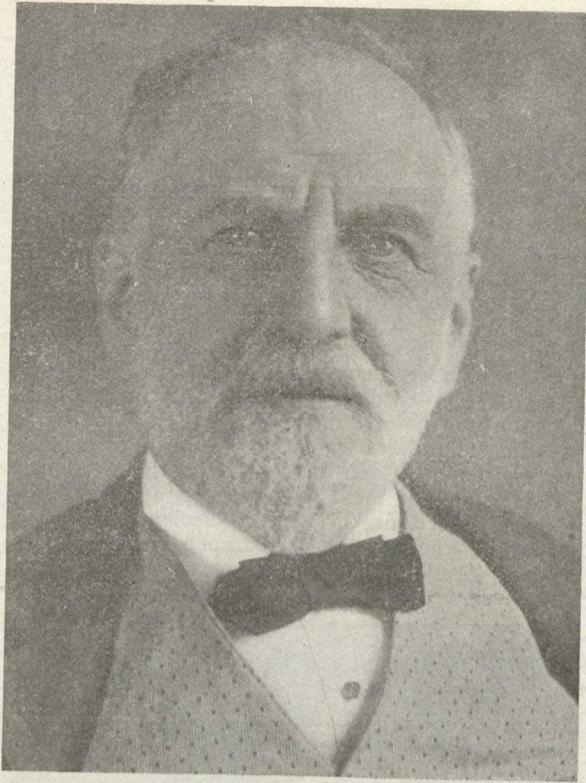


special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, I toured England with Mr. Stead, nearing him address great audiences every night. Travel with a man day after day; see him at work privately; go to his home; talk with him for hours after the night's engagements are over, and you will know what manner of character he is.

If you want a study in personality, read "The Last Will and Testament of Cecil J. Rhodes; with elucidatory notes, edited by W. T. Stead." Cecil Rhodes is widely regarded as the greatest Imperialist of them all. Rhodes died early in 1902. When he was an unknown diamond hunter in South Africa, he used to see the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He found in its editor a kindred Imperial thinker, and when he came to London in 1889 he sought Mr. Stead's acquaintance. Rhodes had made three wills. In 1891 he made another, leaving everything, for public purposes, to "X" and Mr. Stead; "X" to look after the money and Stead to decide how it was to be spent in furtherance of the union of all the English-speaking peoples—and to which he and Rhodes were in perfect sympathy. This was amended in 1893, and several years afterwards the will, which is in execution now, was made, with Mr. Stead as one of the executors. With his knowledge his name was removed after the Boer War broke out. In connection with it, I quote a statement by Mr. Rhodes's solicitor, Mr. B. F. Hawksley:

"It is quite true that Mr. Rhodes associated my friend Mr. W. T. Stead with those upon whom he has imposed the task of carrying out his aspirations. In the far back days, when Mr. Stead expounded in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the common interests of the English-speaking peoples, his acquaintance was sought by Mr. Rhodes—an acquaintance which ripened into a close intimacy and continued to the last. Mr. Rhodes recognized in Mr. Stead one who thought as he did, and who had a marvellous gift enabling him to clothe with a literary charm ideas they both held dear—even as the diamond cutter will by his work expose the brilliancy of the rough diamond. As Mr. Rhodes frequently said to me and to others, including Mr. Stead himself, the friendship of the two men was too strong to be broken by passing differences on the South African war. The removal of Mr. Stead's name from Mr. Rhodes testament arose from other causes quite appreciated by Mr. Stead, and which did honour alike to both men."

MR. STEAD was congruous in every company. He never boasted about seeing great people—they were everyday human beings in great positions. Before he made the round of European courts in 1898 he had not owned a pair of kid gloves or a silk hat for a dozen years. He lost one glove on



The Late W. T. Stead.

the way to see the King of the Belgians, and came back to London without buying another. At Carlisle one night he told why he was never abashed in exalted presences—his account of how, unwittingly, he dismissed the Czar Alexander—he didn't know what fun he had caused till years afterwards—was one of the most humorous things I ever heard.

The difference between a snob and a real man is that the snob, when he has contacted with high and mighty people, affects a deep condescension to men of lower estate. Mr. Stead's behaviour to the humblest journalist was exactly the same as to the most powerful lord. His willingness to serve extended to the obscure craftsmen of his own loved profession. In proof of it, I may tell something of his connection with John V. Borne, a young Manchester writer who became London editor of the *Manchester Daily Dispatch* ten years ago.

Borne had a London letter and special articles to do. He found a great, free source of rare copy in Mowbray House. He also ran a series of special articles, covering the Government's failure to prose-

cute Whitaker Wright, whose creation and wreckage of the London and Globe corporation was the great financial scandal of the early twentieth century. The law offices of the Crown said the Companies Act did not damnify Wright's conduct.

The scandal persisted, but Wright seemed as safe as the men who were moving against him were impotent. One day Borne was invited to see Mr. Stead, who asked if his proprietors would be equal to putting up five thousand pounds for the prosecution of Whitaker Wright. Borne said they would if he could influence them. Stead said he had just left Sir George Lewis, his personal solicitor, and that the Whitaker Wright matter being mentioned, Sir George had laughed at the stupidity of the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Carson. Though the Companies Act might not reach Wright, the Petty Larceny Act would. Anybody could set it in motion by laying an information; but it would be no good doing that unless money were behind it to put the thing through, if the Government refused to prosecute. "Get Whitaker Wright before a jury, and he will surely be convicted," was Sir George's judgment; and five thousand pounds would do it.

Mr. Stead gave Borne a note to Sir George Lewis so that he might satisfy himself. Borne saw Sir George and went back to Mr. Stead, who said that if the proprietors of the *Dispatch* would not put up the £5,000 he would gladly write a letter to Borne offering to give a hundred pounds if forty-nine others would do the same—that to start a prosecution fund in the paper. The proprietors wouldn't. Stead did. He did not sign the letter, because he was very unpopular on account of his hostility to the late war, and to this day it is not known in England how a provincial morning paper came to start the London and Globe Prosecution Fund, which eventuated in a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, and Whitaker Wright's suicide by cyanide of potassium, in the law courts, a few minutes afterwards.

Mr. Stead wrote an editorial about the case, praising Borne, and giving no hint of who had really caused the law to be set in motion. It was characteristic of him. He was often misunderstood—sometimes reviled. He was afraid to do such things as shift around his office staff if he thought it would hurt their feelings to be moved. He would stand alone, against friends, foes, contented godliness, entrenched wickedness; he would face any loss, any personal suffering, if he believed his duty as a witness for the truth as he saw it demanded that he stand alone. Those who knew him best, and were most conscious of alienation from some of his views, will agree in this—that in the range and power of his mind he was great; and in the ordering of his life he was noble.

Mr. Bonar Law Reviews the Anti-Home Rulers of Ulster



A Crowd Gathered at the Belfast Railway Station to Cheer Mr. Bonar Law, Who is Here Seen Driving Away in a Motor Car. Later, With Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Walter Long, He Reviewed the Army of Sixty Thousand Anti-Home Rulers.

Mr. Bonar Law Addressing the Crowd Outside the Ulster Reform Club, Belfast.

Photos by Topical and L.N.A.