

wrinkled hand helps a tottering foot up the slight doorstep.

The visitor sees this—the happiness here—and then the motto: “It is better to lose money than to lose love.”

It is dramatic. One feels like breaking into applause for the man who thought to write it there. What comfort have those words brought to many a despairing heart!

More than one visitor who has ridden to the infirmary in his own automobile has read that sentence and turned blindly away, for life has seemed suddenly empty for him.

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SPEECH OF LLOYD GEORGE THAT WAS CENSORED IN RUSSIA.

Portions of a Speech Made at Newcastle by Lloyd George, the British Chancellor. From the *Manchester Guardian* of October 11, 1909.*

The Financial Bill is through all its most troublesome stages, and it has emerged out of its forty days and forty nights—(laughter)—in the wilderness—(laughter)—rather strengthened and improved. We have made alterations and modifications. You cannot apply any great principles or set of principles without necessary hardships. We have done our best to meet every hard case that was presented to us—(hear, hear);—done our best and done it amidst the taunts of the very people who pressed them upon us whenever we listened to them—(laughter)—as I have had to do for five months—five months' hard labor. . . .

Although we have made alterations and modifications, the bill in its main structure remains.—(Hear, hear.) All the taxes are there.—(Laughter.)

What is the chief charge against the Budget by its opponents? That it is an attack on industry and an attack on property. I am going to demonstrate to you that it is neither. (Cheers.) It is very remarkable that since this attack on industry was first promulgated in the House of Commons trade has improved.—(Hear, hear.) It is beginning to recover from the great crash which first of all came from America, the country of high tariffs—(hear,hear)—and it has improved steadily.

Only one stock has gone down badly. There has been a great slump in dukes.—(Laughter and cheers.) These used to stand rather high in the market—(laughter),—especially in the Tory market; but the Tory press has discovered that they are of no value.—(Laughter.) They have been

making speeches recently. One specially expensive duke made a speech, and all the Tory press said: “Well, now, really, is that the sort of thing we are spending £250,000 a year upon?” Because a fully equipped duke costs as much to keep up as two Dreadnoughts (laughter),—and they are just as great a terror—(renewed laughter),—and they last longer.—(More laughter.) . . . As long as they were contented to be mere idols on their pedestals, preserving that stately silence which became their rank and their intelligence—(laughter)—all went well, and the average British citizen rather looked up to them, and said to himself, “Well, if the worst comes to the worst for this old country, we have always got the dukes to fall back on.” (Laughter.) But then came the Budget. They stepped off their perch. They have been scolding like omnibus drivers, purely because the Budget cart has knocked a little of the gilt off their old stage coach.—(Laughter.) Well, we cannot put them back again. That is the only property that has gone down badly in the market. All the rest has improved. The prospects of trade are better, and that is the result of a great agitation which describes the Budget as an attack on industry and on property. . . .

The chief objection of the great landlords to this Budget lies in the fact that it has got valuation proposals.—(Hear, hear.) Why do they object to valuation? I will tell you why. It goes to the very root of all things, the land question.—(Hear, hear.) There has never been a public undertaking in this country, municipal, state, or industrial, there has never been an enterprise, a commercial one, but what the landlord has generally secured anything from four to forty times as much for the value of the land as its agricultural price. And when I come along and say, “Here, gentlemen, you have escaped long enough.—(Cheers.) It is your turn now,” . . . they say to me: “You are a thief—(laughter);—you are worse, you are an attorney—(loud laughter);—worst of all, you are a Welshman.”—(Renewed laughter and cheers.) That always is the crowning epithet. Well, gentlemen, I don't apologize—(hear, hear),—and I don't mind telling you that if I could I would not.—(Cheers.) I am proud of the little land among the hills.—(Cheers.) But there is one thing I should like to say whenever they hurl my nationality at my head. I say to them: “You Unionists—(loud laughter and cheers),—hypocrites, pharisees, you are the people who in every peroration”—well, not in every case; they have only got one—(laughter)—“always talk about our being one kith and kin throughout the Empire, and yet if any man dares to aspire to any position, if he does not belong to the particular nationality which you have dignified by choosing your parents from—(laughter and cheers)—you have no use for him.” Well,

*This is the speech the telegraphic reports of which were suppressed by the Russian censor as too revolutionary for Russia. See *The Public* of October 22, page 1020.

they have got to stand the Welshman this time.—(Cheers.) . . .

Landlords have no nationality. Their characteristics are cosmopolitan.—(Laughter.) This case was given me the other day from Yorkshire of all places in the world, as it illustrates practically every tax which I propose in my Budget. If you can stand it I will tell you this story—(“Go on”),—and as I have it on the authority of the managing director of the concern—well, he is responsible. It is the story of a district in Yorkshire which four or five years ago was purely agricultural, really agricultural, receiving half its rates as agricultural land from your taxes and mine.—(Hear, hear.) There was not a village within four miles of it, not an industry, not a factory, not a coal mine; and some very enterprising mining investors came along and said: “We think there’s coal here.” They went to the landlord and said, “Will you allow us to dig for coal here?” and he said, “For a consideration, of course.”—(Laughter.) “Quite a trifle, only sixpence;” and he said “Certainly.” So he allowed them to do it. He said, “I will only charge you sixpence a ton on all the coal that comes up.” They said, “What about the surface?” “Oh, certainly, I will sell you any surface land you want for the purpose for a consideration.” “Well, what do you want?” they said. “You are receiving now 15s. 6d. an acre. What will you want from us?” “Well,” he said, “£4 an acre.” Then they said to him, “We must bring workmen here, and as there are no cottages we shall have to build them, and we propose building a model village,” said these mining investors. And they have built one of the most beautiful model villages in the kingdom.—(Hear, hear.) And they said, “Will you allow us to build a few cottages?” “Certainly,” he said. “I shall want a small return—[laughter] £6 or £10 an acre.” Quite moderate, and I am not holding him up to pillory him. This landlord is really a most moderate landlord. The land was at 15s. 6d., and he charges £10. Well, that is only eighteen times the value of the land. I can give you cases where landlords have charged 30, 40, even 100 times the value of the land. This man has been most moderate—only 18 times its value. Then he said to them, “There is the fish pond rather near your model village. I don’t think it will be worth much afterwards, whatever it’s worth now, so I think you had better take it.” They said, “All right, it will be rather good sport to fish either for trout or tadpoles”—(laughter),—and he said, “I am getting £1 for it now. I will let you have it for eighteen guineas a year, cheap.”—(Laughter.) They started. They spent half a million without knowing what would happen. It was a real speculation, a real risk. They took it on, speculated half a million, discovered the coal, and the landowner is getting royalties now at the rate

of nearly £20,000 per annum. He is getting, in addition to the £4 per annum for every acre of land on the surface used by the colliery, £6 to £10 per annum per acre for all the cottages. Then he charges £4 per annum for tipping rubbish and £10 per annum for workmen’s cottages, and he is making a good thing out of it—making a very good thing out of it.—(Laughter.) Now, recently, as they are prospering and getting more and more coal, in a very short time they will be paying £40,000 per annum for this land for the royalties alone, the landlord never having spent a penny upon it. . . .

Now where does my Budget come in?—(Laughter.) It comes in rather late, I admit. It ought to have come in in one of the earlier chapters; still it comes in soon enough to give the story a happy ending.—(Laughter.) When the £40,000 royalty comes, 5 per cent for the first time will come to the state.—(“Hear, hear,” and a voice, “Too little.”) The land outside, the land which is nominally agricultural land, but which is really now valuable building land, will pay a halfpenny in the pound. When it is sold we will get 20 per cent on the increase—(hear, hear),—and when the landlord passes away to another sphere—(laughter)—we shall then get the dead rent—(loud laughter)—20 per cent on the increase. More than that, we have had another little provision. We have considered his case thoroughly.—(Laughter.) When these cottages fall in and his heir comes and walks in for the whole of this beautiful model village—this model landlord of a model village—the state will then under this Budget say, “Very well; if you really must take all that property I think we had better get a toll of 10 per cent off it.” At any rate we shall be able to do something for the people who live in these cottages. We have got another little provision. He has only leased one seam of coal. They have discovered, I think, four seams. Some day the other three seams will probably be leased, and then—the 5 per cent only applies to existing collieries, but we have got a special provision for future collieries—(laughter)—we shall then ask from him not 5 per cent of the royalty but 20 per cent.—(Loud cheers.) Where is the injustice there?—(Cries of “None.”) I agree with you.—(Laughter.) I have been listening to criticism for five months, and they could not point out a single injustice in it; they simply scolded at large.

We are going to send the bill up—all the taxes or none.—(Loud and prolonged cheers.) What will the Lords do?—(Laughter.) I tell you frankly it is a matter which concerns them far more than it concerns us.—(Hear, hear.) The more irresponsible and feather-headed amongst them—(laughter)—want to throw it out; but what will the rest do? It will depend on the weather.—(Laughter.) There are some who are

not fair weather sailors, and they will go on; but poor Lord Lansdowne—(laughter),—with his creaky old ship and his mutinous crew! There he is; he has got to sail through the narrows with one eye on the weather glass—(laughter)—and the other on the forecastle.—(More laughter.) It does not depend on him. It will depend in the first place probably on the country. The most important gentleman in the business is not Lord Lansdowne with all his adroit management of the House of Lords, not even Mr. Balfour with his invaluable services to his party; the real sailing master is Sir Arthur Acland-Hood, the Chief Whip of the Tory party, and that Ancient Mariner—(laughter)—is engaged at the present moment trying to decide whether it is safe to shoot the albatross.—(More laughter.) He will probably not discover it until too late. But still this is the great Constitutional party, and if there is one thing more than another better established about the British Constitution it is this, that the Commons and the Commons alone have the complete control of supply and ways and means.—(Hear, hear.) And what our fathers established through centuries of struggle and of strife, even of bloodshed, we are not going to be traitors to.—(Loud cheers.)

Who talks about altering and meddling with the Constitution? The constitutional party—the great constitutional party!—(Laughter.) As long as the Constitution gave rank and possession and power it was not to be interfered with; as long as it secured even their sports from intrusion and made interference with them a crime; as long as the Constitution enforced royalties and ground rents, and fees and premiums, and fines, and all the black retinue of exaction; as long as it showed writs, and summonses, and injunctions, and distresses, and warrants to enforce them, then the Constitution was inviolate. It was sacred; it was something that was put in the same category as religion, that no man ought to touch, and something that the chivalry of the nation ought to range in defense of. But the moment the Constitution looks round, the moment the Constitution begins to discover that there are millions of people outside the park gates who need attention—(hear, hear)—then the Constitution is to be torn to pieces.

Let them realize what they are doing.—(Cheers.) They are forcing a revolution.—(Hear, hear, and a voice: "And they will get it.") But the Lords may decree a revolution which the people will direct.—(Cheers.) If they begin, issues will be raised that they little dream of.—(Cheers.) Questions will be asked which are now whispered in humble voices, and answers will be demanded then with authority. The question will be asked why five hundred men, ordinary men—(laughter)—chosen accidentally from among the unemployed—(laughter)—should over-

ride the judgment—the deliberate judgment—of millions of people who are engaged in the industry which makes the wealth of the country.—(Hear, hear.) That is one question.

Another will be, Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite; who made ten thousand people owners of the soil and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth?—(Cheers.) - Who is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labor to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when at the end of his days he claims at the hands of the community he served a poor pension of eightpence a day, he can only get it through a revolution; and another man who does not toil receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night, whilst he slumbers, more than his poor neighbor receives in a whole year of toil?—(Shame.)

Where did the table of that law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are the questions that will be asked. The answers are charged with peril for the order of things the Peers represent, but they are fraught with rare and refreshing fruit for the parched lips of the multitude who have been treading the dusty road along which the people have marched through the dark ages which are now emerging into the light.

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FRANK PARSONS AS AN IDEALIST AND AS AN APOSTLE OF FUN- DAMENTAL DEMOCRACY.*

An Address Delivered Before the Frank Parsons Club,
at the Civic Service House, Salem Street, Boston,
on the Night of September 26th, by B. O.
Flower, Editor of the Twentieth
Century Magazine.

I wish to consider for a few minutes the life of Professor Parsons as an idealist and a fundamental democrat, in counter-distinction to that of a sordid materialist and self-seeking reactionary.

There comes an hour in the life of every man gifted with the splendid mental powers possessed by Professor Parsons, when he must make a destiny-determining choice,—a time when he reaches the parting of the ways. I remember very distinctly some conversations I had with him many years ago. He was then a Professor in the Boston University School of Law and a legal text-book writer for one of the largest legal publishing houses in the country. He had many demands for his services that would have brought him in a large monetary return; while, on the other hand, the cause of pure, free and just government called him to be her champion.

He saw that conditions were rife in city, State and nation, not only destructive to democratic gov-

*See The Public, vol. xi, pp. 630, 637, 681.