

George's Story
Lent

THE GREAT ADVENTURE IN CALIFORNIA

State Headquarters, LOS ANGELES, 203 Tajo Bldg., First and Broadway. Main 4905

as constantly returning to them again. In physical structure and powers he is related to land as the fountain-jet is related to the stream, or the flame of a gas-burner to the gas that feeds it.

Hence, let other conditions be what they may, the man who, if he lives and works at all, must live and work on land belonging to another, is necessarily a slave or a pauper. . . . Property in land is as indefensible as property in man. It is so absurdly impolite, so outrageously unjust, so flagrantly subversive of the true right of property, that it can only be instituted by force and maintained by confounding in the popular mind the distinction between property in land and property in things that are the result of labor. Once that distinction is made clear and private property in land is doomed.—Henry George.

SPENDTHRIFT CALIFORNIANS

By SAMUEL DANZIGER

Those who say that "work and save" is the remedy for the high cost of living are not so far wrong as they seem to be. But in order to work properly the earth must be opened to all who want to work. As to saving now is the time to begin. As an example of sinful extravagance indulged in by the workers of California just look at the enormous amounts squandered every year in ground rents to private owners, supplemented by needless taxes on labor and its products. There is no excuse for this waste. California voters have had the opportunity twice to put an end to it and have refused each time. They could have saved all that they pay in taxes by voting for the Great Adventure, have paid for all the benefits of government by using the money wasted on private landowners, and have received the wages they earn but never get. But they preferred to continue giving wealth away to nonproducers and getting nothing in return. They are still doing so. The high cost of living is a natural result of the practice of the many contributing their earnings that a few may defray the "cost of high living." The first important step toward substituting thrift for extravagance is to vote for the Single Tax without any ifs, buts or other limitations.

Local News

Single Tax articles by the famous political writer, Edward H. Hamilton, appeared in the San Francisco Examiner on November 18th and 22nd.

W. L. Ross spoke on the Henry George theory before the Maintenance and Ways union at the Labor Temple, Los Angeles, November 22. Mr. Ross spoke also before the Hilltop Club on the Single Tax on the 26th and 29th.

The Great Adventure

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THE OBJECT OF THIS PUBLICATION IS TO SECURE A FREE EARTH BY
ABOLISHING TAXES AND TAKING GROUND RENT FOR PUBLIC USES.

The Inquisitive Boy

(Reprint)

What place is that, pa?

That is a brickyard, my son.

Whose brickyard is it, pa?

It belongs to me, my son.

Do all these big piles of brick belong to you?

Yes, my son; every brick of them.

My! how long did it take you to make them? Did you make them all alone by yourself?

No, my son; those men you see working there make them for me.

Do the men belong to you, pa?

No, my son, those men are free men. No man can own another. If he could the other would be a slave.

What is a slave, pa?

A slave, my son, is a man who has to work for another all his life for only his board and clothes.

If a slave gets sick, who pays for the doctor, pa?

Well, his owner does; he can't afford to lose his property.

Why do men work so hard, pa? Do they like it?

Well, no, I don't suppose they do, but they must work or starve.

Are these men rich, pa?

Not to any great extent, my son.

Do they own any houses, pa?

I rather guess not, my son.

Have they any horses or fine clothes, and do they go to the seaside when it's warm, like we do, pa?

Well, hardly; it takes them all their time to work for a living.

What is a living, pa?

Why, a living—well, for them a living is what they eat and wear. Isn't that board and clothes, pa?

I suppose it is.

Well, are they any better off than slaves, pa?

Of course they are, you foolish boy. Why, they're free; they don't need to work for me if they don't like; they can leave whenever they choose.

And if they leave won't they have to work, pa?

Yes, of course they will; they will have to work for some one else.

And will they get anything more than a living from him?

No; I suppose not.

Well then, how are they any better off than slaves?

Why, they have votes; they are free men.

If they get sick do you pay for the doctor, pa?

Vertrude Collins,
5100 S. Main St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Catch me! What have I got to do with it? They must pay for their own doctor.

Can you afford to lose one of the men who work for you, pa?

Of course I can; it don't make any difference to me. I can hire another whenever I like.

Then you aren't so particular about them as if they were your slaves, are you, pa?

No, I suppose not.

Then how is it better for them to be free?

Oh, don't ask foolish questions, boy.

What are bricks made of, pa?

Of clay, my son.

Do the bricks belong to the men when they make them, pa?

No, my son, they belong to me. Why, when the men make them? Because the clay is mine.

Did you make it, pa?

No; God made it, my son.

Did He make it for you, pa?

No. I bought it.

Bought it from God?

No, from a man.

Did the man buy it from God? No, of course not; he bought it from another man, I suppose.

Did the first man it was bought from buy it from God?

No, I suppose not.

How did he get it? How was it his more than anybody else's? Oh, I don't know; I suppose he just claimed it.

Then, if these men should claim it now, would it be theirs? Oh, bother, don't be asking such foolish questions.

If you didn't own the brickyard

and the clay, how would you make Oh, I don't know. I suppose I would have to work.

Would you make bricks, pa?

Maybe I would.

How would you like to make bricks for only your board and clothes, and let the man who claimed the brickyard have everything else?

Nobody'd care how I liked it. Poor people must work for their living.

If these men had brickyards of their own would they work for you, pa?

Not likely; they'd work for themselves probably.

Isn't it lucky that that man claimed this land first and that you bought it?

Why?

If he hadn't, maybe somebody else would have claimed it, and then maybe one of these men would own it now, and then—you'd have to work for him for your board and clothes.

Maybe. You ought to be thankful to Providence for his goodness to you in giving you a father who can support you without working.

Should these men's little boys be thankful to Providence, too, pa?

Well, I suppose they should.

What for, pa?

Oh, because their pas have steady work.

Is steady work a good thing, pa?

Of course it is, my son.

Then why don't you work, pa? Nobody could keep you from making bricks, could they?

No. I don't want to keep a man for brother Jim and me, and I wouldn't be a job for another man. That's kind of you, pa. Do you think if you was to wheel that man's barrow while he rested he'd get mad about it?

Oh, pshaw! gentlemen don't wheel barrows.

What's gentlemen, pa?

Why gentlemen — men who don't need to work — the upper class.

I thought there wasn't any upper classes in this country. I heard a man say all men were equal.

The man who said it was a Socialist or Anarchist, or something; or maybe it was election time and he was trying to catch votes.

Say, pa, my Sunday school teacher says we are all God's children. Is she a Socialist or Anarchist, or is she trying to catch votes?

Oh, no, that's the right thing to say in Sunday school and churches. Well, pa, honest now; are these men God's children just as much as we are?

Why, yes, my son; to be sure they are.

Say, pa, do you remember when you bought that dozen allies for makes me tired.

Yes, my son; I remember.

Well, do you think you did right?

Certainly, my son; a parent does right to correct his children and keep them from acquiring bad principles. I bought the marbles for you both. Jim had as much right to them as you.

Well, pa, if those men are God's children just as much as you, then you and they are brothers, and if you make them give you nearly all the bricks they make for allowing them the use of the clay which God made, isn't that the same as me making Jim give me his top for a chance to play with the marbles?

Oh, bother, don't ask such stupid questions.

Say, pa, do you think God thinks you a greedy little hog, and that He will punish you for grabbing that clay?

Oh, don't talk so much. Say, Jim, don't you remember when ma, put this child to bed; he

Land is the superficies of the globe—that bottom of the ocean of air to which our physical construction confines us. It is our only possible standing-place, our only possible workshop, the only reservoir from which we can draw material for the supply of our needs. Considering land in its narrow sense, as distinguished from water and air, it is still the element necessary to our use of the other elements. Without land man could not even avail himself of the light and heat of the sun or utilize the forces that pulse through matter. And whatever be his essence, man, in his physical constitution, is but a changing form of matter, a passing mode of motion, constantly drawn from nature's reservoirs and