

"I don't have to listen to this nonsense." The Gull stated. With an efficient flap of his wings he took off and soared away.

"Awk." The Parrot bobbed on his perch. "The cookie jar. You've got to watch the cookie jar!" he admonished.

The Bantam paid no heed. "We must get Dr. Robin to read the Scroll. Then all the old birds will come flocking back."

At this juncture the Crow raised a claw. Looking very serious he asked, "How will we get others to pay attention?"

"Dr. Robin will know how to solve our problems," the Bantam replied.

"But it's not the season for robins. What do we do in the meantime?"

"The Great Eagle will provide."

A fat black hen waddled into the clearing. "Just what my mother used to say," she remarked and settled down to preen her feathers.

"We must be practical." asserted the Wren. Her dark, intelligent eyes darted from one to the other as if looking for reason. "We can't persist in impractical schemes . . ."

"Exactly," the Bantam interrupted, "but nothing must change."

"The cookie jar," the Parrot said, "you've got to watch the cookie jar."

"Who?" the Owl nodded and relapsed into silence.

"Why is he so worried about the cookie jar?" Alice wanted to know.

"It's not clear to me," the Blackbird replied softly. "He may be afraid there aren't enough to go 'round. But they're not his cookies, and I don't think he even likes them."

"Well," sighed Alice, "they may have a great Scroll, but it's obvious they don't know what to do with it. I think I'll follow the Gull.

From Faf, 5 Rue Denfort Rochereau, 92100  
Boulogne, France:

Georgism is ailing, beyond doubt! In 1886  
Henry George, as mayoral candidate of the

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Reform forces, barely lost New York City to Democrat Abram Hewitt and ran substantially ahead of Republican Theodore Roosevelt. Is there more than a handful of New Yorkers left to celebrate the School's golden anniversary in a few years? Probably not.

The failure of the School is due to a double error: 1. Emphasis on a minor aspect of George's approach. 2. No follow-up of the School's graduates.

The School's teaching presented George as an economist, but who today — or any day — cares about political economy? How many of George's enthusiastic followers knew a single world of this "dismal science"? They followed a **social reformer** who explained in simple language of his day why social reform was needed and how it could be accomplished, without bloodshed, without turmoil.

Political economy was, to Henry George, a means to an end. So the School should forget about George the social reformer. This should have been, but never was, the School's task. It is very late, perhaps too late, but his aggiornamento is essential if the School is to survive. Shift the emphasis, talk of George the **social reformer** and classes will again burst with new and enthusiastic students; new men and women will volunteer to teach Henry George's "Law of Human Progress."

But the School should carefully avoid repeating the mistake of the famed sisters who tried to fill a leaky barrel. The new Georgists should have a meeting place that they can call their own. The School should offer them not only a place, but a *reason* to visit that place daily, including Saturdays and Sundays. Why should schools and universities be Necropolis — modern unvisited cities of the dead — on weekends?

From a distance things look different and the trees are less likely to hide the forest. I have been in France for two years and have given some thought and taken a few steps towards the best means of introducing Georgism in France. Maybe these ideas will be of some help to stem the decline of Henry George's theories in the States, or maybe they are so much nonsense. They are offered in the spirit of Solomon's words: "He who spares the rod hates his son."