

Next in Line

When my eldest sister began prattling about the law of rent, the robbery of taxation, the folly of tariffs, etc., etc., my first reaction was that she was once more putting on airs to impress me, and as usual, I was determined not to be impressed. Then Jo, my next sister, began prattling too. It was all slightly boring to my teen age mind, but I really regarded it as rather a relief from our usual conversation about dates, dances, and so on.

So far, so good. I had nothing but the kindest thoughts for this Mr. George. I was all in favor of this Philosophy of Freedom I was hearing so much about. The law of rent seemed one of those things that one lightly dismissed in the same way one ignored the teachings of Mr. Einstein, an admirable theory no doubt, but beyond the scope of practical politics. Besides, taxes and rent were up to Dad.

And then in my last year of High School I learned that I, too, was expected to struggle with a course called economics. In time we reached the teachings of the honorable Mr. George himself.

To my delight, the writer of our text book dismissed Mr. George with one paragraph, and I came home prepared to do the same. But somehow, Mr. George didn't dismiss so easily. We argued and argued, but I never seemed to achieve that desirable last word—so, as soon as I had finished High School, I took the course at the Henry George School.

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but I'm somewhat consoled to learn that it's a fairly common family experience. If we could only get one Georgist into every American home, he would inevitably drive the rest of his family to Georgism in desperation. I'm busy making a nuisance of myself trying to get all my friends to join me in classes, because I feel that it is up to us to make the America of tomorrow a better land.

But I have another motive, too. You see, I have a younger brother.

Betty Cipollino