

DAILY HERALD EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES... 2, CARNARVON STREET, E.C.4. Telephone, City 8210.

not reduce wages, lent his aid to the wage-cutting campaign when he was Premier...

Drifting to War

If, as seems only too probable, the Disarmament Conference at Geneva is fated to be stillborn...

The Scandal of Low Wages

After examining the cost-of-living figures yesterday a Liberal newspaper draws the conclusion that "the middle-class family with about £600 a year has to use much inventiveness to keep up a pre-war standard..."

A Northumbrian miner has sent us a statement showing that his average weekly earnings for the past three months have been £2 9s., or, with off-takes, £2 7s. 3d.

He has a wife and three children. Paying tribute to his wife as a "marvel," he shows how £1 18s. 3d. of his meagre earnings goes to keep house and home, leaving 7s. 9d. for clothing, boots and a hundred-and-one other necessities.

The miners, however, are by no means the only sufferers from low wages. Engineers who have to serve a long apprenticeship before they receive standard wages, who are acknowledged even by the masters who exploit them to be without superiors in the world as craftsmen, are paid in London the low rate of 60s. 10d. in the provinces 56s. 6d. for a full week.

They are at the moment pressing for a long overdue increase. Cotton operatives are "going through it" in a way never before known. Prolonged short time and low wages are spreading social havoc in Lancashire.

Here is a selection of average wages for a full week in September, 1925, given in the report of the Samuel Commission: Goods porters, 46s. to 50s.; building labourers, 55s. 7d. for six days; agricultural labourers, 52s. 11d.; shipwrights, 55s. 7d. Some of these figures are lower to-day.

It is heartrending to try to read the social implications of these figures. Millions of our fellow-countrymen are on perpetual short commons. They are ill-clad, ill-fed, ill-housed, harassed, well-nigh broken by the endless struggle to make both ends meet. Their children are growing up with a C3 chance in life.

The average Liberal and Tory, who puffs out his chest and declares that Britain is the finest country in the world, ought to be deeply ashamed of himself when he faces these facts. But is he? He joined in the cry for lower wages, who, Lloyd George, who, with a hypocritical sob in his voice, told Welsh farmers at Penllin that they must

From Our Postbag Another People's Playground "Going West"?

MR. WISE'S letter does not touch the really serious item in your report of the discussion at the I.L.P. conference of the Labour Party's Agricultural Policy.

No one can object to members of the I.L.P., or anyone else, criticising the Party's policy. We must know, however, without any ambiguity, where the I.L.P., as an organisation, stands in this matter.

Mr. Mansel reported to have said that the I.L.P. Agricultural Policy "held the field against the other" (Labour Party Agricultural Policy). What does that mean?

The I.L.P. is definitely bound by the decision of the Labour Party Conference. The Labour Party Agricultural Policy is the policy for the rest of the Movement.

It, therefore, there is any attempt on the part of the I.L.P. to put any policy into the field against the Party's policy, it becomes a very serious matter, which the responsible authorities of the Movement cannot afford to ignore.

It is a pity that we ought to have an official statement of the position of the I.L.P. GEORGE DALLAS, Chairman, Labour Party Advisory Committee on Agricultural Policy, Great Basset-st., London, W.C.1.

"A Misplaced Confidence" Mr. Bryan's plea for the London pigeon does more honour to his heart than to his head. With so many stony hearts about, that is no great misfortune, but we must keep a sense of proportion.

The pigeon population of London is a nuisance, and it should be abated. To speak only of one aspect of the problem, why cannot under any personal notice I enter the British Museum on most days fearing to be overtaken by the fate of Toht, and with no success, like myself, would wish the pigeon to follow the horse (and, I hope, the dog) into oblivion in our crowded cities. S.W.1. BYARD SIMMONS.

Pensions at Fifty I should like to take this opportunity of advising Mr. Lane, and other members of the public, that for many years an intensive campaign has been waged on the question of pensions by the N.C.U.K. in most of the principal towns in the United Kingdom.

In fact, it was undoubtedly owing to the pressure brought to bear by railwaymen on the subject of "Pensions at 50" at the last General Election that we have now Pensions at 65 on the Statute Book.

Mr. Lane says: "Let the trade unionists busy on this pension business." He and other trade unionists may be interested to learn (1) that a National Association for Pensions at 60 has been formed; (2) that a comprehensive scheme will shortly be published; and (3) that it is proposed to hold mass meetings in all the large towns, and to resort to a system of scientific propaganda.

To do all this we shall require at least £10,000, and I trust that when the appeal is made every trade unionist, Co-operator, and Labourite will respond right-royally.

Give us the shells and we will fire the long-range guns. FRANK BAILEY, Sec. National Association for Pensions at 60, Unity House, Euston-road, N.W.

Many Thanks May I thank all our comrades for the help they have given me over the song I asked for in a recent issue? I am sure it does our paper great credit, for I have received information from all over the British Isles, and it is impossible for me to answer all individually. South-road, Dover. D. KENNETH.

In this article J. T. Walton Newbold and William Wilkinson (prospective Labour candidates for North and West Derbyshire respectively) describe the encroachment of certain industrial interests on the beauties of the Peak District, where great havoc has already been wrought—thus giving additional point to the campaign for playgrounds for the people of our overcrowded towns and cities.

MIDWAY between the most populous, and, perhaps, the ugliest, of the industrialised areas of England, ringed around on every side by coalfields and chemical making centres, and by cotton and woollen manufacturing towns, is a tract of country some 40 miles square, which seems to have been set aside by Nature herself as a refuge from the noise and chaos of a commodity civilisation.

Rising from the very edge of the Lancashire mill area, ridge after ridge rolls to break and lose itself in the leafy wastes of Sherwood Forest, the ancient wilderness of the Peak. Shorn out of the smoke pall that hangs over Sheffield tower the heathery moors that bound the Derwent on its eastward banks, but a few miles away from the hideous excrescences of the Potteries, the farthest outpost of the Pennines stand eternal sentinels before the Dane, the Manifold, and the Dove.

Every week-end we meet the ramblers coming off the Saturday train, and we wait our welcome to the charabanc parties that come singing up Taddington Dale, or over the Cat and Fiddle Pass. Movers from Nottingham, walkers from the Don Valley, mill girls from Oldham, clerks out of Manchester—they make, each and all, their escape for a few brief hours to our windy, rain-washed uplands.

Yet, for all their need and the nearness of our mountains to them, not only is Kinder itself sorely preserved, but so are many of the other centres, and no longer can we drive through Bakewell, coach and six, the ringing horn, to peep into the romance of the sixteenth and seventeenth of the eighteenth centuries at Haddon Hall and Chatsworth House. The former is closed to the public with the coming into residence of the Duke of Rutland, and the latter has become difficult to view.

But far more serious than what may only be a temporary shutting out of the people from ancient monuments which their earlier owners have taught us to regard as not merely family possessions but county heritage, is the havoc already wrought and the encroachment threatened on all sides by the quarrying interest, now tearing, not with hands of men, but grabs of steel, at the white faces of our lovely limestone dales.

Unabated by the blight they have effected in Ashwood Dale, not satisfied with the blasting and shovelling of whole hillsides into the kins or their quarry pits, the furmies to flux their ores, the ironmasters and the chemical monopolies have laid their hands in greedy anticipation on Miller's Dale, down towards the far-famed Water-cum-Jolly and possessed themselves of one side of Cheadle.

The whole plateau, stretching from Tideswell and Eyam to Ambergate and Iron Company Limited, Newton Chambers and Company, Limited, and other lime-using concerns.

Though there is no reason why they should not confine themselves to Peak Forest, or betake themselves into the bleak, gaunt backlands served by the High Peak Railway, where there is an hourly train, yet they are driving right in where the scenic glories of a countryside that till now has never meant anything to them.

The Devonian strata, met at any time come into the market, and these soulless syndicates stand around waiting their opportunity to buy up the miles for a few miles. So this no time is to be lost if we are to mobilise sentiment sufficient to preserve these incomparable gorges of the Wyke, the Dove, and the Elmsay Middleton as permanent playgrounds for the people.

THOSE HOME LESSONS! "HOME lessons are a curse!" That was the comment of one irate father who objected to his children bringing any home work from school.

At yet home lessons could easily be rendered so delightful that not only would the youngsters be anxious to have them, but parents would be just as anxious to share in the feast.

If the children were permitted to please themselves about their home lessons, and to choose the particular kind of work they would like to do, while parents and teachers extended appreciation and encouragement to them, without in the least coercing them, home work would cease to be the bug-bear of the household.

The "drudgery work" of which there should be as little as possible, and which a good teacher can do much to lighten and make pleasant, should always be performed in the school-room, and not at home-work.

Encourage children to form reading circles at home, where they can discuss the great novelists, talk over the lives of the authors, and discuss the principal characters in the stories. Help them to read the plays of the great dramatists, as well as to read them; put popular works on astronomy in their way, so that they may gaze at the heavens on fine starry nights with an added interest—give them a pocket microscope so that they may be induced to look more closely into the flowers as they ramble through the countryside.

Give them the opportunity of browsing in a library, public or private, and permit them to choose the literature that appeals to them. Build a literary environment about them, and help them to cultivate a taste for art and beauty, leading them to follow the bent of their own inclination.

Still more, your parents who are having to bring about such a condition of things, who are in the same environment, you will find yourselves drawn into the charmed circle, for the work will be a delight to you also. You will in fact have set up a home study circle, delightful, helpful, and mentally inspiring to every member of your household.

One final word, a plea for the girls: If there are household duties to be performed for mother in the evening, see to it that the boys share them, and thus give all your children equal opportunities! M. A. P. P.

The Way of The World

The 100 per cent. Dog Fish! First Time Backs. Daily Press Headline.

This should be welcomed by some of our anglers, who complain that the fish won't even "bite"—much less "bark."

Won by Waiting! Karl Wollste, of Vienna, who has just been presented with a silver medal for long and faithful service as a waiter, is said to be the first of his profession to receive this honour.

When John M'ulloch was appointed Controller, in 1841, he found that all the proceeds from the sale of securities were divided among his subordinates, and that, from this source alone, some of them were doubling their official salaries.

The Stationery Office, where it is suggested, drastic economies might be effected, once offered considerable prizes for some of its officials.

Fire insurance? An American musical comedy actress has just insured her legs for £10,000. It must be these "flame" stockings she's afraid of.

Traitors, Traitors! A blatant instance of the Italian proverb "A translator is a betrayer," happened in 1918 when H. G. Wells' book, Mr. Britling Sees It Through, was translated into French under the ludicrous title M. Britling Commence.

Of this the meaning of the latter is "Mr. Britling Begins to See Clearly," or "Mr. Britling Sees Through It."

This mistake has now been corrected, and a popular comment has resulted in the selection of M. Britling Va Jusqu'au Bout ("Mr. Britling Goes Right to the End") as the title of a new translation.

Crimes of Shame! Like Oliver Goldsmith, "I envy the mighty great"—particularly those of those who in the fallow of success, suspended in 1918 when H. G. Wells' book, Mr. Britling Sees It Through, was translated into French under the ludicrous title M. Britling Commence.

"Aiding the Rubber-Necks" "Rubber-necks" who visit the Bavarian Alps, walk like those who visit the Dolomites, do not need the glass-bottomed boats you mentioned in a recent paragraph, writes a reader who has been on a W.T.A. German trip.

Old Moore's Early Start A new cycle of prosperity is being predicted for 1927, and it is very high, and, alas! there is no lift."

Today's Disillusionment BETTIE WARREN BUNNED. Daily Press Headline. This heading encouraged me to think that naval disarmament was beginning at last—until I read that the ship in question was 100 years old, and even then it was only burned by accident!

Other Points of View "Sand isn't what it used to be in my young days," complained the lock-and-escape.

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