

increased employment, increased demand for labor, "jobs running after men instead of men after jobs," wages would rise to their natural level, the full earnings of labor, while with the expenditure of the natural public revenue, the land value of the contry, appropriated by the State, would be at last a real benefit to them. Free Land, Free Trade, Free Men: this is the hope of the workers of the world, the one policy which would benefit them all.

It is often said that the workers will never come to realize the effect of the Taxation of Land Values on the condition and earnings of labor. If it were true, then we might despair of the future of labor. But it is not true. Every year, aye every day, adds to the number of the workers who realize what it means. For they see land lying idle in both town and country; they know that idle land means idle men; and they know that, despite the apparent surplus of land, the rent demanded for the use of land in both town and country increases with their ability to pay.

But so long as they fail to realize that the poorest of them has an equal claim to the use of the earth with the richest millionaire, they have yet to realize all that is meant by Land Reform, by the Taxation of Land Values.

*(To be continued.)*

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## UNCLE JOE AND HIS PET THEORY.

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*(For the Review.)*

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By W. A. DOUGLAS, B. A.

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Uncle Joe was decidedly set, if not crystallized in his pet theories. Nothing short of a cyclone could move him. To him protection was a fetish, a paternity of beneficence, from which all our blessings flowed. To him Horace Greeley with his *Tribune* was an oracle, not to be questioned or criticised.

Many a stump speech had he made at election times, when he quoted history and statistics to prove that freedom was always the harbinger of disaster and protection the herald of plenty and prosperity. The favorable balance of trade was his favorite subject, and woe be to the man who had the temerity to cross swords with him on the justice or expediency of protecting and fostering the infant industries.

His eldest son Bill and I were about the same age. . We attended college together and during our leisure hours had devoured the books of Henry George.

One day at the dinner table, after we had returned home, cousin Bill dropped the remark that he could not for the life of him see the wisdom of wasting money and life to drive away a blockading fleet, only to replace it with another blockade under the guise of a tariff,—first to fight for freedom and then to destroy that freedom.

That was enough; he had applied the match to the tinder. Uncle Joe burst out with a violent tirade against such heretical notions, spread by some perfidious British, who had kept the mass of their own people in the condition of pauperism not many removes from slavery.

He rehearsed the history of the disastrous year of 1857 when all the banks in New York City had to close; also the terrible depression during Cleveland's presidency. He told us what prosperity the nation had enjoyed since the exports had exceeded the imports. All this he repeated with such dogmatic assertion and torrential volubility that we had simply to listen in silence with no chance to reply.

Cousin Bill and I held a council of war. We saw clearly enough that it was simply waste of time to attack the old gentleman directly. We must make our lines of approach by some indirect method or flank movement and get at him in such a way that he must listen in silence.

It happened a few days afterwards that a freshet in the river near by carried away a bridge and cut off our route to the neighboring city. In the meantime passengers and conveyances were compelled to make a detour of some miles by another route. At the dinner table, of course, the disaster to the bridge was the chief subject of conversation.

"It'll be a nice penny we will have to raise to build another bridge," said Uncle Joe.

"I wonder what has come of the timbers," I remarked, "Has any attempt been made to save the wreckage?"

"Save the wreckage!" exclaimed Cousin Bill, "what do you want to save the wreckage for? It is far out on the ocean by this time. Don't you know what a blessing that is? That is an export without an import. Don't you see that the balance is wholly in our favor? What are you thinking about? Would you like to have the balance the other way? Do you want the Britishers to come here and put up a spick-span new bridge for nothing and in this way turn the balance of trade all against us, an import without an export, and thus strangle our poor little infant industries?"

Oh! poor Uncle Joe! I loved the old man for his goodheartedness; but to hear his pet theory thus ridiculed by his own boy was a sacrilege.

Another explosion followed, in which perfidious Albions with their pauper labor were again held forth as though they were bug-a-boos or destroying angels. It was no use trying to stay the flood of his excessive and exuberant volubility.

"What have you boys been learning at college?" he asked. "I hear that a good many of the professors are not altogether orthodox in religion, and if they have been teaching you young fellows to destroy our industries, I think this matter should be looked into."

On another occasion Cousin Bill picked up a paper with a quotation from the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1904 and read as follows: "The losses resulting from the depredation of insects on all the products of the soil, both in their growing and in their storage state, together with those on

live stock, exceed the entire expenditure of the national government including the pension roll and the maintenance of the army and navy. The total annual loss cannot be less than \$700,000,000. yearly."

He then continued as though he were still reading—"If this immense quantity of product had been saved and shipped abroad, and if some storm had struck it and sunk it in the depths of the ocean, would not our returns have to show a large export for which there would be no import in return? According to the theory of some writers would not this excess of exports show a balance in our favor? We ask our readers for a solution of this problem. If this product were consumed by the insects, unanimously we would bewail it as a national loss; but if it were swallowed up by the ocean, we would call it a favorable balance, a national gain. Can any of our readers reconcile this contradiction?"

A few weeks after that we had a Sunday school lesson on the journey of the Israelite through the wilderness and the miraculous feeding of the people. At the supper table Cousin Bill and I purposely led the conversation to the discussion in the Bible class.

"Oh! many a time" said Bill, "when my back has ached in the harvest field, how I have wished we could have a shower of manna as those wanderers had in the desert!"

"Wasn't it good for your back?" asked his father, "Didn't it put back bone into you? What a pretty mollusk you would have been, if you'd been spoon-fed on manna every morning! What do you think we would all come to if God sent our meals and everything else all ready for us in apple-pie order? Wouldn't we soon be a lot of worthless jelly fish?"

"You are quite right, Uncle," I remarked, "but there was one point in the lesson that was not made clear, I would like to have that explained."

"What was that, my boy?" asked my Uncle, kindly.

"Well, you see, there was a fresh importation of manna every morning, but I never learned that they sent back any exports to pay for it. It seems to me the balance of trade was totally against them."

"Yes," chipped in Bill. "I'd like to know how Greeley would have explained that."

"Oh! boys," said my uncle, "do come off and give us a rest. Sunday comes only once a week; let it be a day of peace."

"It is all right to have peace," said Bill, "but still, a fellow can't quite stop his thinking apparatus you know. When the preacher read that chapter about the herd of swine running down a steep place into the sea, thus making an export without any returning import, I wondered how the owners would have been comforted if they had read Greeley on the balance of trade."

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Joe, "It seems to me you would like a lot of things. First, you would like God Almighty to change the universe, so that you could live like a craw-fish or an oyster. Then you are like the Englishman—you want to know—you know. It seems to me that it might be good for you if you got

a good baptism in the Pool of Humility and learned to have some proper reverence for men of superior wisdom."

"That is all right, father," said Bill. "But didn't St. Paul tell us to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good?"

Bill and I now got to work and we concocted an article which the editor of our college paper, *The Poor Student*, kindly inserted. As we did not desire Uncle to know who wrote the article we got the editor to mail him a marked copy.

The article was entitled. "A New Sect, A Strange Contradiction," "There has lately appeared a new religious organization of a very peculiar character. At first when we read their hymns, and listened to their addresses we imagined that they were inspired with the most heavenly ideals, the most exalted principles. They talked of love, of unity, of equality, of devotion to truth and justice. All their language breathed of that spirit of loving kindness which should unite the whole of the sons of man in one glorious family of amity and brotherhood. This was the spirit that seemed to dominate them so long as they were in their public service.

"But when we were admitted to some of their meetings on the side where they arranged plans to carry out these ideals, then we found, to our amazement, a realization of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. They seemed to have a dual mentality. First, there was prayer for peace and unity between the people of the earth, then in their conclave the plans and methods proposed were all for severance and hostility. In the first meeting our neighbors across the border were described as brothers, all of one universal family, whom we must love as we loved ourselves; but in the second, they were described as hostile aliens and foreign invaders. On Sunday their religion breathed the spirit of brotherhood; on Monday it became the spirit of the Jew and the Samaritan—have no dealings with thy neighbors. In fact one of the rulers of the synagogue declared that, in order to drive away our neighbors, we should impose penalties and erect a tariff as high as the gallows of Haman. Another in his transformed state wished that between this country and Europe there was an ocean of fire so that Lazarus could not possibly pass over to cool the rich man's tongue. Another man expressed the idea there must have been some huge blunder in the creation of the world. Instead of nations being contiguous, the world should have been split into fragments—Canada should have been shot off to the North Pole, Mexico to the South Pole, Britain to the Zenith and Japan to the Nadir. Still another declared that brotherhood, instead of being world-wide, had strict geographical limits, that men should be fenced in as cattle, to prevent free intercourse with other nations which would be disastrous. He insisted that men were to be regarded as brethren only when they stood on the right piece of dirt. 'So long', he said, 'as a man is on this piece of dirt called the United States, not the slightest impediment should be placed in his way; but, the moment he step across the border or to the dirt of any other nation, then he should be stripped of a considerable part of his goods, if he attempted to bring them to this country to exchange.

We may as well be honest, he continued, and acknowledge that it is not the fatherhood of God that makes brotherhood, but the dirt on which a man stands. My religion is the religion of dirt.' "

The article proceeded to say, "We shall watch with the greatest interest the growth of this strange sect and notice how far they increase their numbers. It is reported that they have become quite popular in certain localities and that under the guise of patriotism and a peculiar misuse of words, they often mislead the very elect.

"These people are truly a strange contradiction, Janus-like, they face both ways. They pray for unity, then they blast that unity by great barriers of severance. This minute they honor a man as a brother beloved; the next they smite him with heavy penalties and confiscation of his goods; not because of any crime, but because he stood on the wrong dirt, as one of their speakers describes. Strange, passing strange, are the freaks of the intellect. People have bowed down to stocks and stones, and here we find a people offering their worship and homage to dirt."

Besides these we read aloud in the hearing of Uncle Joe, the account of the ship load of provision sent as a gift from the people of this country to the people in Ireland during the potato famine, also a similar gift to the factory operatives of Lancashire during the cotton famine, and how these people in their gratitude thanked God for these imports without exports.

"Those are the foreign invasions I am proud of," said Bill.

We also read of the immense indemnity that France had to pay to Germany after their last war. This must have appeared in their government returns as an export without any corresponding import. Then again we read of the terrible invasion of Holland by Louis XIV when the Hollanders, driven to desperation, placed their effects on board their vessels, determined, as a last resort, to sail to the East Indies to make there a new home for themselves and "where, under the Southern Cross, amidst the nut-meg trees and sugar-canes, they might erect the Exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam and the schools of a more learned Leyden.

"Oh!" said Bill, "If they had done that, wouldn't it have boosted the favorable balance?"

Then we turned to the pitiful story of the Irish famine which told of the manner in which the poor tenants had to stint themselves to the barest necessities to export their crops and cattle to keep their landlords lounging in luxury in their clubs in London or Paris.

Between times we read to Uncle Joe some interesting stories, biographical or historical, so as to keep him in good humor, till we were prepared with a new illustration of the favorable balance. It is some years now since we have heard him eulogize his pet theories.

Once when he dropped a hint on that subject, Bill replied, "Oh! Father. Didn't I welcome with much rejoicing, the unfavorable balance I used to get from you when I was at College?"