Frisco that presents so fine an appearance, so unique a combination of cleanliness, artistic beauty and commercial fitness. As Captain Blinkhorn would say, it is in all respects ship-shape." He stood for some time enjoying the view, and upon turning from the window observed a book lying on the centre-table. He picked it up and read the title page—"Information about Thingsasthaotterbee Island" "Ah!" chucked the Professor, "I will just make myself comfortable and dip into this very convenient and timely volume a little before I dress for dinner." So saying he got into his dressing gown—carefully buttoning it down the back, of course—and slippers and bestowed himself luxuriously in the easy chair. A rapid glance through the table of contents brought something like a cloud to his face. "Too bad," he soliloquised—"I had hoped to get some light on this paradox of a Protectionist country that believes in Free Trade, but there seems to be nothing here of a fiscal character. However, it gives valuable information about population, and so on." Not to be tedious here it may just be mentioned that the sum and substance of what the Professor learned about the Island was this: Area 500,000 square miles. Population a little over 6,000,000. Capital, Tkswolfskin. Four other prosperous cities and some twenty towns and villages. Industries, fishing, farming, fruit and stock raising, and manufacturing in various lines. Form of government, republican, with the responsible cabinet system. No second chamber. President elected every eight years by popular vote; house elected every four years. Excellent educational system; ample provision for the sick and insane. Reformatory prison system; general condition of prosperity.

"Quite a model community, I declare," mused the Professor, as he laid down the book and proceeded to make his dinner toilet—"but the mystery still remains, how can they be both Protectionist and Free Trade simultaneously? That's what puzzles me. Courtesie must explain it the first thing on his arrival tomorrow morning. However, meanwhile, I earnestly hope that their table is up to the general excellence of the house, for I'm uncommonly hungry."

Not long after this the distinguished gentleman walked into the spacious

and elegant dining room in all the glory of full dress. No higher compliment can be paid to the culture of the assembled diners than to say that there was no explosion of laughter at the apparition in any part of the room. Many a pair of eyes, however, were turned in the direction of the Professor's table with expressions of amazement and curiosity, because, after all, the Islanders were only human.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARADOX CLEARED UP.

Punctually to his appointment next morning Courtesie sent up his card, and was immediately received by Prof. Henry with a hearty welcome. The latter lost not a moment in propounding the question which he had promised himself should be answered by the official as soon as he had appeared; or, to be strictly correct, we should say, he *essayed* to propound the question. He had, however, got no further than—"By the way, Courtesie, how can it be possible that this country is at once Protectionist and—," but his sentence was cut off by his visitor who said, with a profound bow, "Pardon me, my dear sir; a thousand pardons. I have by no means forgotten our discussion, but I am anxious you should receive the answer to your question from other lips. A motor-cab awaits us at the door. Be so good as to accompany me."

"Oh, very well," said the Professor, good humoredly, and in a few minutes he was ready for the outing, and they started off.

"May I enquire our destination, Courtesie?" asked the Professor, as they bowled along the smooth pavement.

"Certainly, I am going to give you an opportunity of seeing one of our Schools," replied the official. "As an Educationist I presume this will be most agreeable to your tastes, as a starting point in your tour of inspection."

"Yes," repiled the visitor; "you are quite right. I presume you have in view one of the higher schools or the University."

"No—the primary school; just the ordinary public —"

"But, my dear sir, I had hoped you were going to give me an opportunity of getting light upon my question from some of your higher seats of learning," said the Professor, in a disappointed tone.

"Pardon, sir," answered the other; "but perhaps you are not aware that our people have a pretty general knowledge of the principles of Political Economy."

"So Cleerbrane mentioned to me, sir. But I hardly supposed him to mean that the school children had a grasp of that profound science."

"I would not claim too much for them, sir," replied Courtesie, "but I have no doubt any average boy in the junior division will be able to clear up the apparent paradox that troubles you. At all events, you may put it to the test."

"We shall see," commented the Professor, doubtfully. "Is the school at any great distance?"

"Quite near, sir; it is in the next block."

"Then," said the Professor, "let me have my question in convenient shape.

I find here a country which claims to be Protectionist; yet it has no Tariff, and practices Free Trade. What can it mean by insisting that it is Protectionist?"

"That is what I think any of our school boys will be able to tell you," said Courtesie, pleasantly.

"We shall see," repeated Professor Henry. "You yourself set forth arguments to prove that a Protective Tariff does not protect a country."

"I think I made it clear, sir, that such an arrangement could not do more than protect *some* of the people of a country," commented Courtesie.

"That was your position, certainly," said Henry. "And yet you call yourself a Protectionist. I presume this word is not used in any whimsical sense—not merely in jest," and the Professor looked as serious as though his question involved a charge as grave at least as blasphemy.

"Not at all, sir," replied Courtesie. "We use the word in what we believe to be its true English sense. If you will pardon me for saying so, I think it is you Americans who use it in jest. But here is the school."

A few moments later the visitors found themselves in the presence of a room full of bright eyed boys and girls in the early 'teens. Courtesie introduced Prof. Henry to the teacher, stating briefly the object of the visit, and the teacher in turn presented him to the children as a very distinguished person from a far foreign land. The children were manifestly puzzled and amused at the stranger's behind-before appearance, but, notwithstanding, displayed great control over their visable nerves.

"The gentleman would like to ask you some questions, children," said the teacher. "Please be attentive and give your answers promptly."

The Professor then stepped forward.

"Can any boy or girl tell me," said he, "what is meant by a Protective Policy?"

"It means a policy which protects," replied a little fellow in the front row.

"Quite right," said the Professor, with a smile. "And what is it to protect? What does the word protect mean?"

"To shield; to ward off," replied a little girl. Here the professor nodded approvingly, when a lad held up his hand.

"Well, my boy?"

"The answer should have been 'to shield from harm, to ward off evil,' " said he. "For, to shield us from, and ward off things we wished to get, and which would be good for us, would not be to protect us."

"Bright boy, that," whispered the Professor aside to Courtesie. "Yes. He evidently wouldn't regard your tariff taxes as affording 'protection' to the consumer," replied the other, *sotto voce*.

"Give an example of what you mean by protecting," went on the Professor, waving his hand in a general way over the class.

"An umbrella," called out a little girl.

"A sunshade," said another.

"A soldier who keeps out the enemy," said a boy.

"A shepherd keeping a wolf from his fold," added another boy.

"A policeman arresting a thief who is breaking into a store," ventured a very small chap.

"These replies are all very good and correct," said the Professor, approvingly. "Now can you tell me what is meant by a Protective Policy for a country."

"It is a policy which wards off evils from the worker, just as an umbrella wards off rain from a traveller or a policeman wards off thieves from a store," answered one of the boys.

"Right," said the Professor. "Now what are the principal evils it wards off from the worker?

"Thieves!" cried a little girl.

"Robbers!" piped up a small boy.

The Professor smiled. "No, children, you have not answered correctly," he said. "Can anybody tell?"

"I think the answers were correct, sir," said a bigger boy; "for thieves and robbers are but other names for monopolists."

"And what are monopolists, my lad?" asked the Professor.

"By monopolists," he answered, "I mean those who, by virtue of owning land or public franchises, would have a legal right to live upon others; to get wealth without giving service; to subsist precisely as thieves and robbers do, from a moral point of view."

"Then you think a policy which wards off monopolists is a truly protective policy? Why do you think so?"

"It is a truly protective policy because it truly protects," replied the lad. "It protects all workers and secures to each the possession of all he earns. It gives every worker a fair field, for it secures equal opportunities to all. No man has a right to ask for anything beyond this."

"But how does such a policy protect the workers from foreign competition —from foreign goods," asked the Professor.

"Goods are not evils, sir," replied the boy. "To ward off goods is not to protect but to injure."

"Can you name a truly Protective country?"

"Yes, sir!" cried the scholars in unison. "This country, The Island of Thingsasthaotterbee."

"And how does this country protect its people, as you claim, since it has no protective tariff?" asked the Professor, indicating one of the larger boys.

"It does so by the Single Tax, sir,—a tax, that is levied on the rental value of land irrespective of improvements, as the sole source of public revenues; and by the public control of public franchises for the convenience of the people, instead of allowing them to be sources of wealth to private companies," answered the lad.

"And this is what you mean by protection, is it?" asked the Professor.

"It is," answered the boy. "We call it so because it really is so."

"And do you mean to imply that a Protective Tariff does not really protect?"

"I say so clearly," replied another lad, to whom the visitor pointed. "It wards off and keeps out goods, not evils; and it wrongfully interferes with one of the most sacred rights God has given to man."

"What is that?" asked the Professor in astonishment.

"It is the right to trade freely," answered the boy promptly. This closed the examination.

"Well, is the paradox cleared up?" asked Courtesie, as they took their seats in the cab.

"Yes, I see now what you mean by calling yourselves Protectionist Free Traders," said the Professor.

CHAPTER VII.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE AT THE HOSPITAL.

For some time the Professor remained silent, apparently immersed in thought, as the vehicle bowled along. Courtesie ventured to break in upon his reverie.

"Well, sir, what think you of our junior pupils?" he asked.

"Quite clever, I consider them, sir; I may even say remarkably intelligent," was the reply.

"You acknowledge then," resumed the Welcome-officer, "that by their answers they cleared up the paradox that puzzled you, and showed that we are true Protectionists as well as true Free Traders; that indeed the one implies the other?"

"They certainly made out a plausible case to that effect—but—"

"It was not entirely satisfactory, I gather," said Courtesie, noticing the Professor's hesitation.

"I was about to observe that in my opinion they rather juggled with the word 'Protection.' They used it in a sense differing from that in which it is used in Political Economy."

"You mean Political Economy as taught in some colleges, of course," ventured Courtesie.

"Yes; in all colleges, and by all the standard writers," replied Henry. "My students, for example, always understand me to mean the system of tariff against foreign goods when I use the word protection; whereas these pupils of yours employ the word to indicate the idea of shielding from evil—its common, colloquial meaning."

"Then is it not you who juggle with the word, sir?" said Courtesie. "By its use as a synomym for the tariff, do you not imply that the tariff shields the people—all the people alike—from evils, whereas you must know that this is not true?"

The Professor seemed puzzled for a moment. Then he said, "It is essential, however, that the terms of a science should be definite and have a fixed meaning."

"True," replied Courtesie, "but they should also be in accordance with

fact, and their connection should be clearly understood. For example, the expression 'Protective taxation' is false or true in accordance with the object of the taxation of which you are speaking."

"How do you mean?" asked Henry.

"It is *false* if you mean the taxation of goods—or any sort or description of labor products, for such taxation does not protect workers, but rather injures them for the benefit of a few favored persons; but it is *true* if you mean the taxation of monopoly—of land values or franchises which are not the product of individual toil, but a natural growth, for such taxation does really protect the worker by preventing mere idlers from legally taking from him any part of his earnings. In this country our Taxation is therefore truly Protective; in your country it is the opposite; you should call your system spoliation, not Protection, if you are particular as to exact terms."

The Professor did not immediately reply, and meanwhile at a signal from Courtesie the carriage stopped in front of a large and splendid building.

"I would be pleased to have you inspect our principal Hospital," remarked the official, and his guest expressing his gratification they at once entered the place. An hour was spent in going from department to department, and at the end of this examination the Professor heartily declared that he considered the institution the most perfectly appointed and equipped place of the kind it had ever been his privilege to see. "Did I understand you to say this was a free Hospital?" he enquired of his guide. "Yes, sir, absolutely free. There are no pay wards in it; rich and poor are served alike, and both get the very best that science and skill can give them." "That is very remarkable," replied the Professor, "but I presume your wealthy men have been generous in their bequests and donations, just as some of our own millionaires have been towards some of our American Universities." "No," responded Courtesie, "we neither ask for nor receive donations from private purses for our charitable institutions; and as for our seats of learning, were any rich man to propose endowing them we would regard it as an affront to the general conscience, as implying the possibility of his seeking to control their teaching." "I see," said Henry, thoughtfully. Then he added, "But how in that case can you afford to give everything free." "There is no trouble on that score, my dear sir, as you will have an opportunity of seeing when I put the Public Treasurer's statement in your hands. Meantime, I may simply say that the land value fund which we yearly collect as public revenue is amply sufficient for all public purposes. Our only difficulty indeed is to know how judiciously and wisely to expend our annual surplus." "Indeed!" cried the Professor, quite startled out of his customary calm; "then I must really congratulate your community. Our most flourishing States and cities have a chronic complaint of the opposite kind—how to make ends meet financially!" "I quite believe it, sir, nor do I wonder at it," remarked Courtesie. "You have well used the medical figure of speech in calling it a chronic complaint. And I think I can afford you an opportunity at this moment of an apt illustration and explanation of that complaint and its radical remedy. Please come this way."

So saying Courtesie conducted the Professor to the Convalescent parlor, where among a number of patients in a happy condition of recovery they found an intelligent old fellow seated in an easy-chair enjoying the newest magazine. The Professor was introduced and learned that the citizen's name was Allegori. At the request of the Welcome-officer he proceeded to give an account of his illness and its treatment in the Hospital.

"The fact is, sir," he said, addressing the visitor, "I had for years been ignorantly eating what was not good for me. From time to time I had symptoms of indigestion, but I paid no particular attention to them and went on indulging in my harmful diet. Of course nature has her limits of endurance, and at length I passed there and fell a victim to chronic dyspepsia. I hope you don't know personally what that means, sir!"

He cast a compassionate glance on the Professor as he said this; perhaps the latter's appearance suggested doubt.

"Thank you," replied the Professor; "no, I am happy to say I enjoy very good health. But you found the resources of science equal to your case?"

"Yes, sir, by God's blessing, I am glad to say the doctors here have put me in the way of becoming quite sound again. I am a new man. And it was simple common sense after all, sir. It only required that my ignorance should be enlightened and everything else came right. They showed me that certain kinds of food were suitable to the human system, and certain other kinds were injurious. If I used the latter, nature would rise and protest, and if I did not heed the protest nature's law would come down upon me. All I had to do was to follow the path that nature pointed out in the matter of diet; I did so, with some assistance from medicine, and here I am, practically as sound as a bell. That is all I can tell you."

"Very good," commented the Professor—"only in a strictly scientific statement, I think it would be better to avoid figurative language altogether."

"Did I use figurative language?" asked Allegori.

"Yes, you spoke of nature raising her protests, and nature enforcing her laws, as if nature were a conscious individual."

"I beg pardon, then, sir," said Allegori, politely. "What I mean, of course by nature protesting, is that things are so constituted that every wrong path you take will land you in pain and difficulty. This is nature's sign that it is the wrong path. When you find and follow the path that does not involve pain or difficulty, but brings comfort and peace all round, that I take to be nature's voice saying, 'this is the right path.' I trust that is clear, sir?"

"Oh, yes; your meaning is perfectly clear, I confess," smiled the Professor.

"You have no doubt, I presume," said Courtesie turning to the latter, "that nature really and truly has something to say on the subject of eating and drinking—that she has laws which will bless or curse our bodies in accordance with our observation or violation of them?"

"Most assuredly. That is surely a primary fact of observation," answered the Professor. "Nature has, indeed, everything to say on that subject."

After a little further conversation with Allegori, who proved himself a most agreeable and intelligent companion, the gentlemen withdrew, and left the Hospital. Re-entering their carriage, Courtesie gave the motorman instructions to make a general tour of the city and finally to stop at the Public Treasurer's Department.

(To be Continued.)

THE COMMON WEALTH DEVOTED TO PUBLIC USES WOULD MAKE POSSIBLE THE ABOLISHMENT OF ALL TAXATION.

(For the Review)

By EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM.

It was unfortunate that the method proposed by Henry George for collecting the common wealth of society was called a tax—the "Single Tax." Everyone who comprehends the "Single Tax" doctrine will perceive that the appropriation for public uses of the common wealth of the world is not a tax at all. In saying this, I merely repeat what many others have said. Why, then, should we, who understand the question, go on calling it a tax?

The sooner we quit it the better. A tax is a burden to the producer. It is not a burden to any one but the producer. To illustrate: If the government were to collect from thieves, say, ten per cent. of their filchings, it would impose no burden; nay, it could not be called a burden (in the economic sense) to the thief if all his plunder were taken from him. He did not produce it. He imposed a burden upon his victims when he robbed them. If the money were taken from him and devoted to the public use, it would lighten by so much the burden to society in general, the victims of the thief sharing in the benefit.

Or, again: Suppose that the unlawful railroad rebates secured by Standard Oil had been taken by government and devoted to the public use, would that have put a burden upon Standard Oil? Certainly not. Standard Oil did not produce the sum represented by the rebate. It merely extorted from others that much, to which it had no title, in equity, law or morals. It gave no value in exchange. To take it for the public use would be merely to distribute to society in general so much that had been taken without valid warrant from the individual producers who, having sustained the burden of exploitation, would now share in the benefits of the distribution.

Mark—the only burden in this connection was imposed by Standard Oil, upon the exploited individuals. And that burden is partly removed when government reclaims the money and uses it for the public good.

If it were practicable for government to do all this (in respect to such law-