

finer of our own country. To create a system by which sugar shall be grown in the Philippines at the expense of Cuba's production is to jeopardize our national security. The American market should be opened to Cuban sugar on an equal basis with our insular possessions. A sliding-scale system could be worked out which would protect the American beet-growers without permitting them to fleece the American public.

At the same time Cuba should bend every effort to diversify her crops and open up the land to her starving people. This again brings the problem back to the sugar companies which control most of the available land. If Cuba is to meet her problem successfully, she must take steps to create a planned sugar industry, conserving the most efficient sugar plants and seeing that they are so distributed as best to provide for domestic and foreign needs; she must devise a system by which the lands not needed for sugar cultivation be made available for her people. Just as the oil pipe-lines in this country were made common carriers to avoid complete oil monopoly, so the company railroads in Cuba, which now have a stranglehold on vast areas, whole counties and towns, should be made accessible to all who wish to pay for their use. The same should be made true of the present company ports. Taxation should be more equitably distributed. At present the burden of taxation falls upon urban property, the last refuge of the Cuban, rather than on the powerful foreign companies who have made the greatest profits.

These steps would give Cuban labor a better bargaining power. The dispositions forbidding the importation of ignorant black labor from Haiti and Jamaica should be rigidly enforced and heavy penalties put upon any one who makes use of smuggled labor. Cuban labor should be given protection not less than that guaranteed by our own NRA.

Only a broad-gauge meeting of this problem can bring Cuba out of the economic doldrums and make her again a going concern; for to enforce labor scales

without providing a market for sugar would court disaster. Cuba, though she is insisting on being relieved of our tutelage, should have our co-operation, which she earnestly wants, in undertakings which are conditioned by her relations with us.

Tax equalization should extend to public utilities. The public utility companies had a direct protector in Machado, former official of one of the largest companies, who reduced taxes for them, refused to permit the safe-guarding of proper labor conditions and allowed the raising of rates to outlandish figures, while making consumers' strikes a treasonable military offense.

The new government will never make its way and at the same time meet the foreign debt obligations. A moratorium is imperative to avoid default. In the interim of non-payment these loans and the manner of contracting them, in some cases in violation of the Platt Amendment, should be carefully examined and the debt justly scaled down.

Such, in any event, are some of the problems, about which Young Cuba is concerning itself; and the solutions proposed are those here presented. Against these efforts will be brought to bear every sort of pressure upon the new government and upon Washington. But if any one is likely to see with sympathy that the Cubans should have the same right to take steps to restore national economy as we ourselves have, especially when their crisis has been even worse than ours, that Cuba is equally entitled to a New Deal, it is the present incumbent of the White House. The advantages to both Cuba and the United States of a completely Cuban solution are so great that our government should lean backward, even accepting property loss and the temporary emigration of resident Americans, rather than resort to armed intervention, which would render such a solution impossible, which would pile upon us grave responsibilities without evolving any real Cuban capacity for self government, and which would bring upon us the reproaches of all of Latin America.

## GREEN TREE, MY BODY

*By Gilbert Maxwell*

SLOWLY the puzzled brain in shaping a thought  
Has come upon this truth beyond denial:  
Only by grief is the stupid body taught,  
Only by cold and fear and the fire's trial. . . .

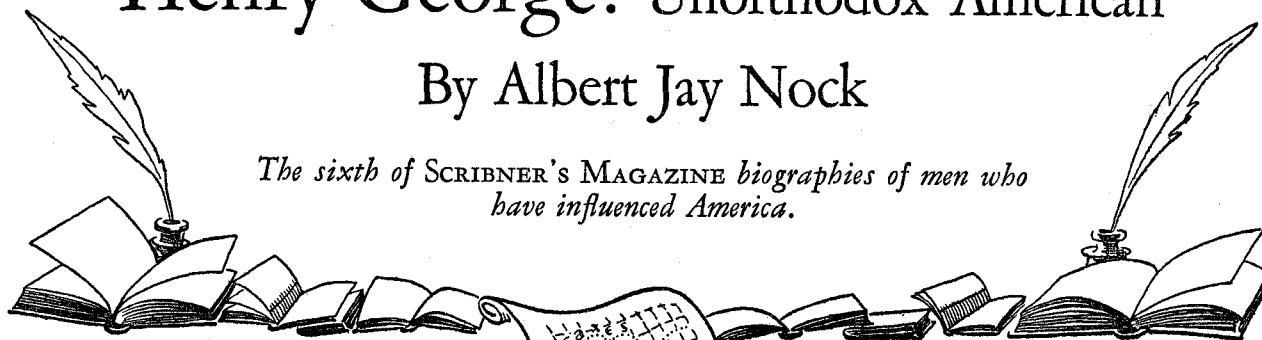
Green tree, my body, that had grown so tall,  
Wherefore, I said, are you so stricken now?  
Sere is the leaf, and shortly with its fall  
Sorrow will lie like snow along the bough. . . .

Slowly the mind made answer: "Though the root  
Be nourished in distress, the bough shall bear  
In greater measure, wisdom for its fruit;  
The thorn of grief shall blossom on the air!"

# Henry George: Unorthodox American

By Albert Jay Nock

*The sixth of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE biographies of men who have influenced America.*



**A** DEPRESSION was on in the year 1864. In those days depressions did not go by their Latin name as a rule, except when people wanted to put on airs about them, but were called by the simple English name of hard times. This streak of hard times lay very heavily on the Pacific Coast. It was aggravated by a great drouth that burned up the grain crop and pasturage, and killed most of the cattle on the ranches. There was no business in farming or ranching, industries were closed down, and commerce was at a dead halt.

At this time Henry George was twenty-five years old, living miserably in San Francisco, where, after a long struggle with misfortune, he had set up in a small way as a job printer. He had a wife and child, and his wife was shortly to give birth again. He could get no work, whether at printing or anything else, nor could he ask help from any one, for all the people he knew were wretchedly poor. Long afterward, speaking of this period, he said that as things went from bad to worse—

"I came near starving to death, and at one time I was so close to it that I think I should have done so but for the job of printing a few cards which enabled us to buy a little corn meal. In this darkest time in my life my second child was born."

When this event happened he had no money, no food, no way to provide his wife with any care; he was alone in a bare lodging with a helpless suffering woman and a new-born baby. In a desperate state of mind he left the house and took to the last resort of the destitute.

"I walked along the street and made up my mind to get money from the first man whose appearance might indicate that he had it to give. I stopped a man, a stranger, and told him I wanted five dollars. He asked what I wanted it for. I told him that my wife was confined and that I had nothing to give her to eat. He

gave me the money. If he had not, I think I was desperate enough to have killed him."

Henry George had seen depressions before. When he was sixteen years old he saw one in Australia, where he lay in port for a month as foremast-boy on an old East Indiaman sailing out of New York for Melbourne and Calcutta. There he found times "very hard ashore, thousands with nothing to do and nothing to eat." Two years later, in 1857, another depression threw him out of work in Philadelphia and sent him wandering to the Pacific Coast. After 1864, too, he was to be wrecked by still another depression, when the appalling hard times which followed the panic of 1873 broke up in succession two newspaper enterprises which had employed him, and he was once more set adrift and penniless.

Thus it was that the question occurred to him, why do these depressions happen? Why should there be any hard times? Nobody seemed to know. People took depressions as they took tuberculosis or typhoid, or as people in the Middle Ages took the bubonic plague, as something bound to happen, something that had to be put up with. They had always happened about once every so often, undoubtedly would always go on happening, and that was that. Yet in the nature of things there seemed no reason why they should happen. There was plenty of natural opportunity for everybody, plenty of everything that anybody could possibly need. The country was not poor and overpopulated—far from it. On the contrary, it was fabulously rich and had only a thin and straggling population. Nevertheless, every so often, with a strange regularity, hard times came around and vast masses of the people were left without work and without bread.

There must be some reason for this which no one had as yet discovered, and Henry George made up his mind that if he lived he would find out what it was.

Somehow he did manage to live. By one means or