

of cost, is seen to be an inversion of the natural order, for obviously rent is in effect a reduction of cost, the user of a superior location producing at less cost per unit than those using inferior locations.

The notion that wages are paid to labor out of capital or by capitalists is also seen to be an inversion of the natural order, for obviously wealth must first be produced before there is anything for labor to have or to share in.

The notion that interest is extorted from producers is seen to be an inversion of the natural order, for obviously it is nature that pays interest, and it pays it to the user of capital by yielding a product that is due to the use of capital.

This discussion is intended to emphasize and somewhat amplify points to which Henry George called attention in "Progress and Poverty," but which he did not enlarge upon because not essential to his inquiry. This discussion is not in any way an improvement on or correction of Henry George, but may serve as a correction of some who have failed to grasp the teaching of this greatest American.

Unpublished Letter of Henry George

READ BY A. LAURENCE SMITH AT HENRY GEORGE
CONGRESS

417 First St.,
San Francisco, June 29/'80.

Frank H. Norten, Esq.

My dear Sir:

I have since writing received the copy of the *Era*, also the pamphlets and the pasted articles. I have read these with a great deal of interest and pleasure, and shall read them again. I see that you have given a great deal of thought to these questions, and I see at once that my book will explain itself perfectly to you, and that you will perceive connections and methods on which I have touched but lightly.

Coming from a man who has thought and has *felt* about these things, what you say of my book pleases me. I am glad of your appreciation and recognition. And I will say to you frankly that I have the same idea of its importance which you express. It may be a long while in making its way; but that does not trouble me.

I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, for working in a common cause we can be of much mutual assistance. And you are in a position, it seems to me, to do a great deal. The important thing to be done is to effect a junction between capital and labor. Paradoxical as it may seem to one who has never thoughtfully considered the matter the hope for the enfranchisement of labor is through the selfish aid of the tremendous aggregations of capital whose growth and power you so well appreciate. The interests of the railroad kings and the interests of the day laborers run for a long distance together. But as to their true interests the one class is as ignorant as the other, and it is as necessary to "spread the light" in the one as in the other direction. Cannot this be done? Are there not among the great railroad managers and merchants of New York men intelligent enough to see that what we want is just what will be best for them?

I see the *New York Times* has at last noticed my book—in a very flippant and unjust way, it is true; but still I am glad to see the notice. If the professed political economists will only start in to "refute"

the truths I have tried to make clear, their acceptance will come so much the sooner.

I should like to hear from you again, and I hope you will send me whatever you write on these subjects. Have you by the by any acquaintance with the writings of Agathan de Potter of Brussels? He has recently written to me and sent me some of his writings. I am not only greatly pleased with them, for on essential things we completely agree, but I have formed a very high opinion of the man, and if you know nothing of him I would like you to become acquainted. I presume you read French, which unfortunately I do not.

With best wishes, and hoping to hear from you again, I am

Yours truly,

HENRY GEORGE.

A Popular Novelist Speaks

WE fathers and mothers of today are anxious about the drift of the rising generation toward reckless radical thought, aren't we? Granted.

And at the same time we can't tell the children that everything in the world is all right, that there must be want and hunger in the midst of plenty, and that thousands of hands aching for work must remain idle, can we? Granted.

But we do feel, in the depths of our worrying and loving hearts, that if there *were* something we could do to keep them American, to prove to them that their eternal natural impulse toward change, their eternal young impatience with needless suffering could be satisfied right under their own magnificent Constitution, we would do it. Also granted.

If you reading this, feel that, then give this thing five minutes of your time now, open your eyes to it, and some day hand on to these same fine, restless, ambitious youngsters a better world than the one you and I were born into.

To begin then: Is not every time of social misery identified with cruel, unjust taxes? And what would you say of the injustice that is the base and structure of a stupid taxation system that permits private appropriation of the publicly created revenue and then puts the load that it should bear on the homes, the furniture, the purchases of the everyday people of our state?

There is not a good, thrifty, hard-working farmer's wife in all California who would not resent it bitterly if her husband told her that he and she had to pay the taxes for seven or eight of the neighbors.

"Oh, and what do *they* pay?" she would ask suspiciously, stopping her work, whatever it was, looking at him for an explanation of such madness.

And if he said, "Well, they pay nothing. They're just—in luck. From now on they can travel about, live luxuriously, leave fortunes to their children. And that means we have to work harder, give up comforts and even necessities, mortgage and borrow for the rest of our lives," then wouldn't her emphatic answer be, "Are we *fools*?"

But just the same that farmer and his wife, and every other one of us who pays the Sales Tax and taxes on improvements at all, *is* paying for the unearned idleness and luxury of others, and as taxes multiply and increase in every direction the injustice of the situation multiplies and increases, too.

I'm not speaking of the taxes the rich pay. The rich are always in a minority. I'm speaking of the everyday taxes the very poorest, the hardest-working men and women of the state pay; those sly hidden taxes that make every loaf of bread you buy carry 53 separate assessments; every pound of bacon pay 36 cents to someone; every dollar telegram carry a weight of 60 cents!

And all the while the real wealth-making thing, the *one* thing from which all wealth flows, the land—this earth, the only thing upon which we can live, the thing our presence gives a value to—is being very lightly taxed, or not taxed at all.

The land will feed everyone, and leave food to spare, house everyone, with lumber and cement and bricks and roofing to spare. Best of all, it will employ everyone. Let men get to it, on the honest simple economical terms upon which God meant his children to have it, and there can be no more problem of supply. To work, and to earn the wages of his work, these will be the right of every man.

We have to go to the land for everything, food, water, and gold, the fleeces of sheep, the lumber for houses, wheat, apples, pasturage and oil.

But stupidly, centuries ago, men permitted a few to fence it off, to hold rich tracts of it idle and unimproved, so that their children might some day sell tiny strips of it at high prices, and make other men's children beg for the privilege of working on it. You Californians, do you realize how rich this state is, what a cornucopia of fruits and grains she pours out for the rest of the world—silver, apples, cotton, wheat, everything that we need upon which to live, everything that the world must buy? And do you realize that while the actual owners of this food and oil and gold-producing soil are paying hardly any taxes at all, we others are straining to support them, straining to keep them rich so that they may hold on to our rightful heritage and pass it along to their children, at the eternal expense of other children yet unborn?

The cure for this condition sounds a little formidable. It isn't. It has, instead, the simplicity and sanity of all the great movements that have bettered mankind without injuring anyone; that have moved the slow old world one step nearer to that time that those of us who pray or think of when we say: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

Exaggerated? Not at all. This is an understatement. It is an understatement to say that the present injustice of the tax system is the one thing that may really hurry this rich, powerful, adequate country of ours into the wretchedness of that intemperate, destructive thinking that leads to blood-stained trouble. The danger is very real and very near.

Has this great reform ever been tried? It has been tried in Australia with such success that some of us who like to find long parallels of history see in this another world re-birth, as America was born in 1776. Remember that most of the world was ruled by kings then. It didn't seem such a tremendous thing, the breaking away of a few colonies. But the crowns have come down in France, Brazil, Spain, China, Russia, Austria, Germany, Portugal, as country after country has followed that little beginning. And world changes, toward peace and prosperity, must follow.

This change differs from most all the social plans that end in "ism" in that it involves no dictatorship. It is honest, intelligent, sane, logically American in that it does not conflict with or alter our Constitution, touch these rights inherently ours! It does right an old, old wrong; and it does place the tax responsibility where it belongs, and frees us all to enjoy the richness of a state that should never know poverty in any form, nor all the woes and crimes that follow poverty and idleness.

It is the beginning of a new day. Get your share of sunrise!

—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

IF chattel slavery be unjust, then is private property in land unjust. For, let the circumstances be what they may—the ownership of land will always give the ownership of men, to a degree measured by the necessity (real or artificial) for the use of land. This is but a statement in different form of the law of rent.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

AMERICA is unquestionably the land of opportunity. The most hopeless economic ignoramus may aspire to congress or the presidency with excellent chances of success.—SAMUEL DANZIGER.

Charles O'Connor Hennessy

HE died dictating to his acting stenographer, Miss Mary Hennessy, his half sister, the active brain in the frail body functioning to the very last.

There is nothing to regret. He had lived his life and his successes were many. He had won his spurs as a journalist, a banker, and a representative in the New Jersey legislature. He had been blessed above most men in the host of friends he had made, in the half century of a companionship with a devoted wife who preceded him in death and who watched over him with unremitting solicitude, in the honors that were showered upon him as president of the Schalkenbach Foundation, as president of the International League for Land Value Taxation and Free Trade, and foremost spokesman for the Georgeist cause in the English speaking world.

He was city editor of the old *Daily News* of this city, having graduated from the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*, and at the time the youngest city editor in New York. He was the president of the Franklin Society for Home Building and Savings. As a member of the New Jersey legislature he was closely associated with Governor Wilson and his progressive policies. As candidate for the United States Senate he was warmly supported by Governor Wilson.

Mr. Hennessy was born in Waterford, Ireland. He visited Ireland after presiding at the International Conference in London in September last.

His address in opening this remarkable convention at which representatives of many nations were gathered, was a noble setting forth of the philosophy to which his life had been devoted. It appeared in the September-October issue of LAND AND FREEDOM and was editorially noticed in the *London Times*. There also appeared in LAND AND FREEDOM of the same issue the elaborate and painstaking report from Mr. Hennessy's own hand of the proceedings of the London conference sent us, while on his way to Ireland. He did nothing by halves, and this report is a model of journalistic proficiency which he had acquired in early years and which had never forsaken him.

Senator Hennessy died at seventy-six. A son, Frank Hancock Hennessy, of Haworth, N. J., survives him.

He was a devoted friend of the Henry George School of Social Science which he had at first regarded with some doubts as to its success, for it was his nature to be cautious. But these doubts, even if they had ever taken formal shape, were soon set at rest, and in his will made in June last he leaves a very substantial bequest to the school. The sum is indeterminate and cannot be announced at this time, but it is large.

Our friend has fought the good fight. His knightly presence is no longer with us, but he has left his influence on his generation. The movement is stronger for those