

The Land of Cuba

“**T**AKING the value of the whole of the Island of Cuba as zero at the time of its discovery (since the discoverers paid nothing for it, having acquired it by deception and violence from the Indians) and comparing this figure with the enormous total of \$3,500,000,000, which is the present value of the soil of Cuba, based on very conservative calculations, we can estimate, without taking interests into account, that this sum is the approximate amount of what generations of workers have produced for the benefit of generations of landlords. But the cold and unemotional figures cannot give even a remote idea of what this gigantic and prolonged injustice has accomplished in poverty and suffering. But let us put aside what is past. Reckoning the annual net return of this sum at 6%, the people of Cuba paid last year the sum of \$210,000,000 to the landlords, or double the amount of what is paid to the national, provincial and municipal governments. We are much concerned when our government is costly and wasteful; but after all, our government, however bad, renders some service, even though deficient. On the other hand, our landlords, in their character of landlords, render us no service whatever.”

(From an address by Evaristo Montalvo y Leblanc, before the Rotary Club of Cienfuegos, Cuba.)

IN transmitting a subscription for membership in the International Union for Land Value Taxation and Free Trade, Miss Florence Garvin, of Arden, Delaware, writes:

“The international basis of work is the only practical one. Your Memorandum for free trade presented to the Conference of the League of Nations in May embodies the principles I have been trying for years to present to Single Taxers. Since the World War, free trade, it seems to me, is that part of the economics of Henry George that is most ripe and ready to go over. The fact that your Memorandum is to be translated and circulated in all European languages is following the line of least resistance in the work for free trade.”

Miss Garvin is the daughter of the late Lucius F. C. Garvin, one time governor of the State of Rhode Island, and during his life-time, an ardent advocate of the ideas of Henry George.

BOOK NOTICES

BUNK *

“Bunk” is an unpromising title, but the book is worth reading, especially to a Single Taxer, or even to a Socialist. The author sees the land question; in the chapter, “Adventures in Realty,” he makes a clear and accurate statement of it, showing that land values (by which he means land prices) are not wealth, but a “demand note on wealth,” and indicates that our children will not pay grand-papa’s note. The

* Bunk. By W. E. Woodward (Harpers.)

author seems to have grasped no better solution than the Socialist one, but he does not endorse that—seems rather shy of it in fact.

The book is full of astute remarks amusingly put, such as (page 229) “You put new ideas over by making people laugh—all new ideas are looked upon as dangerous. So you get a man laughing and before you know it you have passed your ideas on to him.” (That is what I did with “The Game of Life” and people bought ten thousand copies before anybody on the outside found it out.)

On the whole the book, besides being a good story, is a worthy successor to “Main Street” and comes much nearer getting somewhere.

—BOLTON HALL.

JOSIAH C. WEDGEWOOD'S "ESSAYS AND ADVENTURES OF A LABOUR M.P."

This is a volume mostly of incidents and conclusions drawn from the author's vastly varied and dramatic experiences. Two chapters are a lucid statement of the plan of full taxation of land values. Col. Wedgewood's style is always vivid and captivating, but his picture of the Galipoli incident of the war is a pen picture in the unpopular style of Vereschagin.—Thus (page 190):

“Then night came, but a house in Seddel Bahr was burning brightly, and there was a full moon. We disembarked men at once. All around the wounded cried for help and shelter against the bullets, but there was no room on boats or gangway for anything but the men to go to shore. For three hours I stood at the end of the rocks up to my waist in water, my legs jammed between dead men, and helped men from the last boat to the rocks. Every man who landed that night jumped on to the backs of dead men, to the most horrible accompaniment in the world. It was then that I first learnt the shout of “Allah,” for the Turks charged. All night long the battle raged. On shore everyone was firing at they knew not what. Our men went up the hill through the Turks; and the Turks came down through ours to the beach. Over and past each other they went, sometimes not seeing, sometimes glad to pass on in the darkness. One party of our men were found by daylight at the top of the gully on the left in touch with the Lancashires.”

Col. Wedgewood's British reticence makes it less than a biography; it is rather a set of sketches of moral and physical adventures—but much more thrilling than any recounting the years of a life.

—BOLTON HALL.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUT OF PRINT

EDITOR LAND AND FREEDOM:—

Last night I attended a big Eamon de Valera gathering here, and it made me think of one of the best propaganda pamphlets you ever wrote—the “Open Letter to de Valera”—and if I had them I would surely send a few to some of his leaders and perhaps to others, too. I suppose all you will have to say is “out of print.”

Detroit, Mich.

CLEMENS GERHARD.

WORK IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

EDITOR LAND AND FREEDOM:—

I have just returned from the election campaign on the West Coast. I was away nine weeks, travelled about 5000 miles, addressed over 50 meetings, and (at time of writing) have secured over 1800 votes. Three years ago I secured 1176 votes so there has been a big increase in support of our principles. I expect to reach about 1850 votes by the time the absent votes are counted. You will see details of the election in the April issue of the *People's Advocate*.

Adelaide, So. Australia.

E. J. CRAIGIE.