

Locke says: "Liars may sometimes be successful in inventing a *plausible* tale, but they must not scruple to support one lie by a hundred more as occasion requires," etc. Thanks! Dr. Williams, but if, in the Council chamber, I can only achieve success as a reformer by being *plausible*, I must be content to remain unsuccessful. The cost would be too great. The old adage has it that in the end—not plausibility, but "*truth* is mighty and will prevail." Till then I propose to fight on and wait.

The cry for taffy instead of strychnine is the old cry of might against right. "Boys! Do not throw stones at us, they hurt when they hit. We would greatly prefer that, if you must pelt us, you would use as your missiles either thistle-down or feathers." When the Head Centre of either wing of the Inner Circle rises in the Council to make a motion which, in all probability, has already been adopted in arcanum, he does it perfunctorily—he does it with a smugness, with a flippancy that is always noticeable and often offensive, and which is due to the comforting persuasion that, despite the arguments and resistance of the Outer Circle, he is certain of being sustained by a majority of the Council. The support then being assured and amply sufficient—vigor of sentiment and warmth of utterance would, in his case, be quite out of place, and accordingly, except when trying to rebut a charge of subserviency, or inconsistency, or want of good taste, or right feeling, or inventing a *plausible* excuse for recreancy, his remarks are ordinarily not merely specious or inane, but as flat as dish-water, and as flavorless as tripe without onions. Members of the Outer Circle, on the other hand, are apt, when addressing the Council in support of any projected reform, to be stung into some piquancy of speech by the painful consciousness that they are beating themselves against a stone wall—that verities and suavities, logic and rhetoric are alike thrown away in the bootless effort to change votes already pledged to the Inner Circle. It is not at all surprising that this raciness of expression is at a discount with the "Solid Phalanx." Its fine sense of the "proprieties" is hurt whenever any of the outer barbarians venture to call a spade, a *spade*, or to speak of a section of representatives as being "ductile." Words or expressions of this kind sting, I suppose, only in proportion to their applicability—only in proportion to the amount of truth they incase. I am quite sure, for instance, that not a single feather of my plumage would be ruffled were the entire Council to charge me with being "ductile" or disloyal to my constituents or subservient to interests in the Council which are hostile to the electorate I profess to serve, simply because I know that I am *not* "ductile," or "recreant," or "subservient." Were I, however,