

the touchstone of their ability to push business well.

As the party approached their destination—one of their Socialistic strongholds—many of the parliamentary supporters and one of the Ministers (a representative of the town) shed their dark morning coats and black top-hats, and reappeared in light sac coats of any sort of cut, and in hats of soft felt or straw in all shapes and stages of wear. One Minister, in a moment of cynicism, explained to a friend that his constituents wouldn't know him from a stray dog with his black hat and long coat on; and if they did would probably associate a change of politics with his change of dress. It was necessary for him to preserve the personal appearances to which they were accustomed.

Alighting on the platform, they were met by an enthusiastic Committee of their supporters. The Minister was "Jack" to every one of them; his supporters were "Bill," "Tom," and "Harry." It was then evident that the honours, the allurements, and the temptations of political life had neither infected nor corrupted this Spartan band with even the outward signs of an enervating luxury. The laughable pity of the situation is the conscious humiliation and hypocrisy of the servitude.

This is exactly typical of the whole public attitude of the Labour representative to Parliament. On the platform he is the raging lion of drastic reform; in Parliament he is a mixture of the sucking-dove in debate and the serpent in tactics. On the platform his predicates are all couched in the categorical imperative; in Parliament they are all confined to the