

the opportunity to toil for a reasonable subsistence.

Growing numbers of sane, honest citizens are beginning to understand the nature and origin of this contrast, and to urge a determined course of political remedy.

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ANOTHER GREAT CHURCHILL SPEECH.

Principal Portions of a Speech by the Right Honorable Winston Churchill of the British Cabinet at
Palace Theater, Leicester, England, Sept.

4th, Before an Audience of 4,000.

From the Manchester (Eng.)

Guardian of Sept.

6th, 1909.

Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen: You have very rightly said that the Budget League has very successful meetings. We have a great many of them, and, as you have said, there are a good many meetings of the Budget Protest League which are, in fact, little less than demonstrations in favor of the Budget. (Laughter and "Hear, hear.") But there is one great difficulty which confronts a speaker at Budget League meetings—he has nobody to reply to. (Laughter.)

It is quite true that the small fry of the Tory party have been splashing actively about in their proper puddles. It is true that Mr. Balfour, however, the great leader who means to lead (laughter)—he has been meaning to lead for the last six years if he could only find out where on earth to lead to;—it is quite true that Mr. Balfour from time to time emits four or five columns of insipid equivocation which the newspapers whose proprietors he has taken the precaution to make into barons hasten to claim as "another epoch-making pronouncement." (Laughter.)

What I want to draw your attention to is the appalling lack of anything like a leader or a spokesman on the Tory side who is capable of commanding public attention, of conducting adequately this great controversy and debate upon which we are now engaged. The millionaire newspapers—do not forget that, although they are sold very cheap and sometimes play rather low, nevertheless they are the organs of rich gentlemen and are used in the interests of wealth as such,—the millionaire newspapers are painfully conscious of the absence of any popular and effective figure on their side. (A voice: "No, no.") The "Times" for some time made an effort to bring out Lord Rothschild as a "great" Tory democratic leader (laughter), but he retired hurt (laughter and cheers) after one round with Mr. Lloyd George. (Laughter and cheers.) The "Daily Mail" ("Oh, oh") was rather inclined to take up Lord Rosebery (a voice: "They can have him") if they only knew what he was going to say. (Laughter.) The

"Daily Telegraph" holds up its hands in pious lamentation and says, "Oh, if we only had Mr. Chamberlain in his prime, how he would have answered that wicked Limehouse speech." (Laughter.)

I am sure that we are all very sorry that Mr. Chamberlain cannot take part in this controversy, and we all deplore the perverse misfortune which keeps him at once so near and so far from the fighting line. When the "Daily Telegraph" talks about Mr. Chamberlain in his prime, we are forced to remember that that would be the Mr. Chamberlain of 1885. (Cheers.) If we had the Mr. Chamberlain of 1885 with us today he would not have answered the Limehouse speech. He would have made it. (Cheers.)

And so in the absence of anything popular and effective, in the absence of any commanding voice, the Tory party have had to fall back upon the dukes. (Laughter.)

Do not let us be too hard upon them. It is poor sport, almost like catching goldfish. These ornamental creatures blunder on every hook they see, and there is no sport whatever in trying to catch them. (Laughter.) It would be barbarous to leave them gasping on the bank of public ridicule upon which they have landed themselves. Let us put them back gently and tenderly into their fountains, and if a few bright golden scales have been rubbed off in what the Prime Minister calls the variegated handling they have received, they will soon get over it. They have got plenty more.

But although there is very little to answer at the present time, and only the well-known arguments put in the well-known forms to refute, we must not forget the stubborn forces and heavy labors and serious hazards that confront us, and will do so, before the people's budget has become the law of the land. Do not let us underrate them. Let us survey the situation.

For good or for ill, we have the power today to choose our future, and I believe there is no nation in the world, perhaps there never has been in history any nation which at one and the same moment was confronted with such opposite possibilities. We are threatened on the one hand by more melancholy disaster, and cheered on the other by more bright, yet not unreasonable, hopes. The two roads are open. We stand at the crossways. If we stand on in the old happy-go-lucky way—the richer classes ever growing in wealth and in number, and the very poor remaining plunged or plunging ever deeper in helpless, hopeless misery—then I think there is nothing before us but savage strife between class and class, with its increasing disorganization, with increasing waste of human strength and human virtue; nothing but that dual degeneration which comes from the simultaneous waste of extreme wealth and of extreme want. (Hear, hear.)

We have over here lately Colonial editors

from all the Colonies of the British Empire. What is the opinion which they expressed as to the worst thing they saw in the old country? From every Colony they have expressed the opinion that the worst feature they saw was the extremes of poverty side by side with the extremes of luxury. ("Hear, hear," and some interruptions.)

Don't you think it is very impressive to find a statement like that, made in all friendship and sincerity by men of our own race who have come from lands which are so widely scattered over the surface of the earth, and are the product of such varied conditions? Is it not impressive to find that they are all agreed—coming as they did from Australia or Canada or South Africa—that the greatest danger to the British Empire and to the British people is not to be found among the enormous fleets and armies of the European Continent or in the solemn problems of Hindustan? It is not in the Yellow Peril, or the Black Peril, or any danger in the wide circuit of colonial and foreign affairs. It is here in our midst, close at home, close at hand, in the vast growing cities of England and Scotland, and in the dwindling and cramped villages of our denuded countryside. It is there you will find the seeds of Imperial ruin and national decay. The awful gap between rich and poor, the divorce of the people from the land (cheers), the want of proper discipline and training in our young people (hear, hear), the exploitation of boy labor (hear, hear), the physical degeneration which seems to follow so swiftly on civilized poverty, the awful jumble of an obsolete poor law (hear, hear), the horrid havoc of the liquor traffic (loud and prolonged cheers), the constant insecurity in the means of subsistence and employment which breaks the heart of many a sober, hard-working man (hear, hear), the absence of any established minimum standard of life and comfort among the workers; and the other end, the swift increase of vulgar, joyless luxury (hear, hear). Here are the enemies of Britain. Beware lest they shatter the foundations of her power. (Loud cheers.)

Then look at the other side. Look at the forces for good—the moral forces, the spiritual forces, the civic, the scientific, the patriotic forces which make for order and harmony and health and life,—are they not tremendous? Do we not see them everywhere, in every town, in every class, in every creed—strong forces worthy of old England, coming to her rescue, fighting for her soul? That is the situation in our country as I see it this afternoon. Two great armies, evenly matched, locked in fierce conflict with each other all along the line, swaying backwards and forwards in strife, and, for my part, I am confident that the right will win. (Cheers.) That the generous influences will triumph over the selfish influences, that the organizing forces will devour the forces of degeneration, and that the British people will emerge triumphant

from their struggles to clear the road and lead the march amongst the foremost nations of the world.

I want to ask you a question. I dare say there are some of you who do not like this or that particular point in the budget, who do not like some particular argument or phrase which some of us may have used in advocating or defending it. But it is not of these details that I speak. The question I want each of you to ask himself is this: On which side of this great battle which I have described to you does the Budget count? (Loud cheers.)

I want to tell you about the meaning and the spirit of the Budget. Upon the Budget and upon the policy of the Budget depends a far-reaching plan of social organization designed to give a greater measure of security to all classes, but particularly to the laboring classes. (Cheers.)

The Budget and the policy of the Budget is the first conscious attempt on the part of the state to build up a better and a more scientific organization of society for the workers of the country, and it is for you to say at no very distant date (a voice: "We'll say it," and cheers) whether all this effort for a great coherent scheme of social reconstruction is to be swept away into the region of lost endeavors. (Cries of "Never," and a voice: "What are you going to do with the Lords?" and cheers.) That is the main aspect of the budget to which I wish to draw your attention.

But there is another significance of the highest importance which attaches to the budget. I mean the new attitude of the state towards wealth. Formerly the only question of the taxgatherer was: "How much have you got?" We ask that question still (laughter and cheers), and there is a general feeling recognized as just by all parties that the rate of taxation should be greater for large incomes than for small. As to how much greater, parties are no doubt in dispute. (Laughter). But now a new question has arisen. We do not only ask today: "How much have you got?" We also ask: "How did you get it?" (Cheers.)

Did you earn it by yourself, or has it just been left you by others? Was it gained by processes which are in themselves beneficial to the community in general? or was it gained by processes which have done no good to anyone, only harm? Was it gained by the enterprise and capacity necessary to found a business? or merely by squeezing and bleeding the owner and founder of the business? Was it gained by supplying the capital which industry needs? or by denying, except at an extortionate price, the land which industry requires? Was it derived from active reproductive processes? or merely by squatting on some piece of necessary land till enterprise and labor and natural interests and municipal interests had to buy you out at fifty times the agricultural value? Was it gained from opening new minerals to the service of man? or by sucking a mining royalty

from the toil of others? Was it gained by the curious process of using political influence and converting an annual license into a practical freehold, and thereby pocketing a monopoly value which properly belongs to the state? How did you get it?

It is just as well that you should keep these issues clearly before you during the weeks in which we seem to be marching towards a grave Constitutional crisis. But I should like to tell you that a general election consequent upon the rejection of the budget by the Lords would not, ought not, and could not be fought upon the budget alone. (Cheers.)

Budgets come, as the late Lord Salisbury said in 1894, and budgets go. Every Government has its own expenditure for each year. Every Government has hitherto been entitled to make its own provision to meet that expenditure. There is a budget every year. Memorable as the Budget of my right honorable friend may be, far-reaching as is the policy dependent upon it, the finance bill, after all, is only in its character an annual affair.

But the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords would not be an annual affair. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

It would be a violent rupture of Constitutional custom and usage extending over 300 years, and recognized during all that time by the leaders of every part in the state. It would involve a sharp and sensible breach with the traditions of the past. And what does the House of Lords depend upon if not upon the traditions of the past? (Cheers.) It would amount to an attempt at revolution, not by the poor but by the rich, not by the masses but by the privileged few, not in the name of progress but in that of reaction, not for the purpose of broadening the framework of the state but of greatly narrowing it. Such an attempt, whatever you may think of it, would be historic in its character; and the results of the battle fought upon it, whoever won, must inevitably be not of an annual but of a permanent and final character. (Cheers.)

The result of such an election must mean an alteration of the veto of the House of Lords. (More cheers.) If they win (Voices: "They won't" and "Never") they will have asserted their right not merely to reject the legislation of the House of Commons but to control the finances of the country. And if they lose we will smash to pieces their veto. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

I say to you that we do not seek the struggle. But if it is to come it could never come better than now. (Loud cheers.) Never again perhaps, not for many years in any case, will such an opportunity be presented to the British democracy. Never will the ground be more favorable. Never will the issues be more clearly or more vividly defined. (Cheers.)

Those issues will be whether taxation which is

admitted on all sides to be necessary shall be imposed upon luxuries, superfluities, and monopolies, or upon the prime necessities of life; whether you shall put your tax upon the unearned increment in land or upon the daily bread of labor; whether the policy of constructive social reform on which we are embarked and which expands and deepens as we advance, shall be carried through and given a fair chance, or whether it shall be brought to a dead stop, and all the energies and attention of the state devoted to Jingo armaments and senseless foreign adventure. And lastly, the issue will be whether the British people in the year of grace 1909 are going to be ruled through a representative assembly elected by six or seven millions of voters and about which everyone in the country has a chance of being consulted, or whether they are going to allow themselves to be dictated to and domineered over by a miserable minority of titled persons (laughter), who represent nobody, who are responsible to nobody, and who only scurry up to London to vote in their party interests, in their class interests, and in their own interests.

These will be the issues of the struggle, and I am glad that the responsibility for such a struggle, if it should come, will rest with the House of Lords themselves. (Hear, hear.) But if it is to come we do not need to complain. We will not draw back from it. (Hear, hear.) We will engage in it with all our hearts, it being always clearly understood that the fight will be a fight to the finish (loud cheers), and that the fullest forfeits which are in accordance with the national interests shall be exacted from the defeated foe. (Loud cheers.)

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BOOM-A-LOOMA.

What's dat ol' Adam is a gwine foh to eat?

Hol' on, Adam, hol' on!

It ain't a hunk er bread, an' it ain't a hunk er meat;

Hol' on, Adam, hol' on.

Adam was de on'y man dat wasn't bohn en bred,

But I'se boun' foh to tell you dat po' Adam is dead.

Wif a boomalooma, boomalooma-oom.

Den it's men' my shroud

Wif a silver cloud,

Caze my ol' fren' Adam is a'waitin',

Dar's a silver spread

On a golden bed

Wha' I'se gwine to res' from Satan.

What dat ol' Ab'aham is gwine foh to do?

Hol' on, Ab'aham, hol' on!

He's a sharpenin' his knife on de sole er his shoe;

Hol' on, Ab'aham, hol' on!

Ab'aham was mighty proud en hol' up his head,

But it's mouhn, my chil'en, fo' po' Ab'aham is dead.

Wif a boomalooma, boomalooma-oom.

En my grave's done made

Wif a silver spade

Caze I'se gwine up to Ab'aham's meetin',

En we'll roas' dat ram

Dat'll tas' like ham,

En dey ain't no better eatin'.