HENRY GEORGE IS AGAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.

FATHER HUNTINGDON AWAKES ALL THE ENTHUSIASM AT LAST NIGHT'S ANTI-POVERTY MEETING

In the terse and unassuming language of the gold diggings and other localities celebrated more for their energy than their eloquence, Henry George is in hard luck. A week ago last night at the meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society he was so completely overshadowed by Dr. McGlynn as to he remembered by the thousands who attended that meeting only because he was there as one of the applauders, not as the teacher, of the man for whom men cheered away their voices and over whose "words women wept. To be compelled to play a subordinate role in a play constructed especially for his benefit may not have pleased Mr. George.

Aware that Dr. McGlynn was to speak before Philadelphia's Anti-Poverty Society at Col. McCaull’s Opera House, in that city, last night, Mr. George may have expected, and naturally, to be the star of last night’s gathering at the Academy of Music. If so he was mistaken. The leading role was thrust upon, not assumed, by Father Huntingdon, of the White Cross Society, but the honor was not thrust upon this new priest of the new society by Mr. George, but by Mr. George’s old adherents.

The character of the welcome that was accorded to the frocked stranger was volcanic. He headed the delegation that occupied the seats of honor on the stage as it stepped from the wings. When his tall form, enveloped in a long, black, priestly robe, his smoothly shaven face, closely cropped hair and the cross of ebony that lay upon his breast were noted, the people rose from their seats, thinking that another priest had severed his connection with the Roman Catholic Church, and gave vent to their feelings in whoops and cheers and a stormy waving of handkerchiefs. The newcomer bore his honors calmly, and, when the demonstration had lasted for what he considered a proper period, he stood up and bowed, not as if he were overwhelmed or even deeply touched, but as if he considered it the correct thing to do.

But the new crusader, in spite of his uniform, was not of the Roman Catholic Church. He was afterward introduced as the "Protestant priest," and is the son of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New-York. His appearance was recognized as a godsend by not a few in the audience. Henry George had been advertised as the principal speaker of the evening, and the announcement was not without effect. There was a difference between last night’s meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society and its meeting of a week ago; the difference was not unlike that between a prairie fire and a tar-barrel
illumination. Where was the excited throng that clamored for admittance to the
Aoademy when McGlynn was announced to speak?

“Who is to speak tonight?”

The question was a common one among those who stood in that vicinity last night.
The answer was generally a laugh and “Henry
George.”

“Ah!”

That was all, but it was expressive. The doors of the Academy weren't assailed by a
solid phalanx. Henry George’s auditors strayed into the Academy singly or in pairs.
Men stood on the pavement offering free tickets to all who passed. A week ago there
wasn’t room or reason for them.

But there was a goodly number in the Academy — of women. The men were
comparatively few and were outnumbered three or four to one by women. It was a
much smaller or much less enthusiastic audience than had heard McGlynn talk about
his excommunication, but subsequent events proved that a large portion of it had
devoted considerable time during the week to the invention of hoots and howls
supposed to be saturated with hatred, defiance, and contempt for the Pope,
Archbishop Corrigan, and the Catholic Church authorities generally. One man in the
audience called Cardinal Simeoni a “monkey,” and the great bulk of the audience
seemed to consider the remark the funniest occurrence of the century; even Henry
George held his sides that his laugh might not operate unfavorably against his
digestive apparatus.

Above the platform hung the same old banners; on the stage sat the same old chorus:
among the audience were people who had cheered and cried a week ago, but there
were not so many of them. In the high-backed chairs sat Father Huntingdon, Henry
George, Michael Clark, Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin and Louis Post, the latter acted as
Chairman and occupied his full share of time. In his discursive opening he said a
young college student had once said poverty was a good thing. Mr. Post wondered
what Professor had so informed the young man. A woman in the audience shouted
“Corrigan.” A general war, followed by a varied selection of hoots, was the response.
The Anti-Poverty Society, he added, had decided to adopt the following resolutions:

*Whereas*, The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn has been excommunicated for teaching a
doctrine which the illustrious Thomas Nulty, Bishop of Meath, has without censure so
eloquently advocated, namely, that the land of a country belongs to all the people of
that country, and that involuntary poverty in the midst of plenty is not the intention of
the Creator, but is entirely the result of human enactments; therefore be it

Resolved. That the Progress and Poverty Reading Club of the Twenty-third Assembly
District, New-York City, expresses its hearty approval of his action in refusing to
retract that truth; and

Resolved, That we will strenuously support him in his efforts to elevate humanity and
to give to every man his equal right in the bounties of nature by preaching and
working for the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man."

Of course the resolutions were adopted, but the reference to Bishop Nulty evidently
stuck in the mind of one man, for he afterward inquired of Mr. George, when the latter
was open to questions, why Bishop Nulty had not resigned, or why he had not been
excommunicated. Mr. George said he was not the keeper of Bishop Nulty’s
conscience.

To the “real missionary,” the “real prophet,” spoken of by the Chairman, a hearty
welcome was extended, and Father Huntingdon waited calmly until the stamping and
cheering of these enthusiastic anti-poverty people had ceased. The working classes
reminded him of the slave who had bought his liberty three times and had again been
made a slave. The workingman had bought his liberty thrice, yes, thirty times, yet he
was still in industrial slavery. If men were made free and the land were made free,
then the people would get what God intended for them.

This sentiment was rapturously applauded, particularly by the women; in fact, the
women, as at the meeting of a week ago, were by far the most demonstrative, and
were most of the time either waving their handkerchiefs or wiping their perspiring
faces.

Would such an event ever come to pass? Could the Anti-Poverty Society possibly
carry its point? "We have all history," said Father Huntingdon, “to tell us we can and
we shall." The principles of the Anti-Poverty Society, like all new doctrines, must
pass through three Stages; “In the first stage they were absurd; in the second stage,
impious; in the third stage it would be said of them, ‘Everybody knows that.’ " The
first stage had been passed, the new doctrine was no longer absurd. This doctrine
would not array class against class. The anti-poverty people were the brokers of the
rich and were sorry for them. Who among the anti-poverty people would be a boodle
Alderman?
The laugh that followed told nothing. The speaker said that if he thought his auditors were members of the Anti-Poverty Society for what they could get out of it, he would never set foot in the Academy again. “You are here for the benefit of mankind, are you not?” he inquired. There were several replies in the affirmative. If at times Father Huntingdon talked over the heads of his auditors, that fact did not interfere with the warmth of the applause showered upon him. After he sat down he was compelled to rise a couple of times to acknowledge the cheers of the 1,500 or more people who gladly did him honor. He created a hearty laugh later in the evening, when one of the audience, in relating a personal experience, said he had asked an Episcopal clergyman to talk on labor matters once, and the clergyman had said he must first secure the consent of his Bishop. Would not Father Huntingdon be cast out of the church for his advocacy of the new doctrine? Stepping to the footlights Father Huntingdon said; “My Bishop is not that kind of a Bishop and I’m not that kind of a priest.”

The “prophet of San Francisco” was the title bestowed upon Henry George by the Chairman. There was nothing chilly about the prophet’s reception, and he injected additional warmth into it at the outset by referring to Dr. McGlynn’s address of the previous Sunday. At last the issue was made, the line was drawn, the heaviest penalty of the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities had been thundered. An interruption consisting of a storm of hoots and catcalls followed. Some old women covered their faces, amused a very little and terrified a good deal of this unusual way of applauding the church of which they had been, if they were not still, members. A heartier sort of applause greeted Mr. George's announcement that “from this time dates our victory.” The mightiest force in the world was arrayed on the aide of the Anti-Poverty Society. As Father Huntingdon had said, the contest meant a struggle between the spirit of Christianity against the perversion of Christianity.

To the Philadelphia Anti-Poverty Society, which Dr. McGlynn was addressing, the following dispatch was sent:

“Our thousands here send you greeting; on with the new crusade.”

The rent of the Academy for last night was $200. The audience, after a touching appeal to its pockets, contributed $207.31. On Aug. 13 the society will take a trip to Oriental Grove — though where that was the Chairman couldn’t say — if willing to contribute 50 cents apiece and find itself.