

UPLIFT FOR THE FARM LABORER IS THE HEART OF LLOYD GEORGE'S LAND SCHEME

In connection with the Liberal land campaign, Mr. Lloyd George addressed a public meeting at the Town Hall, Pwllheli, last evening. The hall, which accommodates nearly two thousand people, was crowded to the doors, the audience, as was anticipated, consisting of a large representation of the tenant farmers of that part of the country.

Mr. Lloyd George, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said: The Tories represent our program of land reform as a mere vote-catching device. You, any rate, know how utterly unjustifiable is that suggestion. (Cheers.) There are many of you present at this meeting today with whom I was associated twenty-six years ago, before I ever became a Parliamentary candidate, in a campaign throughout this district to secure the identical reforms which have now been proclaimed by the Prime Minister as an essential part of the official programme of the British Government. (Cheers.) We held meetings, not only in this town, but in all the villages around, and I can see today farmers who addressed those meetings with me.

As far as I am concerned, that was the origin of the land campaign. (Cheers.) It started with me, in the intimate knowledge I acquired, during my twenty-five years' sojourn in an agricultural district, of the methods and mischiefs of land monopoly in rural areas and small towns. When I went to the large cities to live I found that monopoly working other mischiefs in other ways, but with the same disastrous results to the well-being of the country. (Hear, hear.)

A Menace to the Community.

I observe from reports in the newspapers that some prominent Conservative landowners are urging in their speeches that the best remedy is for us to leave the land alone. ("Shame" and "Hear, hear.") They naturally object to any meddling, except, of course, by themselves. The land monopoly is like a poison running through all the veins of rural life—(Cheers)—and the last thing that a poisoner wants is the attendance of an impartial doctor. (Laughter and loud cheers.) Contrast this policy with their attitude towards trade. The trade of this country has been doing better during the last few years than it has ever done before. (Cheers.) It shows signs now of wanting to rest for a while after a great effort of exertion and strain.

Soon as it recovers, no one doubts that it will be stronger than ever. (Cheers.) But these people who object to any examination of the symptoms in the villages have been insisting through the height of the trade boom on cutting open and bandaging our trade. The healthy full-blooded person they insist on performing an operation upon. The poor anemic patient, who is obviously languishing, they decline even to allow a doctor to see. (Laughter.) It is not a case of leaving well alone, but of muddling up well and leaving ill alone. ("Shame.")

The Government must adopt this view. (Cheers.) They will be betraying the highest interests of the community, committed to their charge unless they take it in hand immediately the removing of the agrarian evils which are so serious a menace to the well-being of the community in town and country. (Cheers.) But before you undertake the care of a patient, you must know what he is suffering from. (Cheers.) Why are so many of our vigorous and robust laborers trying to escape from their native land? People do not leave the homes of their fathers except for good reasons. (Laughter.) What do they want? What do they need? What would persuade them to stay at home, or to come back? Britain needs them today. (Cheers.) She may need them still more tomorrow. (Cheers.) If real trouble befel the old land, there are 600,000 fewer laborers to defend her than there were sixty years ago. Whose lash is it that has driven the laborers in their thousands and hundreds of thousands from land which they and their ancestry have cultivated for centuries?

Driven the Laborers Away. It is not the soil that is refusing to reward their labor. There is no soil in the world that so generously requites the care that is given to it. It bestows the richest rewards upon those who care for it and nurse it and feed it and watch over it. To those who rid it of its enemies, the noxious weeds that poison it, attack it incessantly, and exhaust its strength—to such guardians it gives forth abundantly the sweetest and best food to sustain them and build up their children into strong men and women. (Cheers.) If you want to realize how it smiles on its laborers go to look at a well-kept farm in the eve of harvest. It is a picture that gladdens the eye and fills the heart with hope and joy. The soil welcomes the laborer when he stays, and it saddens and sulks when he leaves. If you want to see that go to the countryside from which the laborer has fled and where the soil has been neglected. It looks grey and

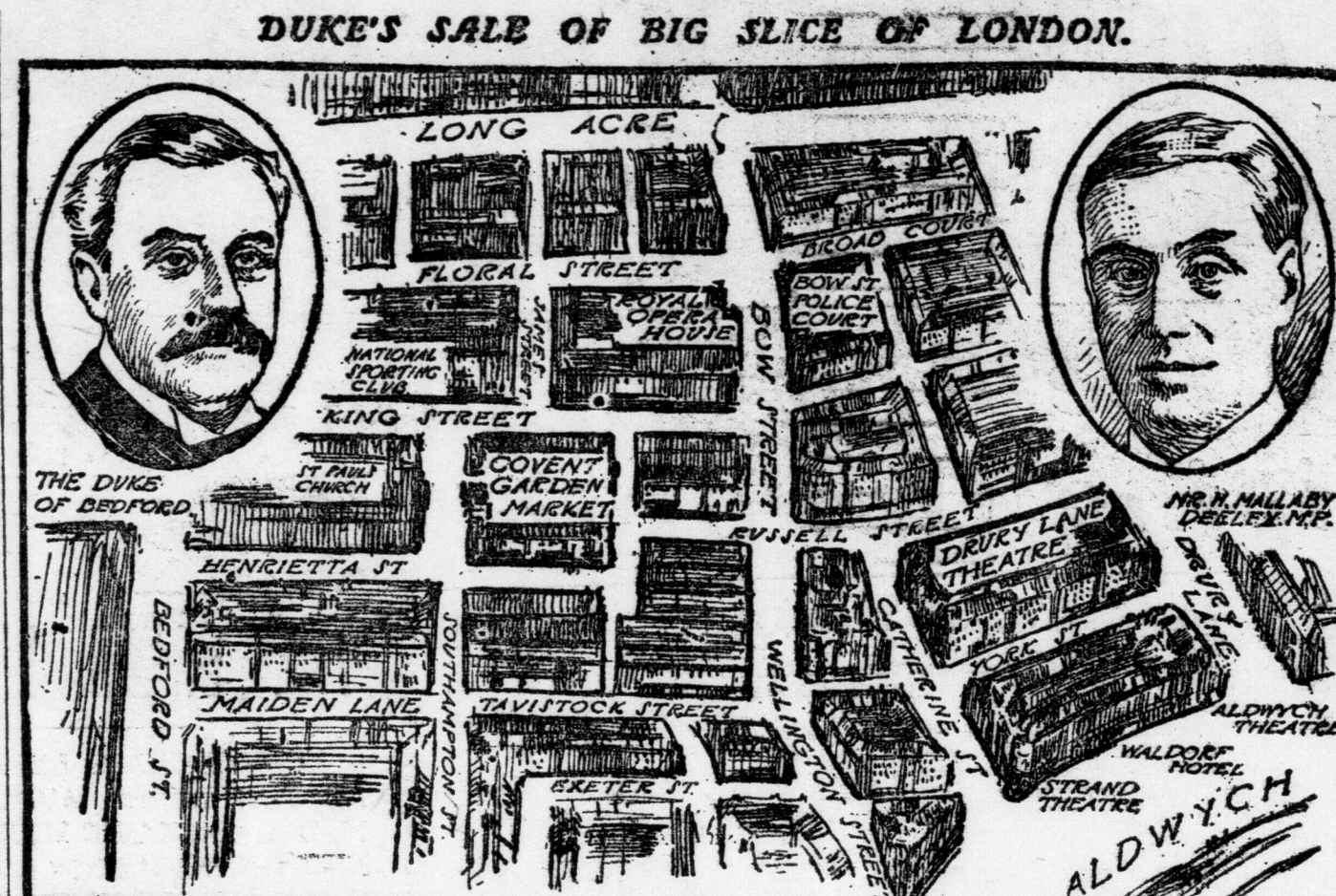
dishevelled, pining for its lost laborer. The land has not driven him away. (Hear, hear.)

The greed and selfishness and stupidity of our land system have driven him away. (Loud cheers.) If you want him back, this system must be overhauled from top to bottom, and a more rational and a more patriotic system substituted for it. (Renewed cheers.) Let us examine the conditions of this system as they apply to the laborer. I have already challenged any responsible person to dispute this statement, and if it is true it is a grave charge to bring against the land system. His wages are the lowest, his hours are the longest, and his prospects are the poorest offered to the worker in any great industry in this country. His housing is often the worst, and he has less freedom and fewer of the amenities of life than in almost any business. ("Shame.") If it be true, the marvel is that with all the opportunities which the great wide world offers to men of courage and robustness to earn an honorable and independent living, and almost without exception the worker has an abundance of good nourishing food. The farmer who stints his laborers in this respect has not realized his mistake. Laborers know when the food is inferior, and they shun the place, and the farmer finds at the hiring fair that the best laborers prefer to go elsewhere, and that he is left with the remnants or with the simple ones who do not yet know what is in store for them. (Laughter and cheers.) If all gates are thrown open every knowing animal chooses the field where the best pastures are to be found. At the hiring fair which is held here every six months all the gates are thrown open. Taking food into account, an adult laborer here earns above a pound a week. Here you are scores of miles away from the nearest good market; the land is often wild, bleak, and poor; the rents, Heaven knows, are quite high enough. Until recent high prices rents were, on the whole, on the exorbitant side. Still you paid your laborers a pound a week.

There are counties in England, near some of the best markets in the world, where the soil is better, and where the rents are much lower than there are here, where yet the laborer is paid 18s. 14s. or even down to 12s a week. This includes everything, for there the laborer has to find his own food. (Shame.) How can a man provide food, clothing, and shelter for himself and his family on such a miserable pittance, letting alone making provision for illness and for the contingencies of life? (Hear, hear.) I think you can wonder, when men are so treated, that their sons fly away anywhere, to the ends of the earth, from such a horrible prospect of English drudgery required by half starvation? (Loud cheers.)

A Minimum Living Wage. You now know what the Government has decided to do in this respect. They have decided to set up a machinery by which a minimum living wage should be fixed for every district in this country—(Cheers)—and the employer of labor will be compelled to adhere to that standard. The conditions of the district will be taken into consideration, and the sum fixed for one county or district will not essentially be the same as the one set up for another. There will be an exception made in the case of the old men, who cannot be expected to render the same service as they were capable of giving in the days of their prime, and who are kept on to do light work on the farm often from motives of kindness and goodwill. You obviously cannot in these cases insist upon the payment of the same scale as is imposed in the case of younger and more vigorous men, as they have already brought up their families, and have generally only themselves and their wives to maintain. There is, therefore, not the same urgent reason for the payment on the same full scale. This exception has already been made applicable in the case of the aged. Minimum Wage Act. As you know, the old and infirm are excluded from the operation of that Act. George 3A

As wages in this district are higher than in several other districts, and they are in some of the Southern and Eastern Counties of England, this provision will probably not make any serious inroads into the resources of the farmers here. But there are undoubtedly districts where farmers' rents would be immediately



Sketch map showing the Covent Garden estate, which was sold by the Duke of Bedford to Mr. Mallaby Deeley. Inset are portraits of buyer and seller. The price, at first said to be \$50,000,000, later was more conservatively placed at \$15,000,000. The purchaser is thought to be acting for a syndicate.

put up by a very substantial sum, and the farmers there would very naturally ask where the money is to come from. If the rent is low the farmer ought to bear it himself. But if the rent is somewhere about where it ought to be, having regard to the lowness of the wages, or if it is high, then when wages are put up the farmer will be entitled to apply to the commission which we are setting up for such a reduction of rent as will enable him to meet an increase in his wages bill. (Cheers.) Take the lowest-waged county. In Oxfordshire a reduction of rent to eightpence in the pound would enable the farmer then to pay a wage of 20s. a week to all his laborers. In some parishes in Oxfordshire the reduction of rent would have to be somewhat greater, and in others it would be less than eightpence in the pound. But there is no area in Oxfordshire where the landlords could not, without any serious sacrifice, make concessions to the farmers of their laborers a wage sufficient for plenty of food for their children and rent for a decent cottage. (Hear, hear.) Take the land of England and Wales as a whole, for every 20s. paid by the farmer in wages he pays over 25s. in rent. (Shame.) Every fair-minded man will agree that the first charge on the produce of the soil ought to be the provision of a fair living wage for the laborer who helps to create that produce. (Cheers.) Not a single sheaf of grain should be carried to the landlord's or the parson's barn until the laborer has had bread enough and to spare for himself and his family. (Hear, hear.)

A Preference Charge. The laborers, who in the past have been such an essential part of the strength of this country, are flying in scores of thousands from our shores. We must face the problem head-on. I am not fair play for everybody—for the landlord, for the parson, for the farmer, and for the laborer. (Cheers.) But if Providence has so arranged things that there is not enough fair play to go round, that agriculture in this country has not the means to pay 20s. in the pound to all its creditors, then there must be a preferential charge in favor of the cultivator of the soil, be he farmer or laborer. (Cheers.) I am not fair play for the farmer and the laborer. The landlord is no more essential to agriculture than a gold chain is to a watch. (Laughter and cheers.) Some people think it ornamental; but the watch that goes just as well without it, and if a man cannot afford both the watch and the gold chain, if he is sensible, he will stick to the watch and buy a steel chain. There are many European countries where the profession of an agricultural laborer is not considered less honorable, and if agriculture is to cut down expenses in order to keep the people on the land, I would rather economize in persons than on laborers. (Laughter.)

Agriculture is producing enough to pay a good wage to the tiller of the soil, and a good profit to the men who farm the soil. What there is above that let the owner of the soil receive. But to consider his rent first, his pleasures first—that policy has been the curse of rural Britain. (Loud cheers.) It has depopulated the countryside. What where is the government is this—that it is essential in the interests of the whole community, that the cultivator should be considered first and paragon interests come last. (Cheers.) Bad Housing Conditions. But low wages form but a portion—although a very substantial portion—of the evils of rural life. The housing conditions are appalling. You know how in the village of Carnarvonshire during the last fifty years, hundreds, if not thousands, of houses have disappeared from the countryside. This is due largely to the fact—let us speak quite frankly—that landlords have been able to spend their money in the building and upkeep of cottages. The enormous increase in the sums spent on the upkeep of same have more than absorbed the money that used to be devoted to cottage building. What is the result? A deficiency in the number of cottages, and a considerable percentage of the cottages available are pestiferous dens. (Hear, hear.)

I remember some of the boys who were with me at school—how they

carried in their lunks from some of these hovels, the germs of disease which killed them just as they reached the first years of promising manhood. Carnarvonshire has one of the worst records of consumption in Great Britain, and the abominable housing conditions are partly responsible for it. Here you have one of the healthiest promontories in the world. It is surrounded almost completely by the sea. Every wind that blows is charged with the healing essences of the great sea that surges around. You might have thought the south-western gales were expected to would pick up all the pernicious tubercles lurking in the soil of Carnarvonshire, dash their lives out against the rocks of Snowdonia, and fling their mangled remains into the Irish Sea. (Laughter and "Hear, hear.") But the houses are like impregnable citadels for every disease germ. If you want to keep the laborer on the land, you must give him a decent home. (Hear, hear.) With that house there must be a good-sized garden, which will furnish plenty of fresh, healthy food for the workman and his family all the year round. In Ireland every new cottage has half an acre of land attached to it. The laborer will use that flat road will help him to cultivate it. It provides excellent recreation and training for a child, and I am not one of those who think that labor in the garden is not fit for a woman. Let a broomhandle be gented and for feminine hands, but that the handle of a spade is not. (Laughter.)

A Better Outlook Needed. But to keep the laborer you must do much more than give good wages and a decent home. You must see before him a prospect. He has none now. It is hope that keeps life verdant, and it is hope that keeps life not irritated with hope that it looks so black. I remember Mr. Gladstone once at a parish dinner telling us how in the old coaching days, horses that had to run for miles along an absolutely straight flat road would turn up their heads and look at the top of every hill, and at every turn in the road. (Hear, hear.) At the end of his weary journey, he saw nothing but the "vewhouse." ("Shame.") We have now set up a pension office instead. (Loud cheers.) That is an improvement. But the dismal, unending monotony of the road is the

NEW CONTRALTO OF NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY



MISS SOPHIE BRASLAU, WHO IS SINGING CONTRALTO IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY.

same, and the young men whose faculties have been quickened and their imagination awakened by education are frightened by the hopelessness of the prospect, and they flee from it with a new sense of horror, which is creating a horror throughout our villages. You must give every enterprising young fellow and most people feel enterprising when they are young—a better outlook in the village. You must make it easy for them by industry and capacity and thrift to be market gardeners, small farmers, and from that, if they have it in them, climb on until they become larger farmers. There may be only a few who can succeed in raising themselves above a laborer's lot, and still fewer who can attain higher positions in the ranks of agriculture. But the knowledge that the opportunity is there and that the roads are open to those who retreat laborers to the end are given a nice house and a good-sized garden, all will be contented with their lot.

Land for the Laborers. I know the difficulties encountered in the erection of small holdings. There is the difficulty experienced in securing land available for that purpose. You naturally do not want to turn men out of land which is sadly under cultivated, to put others—not even small holders—in their place. We recognize the inconvenience and even unfairness of that, and we propose to meet it. (Cheers.) How shall we do that? A certain number of farms vacant every year through death or otherwise where there is no relative who has an obvious right in equity to the succession. It is not always that there is a son ready to step in. These farms we propose to secure the option of taking over when required for small holdings. (Cheers.) What next? There is a vast quantity of land in this country which is either not cultivated at all or which is sadly under cultivated. As to the first category, it may be that it is incapable of cultivation without the expenditure of large sums of money in drainage and reclamation. You know of hundreds if not thousands of acres of that kind of land in South Carnarvonshire. As to under-cultivated land, that is generally due to a farmer not having the capital or the enterprise necessary to make the best of the farm which he holds.

This land we propose the State should purchase and spend money in reclaiming and equipping, so that it can be let to small holders or small farmers, and to other allotments. The landlords do not care to invest such heavy sums in such an enterprise, and often they cannot afford it. But the State possesses the necessary resources. It will pay the State in more ways than one, for every workman you persuade to stay at home to till the British soil instead of crossing the ocean to plough American prairies adds to the aggregate wealth of the State. (Cheers.) He is himself a valuable asset. As to the price of land for small holdings, there is no doubt that councils are now forced to pay more for land fit for agricultural purposes. This excessive price they must pass on to the tenants. This state of things militates against the success of small holdings. The securing of land for small holdings at a fair market value is an essential part of the Government's program. (Cheers.) We look forward to being assisted to secure this by the national valuation of land now in progress. Another point in this connection is the adding of the sinking fund to the rents. This would be perfectly fair if the tenant became the owner of the land when the capital was eventually paid off. But it strikes everybody as being inequitable to compel the tenant to pay the sinking fund as part of his rent where ownership is vested in the county council. (Cheers.) When we come therefore to readjustment of the conditions of the land in this country this matter must be put right. (Applause.)

A Breath of Liberty into the Village. Last of all you must bring in a breath of liberty into the villages. The air is oppressive, and the spirit of serfdom and of obsequiousness—free men cannot live in it. (Cheers.) It is a hateful atmosphere. You must make men earning their living independent of favor and only dependent upon service. (Cheers.) Now a favor is a favor; a house is a favor; a cottage is a favor; and a piece of land to cultivate or to build upon is a favor. (Hear, hear.) Sport is a privilege. (Laughter and cheers.) The choice of your religion is a privilege. The free selection of a political faith is insubordinable. (Cheers.) You must make the village free and independent. Otherwise a real live man will not consent to live in it. (Cheers.) That is why I attach such importance to establishing complete security of tenure to every man who carelessly and faithfully cultivates the soil entrusted to his care. Without security no man can be expected to do his best in any enterprise, and it is most important that the security of this country should provide as much food as it is capable of for the people.

The soil of Britain is capable of yield-

ing twice as much as it gives forth now, and it would do so provided two things were assured. One is competent scientific training for our farmers, and the other is complete security that whenever energy, skill, and capital are put into the soil they will reap the full benefit of it themselves. We live here in the heart of a country where we know men who are turned out of their farms because they dared to vote Liberal. ("Shame.") There have been others turned out of their farms for reasons of which they have never had any satisfactory explanation. ("Shame.")—and others because the landlords wished to sell their interests in the land. In most of these cases the tenants must have been ruthlessly evicted, and the labor of a lifetime thrown away. ("Shame.")

The Attitude of the Unionists.

What do the Tories say about all this? So far, they have hardly emerged out of the fog. (Laughter.) You can see them growling their way through it. There is only one thing they are quite sure about. Whatever happens to the Liberals and the farmers, somehow or other out of this business must come more money for the Tories. (Laughter.) They are drawing out some plan for using the taxpayer's money for buying out the landlords who want to get rid of their land, and so arrange matters that the price of land will be forced up to a figure which will depend on the price. Is it going to be an auction price? I gather from Lord Lansdowne that it is. A landlord is not bound to sell to his tenants. He can sell to anyone else if he wants to. What price for his property. What manner of security is there for the tenant farmer? If a tenant farmer wishes to buy, is he not in a better position to bid if he knows his position is secure? (Hear, hear.)

If a man crossing a stream in a ferry-boat is told half-way across that the owner of the boats means to sell it, a passenger can buy it if he wants to do so; but if the only thing he wants is a safe passage across, and if he knows the new owner must take over the obligation of the old, he need not worry about the sale of the boat. (Cheers.) If he is told, however, that should the boat be sold there is another man who will take the berth, and that he and his family and his baggage will be pitched in the stream to sink or swim, he will suffer much more than if he were on dry land in order to save himself from wetting or drowning. (Applause.) So if you tell a farmer that his berth is secure, whatever he pays, he will be much less than if he knows he will be turned out of his farm to swim against the current or to sink in it. (Hear, hear.) Some of you have had experience of going into the auction-rooms to bid for your horse. You know how completely you are at the mercy of the clever auctioneer. That was in the days when you could only raise a mortgage of two-thirds or three-fourths of the purchase money, and you knew you had to find the rest somehow. That knowledge kept you from bidding much too high. But had you gone in with State credit behind you there is no knowing what you would have been tempted to give. (Laughter.) The farmer, once he gets into the auction-room to bid for his home, is as a sheep in the hands of a shearer. If he has any good pool of money, he will let it all go. (Laughter.) It is short of completely. If he can't protect his own wool in these conditions, how is he to protect himself with the taxpayers' money? Credit sales are proverbial for the high prices they fetch. On these occasions those pay the highest who can least afford to pay. (Hear, hear.)

Tory Proposal Means Ruin.

Farming is much more profitable than it used to be, and the price of land is

consequently much higher. But who can guarantee that this state of things will last? If the prices break once more and the farmer finds it difficult to pay even his ordinary outgoings, how is he going to pay the interest on inflated values which he has been tempted by State credit to pay for his farm, particularly during a period of agricultural depression? (Hear, hear.)—In the report of the Welsh Land Commission the following passage occurs: "We have now seen that many farmers who bought in times of prosperity, and had to borrow largely in order to pay what was even an extravagant price for their holdings, are now in a precarious position, and with nothing short of ruin staring them in the face." This was the unanimous conclusion of the Commissioners. Under our proposals a tenant farmer can, in the event of another agricultural depression supervening, go to the commissioners and ask for a temporary reduction in the rent until good times return. But once you are paying interest on a mortgage good and bad times make no difference, and the farmer is ruined. The landlord who has his cash in the bank, and whose agricultural depression will concern him no more.

The Tory proposal is a clever device to force up the price of land and put more money into the landlord's pocket, but it means ruin to the farmer and heavy loss to the taxpayer. (Hear, hear.) The land question affects all classes. Farmers and laborers are not alone in suffering the evils inflicted by the present unbusinesslike, extravagant, and oppressive system under which the land of this country is managed. Every tradesman in this town must suffer from the system that drives people away from the land. (Hear, hear.)

If you increase its produce and the population engaged upon it as you certainly would by rational business conditions, trade would revive in all our market towns and villages. (Cheers.) You cannot have a poorer soil, has four times as many people employed on the land. If the population in our rural districts were doubled, if you stop migration, and bring back the surplus workers of the land to the land, think what the effect will be on every class of trade and business. (Cheers.) Country districts would flourish as they have never flourished before, and there would be a fairly distributed prosperity. (Cheers.) You cannot have a few obscure places shivering miserably in the dreary mist. You have seen newly shorn lambs covering and quaking in the driving sleet. They were always a picture of misery and despair. That is what these new-born plans of Lord Lansdowne's look like. (Laughter.) They are wretched objects. (Laughter and "Hear, hear.") It is bad money for them, poor things. (Laughter.) But what is the farmer's money for the landlords to build cottages, so that they can keep the tenant still under their thumbs; more taxpayers' money to reduce landlords' burdens; still more taxpayers' money to pay his prices to landlords for their land. ("Shame.") But no security of tenure; no fair rents for the farmer; no living wage for the laborer; no independence of the landlord for anybody; no freedom in village or farm. (Cheers.)

WAS OUR MOST ANCIENT OF TRACEABLE ANCESTORS A HIGH-BROW OR A LOW-BROW?

About "The Man of Pittdown," the Oldest Human Being Known To Us, Is Waging a Great Scientific War, Upon Outcome of Which Hinges Problem of Evolution of Man.

BY KENNETH WILCOX PAYNE.

The mortal remains of the "Man of Pittdown"—the most ancient human being known, who lived perhaps 100,000 years ago—were found recently in England.

WAS THIS MAN A HIGH-BROW OR A LOW-BROW? This is the question about which a great scientific quarrel is now waging. And upon the answer to this question regarding our ancient ancestor's skull hinges the whole problem of the antiquity of all mankind!

The question has just been completely answered by a discovery made the other day in France, according to one disputant, Dr. Lucien Mayet of the University of Lyons. A portrait of one of Pittdown's relatives—unquestionably by many ages the OLDEST picture in the world—was actually found among the bones and implements in an ancient cave man's home! It was found by Dr. Lucien Mayet of the University of Lyons, buried deep in the soil underneath an overhanging rock ledge near Nantua, France. The picture is engraved of the thick, white, and of the fact alone, without the evidence of some chipped stones that were found with it, would place its date as in the middle of the pleistocene age—the age of the glaciers, when the prehistoric rhinoceros, the cave-lion, and the mammoth haunted the same caves as did slowly evolving man.

Scientists don't even attempt to calculate how long ago that was. But at any rate, whether the stone-age artist who drew that picture lived a score of thousands of years ago, or a few scores, his work is unquestionably the most ancient drawing of a human being that has ever been found. And it shows in two ways that even in that dim mysterious epoch of antiquity, man was a HIGH-BROW!

In the first place, only a highly-developed man could have made so good a portrait. Secondly, and more conclusively, the index finger in the picture boasts of a long, slender, and gracefully curved, and has, as well, the characteristic pointed chin which distinguishes the higher human from his ape-like ancestors.

But, since pleistocene man is thus proved to have been a high-brow, many scientists maintain that old Pittdown, who lived on the earth not so very long before him, geologically speaking, must also have been a very highly evolved human—and not the ape-like "missing link" that some have called him.

As Pittdown's skull was originally reconstructed by Dr. Smith Woodward of the British Museum, it showed a head very much like an ape's. It contained only about 1070 cubic centimeters, and had a narrow, receding forehead. But one of the greatest living anatomists, Dr. Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons, once disputed the accuracy of this reconstruction. He maintained that a slight mistake was made in placing two of the bones, and that, when properly put together, Pittdown's skull would contain fully 1,500 cubic centimeters of brains—which practically equals the gray-matter supply of our modern men!

It is now asserted by some French savants that the picture of the prehistoric man, with his high, broad brow, bears out Dr. Keith's argument. But the quarrel still goes on, drawing each day more scientists into its swirl. Some claim the Pittdown man was a monkey in all but brain; others claim that though his jaw was simian, articulate speech issued from it, and he was our direct ancestor; while Dr. Keith asserts that he was not our ancestor at all, but a very highly specialized descendant of a much more ancient man from whom modern humans are descended in a totally different line. But all the disputants agreed as to one thing. These two extraordinary discoveries, which have come so remarkably close together, prove that the long-sought origin of the human race upon earth lies tremendously farther back in geologic antiquity than has ever been thought before—so far back in the gloom that there is small hope now of our ever finding trace of it!

LILLIAN LORRAINE WOULD OBJECT TO HAVING HER NOSE CUT OFF



Lillian Lorraine has brought suit for divorce against "Freddie" Greisbeimer, her husband. The stage beauty alleges "Freddie" threatened to cut off her nose.