

Vol. 8

(fols. 104 - 112)

1920

18 March 1920

THE DAYSPRING IN RUSSIA

By GEORGE LANSBURY

We print below an instalment of the narrative which George Lansbury, Editor of the DAILY HERALD, will continue at his "Welcome Home" meeting on Sunday next in the Royal Albert Hall.

March 8, 1920.

After 24 days in Red Russia, I am back again in Helsinki. It is a wonderful experience to cross from one form of civilised life to another. In Russia I felt safe and free. I lived under the rule and dominion of what is considered by the outside as a terrorist tribunal, always on the look-out for someone to kill or torture. I lived amid disease and death, want and starvation, and yet was not afraid.

I walked on occasion alone at night through the streets of dimly-lighted cities which had been described to me as the haunts of bandits, brigands, and thieves, and though I wore an expensive coat (borrowed) and looked like an exceedingly prosperous middle-class person, I was never once accosted or molested. In the words of the "Yellow Press," I had come face to face with murder, I had shaken hands with the men and women responsible for the Russian Revolution—and was neither ashamed nor alarmed. My conscience, which is not yet dead, refused to condemn me, and my usual timidity when in an unknown land, in the midst of those whose language I do not understand, appeared to have deserted me, for, as I say, I felt both safe and free. There is much, very much, in any country, to trouble and perplex anyone with natural feelings of goodwill; much which, if it were possible, I, like every one else, would wish to be otherwise. But in Russia everything has the right to live, and the means to live, so far as these means can be shared out.

The Only Right Denied

The whole population is not yet Communist, but there is a big enough leaven of clear-cut conscious Communists to make it possible to say that the only right denied by the law of the land is "the right to exploit the labour of men and women." This the root cause of wars, internal and external, is being swept away. The right which brain-power and cunning give to the monopolist and exploiter has gone, so far as it can be shared out.

Most of the shops are closed or used as stores; in Petrograd the huge bakeries supply the whole population with bread—no need for thousands of bakers' shops. Even with the apparent absence of business the streets are full of people, sleighs; and there are a few motoring cars. Trams are also running. In Petrograd they are crammed with passengers, as on the Times Embankment night and morning.

Happy Russian Children

I have seen children of all ages in creches, homes and schools, and in the streets by thousands, and can honestly say I have seen nothing comparable with sights I have seen at home and at Cologne 12 months ago—though there is dirt in the streets and in court-yards behind the houses. There is suffering, too, chiefly amongst the aged, especially those who belong to the classes which, in the economic sense, have fallen.

I do not deny that the one thing which calls forth my pity is the fact that men and women brought up in affluence and wealth are now suffering pangs of hunger, and enduring the same sort of existence which was only an imagination to them in the days of their prosperity, but which was the lot of millions of their fellow human beings in those days.

No sane person ever holds individuals responsible for social and economic wrongs, but if we believe at all in the doctrine of compensation in life, then the rich who have lost their all has been a little thankful that their loss has been the great gain of the children of Russia. For all this, however, I wish it had been possible for the new Government of Russia to have done somewhat better for these people. It has been impossible, for two reasons; firstly, the blockade caused universal shortage, and, secondly, many dispossessed ones were, and still are, intrinsically, and will not settle down to work under the new régime. There is shortage of dwelling-places, so big houses must be used now for the many and not for the few. But it is a fact—which no amount of word-twisting can get over—that all who will loyally accept the new Government and are able to do any sort of useful work are welcome, and allowed to share all the nation has to give.

It may sound an absurd thing to say, but I honestly believe that, so far as material things go, the mass of the Russian people are living at a higher average standard than ever before.

There has been a levelling up as well as a levelling down. The food centres, the bread warehouses, with their long queues of people waiting for food, are as they were in England; but in Russia the cold is very intense. This food question is a difficult one to write about; women and children look as if they were in good condition, but everybody is hungry; only the children are well. There is no such disease as those diseases which we associate with German and Austrian children. I believe the reason lies in the fact that the Soviet Government has so organised food distribution that what there is to share shall be shared equally, and that all children, no matter to what class they may belong, shall have and share alike.

Back to Finland

I started out to say first how safe and free I was in Russia, and next to say how unsafe I felt here in Finland. True, the Finnish officers who met me were courteous, gave me permission to travel to Helsinki, and sent me on my way with good wishes. Nevertheless, two hours later I was surrounded in the train by an armed guard and ordered to get out, which, after a pretty hefty war of words, I did, being then escorted to another train and taken to what is styled the quarantine station, but is simply a detention prison, a most filthy and insanitary hole. I remembered Dr. Goode, and wondered how long it would be before some accident happened to me!

I had two British prisoners with me whose release I had secured because they were sick; they were also treated pretty badly.

I sent off telegrams to Lord Acton, British Minister, and to the Foreign Secretary and the leader of the Social Democrats. Within about 30 hours three representatives of Britain arrived, and after our fifth day we were set free. I do not blame the chief officials for what happened to us. Someone blundered, and when it was discovered everything was explained quite satisfactorily, but at the time of my arrest anything might have happened.

Freedom

People yell in the British Press about the lack of freedom of the Press, public meeting and movement in Russia, which has had four external wars, plus which war (still going on) for three years; my experience is that there is infinitely more freedom in Red Russia than here, and in some respects more even than in England.

There are reasons why freedom is curtailed in Finland; it is not for me to complain of my treatment. I am sure those in authority had no desire to treat me otherwise than as a guest, and I tell my story only to make people understand that all Governments are full of fear and panic in times of war.

Now I am here, my whole thought is to get home and to see and hear how things are moving in England. Only those who love home and country can understand how, even when surrounded by kind loving friends, one can long and yearn for home.

Last Sunday in Petrograd, driving round the town to see the destruction and desolation which do not exist, I admired the splendid buildings, looked at the famous Hermitage and picture galleries (which I had been told were destroyed, though I found them intact), and stood in front of Peter and Paul, that hideous fortress within which many of the bravest and purest souls of mankind have been crushed and tortured.

Later I was in the street looking at the Kazan Cathedral and the square in front of the Winter Palace. This latter, in my thoughts, I filled with the crowd as described by Nevinson in his wonderful book, and I saw the multitude on that memorable Sunday, civil war, full of hope and trust and confidence, to see their "Little Father," Tsar Nicholas, only later to receive the "whiff of grape-shot."

The first time I passed this palace I did so in company with one who had been in that crowd, and who, flying for his life along the Nevsky Prospect, was beaten senseless by the bludgeons of the Cossacks. That man is now a general in the Red Army and one of the gentlest and bravest men living. He had no thought of vengeance in his soul. The monuments erected to the memory of Peter the Great, the Alexanders, Nicholas and Catherine are all intact; these Bolsheviks who repair churches do not intend to destroy anything that is beautiful or which will teach their children the story of the past. In the midst of the whirl through Petrograd I had another vision—it was Harwich and London, dear old East London, and I almost cried out for home. Quite stupidly I found my eyes filled with tears, and thought of Bow Baths hall and my crowds and crowds of boy and girl friends, my men and women comrades and my wife at home, and a longing which tore at my heart came over me. To the two international communists by my side it was a strange thing I said when all at once I cried out: "When I land at Harwich I shall want to kiss the ground."

More International Than Ever

For all my love of England and home, I am more a Socialist, more an Internationalist, than ever before. The eyes of my understanding are clearer; I see the future struggle between men will not be between nations, but between systems.

Parlour Socialists may gibe and sneer at Lenin and Trotsky. Anarchists may join with monopolists in denouncing the "tyranny" of the Socialist State. Christians may question the sincerity of men like me who are proud to have met the men who are proud to have made the Russian Revolution. But the future will judge the worth and the work of the Revolutionists by what they have accomplished. Religion is not a matter of churches or of words; it is a matter of deeds. If it is possible to be a Christian and a soldier under orders from a Government, it is also possible to be a Christian and a revolutionary when serving in an army commanded by Lenin and Trotsky.

I want to say as emphatically as I am able that within the limits of their means, which are very small, the Bolsheviks are more humane, more civilised in warfare and in their treatment of prisoners, than any other Government I know.

This International has come to stay. I am far, very far, from saying the fight in Russia is yet won. There are still terrible difficulties to be overcome; but, come what may, we may all be certain that at long last the dawn has appeared and the day of our social redemption is nearer than ever before.

The war cry of the Red Army is "Freedom for all!" We in England must take our stand with them; we have great opportunities; our country has the forms of democracy; we must endow these with the spirit of true freedom. We must be content to be soldiers who, irrespective of careers, of all personal gain, set our faces to the light. Christians must give up their tribal, national, sectional God. It is not the God of Britain or of Israel, but the Father of the whole human race we must worship and adore. If anyone else in the world there is true Christianity, it will be found ranged on the side of International Socialism, proclaiming in clear language the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man.

The Old and New Worlds

The rich young man turned away from Christ sorrowful because he had great possessions, and the modern world, with its avarice, greed, vice and ambition, turns aside away. It strives for the unattainable—that is, the best of the life that now is and of the life to come. But truth will accept no such thing. It is the pure in heart only that will see God. There is one condition on which alone true happiness can be found; we must be really born again, and see the wrong and futility of serving ourselves. Whatever their faults, the Communist leaders of Russia have hitched their wagon to a star—the star of love, brotherhood, comradeship.

It is 6.30 in the morning, and I am facing the Gulf of Finland. Now and then I stop to watch the sun as, from a bank of rather black clouds and in the midst of a very stormy sky, it is steadily gaining strength and brilliance. This is typical of the Russian people, who are struggling through much agony and blood-sweat; all the blood of the martyrs and saints, the victims of "tyranny," all those whose bones have paved the road of thorns and suffering from Moscow to Siberia, all these live over again in those who to-day are facing the starvation, the misery of disease and death with which civilised Governments have threatened Russia.

I feel called to act as a friend, not as a destructive critic. The people of Russia are as much my people, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, as the people of any other land. I at this moment see their struggles, their undaunted courage and faith, and I want in a tiny way to be one with them in their march upward; and I want you, reader, to join also in this work of securing justice for these comrades of ours.

The work which has been done, the seed which has been sown, cannot, will not, be wasted; and, because of the martyrdom of Russia, her children and our children will reap a glorious harvest of love and comradeship in the true commonwealth that is to be.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names like 'Kap', 'Lenin', 'Spai', 'The L', 'and', 'who', 'ment', 'roubl', 'times', 'tion', 'read', 'Gems', 'I h', 'myo', 'Oppo', 'Cook', 'I c', 'ment', 'they', 'W', 'ated', 'lain', 'The', 'in-', 'H', 'asked', 'The', 'a', 'pl', 'seed', 'plan', 'Mur', 'Dow', 'No', 'Porbe', 'ne', 'That', 'M', 'You', 'ry', 'At', 'st', 'No', 'of', 'We', 'o', 'We', 'o', 'We', 'o', 'By', 'th', 'Or', 'se', 'Mrs', 'It', 'That', 'It', 'g', 'Noah', 'Yes', 'it', 'also', 'niver', 'read', 'colours', 'to', 'cer', 'long', 'date', 're', 'lately', 'lap', 'in', 'on', 'April', 'it', 'ought', 'for', 'his', 'perien', 'country', 'enter', 'John', 'F', 'The', 'suffer', 'John', 'F', 'draugh', 'of', 'the', 'of', 'the', 'cil', 'an', 'hearted', 'movem', 'shop', 'with', 'V', 'must', 'in', 'prac', 'tion', 'London', 'Nation', 'who', 'rightly', 'energy', 'task', 'of', 'left', 'a', 'value', 'dear', 'of', 'the', 'most', 'the', 'mov', 'W', 'Sat.', 'Henson', 'COLIS', 'KA', 'Truth', 'ADA', 'RA', 'HIPPI', 'BELL', 'VILL', 'GEOR', 'Ger.', 'RAQU', 'SING', 'PAL', 'SKI', 'B', 'SCOR', 'EDWA', 'L', 'COLI', 'THE', 'F'

DAILY HERALD

No. 1,296 No. (303—New Series)

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1920.

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NORTH GERMANY IN REVOLT

General Strike Now Directed Against the Old Government

MILITARY BOMB WORKERS FROM AEROPLANES

All North and West Germany is practically without a Government. South Germany alone is still unaffected by the uprising of Spartacism. The general strike is now directed against the Ebert-Bauer Government. The military have used aeroplanes to bomb workers.

In Saxony the turn of events is particularly dramatic. In the Vogtland an independent Soviet Republic has been set up, and at Chemnitz a congress of Workers' Councils in Saxony and Thuringia has demanded the holding of a general Soviet congress.

LIKE A BARREL OF POWDER

For the first time since the foundation of the German Empire, Berlin has no Government. The Exchange's special correspondent at Berlin, who makes the above statement in a remarkable message despatched from Berlin yesterday, goes on to say—

The Chancellor and Ministers remain at Stuttgart, and are not expected here until Saturday. The problem is as to whether the whole country is without a Government. At any rate, the old Government must be regarded as disintegrated, and the formation of a new one will certainly cause great difficulties during the interregnum.

It would appear that the streets will be coloured with the blood of many men, and pessimists suppose that many lives will be lost before order is restored in Germany. After the military revolt will come that of the extreme elements. The whole of Germany, except the Southern States, is in a rebellious condition. Berlin is as a barrel of gunpowder waiting for a spark.

RED DRAMA IN SAXONY

All the industrial districts of North and West Germany are in a state of rebellion. Events in Saxony are particularly dramatic.

An Independent Republic, says a Dresden message to Copenhagen, has been proclaimed in the Vogtland. The Communist Hoelz has been proclaimed President, and, with his Red Guard, holds authority in the towns of Auerbach and Falkenstein.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—A telegram from Leipzig to-day's date says that fighting between workers and troops continued throughout Thursday and until late into the night.

In the afternoon a military aeroplane dropped bombs in the Johanns Platz; another aeroplane was shot down by the workmen.

The casualties are said to be extremely heavy.—Reuter.

BERLIN, Friday.—The general strike is in operation in all parts of the Erzgebirge and North Saxony.—Reuter.

Soviet Congress Demanded

News of an extreme Radical movement in Saxony and the parts of Thuringia adjacent is to hand, says Reuter from Berlin. A congress of Workers' Councils of those districts took place at Chemnitz yesterday. Four hundred delegates attended, and passed a resolution, with only two dissentients, demanding the disarmament and disbandment of the Regular troops, the Security Guard and the Volunteers, the formation of Workers' Councils, the formation of Revolutionary Employees' and Workers' Councils, and the convocation of a General Soviet Congress.

Armed Spartacists to the number of 18,000 are marching toward Elberfeld and Barmen, according to Rhineland wires to Paris. A Soviet Government has been proclaimed at Gelsenkirchen, near Essen, and at Wiesbaden.—Exchange.

INTERVENTION BY ALLIES?

From Our Special Correspondent

Paris, Friday.—Now that the revolution in Germany has been transformed into a struggle between the proletariat and its enemies—bourgeois or militarist—French Socialists are making ready to do all in their power to avert intervention by the French Government in favour of Ebert and his friends.

"There is immediate danger," said Lorient to me to-day, "and we intend to meet it. The movement is now beyond the control of Noske and the other pseudo-Socialists of Germany. It may be that the mass majority of Socialists will free themselves of these spurious leaders. The danger seems to lie rather from without than within—of course, France in the lead. In the case, Socialists and the Labour movement would be united in opposing the French Government."

Lloyd George's Anxiety

The tone of the capitalist Press here gives point to Lorient's warning. It is all for action in Germany, and the Bolsheviki. There is talk of an occupation of the Ruhr Valley, if not of Frankfurt, and Lloyd George's reported anxiety over the turn of events across the Rhine encourages these hopes.

French business men who have arrived from Germany by motor-car say everywhere they found armed groups, composed of youths acting as volunteer guards, who interrogated the travellers and delivered passes in the name of the local Soviets. "If France needs German coal," say these merchants, "she will have to go to get it."

At Arnstadt, near Erfurt, an Executive Committee of the Independents and Communists has been formed, under whose jurisdiction the Burgomaster has placed himself.

BUSMEN'S VICTORY

No Straphanging Ban Now Necessary

The threat to ban straphangers on the London buses and trams has been cancelled, the London General Omnibus Co. having agreed to cancel the 500 notices of dismissal which had provoked the threat.

This was the outcome of a meeting yesterday between a deputation of the United Vehicle Workers and representatives of the company.

When the company gave the men notice it was pleaded that they were temporary men and they must make way for old servants demobilised from the Army.

The men replied that those to be discharged were mainly ex-Service men and that there was enough work for all without any dismissals. The men have won.

Mrs. BAMBERGER LOSES

Judge Rescinds Former Divorce Decree

Judgment was given in the Divorce Court yesterday in the notorious Bamberger case, in which the King's Proctor sought to set aside a decree granted to Mrs. Thelma Dorothy Bamberger in 1917.

The decree was rescinded, and the petition was dismissed.

The King's Proctor had alleged that while Mrs. Bamberger had obtained a divorce from her husband, she herself had been guilty of misconduct with four other men. The four men named were Mr. Robert Wyness Symonds, Major Leslie Knight Leeson, R.G.A., Lieut. Henry James Stephenson, and Mr. Ernest Stein. The first three intervened in the proceedings, and Major Leeson and Lieutenant Stephenson denied the charges against them. Mrs. Bamberger was formerly a Mrs. Jenkins, having been divorced by her first husband.

Counsel for the various persons implicated in the case addressed the Court in succession yesterday.

Position of Mr. Symonds

Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., who appeared for Mr. Symonds, said there could be no doubt that the petitioner was a woman who seemed to have a most extraordinary effect on a very large number of men. Mr. Symonds was only 23 when he got into her hands, and it was perfectly obvious that he was trying for a long time to get out of her clutches.

Mr. Morle, for Major Leeson, said that Mrs. Bamberger was introduced to Major Leeson as a spinster, and they met at the table of a common friend.

He was, however, not going to defend the practice of engaged couples going away together in this way. It was a case which was not to be discussed.

Mr. Curly, for Lieutenant Stephenson, said that he was not suggesting that it is common practice for a young man who is engaged to a young woman to take her to an hotel and spend several days there, and for the lady to pass under his name as his wife.

A Fatal Woman

Mr. W. O. Willis, for Mr. Bamberger, said that Mrs. Bamberger was a woman who would drag down with her to the very gutter anyone who crossed her path. She had not failed to attack Mr. Symonds when he crossed her path. She was a woman so depraved that she did not mind who it was she dragged down.

Mr. Charles, K.C., for Mrs. Bamberger, said that if he had seen all the documents in the case before he would have modified his allegations against Mr. Jenkins. He did not cross-examine Mr. Jenkins because he did not believe a word that was said about him. It was a story that was almost a hallucination.

The Judgment

His lordship, in delivering judgment, said there were most serious grounds for the intervention of the King's Proctor.

Turning to the original trial, his lordship described the petition as a simple and deliberate fraud, practised upon the judge who sat to try the case.

Dealing with the allegations in connection with Symonds, his lordship said: "What I find to be proved in regard to the petitioner and Symonds is that from an early period in 1915 they lived and cohabited together."

With regard to Lieutenant Stephenson, his lordship remarked that youthful chivalry to females in public places was somewhat at a discount.

If Lieutenant Stephenson's conduct were indiscreet, his lordship went on, Major Leeson had passed beyond the verge of indiscretion to utter folly; but his lordship felt that he was warranted, in spite of foolish conduct, in saying that down to the Shoreham visit in November last there was no evidence against him of misconduct with the petitioner which the Court was bound to accept.

Mistress of Art of Fiction

His lordship said he had asked himself whether the petitioner had, in any sentence which she had spoken in Court or in any course which she had caused to be taken, dealt honestly or frankly with the Court, and he was convinced that she had not. In the framing of the petition in the case, and in the evidence, the petitioner, with deliberation and skill, had thrown a cloak over the whole of the facts. In the course of her evidence she had shown herself mistress of the art of fiction and a willing perjurer.

With regard to the allegations made by the petitioner that the respondent compelled her to act in an immoral manner, in his view the true conclusion was that those acts were the joint acts of misconduct of the petitioner and the respondent.

In conclusion, his lordship said: "I allow the intervention of the King's Proctor for the reasons I have stated; I discharge the decree nisi."

LANSBURY BACK HOME

ROUSING WELCOME ON ARRIVAL FROM RUSSIA

"TO SWEEP AWAY LIES"

George Lansbury, Editor of the DAILY HERALD, had a great welcome at Liverpool-street Station yesterday afternoon on his return from Russia. The enthusiasm of the big crowd swept everything—including the barriers and several friendly policemen—before it.

Many people had been waiting before mid-day, and it was a quarter to four when the train came in. Hundreds had spent their lunch hour at the station.

To My Comrades and Friends

I am glad, very glad indeed, to be home, and wish to send my love and best wishes to all the friends who have thought of me and wished me well. I also wish publicly to thank the DAILY HERALD staff for their continued devotion to the paper. It is read everywhere abroad, and the welcome I received from all sorts and conditions of people is a high tribute to its usefulness as a paper. I shall meet many of you on Sunday in person; to-day I meet you all in the spirit; and from the bottom of my heart I say "God bless you!" and "Cheers for the Socialist International!"

GEORGE LANSBURY.

station, and then perforce gone back disappointed to work. Over a thousand people were present at the climax. Many of them were wearing the badges of the Herald League, ex-Service men's organisations and trades unions. They had come from all quarters, very many of them from the Continent.

Volums of Cheers

A motor-car, with a flag bearing the word "Welcome" in white letters on red, was waiting at No. 11 platform, but the train came in unexpectedly at another platform. Most of the crowd rushed round, and soon those waiting by the car heard a growing and approaching volume of cheers.

With two burly policemen in front trying to keep up a semblance of order, the crowd came along. Lansbury in the midst, nearly lifted off his feet, but steadied by two particularly sturdy friends, who had put their arms through his.

All who could get near enough were trying to shake hands with him. Flowers were thrown and hats waved.

"To Sweep Away Lies"

When Lansbury reached the motor-car, on the roof of which a lad was now waving another flag, all red, the cheering was overcome by cries for a speech. Silence being obtained, Lansbury said:—

"I can't make a speech here, I can only say I'm glad to be home again, and I'm very glad I've been to Russia. I hope to be able to do something to sweep away the lies."

The rest was drowned in cheers.

Then Lansbury raised his voice again. "I want you to give three cheers for International Socialism." Cheers upon cheers was given, and then, after shaking as many hands as possible, and calling out, "See you all on Sunday night," Lansbury backed into the car, greeted Mrs. Lansbury, and sat down with her and other members of the family.

Much-needed Rest

A score of the welcoming party clung to the roof and sides as the car moved out of the station. They were still clinging when, having driven up Bishopsgate, it turned off eastwards for Bow.

Knowing that he needs rest (though he looked well enough yesterday) some friends have arranged for Lansbury a holiday in the country, and he will go out of town early next week.

The first welcome Lansbury received on reaching England came from the members of the Harwich Labour Party, whose secretary, Mr. W. Stonehouse, handed him the following message while on board ship:—

"Dear Lansbury.—Accept our heartiest congratulations for your safe return. We have the highest admiration for your splendid courage in search of the truth."

LONDON BREWERY DEADLOCK

Representatives of the London Brewery workers visited the Ministry of Labour yesterday in connection with the deadlock in wages negotiations, which threatens to lead to a strike next week-end. A mass meeting of the workers, called by the Workers' Union and the National Union of Vehicle Workers will be held on Sunday, March 23.

LIEUT. HOLT'S APPEAL

The Court of Criminal Appeal will hear the appeal of Lieutenant Holt in connection with the Sandhills murder on March 23.

General Strike Continues

The greatest importance in the present of the situation is the attitude of the workers. The general strike continues, and the Independent Socialists, who are stronger than the Socialists, proclaim that it must be continued against the Ebert and Bauer Government.

MANY OFFICERS KILLED

BERLIN, Friday.—Three officers were shot dead and another mortally wounded at one o'clock to-day at Brandenburger Gate by members of the Security Police who were stationed there. The car in which the officers, said to belong to the Baltic troops, were seated was ordered to halt, whereupon the crowd immediately surrounded it. The officers opened fire with their revolvers on the civilians, whereupon an armoured motor-car which came along threw hand grenades into the officers' car, in addition to which the Security Police discharged rifles at the occupants.—Reuter.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—A telegram from Berlin states that 100 were killed and over 200 wounded in yesterday's collisions in various quarters of Berlin. Eye-witnesses of the occurrences in the evening outside the Town Hall in the suburb of Schoenberg say that about 15 officers of the Baltic troops were killed, being literally trampled to death by the crowd.—Reuter.

ESSEN CAPTURED

BERLIN, Friday.—Essen surrendered this afternoon to armed workmen, after violent fighting, with losses on both sides, yesterday and to-day. It is estimated that 300 were killed.

Reports have been received indicating that five railway stations east of Berlin have also been occupied by Communists. Troops are said to be on the way there in armoured motor-cars.—Reuter.

NOSKE RESIGNS

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—A telegram from Berlin to-day's date states that Herr Noske, the Minister of Defence, has resigned.

Later.—It is reported from Frankfurt that Noske's resignation has been accepted.—Reuter.

The Independent Socialists addressed an ultimatum to the Government demanding Noske's resignation.

SOVIET TROOPS' SUCCESSES

A wireless from Moscow yesterday reports that on the Caucasian front the town of Ekaterinodor was occupied by Bolsheviki troops, after a cavalry attack. Successes also on the Western and Eastern fronts are reported. The French ships which were anchored in the harbour of Odessa have

TACTICS OF LEFT PARTIES

From Our Special Correspondent

BERLIN, Friday.—German labour has had its first general strike, and in this case direct action has had a great effect. The Junkers and Prussian generals have been defeated at home by workers, a feat which all the military forces of the Allies in four years' war did not achieve. The very fact that the Prussian militarists were able to make their coup, and hold Berlin in terror for six days, shows that they were not defeated in 1918, and can in the long run only be defeated by German workers.

The real difficulties, however, are to come, for the Ebert Government returns to power with greatly lowered prestige. Much now depends upon whether Ebert's Government has the courage to punish as traitors these reactionary generals, chief of which, if least conspicuous, are Ludendorff and Noske, who, as I have been pointing out for months past in the columns of the DAILY HERALD, have been acting as camouflage for reaction. For the moment at least the signs are not promising.

The tactics of Left parties are to put Ebert's Government on its trial, and meanwhile to avoid entanglements or agreements with middle Coalition parties, except under most definite conditions and guarantees for real steps in Socialist reconstruction.

LUDENDORFF AT BAY?

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—Ludendorff and his right-hand man, Colonel Bauer, are among those for whom arrest warrants have been issued, according to the "Social Demokrat's" Berlin correspondent. Ludendorff is in the highest degree compromised.—Reuter.

80 PER CENT. INCOME TAX

Rome, Thursday (received yesterday).—The announcement is made that the peace strength of the Italian army will be reduced to 220,000 men, divided into 10 instead of 15 army corps. The rate of taxation on private incomes is increased as high as 80 per cent. in some cases, and the tax on securities is increased 20 per cent.—Exchange.

NO DENKIN ALLIANCE

YOUNG REPUBLICS' DENIAL

With reference to the War Office announcement that Denikin has offered recognition to Georgia and Azerbaijan on condition of their entering into an alliance against Soviet Russia, the DAILY HERALD learns that nothing is known at the Georgian or Azerbaijan Delegations of any such offer.

There would not be the least chance of its acceptance. Both the Georgia and the Azerbaijan Governments have already refused on more than one occasion to take any part in the war against Soviet Russia. They are, on the contrary, desirous of immediately beginning negotiations for the re-establishment of normal economic intercourse and of full friendly relations with the Soviet Republic.

NEW MINISTERS

Official Announcement

Officially announced that the following appointments have been made:—

Mr. Morle, to be Minister of Education; Mr. Curly, to be Controller of Food; Mr. Avon Clyde, to be Lord of the Court of Session, in place of Lord Strathclyde, who is ill owing to ill-health.

AEROPLANE CRASH

PILOT BADLY INJURED

In endeavouring to effect a landing yesterday afternoon, an aeroplane from Honnolow based for the training of recruits crashed between trees adjoining Marble Park, Twickenham.

The pilot and his assistant were injured, the pilot seriously, and they were both taken to hospital. The machine was wrecked.

G. L. HOME AGAIN



George Lansbury, Editor of the "Daily Herald," is photographed with his wife outside their home at Bow immediately after his arrival yesterday from Moscow.

MR. LANSBURY ON SOVIETS.

A FRANK AND FREE TALK CONCERNING "LIBERTY AND THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION."

By a Labour Correspondent.

A year ago this week there appeared the first number of the present "Daily Herald." The organ of British Socialism was pluming itself accordingly that it had carried on "a ceaseless propaganda for liberty and the peaceful revolution at home."

Many people would differ as to whether "Daily Herald" methods would, in fact, secure "liberty and the peaceful social revolution." Without injustice it might be said that it has associated itself with extremists on every labour question, and has come to be regarded practically as the organ of British Bolshevism.

Mr. George Lansbury, of course, is the editor, and the following sketch on the occasion of this "birthday," written by a Labour correspondent, will be read with interest.

Labour is puzzled in its mind. It doesn't quite know what to do with Mr. George Lansbury, the self-elected Messiah of British Bolshevism.

Its responsible leaders are growing rather weary and wary of the gospel Mr. Lansbury is preaching. It suffers him with tired tolerance. In its odd moments it ruminates whether it would be worth while to say exactly what it thinks about this gospel, which is as devoid of the possibilities of success as it is of the elements of logic. As it is, it suffers in silence, knowing the real harm that is being done, but hesitating because of a tender heart and a highly developed family instinct.

The situation is that no person has ever been really, and with intention, unkind to George Lansbury. The tradition has grown and clustered that it is not the thing to do.

Mr. Lansbury has been, since his early Poplar Borough Council days, a harmless, happy, great-hearted, honest soul in the presence of whom every fly was safe, but about whom must have been invented that most deadly compliment ever evolved, "He means well."

Home from Russia.

He is now a grey-haired lovable old gentleman who still "means well." He means it with a passion and a pathos that are heart-rending, but he has never learned the difference between meaning and being, just because he is constitutionally incapable of knowing. No one will ever teach him, because he is constitutionally incapable of learning.

He has just returned from Russia, and is saying the most explosive things without the faintest idea that they are explosive.

Mr. Lansbury saw Russia with the wide-eyed wonder of the child he will never cease to be. He, the Peter Pan of British Socialism, saw the Bolshevik machine at work—or saw some things which have that label—and believed he had seen the real thing. The chiefest charm of Mr. Lansbury is that he has raised credulity to an exact science. And Lenin saw it.

Put two intellects of the calibre of Lenin and Lansbury in one room at the same time and the conclusion is hall-marked. You are bound to get this sort of thing:—

I know now and understand how it is that the Russian workers have held on to their revolution through war, pestilence, and famine. They are blessed with great leaders who have proved that power does not spoil them, who do not desire to follow the ways, customs and mode of living of the classes they have dispossessed, who, selected to serve, remain servants of the people. Together they have shared the trials and sufferings of the common people.

The leader of them all is this man Lenin, with his strongly marked Russian peasant face, who, with the indomitable courage characteristic of his people in their age-long struggle for bread, is the man who in dark days and bright inspires them all.

The Reds and the Children.

There you have the keynote of the farrago of nonsense which Mr. Lansbury sent from Russia or has uttered since his return. In the language of the bogus spiritualist, Mr. Lansbury is a good hypnotic subject. He has always been psychic. He is not to be blamed for that: it is his misfortune.

He came back to tell us how splendidly the Reds are combating disease, to describe pathetically how wonderfully the children are cared for, and every now and then, recurring like the motif of an opera, we got: "The churches are open." As crown and glory this: "In Russia the only right the people have not got is the right to exploit their fellow men."

Not a word of pogroms, of atrocities, of mutilations, and massacres, except this:—

I am not of the opinion that the people who have come back from Russia and told stories of atrocities have merely lied. There have been atrocities committed, not under the orders of the leaders, but by the individuals attached to both sides. But no one has done more than the

Central Government of Soviet Russia and its Extraordinary Commission to put down terrorism and prevent murder.

They happened, true, these inhuman atrocities, and they happened under the Bolshevik régime; but it could not be with the knowledge and connivance of Lenin. He has "fine eyes" and "a whimsical expression," and "you put him down as a man who must love children."

Tinder Lying About.

All this would not matter more than any other kind of modern extravaganza, were it not that there are always large quantities of human tinder lying about ready to take fire from the smallest spark and burst into flame where no flame was intended.

Mr. Lansbury intrinsically and integrally objects to violence on all occasions. He has been saying so for years, and still says so; but the unfortunate fact is that when, after eulogising Lenin of the "fine eyes," he adds, anent what he calls capitalist exploitation:—

Lenin is convinced, and so are most of his friends, that this evil system can only be got rid of by means of violent revolutions—

there are a few odd hundreds of nebulous nobodies in the country upon whom the worst effect is produced.

There happens to be meeting at Glasgow this Easter a conference of the I.L.P., with a motion on the agenda in favour of joining the Third, or Moscow, International. To people like these Mr. Lansbury has said in a recent article:—

Whatever views any of us may hold as to the expediency or otherwise of supporting the new Internationale, I am certain it has come to stay, and that very soon the whole Socialist and Labour movements of the world will be numbered amongst its adherents.

Not Terrified of Soviets.

It is a perfectly pious expression of opinion such as Mr. Lansbury might and probably will emit next time he attends the Church Congress or the Lower House of Convocation, but it is easy to deduce what effect it may have upon those who will gather at this Glasgow conference.

When he says, as he did in the same article:—

I do not fear the violence of the Third International and its programme. Soviet, or other, Councils, have no terrors for me; neither have the disciplined Labour armies now being established in Russia—

it is easy to gauge the possible effect upon such absurdities as the South Wales Reform Committee, the Glasgow Anarchist Group, the Stepney Communist League, and the wilder section of the shop stewards' movement. The South Wales Reform Committee declares the reason for its existence to be "to find the best tactics to be pursued to precipitate the revolution and the methods of control of the mines once this has taken place." There is a similar movement in Scotland, with, as high priest, John Maclean, the "Bolshevik Consul."

Looking for a Leader

Throughout the country there are adherents of Bolshevism scattered, and, despite their pretended aversion to respectability, they are really looking for a leader with respectability wrapped round him as a winding-sheet. The most tremendous thing about Mr. Lansbury is his respectability. If he is not careful they will seize him and indenture him as their leader before he is aware of it. Then they will coalesce and become dangerous.

He will be the most bewildered man in Great Britain if it happens. He fondly thinks there can be a revolution without bloodshed. They don't. Half-baked as are their notions, they cannot grasp any fine distinctions. Revolution means to them something composed of fire and sword.

THE BUILDING TRADE.

DR. ADDISON TO OPEN OLYMPIA EXHIBITION.

The first exhibition since the outbreak of war entirely devoted to the building trade will be opened at Olympia on Saturday next by Dr. Addison, Minister of Health.

A party of French visitors interested in building will attend the exhibition on April 14, when they are to be received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and will attend a conference of French and British manufacturers of refractory goods.

FROM HOSPITAL TO HOTEL

The Queen Mary Naval Hospital at Southend, the large building overlooking the pier and sea, in the welfare of whose inmates her Majesty took so much interest, is a hospital no longer.

For something like five years wounded "heroes" have been nursed back to health in the London holiday-maker's paradise, in what used to be the finest hotel in Essex.

Now the hospital has gone, and the Palace Hotel is back once more—a glorified hotel with acres of glass-walled verandah for sun-lovers, and a freshly painted exterior that is the pride of every loyal Southender.

Mme. Pavlova is due to start her season at Dury Lane on April 12. Her repertoire includes a large number of divertissements and at least 25 ballets, the majority new to England.



MR. G. LANSBURY.

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22 May 1920

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See also vol. 28, a, fos. ~~112~~ 113-119

for letters of William Bow 17 April 1920

and Charles R. Eveson 19 May 1920

to G. L.

The appeal of Mr. Wilson for a "Truce of God" by the creation of a League of Nations and the abandonment of armies and navies roused all those who care for the future of the race the very highest hopes and ideals. Some of us imagined that Tennyson's dream was at last being realised and we were indeed reaching the time

"When the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

It is said by some teachers that experience is the only true method of education; that nations, like individuals, must find their way to truth through the experiences which suffering and sorrow as well as joy and happiness bring. This may be true generally. I am certain it has been true both of men and nations during my lifetime. The belief that wars would cease, nations disarm, and the people of the world "be wrapt in universal law" has been the dream of my life, but knowledge which comes from experience, understanding which comes from sympathy and consideration for others has taught me that words mean nothing. Idealism is of no worth, even the profession of religion is useless unless we are able in co-operation with our fellows to put into practice the principles of life and conduct we profess to serve.

Hard Reality

War, bestial war, is still in our midst, taking its toll in disease, rapine, plunder and death from millions of our fellow human beings. Austrian, Russian, German babies are being murdered daily by the ruthless blockade and ruinous conditions of so-called peace imposed upon the peoples of Europe by a group of men whose one object in all their cunning devices has been to secure plunder and pelf for the monopolist classes of Europe and America. Look at the map. Sir Henry Wilson, with a militarist chuckle, tells us there are 20 wars still going on. These wars are being waged because two or three men sitting in Paris arrogate to themselves the right to settle the frontiers of nations and the governance of millions of human beings without for one moment allowing these people a word of choice. The whole 20 wars are being waged for the most mean and sordid of causes. Not one of them, in the long run, will benefit a single human being. All of them will bring sorrow and misery, death and disease to untold millions and all the wages of sin, blood and greed.

The Greatest Tragedy

The greatest tragedy, from a purely British point of view, is the condition of Ireland. Murder and outrage, outrage and murder follow each other day by day in deadly sequence. The Lord High Chancellor of England, sometime known as Galloper F. E. Smith, is one of the men who traitorously and seditiously assisted Sir Edward Carson to raise an army in Ireland to fight against the King's Government, and who assisted to purchase guns and war materials from Germany with which to arm their rebel troops. This arch-plotter against Crown and Parliament, having assisted to bring Ireland to revolution, has the audacity in Parliament, speaking as the head of the Judiciary of Britain, to talk of using all the forces of the Crown to uphold law and order. If our people were not sunk in the deepest depths of apathy, it would be impossible for such a man to be either in Parliament or on the Woolstack.

Internationally, the greatest crime of to-day is the secret and open war on Russia. The Labour delegation has already discovered that typhus, cholera, starvation and want are all due to the low-down cunning of our rulers, who, day by day, deny what is plain and distinct to all honest people. Britain is engaged in war against Russia. We are backing the Poles, no matter how cleverly the politicians on the Treasury Bench may pile lie upon lie. It is British money, guns and ammunition which are being used by the Poles, and it is British arms and ammunition with which General Wrangel

tions, and so on. The one thing needed is action. Who will follow the magnificent lead of the London dockers? Surely the National Executives, the Parliamentary Committee, the Triple Alliance will give the word.

The Great Mockery

Meantime, my special word to-day is to Christians who in a hundred thousand churches to-morrow will sing the Whitsuntide words—

"Of Thy gifts at Pentecost, Give us Heavenly Love."

My friends, what a mockery in these days to sing of Love—to speak of Love, unless in our hearts and in our lives we prove that we desire to live in harmonious relationship one with another! On every hand we may hear denunciations of the Bolsheviks for being materialists. Parsons, politicians and others denounce Socialists as mercenary, sordid and greedy, and lose no opportunity of supporting the present social order which, everybody knows, is based on fraud, force and cunning.

The day of Pentecost twenty centuries ago is remembered as a time of the outpouring of the Spirit of Love. It was that spirit which sent the early Christians to the cross and fire. It is the lack of that spirit to-day which allows mankind to be crucified, tormented and slain. On Sunday when we sing hymns or gather at Eucharist service, let us think of these things, and if we truly want the Spirit of Love to prevail, let us start with ourselves and join with all who will join us in a mighty effort on behalf of Peace, remembering that the first and last law of life whereby we shall be saved is embodied in the words "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Once we do this there will be peace and harmony at home and abroad.

IN THE LAND OF BUZZ

Now Oldad the Shoite had become a father while yet young, and because of the Devil of economics he was forced to straighten little boot-heels on the head of the kitchen poker.

Thus, as time passed, he became a cunning healer of soles, albeit working under difficulties. For the little

would seize the pincers, wrap a sawl around them and call them "Dolly," so that Oldad vainly sought them, though they were under his nose. Then he would rant and rave and exclaim: "In this house Sherlock would lose his reputation; yeal even the great Holmes would wear sackcloth and ashes!"

And it came to pass that on an evening at the sixth hour Job the Patriarch, Bode the Bukworm, and Dun the Salt entered the door of Oldad's house and found Oldad sitting on the hearthrug with a last between his knees and his children in the midst.

Thereafter, between thumps, grave questions were discussed—yeal! questions of such gravity as "Should profiteers be hung or only boiled in oil?" or "How often in twelve months is the word of a Cabinet Minister to be relied on?"

And while they spake the children knocked over the tin of sprigs and searched for them in the depths of the hearthrug, and warred with each other for the hammer.

Yet while he thumped he became aware of a confused chuckle as of a brook that goes on for ever, and, looking up, he saw Job shaking and helpless, while the tears ran down even to the end of his beard, whereas Buk and Dun lay against each other fighting for breath. Shortly, in response to Oldad's questions, Job answered between gasps and said, "How easily I won a reputation for patience, whilst you—you—ah! ah! you—you have been called an impatient man!!!"

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WH I will selv Sav S Ho ma; the thi wo wo as: "V the writ pro so. Gen " pate " can men " dat " wes " Ru Oh, M give Law defir Maj wart to is has the advi offer it w gran at May Mut ganc for Her Dan (S ing with g De For W The Or Or O Wha Fe If e Ke If v Du Swee Th Try " glad Sash Gene " Ag Poor Po their to ge bit o the ' set u ment hint of th fact, He ' back in sl thro the So m nation

See also vol. 28.a, fos. 120-122 for letters from
Francis Meynell - September 1920
Wilfrid Meynell 14 September 1920
Herbert Farjeon 15 September 1920
to G.L.

See also vol. 28, a, fos. ¹²³⁻⁴~~124-5~~ for letters from

Francis Meynell

8 December 1920

Mrs Reginald McKenna

23 December 1920

to G.L.



Frank Reynolds

UNDER A CLOUD (WITH A GOLDEN LINING).

COMRADE LANSBURY. "THANKS TO MY FAITHFUL BROLSKI NOT A DROP HAS TOUCHED ME."
 [Loud crows from "Daily Herald" bird.]

[c. 22 Sept.
1920]



Mr. Edgar Lansbury (son of Mr. George Lansbury, editor of the "Daily Herald") and his wife at their home in Bow yesterday. Mrs. Lansbury is the daughter of Mrs. Glassman, who arranged the sale of some of the Russian jewels. *Daily Graphic* photograph.

[Edgar Lansbury] Jan 1922

THE LONDON SCOUT COUNCIL

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

Chief Scout:
Lt.-Gen. SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL,
K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

London Commissioner:
Lt.-Gen. SIR ALFRED CODRINGTON,
K.C.V.O., C.B.

Organising Secretary:
ALFRED G. BARRALET.

Tel.: Victoria 6739

Denison House

296 Vauxhall Bridge Road

London SW 1

(110)

Decr 30th 1920

Official Journal, "The Trail" (3d. monthly).

Dear Mr & Mrs Lansbury,

It was very nice of you to send me your Christmas-card, and I sincerely reciprocate the good wishes it conveys.

I loved to hear my dear old father tell people how he had lived and worked with the big fighters for liberty in the mid-Victorian era, and I am happy to think that I have travelled so far in his footsteps as to deserve your kind thoughts.

With every good wish for you and yours, for the "Herald", and for the workers of all lands,

I am, yours very truly

Alfred Barralet

Mr & Mrs George Lansbury -

TEL: SIDMOUTH 11. Charles Alfred Cripps (Baron Parmoor;
1852 - 1941)

(111)

THE VICTORIA HOTEL
SIDMOUTH.

Dec 20 1920
[Dec. 31]

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Lumsby
We much appreciate
your kindly message &
good wishes for Christmas,
the New Year & always.

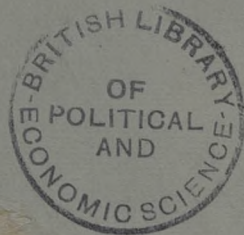
Please let me send every
good thought for the New
Year.

May you ever find
in the good work for
the benefit & happiness

of our poorer Commodities
Especially in aid of the
Children. This is a
valuable test in the history
of the Labour party, & gives
practical Socialism, by
encouraging Social effort
& Social Service.

Yours very sincerely

Pearson



M449

Daniel Kiefer
946 N. Franklin St.,
Phila., Pa.

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[San Dec. 1920]

Peace on earth? Good will toward men? Not yet. But events make one feel the truth of Gerald Massey's lines

T'is coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter.
We may not see its dawn sublime
But high hopes make the heart beat lighter.
Our bones may slumber underground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But, ay! Our ears have heard the sound,
Have heard the roll of distant thunder.
T'is coming, yes, 'tis coming!

Russia has maintained for three years a government that has abolished private ownership of land and repudiates debts not contracted by the people who are asked to pay them. To be sure it has done and is doing much that is wrong. But the good exceeds any that has preceded, while the bad is no worse than in the United States.

Mexico is trying to free her people from foreign and domestic monopolists. But for the bullying of our State Department she would long ago have done so.

Ireland, substituting passive resistance for force, is making progress in her fight against land monopoly backed by foreign rule.

Italy realizes that peaceful concession, not brutal suppression, is the best policy in labor troubles and acts accordingly.

Denmark takes the wisest step of all by beginning to tax its big land monopolists out of existence, regardless of "vested rights".

The German Republic declares that the rental value of land belongs to the people but has not yet tried to collect it.

And the United States? Well, we too have made a beginning. We have just voted out an autocratic, militarist administration and have rolled up an opposition vote that induces even a hardboiled War Department to release conscientious objectors, including brave Ben Salmon. We get in its place--what? Nothing very good, but at least an administration that has not resorted to false pretense to win. Though America may not lead she is at least in the procession.

" 'Tis coming, yes, 'tis coming!"

Compliments Of The Season
From Daniel and Rosa Kiefer
1920-1921
Philadelphia, Pa. 946 N. Franklin St.

"That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us - that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected - is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals - but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy - if we would secure the blessings of abundance and peace". — HENRY GEORGE.

end of 1920

Vol. 8

(Jobs. 113 - 138)

1921

Frank Smith, M.P.

(1854)

14 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

113

Telephone: Gerrard 2181.

July 2. 21



My dear George

We, Elizabeth & I, are so very
sorry to hear of the very sad blow
you have all received — To us,
more or less "old stages", who have
done most of our fighting these
sudden knock downs are what
expected but at 32 — just in the
prime — it is doubly sad. However,

you & I are, I suppose, more or less,
a bit fatalistic - "what has to be, must
be"! and we take what comes as
well as we can - Truly it can be
said of her "she fought a good fight"
and certainly fought with courage, devotion,
& selflessness & we may be quite sure
that whatever the reward for faithfulness
is on the other side will be hers &
let us hope, ours too - just one more link
with the beyond.

Walter is not up today but you will
be sure that he & Eleanor will send you loving
sympathy - Love to you all yours
Frank

4 Jan. 1921

MARY REID ANDERSON

(MARY MACARTHUR)

(Mrs. William C. Anderson)
(1880 - 1921)

114

Passed on

New Year's Morning, 1921

To aid the cause that needs assistance,
Fight the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do.

Golders Green Crematorium

January 4th, 1921

1.15 p.m.

SONG

115

CALMLY, calmly lay her down,
She hath fought a noble fight,
She hath battled for the right,
She hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
She was faithful to the last,
Faithful through the toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,—
These, the objects of her youth,
Unto age she still pursued.

Hoping, trusting, lay her down.
Many of the realms above
Look for her with eyes of love,
Wreathing her immortal crown.

¶ *All standing, the Minister shall say*

LORD, make me to know mine end, and
the measure of my days, what it is; that I
may know how frail I am.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my
cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a
stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my
fathers were.

Minister: Let us pray

O GOD, the Lord of life, the Conqueror
over death, our Help in every time of
trouble, who dost not willingly grieve nor
afflict the children of men; comfort us who mourn,

and give us grace, in the presence of death, to worship thee the Ever-living; that while we accompany the soul departed with the prayer of faith, we may have sure hope of eternal life, and be enabled to put our whole trust in thy wonderful goodness and mercy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

¶ *Minister and People*

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

Minister: O God, make speed to save us.

People: O Lord, make haste to help us.

¶ *All Standing*

Minister: Our help is in the name of the Lord.

People: Who made heaven and earth.

PSALMS

(Said by the Minister and Congregation alternately)

IAM well pleased: that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer;

2 That he hath inclined his ear unto me: therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 The snares of death compassed me round about: and the pains of hell gat hold upon me;

4 I found trouble and heaviness, and I called upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the Lord and righteous: yea our God is merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was in misery and he helped me.

7 Turn again then unto thy rest O my soul: for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death: mine eyes from tears and my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the Lord: in the land of the living.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee O Lord: Lord hear my voice.

2 O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3 If thou Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord who may abide it?

4 But there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

6 My soul looketh for the Lord: more than they that watch for the morning.

Minister: Let us hear what comfortable words the Scriptures say unto us.

WORDS OF SCRIPTURE followed by
ADDRESS

The Minister's Prayer

ETERNAL Father of our souls, we thank thee for the life of this servant of mankind, so bravely lived, so nobly spent, which now thou hast taken to thyself. Help us to remember that while thou dost bury thy workers, thou dost carry on their work. Raise up, we beseech thee, many to stand in her place to champion the cause of the poor, to strive for the emancipation of those who toil, to labour until peace shall be established on the earth; and accept now our prayers and our tears, the work we have striven to do, and the vows we make before thee and in the presence of our beloved dead, and consecrate them for the hastening of that day when the workers of the world shall be set free, and mankind live together as one family, united in faith, in service, and in love; for the sake of thy Son who toiled and died to save us all. *Amen.*

¶ *All standing*

THE COMMITTAL

WE commend into the hands of God who gave it the soul of this our sister departed; and her body we commit to be consumed; looking to the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect; we humbly commend the soul of this thy servant into thy hands, as unto the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching thee, that it may be precious in thy sight. Purge away whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in this world, that it may be presented pure and without spot before thee, to dwell for ever in the region of light, where is no weeping, sorrow or heaviness, but sure consolation, eternal peace, and never-ending joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

GRANT, O Lord, that while we lament the departure of this thy servant, we may always remember that we are most certainly to follow her; and give us grace to prepare for that last hour by a holy life; that we may not be surprised by a sudden death when unprepared, but may be found ever watching, so that, when thou shalt call, we may with the Bridegroom enter into eternal glory; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE BENEDICTION

NOW the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight; through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

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THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

WHAT is this the sound and rumour? What is this
that all men hear?

Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is
drawing near,

Like the rolling of the ocean in the eventide of fear?

'Tis the people marching on.

Whither go they and whence come they? What are these of
whom ye tell!

In what country are they dwelling, 'twixt the gates of
heaven and hell?

Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master
well?

Still the rumour's marching on.

CHORUS: Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment, on they wend
toward health and mirth,

All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.

Buy them, sell them, for thy service! Try the bargain what
'tis worth,

For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment,
whin thy wheat,

Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,

All for thee this day—and ever, what reward for them is meet?

Still the host comes marching on.—Chorus.

Is it war then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?

Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.

Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire,

And your hope is marching on.

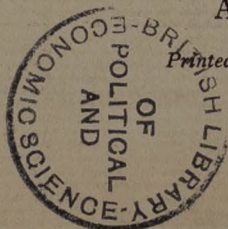
“On we march then, we, the workers, and the rumour that
ye hear

Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;

For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,”

And the world is marching on.—Chorus.

Printed at the Pelican Press, 2 Carmelite Street, E.C.



M449

OUR FRIENDS, OUR FORTUNES AND OUR FUTURE

By GEORGE LANSBURY

Many friends whom I meet in the country at meetings I address have asked me to tell them how the DAILY HERALD is faring. Especially they want to know about circulation and our proposed northern edition. Frankly, our circulation has fallen, and we shall take an early opportunity of publishing another auditors' certificate. Obviously, those who are asked to exist on a paltry 20s. a week cannot afford anything for daily newspapers. All newspapers are feeling the slump. When papers were sold at a half-penny, circulation always suffered during a period of depression such as we are now going through. There is one way by which our friends can help us so far as the unemployed are concerned. If every one of our readers who is at work on full wages would buy an extra copy per day and give it to a comrade who is out of work, this would be excellent propaganda, for it would enable the unemployed to learn why they are out of work, and what is the true remedy, and, in addition, it would help our circulation.

Thanks to Our Friends

The "Push" and "Slogan" schemes have all helped us very materially. My colleagues join me in heartily thanking the multitude of friends, known and unknown, without whose kind assistance the paper would have suffered much more severely than it has done; especially would we thank the miners and other trade unionists who have taken in hand the business of getting all members of their branches to take the paper. Many thousands of copies have been sold by this means. We are carrying on an intensive propaganda among branches to extend this kind of activity, as we feel sure the organised workers are the only people who can establish our sales on a sure, stable foundation. As to the "Slogans," they are still—like the "Push"—growing strong. Our friends who enter the competition not only aid our circulation, but also help us with our friends the advertisers, some of whom are still a little shy of us; but it is well worth while again pointing out that circulation is the thing we most desire to secure and maintain. An advertisement sufficient sale at 2d. the copy will easily pay its way. Our

The Northern Edition

The position in regard to Manchester is that the new premises are being built. The N.U.R. is taking a mortgage on the land and buildings up to nearly two-thirds of their certified value. This will amount to something like £20,000, leaving about £14,000 more to be found. Of this we are sure of £10,000. The N.U.R. has not so far been able to invest in our debenture stock; but we are still hopeful that the amount of last year's member may materialise in the near future. As to other unions, about half-a-dozen, including the Notts Miners, have conditionally promised sums ranging from £500 to £5,000; but up to the present we are very far short both in promises and actual cash of the amount we need. I do not complain at all about this. Times are very hard, indeed, in the world of Labour. Some unions are being very hardily hit because of the slump in trade, and it is easily understood that all expenditure is very closely scrutinised. For all this, the Movement ought to realise that we are the only voice in the Press which speaks day by day on behalf of Labour.

Propaganda is needed, and will be more needed in the days ahead, and if every organised worker contributed 1s. per year through his or her union to a Press Fund we could have the most powerful weapon in the form of a daily and weekly Press the Movement has ever known. The Co-operative Movement is making its own appeal for capital. We do not wish to run counter to its appeals, but even here it seems to me demonstrable that Co-operators, like trade unionists, should realise how impossible it is to get publicity in the ordinary Press, and consequently understand the urgent need of strengthening and developing the DAILY HERALD. No one wants northern, western, eastern editions more than I do. I realise that our friends in the north are amongst the most staunch and loyal of all our supporters. No one is more grateful to the unknown ones who give time, money, energy, to this paper; and when they come to

me and ask when are we going to start in Manchester, I feel heart-sick at being obliged to put them off with words; but enthusiasm, desire, even love itself must be expressed in deeds. We cannot raise a building, install machinery, employ a new staff without money, and lots of it. We are unable to give this ourselves, or to get it from private persons, although quite a number of such have already given us considerable sums. We must come to the movement and ask trade unionists, Co-operators, Socialists, Communists, in fact all who want to change things to come to our aid.

Labour's Need at Elections

At this moment in Britain a miniature general election is taking place. In every one of the contests in which Labour will take part there will be no effective daily Press to report meetings, and give the Labour side as well as other news, outside the DAILY HERALD. We are severely handicapped through lack of space and other facilities. Consequently, the lies which our enemies pour out by the millions of copies every few hours "hold the field," and often bring about our defeat. We shall never get a clear run or a clean fight until we are in as good a position to put our views before the electors as are the "Squander Maniacs," and other plausible fakers. It is often said that the workers get the Government they deserve; that they willfully vote against their own interests. I have said the same thing myself. I am not sure we are right. The plausible half-truths which are worse than lies, are difficult for the worn-out working man or woman to detect and controvert. At Woolwich and other places a whole tornado of tongues has been let loose, and only a few small voices, especially in the Press, are raised against it. We shall never make true progress until we are able to "dam up this river of lies" by supplying the nation with a propagandist Press, which will, day by day, strip naked the shams and hypocrisy of the governing classes and their servants in Parliament, Press, and Pulpit.

Finally, I want to make an appeal for toleration, and I make this to old trade unionists and to my Communist friends. This paper cannot be the slavish servant of either, while I am Editor. My sense of fair-play consists in giving publicity to views I disagree with as well as those I agree with. This paper belongs not to the right, left, nor centre of the movement, but to the whole body of organised Labour. In days long ago, when we were not so strong as now, the pennies, shillings, pounds, of dockers, combs, miners, and others kept us going. Last summer, when things were very black, the Miners' Federation put up over £40,000 to help us along. It did so knowing the policy of the paper and all it was trying to do.

Everyone knows, or should know, that day by day we are called upon to decide what shall or shall not go into our columns, and if we thought only of pleasing everybody, we should fail to please anybody. All we ask is that in judging us friends should try and believe we try to exercise our best judgment. We try to give fairly news of the movement as a whole, and our conception of a newspaper devoted to the Labour movement is that if it fails to do this then it deserves to become extinct.

The Lesson of Black Times

We are passing through a black cloud of depression—unemployment, short time, low wages. Our enemies are consolidated, powerful, unscrupulous. We ought to discuss all our differences frankly, fully. There is no sense in shouting that we are one if we are not.

To disagree is not of itself a bad thing. Sometimes it is the only way toward a final unity; but we who are Socialists must learn our lesson. The walls of the capitalist Jericho are not likely to fall down, because we march around them with banners flying and much noise of shouting. No; our road is a long, rough, uneven one; much of it unmade, unknown. We need clear heads, brave hearts, understanding minds, and, chief of all, we need that charity which enables us to see ourselves in our brother. When, as often happens, one turns aside and deserts us, we must continue to march steadily onward, confident and sure that out of the trials, the storms, the disappointments of to-day a new and a better world shall be born.

Theatres & Entertainments

LONDON PAVILION. Evng., 8.15.
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK
Mat., Tu., Sat., 2.30. NELSON KEYS

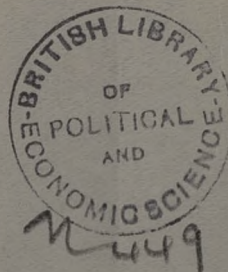
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2 CARMELITE STREET
LONDON, E.C.4

Telephone
CITY 8210 (eight lines)

Business Offices
2 GOUGH SQUARE, E.C.4



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S

G.L.

to Chester

Wait/Sewell,
36 Kings Road,
Leytonstone,
E. 11.

29. iv. 21.

Dear Wait,

Thanks for yours of the 26th.

I have asked the Mayor's secretary to try and arrange for the 17th. May, and have asked him to write to you direct.

Best wishes,

EDITOR.

Wait C. Sewell

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S

to

May 4th

1921.

The Secretary,
Mayor of Poplar,

Poplar Lane Hall

Dear Sir,

Mr. George Lansbury is asking you if a visit to Harley Street Congregational Church of the Mayor and some members of the Corporation of Poplar, can be arranged on the Sunday School Anniversary, but I am afraid he has given the wrong date.

The Service is Sunday Evening July 17th.

Thanking you in advance.

Yours faithfully,

Lady Henry Somerset Reigate Place
(Isabel, d. of 3rd Earl Somerset;
d. 1921)

May 11
[? 1921 or earlier]

Dear Mr. Lansbury

I much regret it

is impossible for me to

comply with your wishes

as I cannot ^{but} feel

that your ^{that} candidature

at the ^{present} crisis

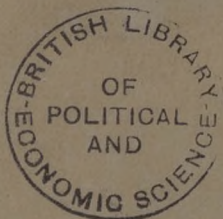
is ^{endangering} the

success of the principles
Screens of the principles
you hold.
you hold.

Of course I know that
in this there must be
difference of opinion.
I believe in working

men representing their
interests in Parliament,
but I believe that some-
times there is more to be
gained by waiting and not
opposing sound men
than by dividing votes
there by dividing votes

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at so critical a moment,
also critical a moment.
Forgive my writing frankly.

Forgive my writing frankly

I would not do so did
I would not do so - did

I do not sincerely believe in
I do not sincerely believe in
the principles you advocate

The principles you advocate
and the cause for which you
stand & the cause for which you
stand.

Stand for true

Hatelsomness

Mrs. Will Crooks
(n. Elizabeth
Coulter)

410^a College Avenue
Hellingham
Kent

(123)

13-6-21
My dear Mr & Mrs Sandbury
Please accept my sincere
~~letter~~ thanks for your kind
letter of sympathy in my
sad loss. My heart is very
sore and lonely. But I
thank God my dear

Husband is free from
pain and suffering,
I hope to rest at the
above address for 2 or 3
weeks

Kind regards
Yours sincerely
Elizabeth Crooks

(124)

Daily News

No. 23546.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1921.

ONE PENNY.

BRITISH LIBRARY JOURNAL
OF
POLITICAL ECONOMY
AND
SOCIAL SCIENCE
FINAL EDITION

Study and
Healthy Babies
are reared on

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DEVONSHIRE

DRIED MILK.

Obtainable from Chemists and Grocers in Tins,
2 1/2, 4, 7 1/2, or direct post free with the list.
AMBROSIA L.D., IFFTON, DEVON.

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CRISIS OF THE RATES.

FIFTEEN POPLAR ARRESTS.

NO-RENT MOVE.

CROWDS' SYMPATHY WITH THE CAPTIVES.

More Poplar councillors were arrested yesterday for non-compliance with the order to levy the rates in the borough for outside purposes, bringing the number up to 15.

The names of those arrested yesterday are:

- Ald. Scurr, Chairman of the Finance Committee,
- Mr. J. T. O'Callaghan,
- Mr. Slowman,
- Mr. J. H. Banks,
- Mr. T. E. Kelly,
- Mr. J. J. Rugless,
- Mr. Riley.

The Mayor (Mr. March), who is in Brixton Prison, is now known as No. C235, and the Acting-Governor has given him permission to see his secretary daily. He says he slept fairly well and feels fit, except for a cold.

Crowds had stayed outside Alderman Scurr's house all night.

A motor-car containing the Sheriff's officers drew up outside, and the crowd became excited. Cheers were raised for the Council.

Already in the cab were two other Councillors under arrest, one of them being Mr. O'Callaghan. The crowd surged towards the cab; but the Councillors, leaning out of the window, appealed for order. An attempt to open the cab-door was discontinued after one of the crowd had made a second appeal not to molest the driver, who, he said, had been engaged on a duty "the nature of which he did not know."

"DON'T CARE IF I HANG."

The officers then went to Alderman Scurr's door, and Mr. O'Callaghan addressed the crowd. He said he did not go to Brixton because he wanted to, but because he had made a promise and meant to keep it.

"I do not care if I hang," he said, and added that if the authorities kept them for twelve months and a day, as they could do, the council would keep its promise.

He appeared with the crowd and spoke to the crowd with loud voices. He addressed the crowd and advised the adoption of non-resistance as the only weapon by which the council could win its freedom.

The crowd were chuckling over the attitude of one councillor, who was reported to have kept the sheriff's officer waiting while he finished a meal and had a wash.

There is a widespread determination not to pay any rent while the Councillors are in prison. A woman declared yesterday that no householder in her street intended to pay a penny until the prisoners are released.

Up to last evening none of the women councillors had been arrested.

Labour councillors who have not been made liable to arrest met privately at the Council Chamber, and afterwards issued to the inhabitants an appeal not to begin their no rent strike until further orders.

It was stated that the strike would not commence until the Government had shown its hand. It remained to be seen whether any attempt would be made to collect the unlevied rates.

AWAITING ARREST.

Afterwards, by popular demand, the councillors adjourned to the Town Hall, where they addressed a crowded meeting. Some of the members liable to arrest, who were still at liberty, also spoke, and a large overflow gathering was held outside.

Further appeals were made not to commence the no-rent strike until further orders had been issued.

Mr. George Lansbury asked why he and the others had not been arrested. They were prepared to go, and had even approached the sheriff's officers, asking them to make an appointment. It was untrue to say that the sheriff's officers had called upon him or his son.

OTHER BOROUGHS' HELP.

It was mentioned that arrangements were being made to get support from other boroughs, and a public demonstration would be held in the Assembly Hall in the Mile End-road. It had also been arranged to get a statement of the case before the Trade Union Congress meeting in Cardiff. In addition an appeal would be made to every trade union, co-operative society, and trades council in the country.

At the close of the meeting cheers were raised for the imprisoned councillors, and the "Red Flag" was sung.

A cheering crowd surrounded Mr. Lansbury and escorted him to Bow-road.

LABOUR CALL TO THE PREMIER.

SPECIAL SESSION.

"PARLIAMENT SHOULD BE SUMMONED."

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Secretary to the London Labour Party, and Mayor of Hackney, has written a letter on the rates and unemployment to Mr. Lloyd George.

The Party regrets that the Government "is guilty of grave neglect in its duties towards large masses of the population."

"In the absence of adequate action by the Government the outlook for the coming winter is black and tragic in the extreme," says Mr. Morrison's letter. "I am desirous to express to you the very deepfelt conviction of the London Labour Party Executive that a special session of Parliament should immediately be called in order that legislation may be passed and administrative action taken."

After referring to the London unemployed's pressure on the Guardians, the letter goes on:

"We have been hoping for steady reductions in the rates but one of the consequences of the neglect of unemployment by your Government appears likely to be the substantial increase in local rates."

In view of the system of municipal finance obtaining in the Metropolis, the rates will be highest where unemployment and poverty is most intense, and a substantial proportion of the cost of relieving the unemployed in these poor boroughs will have to be met by the unemployed themselves, and by workpeople in employment who can ill afford such extra burdens in these times of falling wages.

"The London Labour Party Executive ventures respectfully, but with the greatest possible firmness, to submit that unemployment is essentially a national problem, and that the Government is guilty of atrocious injustice when it stands aside and allows such a large proportion of the financial burden consequent upon a national social problem to fall upon the backs of the local ratepayers."

It is also pointed out that the present method of dealing with the problem is wasteful in the extreme, as the doles produce no useful economic return.

It is therefore submitted that "in the absence of better proposals by the Government, Parliament should immediately be summoned."

The letter also mentions the constructive programme of the Party, which would be used in a short time to reduce the expenditure in the public works and to increase the efficiency of the public services.

INSURANCE BENEFIT.

Ministry of Labour's Explanation of the Act.

On making inquiry at the Ministry of Labour yesterday with reference to the position of persons who had exhausted their right to benefit under the Unemployment Insurance Act, a Press representative was informed that in general the maximum periods of benefit that may be drawn are as follows:

Between March 3, 1921, and Nov. 2, 1921, a first special period of 16 weeks, and between Nov. 3, 1921, and July 3, 1922, a second special period of 16 weeks, and thereafter 26 weeks in each insurance year.

The Minister of Labour, however, has power under the Act to authorise the payment of further benefit not exceeding in the aggregate six weeks within each special period, and this was done during the first special period, the original 16 weeks between March and October having been extended to 22 weeks.

If necessary demands of the Minister of Labour has power under the Act to extend in a similar way the second special period which commences in November and ends in July of next year.

[The italics are ours.]

BUSY GUARDIANS.

Heavy Work for the Relief Committees.

Having set all the Guardians in London astir in the course of the last few days, the Metropolitan unemployed are for the moment waiting events.

Mass meetings of the workless, however, are being held and organised in every industrial district, and every board is to be tackled in turn.

The Unemployment Committees of the boards are in many cases working overtime in dealing with relief cases.

Three relief committees at Islington were on duty for twelve hours on Thursday, and were still busy yesterday. The same occurred at St. Pancras, which at Wandsworth a special staff of investigators is employed at a cost of £130 a week.

At Shoreditch an energetic committee of unemployed are themselves co-operating by preparing lists of the men out of work, with the particulars the Guardians require. They have been given the use of a room at the Town Hall to do the work.

(See also Page Three.)

MORE POPLAR ARRESTS.



PROCESSION FOR ARRESTED.—Having made an appointment over the telephone with the sheriff's officer to arrest them in connection with Poplar council's refusal to levy rates, Mr. George Lansbury, his son, and Councillors Adams and Baker were escorted in a car (arrow) to Brixton Prison by a procession of unemployed.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS.—While waiting for the other two councillors to come to his house and be arrested Mr. George Lansbury (left), the sheriff's officer (centre), and Mr. Edgar Lansbury (right) went into the garden, where this photograph was taken.

See vol. 28. a, fo. 125-6, for a letter of Daisy Hansbury
to the Bishop of Chelmsford, dated 5 September 1921



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STILL UNEMPLOYED

By GEORGE LANSBURY

There are some silly people who imagine that the twopenny levy and a few shillings more out-of-work pay will settle the unemployed question—at least for the coming winter. Such persons live in a fool's paradise, made up of make-believe, chicanery, humbug, and ignorance. Let there be no mistake: the Government's proposals will settle nothing.

Twenty shillings a week for man and wife and 1s. per head for children will still leave an intolerable burden on the rates. In addition, large masses of men and women will not come within the scope of the Government's Bill, and, consequently, will almost entirely be thrown upon local authorities for maintenance. As I read the rising figures recording the numbers of persons in receipt of relief and realise the tremendous burdens imposed on towns, cities, and urban districts, especially in West Ham and similar industrial districts, I am appalled at the light-hearted manner in which the situation is faced, and the utter futility of the official proposals put forward for dealing with an economic crisis fraught with the gravest peril to all of us.

The Burden of the Poor

Rates and taxes do not matter much when these are borne by rich and powerful monopolists, but when, in addition to providing rent, profit, and interest, the workers are called upon also to bear the burden of maintaining and keeping alive the poverty-stricken millions which landlordism and Capitalism create, then it does matter very much how the burden is increased. The Government schemes for restoring trade are puny in the extreme. Nobody expects very much to happen, and in any case nobody expects early relief from any of these plans.

The proposal to give local grants in the shape of loans is beset with so many regulations and hindrances that very little is to be expected from any of them, especially in view of the fact that the Minister of Health has done his best to frame rules which, if they are carried into operation, must result in lowering the whole standard of working-class life. To take threepence off every shilling an unemployed man earns when he is given work by a local authority is simple robbery and exploitation of those in need.

I wish, however, to emphasise the fact that if all the schemes are carried out and every penny of the money talked about and voted is used, the problem will still remain unsolved, for unemployment, under-employment, sweating, and low wages are all a necessary part of the capitalist system. Fifteen years ago the world was passing through a crisis similar to the one we are passing through to-day. The difficulties were not so great, but the unemployed were unemployed for the same reason as to-day. No man had need of them, simply and solely because nobody could make money out of their labour.

It is not very helpful to tell a hungry man or woman the truth as nakedly as this. A mere statement of fact cuts no ice when the question to be solved is one concerning the immediate provision of food and drink. We must, however, try and get at the truth about unemployment, because already I hear people talking of the unemployables, the ne'er-do-wells, and so on, as if unemployment would be solved if we were all skilled workpeople and all of us industrious. The fact is the reverse. No matter how educated, how hard-working we all might be, some of us must be out of work while our labour continues to be organised for the purpose of producing profit.

Aftermath of War

The war has made matters worse, but the war is not the root cause of our trouble. More production will not help us. Working longer hours will do us no good, if, after we have worked harder and produced more, our substance is garnered by those who toil not nor spin, but manage to wax fat and grow wealthy through the toil of others.

On this question of cheaper production our friends who argue that way forget that before the war most of those who now cry for cheap labour were even more insistent in declaring that unemployment was due to cheapness, which was due to low wages, and that what we needed was protection in order that our standard of life might be raised. Protection or Free Trade will not solve our difficulties, because our economic plight is not peculiar to ourselves, since countries with either a Tariff Wall or Free Trade find themselves in just as evil a condition. The United States, which did well out of the war, finds itself in as difficult a position as ourselves in regard to the unemployed.

And yet the whole world of men and women cries out for food and goods, while food and other necessities of life are obtainable only at monopolist prices. Yet in South America wheat is being burnt as fuel. In passing, I bid you realise this is no new experience. The same thing has happened more than once before the war. It is obvious that a greater production of wheat by South American workmen would not help us one bit. America is a long way off, and people may ask: "What about England?"

Well, we need millions, many mil-

lions, of pounds' worth of goods of every sort and kind. Look where you will there are needs which cannot be supplied, and why not? Simply because no one can make money out of the job.

Surely the ordinary person should now be able to understand that unemployment, poverty, and want all arise because we have not yet discovered how to use man-power for the service of mankind. Strangely enough, we long ago found out how to organise to destroy, but have not succeeded in discovering how to preserve and develop human beings.

Demoralisation of Idlers

Look around you to-day and in street and market-place you will find the youth and maidenhood of England standing idle waiting to be hired. I know the demoralisation which comes to those who, day by day, pass their time in enforced idleness. I do not want the young people of the working-class driven to work at an early age, but it is necessary, if they are to have leisure, that it should be used as leisure is used in the other classes.

It is only the children of the workers who are driven to work, and at periods compelled to endure the intolerable condition of semi-starvation caused by unemployment. The children of the rich only begin education at an age when the workers' children are driven into field, factory, and mine. But the rich know how to organise life. The youth of Eton, the young men at Cambridge or Oxford, all get their fill of sport and amusement. Their days are not spent in idleness, but in the leisured ways of recreation and pleasure, and this they claim as a right.

If to-day we would frankly take out of the labour market all the young people from the age of 14 to 21, we should be doing a real service to the nation, for we could use these years for training mind and body, in place of the present soul-and-body-destroying existence of overwork and no work. It is of no benefit to anybody that the youth of England should be brought up expected to work and yet at times not allowed to work. Some will go abroad and try to discover openings in other lands, but emigration has not saved Ireland and limiting families has not saved France. Nor will these remedies save any nation from the inherent evils of Capitalism.

Reorganise Industry

We must insist always on maintenance for all, but I wish we could more and more insist on a complete reorganisation of industry. I see no end to unemployment, either through doles to individuals or subsidies to industries. All these may be necessary temporary measures; I cannot see them as remedies. We must give up our reliance on foreign markets, and once again learn to live on our own resources.

The true basis of exchange between nations must be found in each nation exchanging with its neighbours those commodities each can best produce. This is also true within a nation. There are millions of people needing warmth and light in England whose needs are never supplied; there are tens of thousands of miners ready to produce the coal for warmth and light if they were allowed, whose needs, in their turn, in the form of food, clothing and shelter, need supplying.

We must once more till the soil of England, and by so doing set the wheels of all industry moving. Long ago we should have insisted that while there is one acre of land unused there should not be an idle pair of hands. If we had the will it would be easy to set half-a-million of men and women to work on the land to-morrow. It would entail giving them food, shelter, etc. They would, however, give us lots of food, fruits, and other good things in return. At present we are sowing dragons' teeth in the shape of demoralisation and worse by our doles, and our heaping up of burdens, and our rulers will not see that a great change is needed in our objects and our methods.

Commercialism Played Out

Commercialism is played out; it reached the heyday of its strength and power in Germany, America, and Britain before the war. Those days will never return for any country again. Capitalism means more and more wars; it also means no peace either in our homes or our nation. The red ruin which has overtaken mankind is the result of a system which has its foundation in personal greed and ambition. We have succeeded in setting up a god whose name is Mammon, and in creating poverty in the midst of plenty.

We must turn ourselves round and discover a new way of life, or rather try and work out the old way in a new form. "Nothing without labour" is a truth we can all understand. We must amplify this, and say that all labour of brain and hand shall be used to subserve the common weal. When we do this we shall very soon discover that work is not an end of life, but is a means of life; that leisure, pleasure, and joy are all to be desired and enjoyed only when we all have done what we can to make these possible of enjoyment by all, and when this is done, there will be no unemployed, no over-employed, and no poverty.

Walter Coates

128

14 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Telephone: Gerrard 2181.

Dear George

Dec 21/1921

I am very busy these days, so as I've got a spare minute or two now I want to send Bessie & you my love and good wishes for Xmas and the coming year. I hope Bessie is better and that you are keeping up to top form.

We are entirely alone this Xmas & New Year for two reasons (1) water supply and (2) I'm pretty tired & want to get in some good restful sleep. You will know, however, that we shall be thinking of absent friends among the first of whom come Bessie & you.

Always yours
Walter

Edward Noel-Buxton
(1st Baron Noel-Buxton; 1869--)

129

12, RUTLAND GATE,
S.W.7.

Dec. 23
Dec 23 1921

Dear Lansbury
Very best thanks
for the inspiring poem
you have sent me.
& all best wishes
for Xmas & 1922.

Yours sincerely
Noel-Buxton

Wm. B. Dean
of Poplar Training School

130
[say 24 Dec.]
HUTTON,
Christmas, 1921.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

At last, three years after the War, our School is beginning to look like its old self. There are now seven hundred of you living here instead of the four hundred to which you were reduced; and in a good many ways the last comers are the most interesting. For they are just little, tiny, newborn and often squalling babies. I expect that some of them in a dozen years or more will be the real aristocrats of the School; leading the way in games and in lessons; and showing in their strong young bodies and steadfast eyes the very fruits of the School's training. At present they sleep and eat and roar, and look at us all with the greatest indifference. The biggest of them regularly gets ready to howl if he sees my hand go to my pocket—for the terror of his life is my "tick-tock."

Whenever you come to the School, I hope you will make a point of going to the Nursery, your old time "Pro" of happy memory, and having a look at the tenderest twigs on the Tree—and if you can, bring a little toy with you.

I have put off from day to day the writing of this letter for it is the last of its kind I shall have the privilege of writing to you all. In the spring, the matron and I are leaving the School; and that means we are going away from what has been for very many years our delightful home—and most of its delights have been given to us by you.

The praises you invariably earn from visitors, the satisfaction so often expressed about you by inspectors, your joy and pride in the School, your love for and skill in all kinds of sports, the splendid way you have always behaved to us, all these things fill us with thankfulness and pride and the memory of them will be with us both for ever.

It is an uplifting thought to us that in every corner of the earth there is someone whom we know and who is Playing up for the School!

Well, once again, Play up the School!

Somewhere, although they do not know it, there is a young schoolmaster and his wife who are coming to live in Mr. Dean's house.

Play up the School! Shew them that you are strong, healthy, clean, obedient and fit to be trusted—make them glad they came to you—make them strongest branches of the Poplar Tree—So you will please us best.

Play up the School! Wherever we are, send us the news we shall like best of all news—that all is well at Hutton; that the Tree is healthy and vigorous; that your work is honest and excellent; that you are foremost in the spirit of your sports, even and especially when you lose; that always you

Play the Game!

This is all I can say to you now. Mr. Lansbury, still your chairman, and always your champion—and all his, and our, and your friends who form the Committee, join us in heartiest greetings to you this Christmastide.

Our love to you always,

Your affectionate Head,

William B. Dean

David Graham ble

131

2 ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, W.C. 2.

Telephone No.: Regent 2940

Xmas Eve 1921.

Telegrams: "Dagrampol, Phone, London."

My dear G.H.

I can't tell you how much the Lamb & I appreciated your letter tonight. We too feel that to be among your friends is a great joy & whether we see one another or not we really are very united.

We can't get away this Xmas as we had intended & hoped. Dick's girl spent a night here on her way from school to join her mother in Cumberland & had spots next morning which turned out to be chicken pox! So our wee dining room is turned into a hospital & we have the child fixed here for three weeks. She is awfully good & very bright & happy with games, illustrated papers & books.

Every good wish to you & Jones for this season & for the year that lies before us

Always yours

David

Paul Bridgeman

132

Telegrams - Burnham - Bucks - Tel. 6.
Station - Taplow.

Hitcham House

Burnham

Bucks

[? brother of Reginald F. D. Bridgeman;
1884 -]

26th Dec 1921

Dear George.

How nice to think
that you haven't forgotten
me although we haven't
managed to meet for
such a long time now, pro-
bably due to circumstance
over which neither of us
have any control.
My thoughts have been

Constantly with you and
especially with Mrs Lausbury
all the time you were
separated from her in prison.
I do hope your experiences
there which you recounted
so vividly may have worked
a slight alleviation in the
defects of that whole system.
I managed to get through

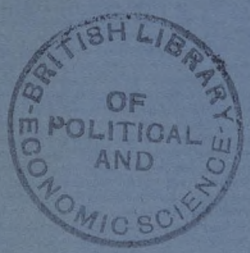
my last exam all night
in the summer but have now
got a big one in front of
me in March which I shall
have to work extremely hard
for.

My brother in Peria has
been having an awkward time
out there just lately I fancy
and finds our mad Eastern
policy an extremely difficult
one to pursue.

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I should love to hear what you think about the Irish question I do hope and pray that a peaceful policy will be followed and that at last we may come to live on happy terms together once more without any permit of a vindictive policy from either side.

Yours very sincerely
Paul Bridgeman



M449

31 Dec. 1921

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FROM REV. MANLEY POWER, ELMFIELD, LONDON ROAD, WORCESTER.

Most grateful to you for your kind
 remembrance both to us & to our
 wishes which I heartily reciprocate to
 you & yours. Your card duly reached us,
 addressed to the Dean - the above is now
 my address - we moved to this smaller house
 at Leichard as May 1922 to put up in
 Peace, good will, & true brotherhood - 31/12/21

WORCESTER
POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

31 DEC 21



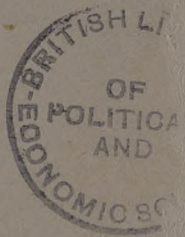
George Lansbury Esq.

(?) Harley St.

Port

2 3

London M449



Edgar L. Lansbury

135

HOTEL-PENSION MONTE MORO



SAAS-GRÜND
VALAIS ▼ SUISSE

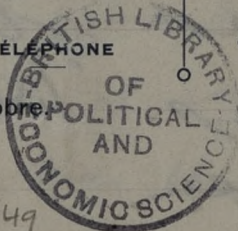
Chemin de fer de Viège à Zermatt
STATION STALDEN

F. Paris-Lochmatter
Propriétaire.

Altitude 1562 m.

Ouvert du 1^{er} Juin au 1^{er} Octobre

TÉLÉPHONE



pre-1922
Sunday.

Dear Mum & Dad,

M449

We are just wondering what you are all doing at Shoreham. We have been having weird & exciting times indeed. The journey was alright till we got to Paris & then we all got separated and found our various ways to the South of France, without much official assistance. The journey in England on the boat was quite uneventful except that, strange to say, I was quite well on the boat (because I took "Zstos" sea-sickness pills) whereas Minnie was as bad as I was well. It was worse for her because she could not be sick. Imagine the consequences I won't harrow your feelings further! To come to Paris

we reached Pontarlier which is near
the end of the French part of the journey.
This was 6 o'clock in the morning.
I don't want to describe the dreadful
length of the rest of the journey on the
Swiss Railways. We stuck it from
6 till 2.40 pm. We ought to have
been awfully pleased, for we went
through some of the grandest scenery
I've ever imagined let alone seen.

We simply wended our way slowly up
towards the source of the Rhône, through
narrow gorges, fast sparkling cascades,
fast roaring torrents, or through
beautiful valleys, over the sides of
which the Swiss peasantry have planted
row after row of vines. They grow in
terraces where the earth must have
been taken up for there is no natural
soil there by the look of it. The
mountains are clad with snow and
pine trees. The trees look like grass

again, however, we got in one Station &
rode right across the city in big buses
& it was like driving through an oven
with a big fire in the grate. We passed
through the Place de la Concorde, the Champs
d'Élysees &c. but it was rather
dark to see any of the things which
Students & fanatics get excited about.
We then got to the Station of the
Paris Lyon & Méditerranéenne Railway
& this, O heavens! was worse than
an Oven. We dodged about trying to
find our train, & after various suggestions
about staying in Paris the night, & sleeping
on the platforms, Minnie & I made a dive
for a first class compartment & swore
we wouldn't move for anybody at all. We
were rewarded for our determination, for
after being hunted up & down for about
an hour, we found ourselves moving rapidly
out of Paris & settled down to a jolly
good sleep & didn't wake up properly till

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4

and it is difficult to believe that some of them are hundreds of feet high. We ourselves are almost up to the snow. The summer is so hot this year that the snow has had to retreat up the sides of the hills, & now it clings about in crevices and on the highest peaks only. But to come back to the journey. As you know the Rhine flows through Lake Geneva. It is a splendid stretch of water, blue as a summer sky, and clear as crystal. You could count the pebbles on the bottom. We went slowly along the banks to the end. When the River enters the lake it is full of all sorts of substances which it brings down from the highest peaks of the Alps, and is like milk. When it leaves the lake at the other end, it is as clear as the lake itself - all the sand &c. being left at the bottom of the lake. So far the journey

Edgar I. Lansburg

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HOTEL-PENSION MONTE MORO



TÉLÉPHONE

SAAS-GRÜND
VALAIS & SUISSE

[pre-1922]
Chemin de fer de Viège à Zermatt
STATION STALDEN

F. Paris-Lochmatter
Propriétaire.

Altitude 1562 m.

Ouvert du 1^{er} Juin au 1^{er} Octobre.

had been only very tiring; but from Stalden
— where we stopped & had a good dinner
— the journey was ripping. It was
all walking walking & walking.
15 miles of it !! Some of the party
had mules; most of us did it on foot.
These mules had a miserable
habit of walking right on the edge
of the precipice — in fact
nibbling strawberry & raspberry plants
growing only two feet over the edge!!
The people who had the mules were
prepared for the worst. No cart of
mules or bicycle or anything whatever
on wheels can come where we are.
We are out of civilization's reach.

But I keep on depressing. The walk
from Stalden to Pass found
(where we are) is magnificent. If I
could get some photographs of the
scenery I will, but I don't think I
can do so now. The camera always
goes wrong. There were snow-covered
mountains all round, & we ourselves
were going slowly up and up and up
for four solid hours. The air is so
fine that you don't feel the strain
at all, & the path winds around
with the Rhine & doesn't leave it
more than 30 yds all the way. I
wonder how I can describe this torrent?
It simply hurls itself along destroying
everything in its path - even the rocks
that get thrown down from the mountains
don't hold out against its fury for more
than, say, a dozen centuries. Our hotel
is in a village of about 100 inhabitants,
at the source of the Rhine. The

(7)
picture at the head of this paper is a
fraud. It is nothing like the place.

When we have had some
experiences, I will write again.
Will you send this to Dad
because I can't write two letters
like this can I?

Best love from Mimi
to the ~~dearest~~ widows

& you

Eloise