

FIGHTING WITH ORMUZD.

(For the Review.)

By JAMES LOVE.

"Lo! here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories still have a meaning, the old myths are still true * * * Ormuzd still fights against Ahriman—the Prince of Light against the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call."

Some years ago when living in Berkeley, the site of the University of California, a friendly instructor made it clear to me that I must entertain no hope of ever meeting the senior class in political economy, and that anyway I could not possibly affect their views for they had no views to affect. In that class of seventy members he was confident that not five were really interested in the study. Their main ambitions being to excel in athletics, pass examinations, and to secure their diplomas. Like Carlyle's "Auscultators, who were—Auscultators—who dressed and digested, and talked articulate words. But with small speculation in those eyes, that they did glare withal! Sense neither for the high nor the deep, nor for aught human or divine, save only the faintest sense of coming preferment"—my young economists were actuated less by a love for truth than by desire for position and income. For, in all professions, a *diploma* of general culture and a degree are usually a help, and in teaching almost a necessity. In looking over the list of professors attached to any university you will find that every mother's son of them has two or more letters affixed to his name. And thus it is—one set of teachers training its successors—that the studies mainly confined to the schools—metaphysics, ethics, political economy—make little or no progress, and tend to become formal, orthodox, incomprehensible.

Referring to the Scotch universities, Adam Smith, himself a university professor, though he says that they are the best seminaries of learning in Europe, also says "They are slow to adopt improvements and have sometimes become sanctuaries in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices have found shelter and protection after they have been hunted out of every other corner of the world." And of "Degrees," which he thought always had been and always must be "mere pieces of quackery," he says "A degree can pretend to give security for nothing but the science of the graduate, and for that it can give but very slender security. While for his good sense and discretion—qualities not discoverable by an academic examination—it can give no security at all. * * * It is idle to suppose that the professors who have educated the candidates for degrees and who cannot reject them, except in a few cases, without prejudicing their ability as teachers quite as much in the public estimation as the capacity or industry of their pupils, should be very rigid in their examinations."

At that great seat of learning in Berkeley where one might suppose that intellectual superiority would be in highest esteem, the only monument on the grounds—a very prominent and a very costly one—is a bronze group erected to honor what has become transcendent in the schools—muscular superiority. But while directly exalting only the kickers of the ball, it indirectly makes conspicuous the professorial writers of the inscription—"The Prize of Superiority in Football Won by the University of California, 1898-1899." Surely the "Prize of Superiority" should be "Prize for Superiority." They have used the wrong preposition. Besides is not the inscription otherwise faulty in being too brief to be clear? To be grammatical and unequivocal, it seems to me that it should have been written—as almost any plain business man would write it

—“This Monument the Prize for Superiority in Foot-Ball Playing was Won by the University of California in the Contests of 1898 and 1899.”

The matter seems to be, and is small perhaps. Yet, in such a prominent and permanent lapidary work, we might reasonably expect professors to be as correct as the unlearned.

Again, the committee of one hundred—every one of whom sported a degree—appointed to select names for the Columbian Hall of Fame, after placing Washington first—to which there can be no dissent—placed Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Grant and Marshall, ahead of Jefferson, who occupied only seventh place; and even then not by a unanimous vote.

Among the most useful members of every community are mechanics—stone masons, carpenters, printers, plumbers, machinists. Yet though it is only after several years of painstaking effort that they become skilled, degrees are never awarded to them. They are held in esteem not because they hold pieces of sheepskin scribbled over with Latin lines that they cannot read, but because they give to a *public competent to judge* daily evidence of skill.

At that Berkeley school physical athletics were all the go. Of foot ball, base ball and hammer hurling, there was enough. But for mental athletics—exercise to develop the thinking power to healthy action—there was a crying need. For the teaching of the physical sciences—zoology, geology, chemistry, mechanics, physics, astronomy, etc., as well as mathematics, languages and literature—the school was finely equipped, the professors enlightened and excellent work was done. But for the teaching of the immaterial, the spiritual, the mental—in the departments of sociology, psychology, political economy, metaphysics, ethics—studies confined mainly to universities—the professors, more fitted to misinterpret the writings of others than to *think* themselves, discoursed, it seemed to me, like men who “had eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner,” permitting the place of thought to be usurped by books that they revered the more as they were the more incomprehensible. And that, after some months of vain struggle to comprehend them, leave young minds in state of conceited feebleness that to some degree is essential to teachers in these departments. So atrophied was thought in this Berkeley Alma Mater that political clubs sprung up there—Republicans, Democrats—dogmatic economists of the party stripe.

The department of “History and Political Science” (which included political economy) was headed by Prof. Bernard Moses, now in the Phillipines, Professor Bacon and Plehn being associates. Moses being credited with advanced ideas was disconcerted by them when he became a candidate for the Presidency, for nearly all the faculty fearing radical changes in the policy of the university and in its personel signed some sort of protest against his election, which defeated him. About the same time young Harold Bolce (now a writer of repute) having stated in the *Examiner* that Bacon as a Unitarian now repudiated the views he once was compelled to hold as a Congregational pastor, brought out from the professor a vigorous reply: “Allow me, my dear sir, without anger or any hostile feeling, to call your attention to the fact that this statement is a lie—not a simple every day sort of a lie, but one of a peculiarly outrageous and libelous character. That I was formerly a Congregational pastor is true; besides the rest of the statement the mildest tale of Sir John Mandeville would seem to shine with the glory of immortal truth,” etc. In the course of this letter he charged Mr. Bolce several times with lying, particularizing the kind of a liar he was. Not a calm composition nor Christian-like perhaps. But infinitely more decisive than his Economics.

It was only after a good deal of effort, and through the influence finally of Samuel E. Moffett of the *Examiner* staff, that Louis F. Post, then on the Coast, was invtted to address the economic classes. Judge Maguire came over, but

the faculty took no interest. And Professor Plehn, who said that he had paid little attention to the Single Tax theory and therefore was not prepared to express his opinion, was the only professor present. But up to '92 their library of fifty thousand volumes contained nothing by George, the only writer whose works were influencing thought. That which influenced the students not being thought, but authoritative text books—Hadley, Walker and the like, which wholly precluded thought. Adopting the same course by which his own mind had been clouded, Plehn was engaged in beclouding others. And now, twenty-five years after the appearance of "Progress and Poverty," California, like all other universities, goes on teaching Malthus as eternal truth—looking upon "Land" as a field only for agriculture, and accounting for social difficulties by pressure of population upon subsistence.

In teaching history as they do, only to bolster up the above current vulgar beliefs, they remind me of an amiable but illiterate friend who having possessed himself of Frost's three volume History of the World, Ancient, Medieval, Modern, and after much effort getting through the first, found, later on when he became a convert to Spiritualism, that he had at hand a convenient stock of names. So that when under influence (he fancied himself a medium) he could ask, "Is that you, Cambyses?" or, "If I mistake not I am talking to Sesostris?" And the ghostly Potentate invariably corroborated any allegation of the Seer.

But everywhere in what a muddle is "Economics." Professor Hadley having been chosen President of Yale, in his inaugural speech, October, 1899, said (to a great audience including sixty college presidents): "The *increase* of wealth in the *outside world* is a *perpetual* menace to old fashioned democratic equality." Really meaning, I suppose, not the *increase* of wealth but increasing inequality in the distribution of wealth. And by the expression, "Is a *perpetual* menace" really intending to say, "Is a *growing* menace." And the "outside world" is that an intimation of an inside world—a scholastic Flowery Kingdom—that excludes barbarians without degrees, and embraces in itself the wisdom of mankind? But what is to be expected of the Professor who in his "Economics" constantly uses such forms as "Every generation has a different ethical code of its own;" or, of one "Doing independent thinking on his own account;" or who in a paper on Herbert Spencer in the *New York Journal*, after commencing with "Nothing that I can say of Herbert Spencer will be new," unnecessarily and ungrammatically adds, "Or *any* different to what most *other* men would say." Inserting *any* before *different*, *other* before *men*, and using the preposition *to* instead of *from*. And who—less than a year after his old fashioned democratic inaugural—writes, under the head of "New Political Questions," "The days of legislative debate are numbered, if, indeed they are not already ended . . . the system of representative government has not proved successful. . . For the actual conduct of public business the legislature is at once an unwieldy and irresponsible body." He thinks that a colonial government by force and a great standing army are foregone conclusions, and that "The Economist who is at a disadvantage in advising a legislature, would be invaluable in advising an executive *on whom the nation relies for progress.*" Now—"However much he may desire the advice of economists, and even avail himself of their services, he is frequently bereft—because of legislatures—of the power to utilize them. But just how this change in governmental methods will come about none will venture to predict," &c. This announcement of a coming autocracy counseled by "Economists" has met with no dissent, I think, in scholastic circles. And one wonders how such men could have placed Jefferson even as high as seventh on an American roll of fame.

But, after all, talkative college presidents and economists are more impres-

sive to boys than to men. And as to President Hadley, I have an old book in my library the mere title of which, to him, might be instructive. It reads: "The Government of the Tongue," by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man."

Here breaks in my archaic but emphatic brother, "Oh, my heavens! Jimmy. Who the devil cares for your opinions? Here you are day after day—writing, writing, writing what men shall never read, and if they should, what none could comprehend. Admitting that George is, all in one, the Newton, Kepler, Copernicus of political economy, and that the Stygian Ptolemaics of Marshall, Bohm-Bawerk, Nicholson, Hadley and the rest are merely rubbish. What then? Surely you are a fool not to see that the world loves rubbish—will have rubbish—struggles, fights, dies for rubbish. What are all these priceless things so dear to men—these diamonds, rubies; emeralds; this gold and silver, ebony, ivory, dirty laces, old paintings, broken marbles, rusty bronzes, antique books; these huge life-embittering palaces, yachts, fast horses, titles, degrees, decorations—*et id omne genus*. Rubbish to the last item—all rubbish! The world cares for the useful—the comprehensible? Bah! The painters it worships are the perplexing and undefineable—the philosophers the unfathomable—the poets the mystical—and in political economy it shall ever grovel before equivocating oracles. The idea that a professor may not wish his discernment to be superior to the mob's! But shall eulogize a work, be it a painting or a political economy, that can be understood by all! From the very nature of things it must ever be that the highest praise shall be given to what no one—not even he who does the praising—can understand."

The feelings manifested and the adjectives used by a retired sea captain who happened along when my uncle Jimmy was propping up the rickety rottenness of a decrepit house: "No, sir! I want nothing to do with a damned old house nor a damned old ship," might not be amiss, I think, when applied to school economics.

The university had a great big chair of philosophy on which George H. Howison, M. A., LL.D., "Mills Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity" sat enthroned; supported, I think, by two associates and three instructors. To the young men Howison was awfully impressive, having as they thought—or rather believed—a firm grasp of what no one else, even from highest rung of tallest ladder, could even touch. He presided too over the Philosophic Union, where wondering youths and puzzled men and women listened to "Alumni"—divines, lawyers, professors—who assuming the confidence of intellectual athletes tossed about with greatest ease words and phrases of such specific gravity, so expressive of the very darkest depths of wisdom, that no lexicography, not even the Encyclopædic nor the ten-volume Century, had succeeded in lifting them to the surface and to light.

Professor Josiah Royce, then of Harvard, but whose great mind was a result of Berkeley training, and of whom Berkeley was very proud, had written a book upon "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy," which had caused what it would be mild to term a sensation, and upon this book the Philosophic Union based a whole course of monthly discussion from October, '94 to August, '95. The first two of these discussions, as announced in their circulars, were:

(1.) The asserted dependence of religion upon Idealism, and its satisfaction thereby; whether Professor Royce succeeds in establishing, first, the tenability of Idealism as a mere hypothesis postulated not on moral but on purely theoretical grounds, and secondly, its sufficiency both for science and religion. (Chapter X.) Friday, February 22nd, '95. Paper by H. M. Wright, '94. Discussion opened by Mr. G. H. Blake, '94, and Miss Mary L. Benton, Minn., '87.

(2.) Professor Royce's offered proof of Absolute Idealism by exhibiting

the sole ground of the Possibility of Error; whether it is really not another case of "Postulate;" whether it is otherwise invulnerable; whether its resulting Idealistic Monism is the only form of Idealism it can establish; and whether such Monism deserves the name of Absolute Idealism. (Chapter XI.) Friday, March 29th, '95. Paper by Mr. E. N. Henderson, '90. Discussion opened by Mr. J. E. Beard, '88, and Mr. E. B. McGilvary.

The ordinary subjects discussed in this Union were always announced in the local papers, as, for example, this:—"The Philosophic Union of the University will meet Friday evening, when Professor Howison will make the address of the evening, taking for his topic 'The Personality of the Eternal Cause. Its Meaning. Its Reality and the blessing upon it of the Theory of Evolution.'" And, a week later, this:—"Whether the Doctrine of Symbolic Conception, as legitimately interpretable in the light of Natural Selection, can really satisfy the Craving for a Final Cause when the latter is so stated as to exhibit its deepest sources in the human heart."

In the summer of '95, I think it was, I was presented with a ticket of admission to a lecture to be delivered in the Gymnasium by Professor Royce, then on a visit. The place was packed—many could not get in. I did, unfortunately. But I forced my way out, as I had to stand in a crowd, could not distinguish a word, and was apprehensive that the floors would give way. But from *The Examiner* of next morning I present these two bits:—

(1.) His idea of the Divine will: "The Divine will is that aspect of the Absolute expressed in the differentiated facts of the individualities of the world." And (2.) His idea of God: "An absolute experience transparently fulfilling a combined series of ideas." These "Ideas" read smoothly, and considering the great reputation of their author, most of us will say that they must have a *meaning*. But, without denying that they have, I declare that I can't discern it. And by re-arranging the words in either Idea, sentences can be formed that are fully as lucid, and if uttered by Joyce would be equally impressive. Thus, No. 2:

"A combined series of ideas transparently fulfilling an absolute experience."

"A transparent series of ideas absolutely fulfilling a combined experience."

"An absolute series of ideas fulfilling experience transparently combined."

"A transparently combined series of ideas absolutely fulfilling experience."

"A transparent experience combining an absolute series of fulfilled ideas."

I was not so well versed in metaphysics as I believed that I was in a kindred study, "Economics;" where finally having been made to see that the perplexities of early writers had of late days, in the hands of hair-splitting school-men, become a mere mystical jargon—a science without principles, based upon what they term "The selfish nature of man"—a social science that in place of the Divine sets up "The Unknowable" and rejects moral *law*—a pseudo science in which every vulgar economic belief and political fallacy may be found, defended in writings of "Economists," college branded Ph. D., D. D., or LL. D., my suspicions were aroused that all this "Discussion" was not really such, but merely words tossed back and forth as boys do balls. Words, only words—that infinite deal of nothing, of which Shakespeare speaks.

Yet not wholly useless, let us hope. For, upon the Homeopathic principle—*similia similibus curantur*—such discussions might, possibly, have therapeutic value when, in small doses, read to the insane.

The foregoing is provoked by the fact that these collegians, as if by concerted action, almost wholly ignore George. Not only are the teachers of economics silent, but also the teachers of ethics, logic, philosophy, history, psychology, even of *belles lettres* and rhetoric. "Truly," wrote Carlyle, "A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the nether empire; and new Emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him." Yet, before he was a menace, while he was only locally known, his splendid powers were recognized. In "A California Anthology," 1880, I find nine pieces from Henry George, evidently selected because of literary merit. But the compiler, Oscar T. Schuck, is without a degree, and includes in his collection nothing from himself. But since George's fame has become world-wide and perturbing to school-men, there has appeared Ingham's article, "Political Economy," in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and Palgrave's three-volume imperial octavo "Encyclopedia of Political Economy," both of which omit all mention of the man who, in a series of books unexampled for originality of thought, logical exactness and literary powers, refounded political economy. And on the ruins of "The Dismal Science," erected a true science radiant with hope. In looking over the multitude of books entitled Economics, Finance, Ethics, &c., you will find that the schools follow suit, the writers not mentioning George, or, if they do, showing at once that they have not read him, or that they have misapprehended him or falsify him. Seligman, of Columbia, is among the few who notice him, and in his "Finance" devotes some pages to the Single Tax, closing with: "We have studied the Single Tax and have seen that it is defective fiscally, politically, morally and economically." A lamentable study, which one would think might now cause the author himself upon reading it to become sick at the stomach. But his associate, Professor Clark, in his recently published "Distribution of Wealth," makes slight mention of George, while in the Cooper Union debate with Post he showed how well equipped he was by naively remarking in the midst of his argument: "I do not see what enormous difference it makes if I pay rent at all whether the man who comes to collect it is a government official or the agent of the owner. I will have to pay in any case." As if this was not the entire matter in dispute.

From a literary standpoint alone, surely nothing in any language is finer than the essay "Moses," or the opening chapter of "Progress and Poverty," or the appended chapter, "The Problem of Individual Life." And how exquisitely pictured is that development of a city, in Chapter II of Book IV; and the difference between the man and the animal, in Chapter II of Book II, and what a masterpiece is Captain Kidd's great-great-grandson in the "Land Question." Indeed there is not a chapter—hardly a page of anything Mr. George wrote that is not worthy of place in any collection of "Literature." Yet in the numerous great collections published since George became famous (outside the schools) there is either no notice or but a cursory notice of this most original and brilliant of men. Thus:

"The Library of American Literature." Eleven volumes. N. Y., 1889. George is in volume 10, about two pages, selected because the passage they thought embodied his land views. And is contrasted with four pages immediately following, from "Land and its Rent," by F. A. Walker, a writer painfully unliterary.

"The University of Literature." Twenty volumes. N. Y., 1896. Gives half a page to George, one-half being biography, the other a short extract from "Property in Land in the United States." While Horace Greeley has six pages, Gen. Grant twenty, and so on.

"International Library of Famous Literature." Twenty volumes. N. Y.,

1898. With selections from F. Marion Crawford, J. T. Trowbridge, Richard Harding Davis, Mary Mapes Dodge, etc., makes no mention of George.

"Library of the World's Best Literature." Thirty volumes. N. Y., 1898. George is not mentioned in the body of the book and there are no selections from him. But in volume 30, under head of Synopsis of Famous Books, one-half page is given to "Progress and Poverty."

"Chambers Encyclopedia of English Literature." Three volumes. Edinburgh, 1904. Omits all mention of Henry George, even in a Supplementary Notice of American Authors that includes Capt. Mahan, Eugene Field, Edward Bellamy, James Whitcomb Riley, Hamlin Garland, Kate Douglass Wiggin, F. P. Dunne, etc.

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It may now, I think, be opportune to present some pertinent thoughts from Schopenhaur:

"Between professors and independent men of learning there has always been from of old a certain antagonism. The only thing in which the former agree is in trying to keep down a really eminent man if he should chance to show himself, as one who would be a common peril."

"That men are slow to recognize merit when it appears in their own age, proves that they do not understand or enjoy or really value the long acknowledged works of genius, which they honor only on the score of authority."

"It is obvious that if the ordinary, average man can easily recognize, and the rivals willingly acknowledge, the value of any performance, it will not stand very much above the capacity of either of them to achieve it for themselves."

"As a rule people discover a man to be worth listening to only after he is gone; their 'Hear! Hear!' resounds when the orator has left the platform."

"He who wishes to experience gratitude from his contemporaries, must adjust his pace to theirs. But great things are never produced in that way. And he who wants to do great things must direct his gaze to posterity, and in firm confidence elaborate his work for coming generations."



A NON-RECEPTIVE PUPIL.

After eight weeks of induction into the elements of political economy, she had, to the question, "What is the first principle of the science?" returned the absurd answer, "To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me."

"Tell me more of your mistakes?"

"I am almost ashamed," said Sissy. "But to-day Mr. McChoakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity."

"National, I think it must have been," observed Louisa.

"Yes, it was. But isn't it the same?" she timidly asked.

"You had better say National, as he said so."

"National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this school-room is a nation. And in this nation there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation? and ain't you in a thriving State?"

"What did you say?" asked Louisa.

"Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I could not know whether it