

MAINLY PERSONAL

The New Cabinet

MAKING ministers in England is still a matter of politics. The reconstructed Asquith Ministry has the corner of one eye on the future, the rest on the war. It is called a war ministry. Naturally it is tri-party; a national ministry, heterogeneous enough when it contains the two opponents, Kitchener and Curzon, the political irreconcilables, Asquith and Balfour, Austen Chamberlain and Churchill, Carson and Sir Edward Grey.



The strongest statesman in the Empire—Mr. Asquith.

When a ministry like that can work together it proves that national unity is big enough to carry on any other kind of war successfully. A cause that can make co-workers of men that ordinarily differ in political views and practices as much as Kilkenny cats, may be regarded as the biggest cause that ever confronted England; and that the people and the press on the whole have endorsed the coalition, with only a hundred M. P.'s out of 640 opposed to it, means that the people are behind the cause—to move something.

The Premier

PREMIER ASQUITH is the biggest bulldog of them all.

He is all bulldog; a complete commoner, democrat, a Trojan to work, cursed with no uncomfortable visions, no theories, no vain regrets. He stuck to his guns through the suffragette storm and the tempest of Ireland; when England was divided between those who believed in abolishing Lords and those who would abolish Lloyd George. No Premier of England has had so many differentiated problems thrust under his nose at once. Since ever he took office, on the death of old "C. B." in 1908, he has been in the swirl of one crescendo after another; now in the climax, but as solid in his national boots as ever, the admiration of both parties and of all people in the overseas dominions. Unshakable, true-British Asquith, he has the courage of ten men to select and take control of a Ministry such as he has, and the will-power of a road-roller to stand up at the age of 63 to an Imperial crisis that would have paralyzed any other Premier.

The Foreign Secretary

ASQUITH made it clear in his announcement that there would be no change in either the Foreign Secretaryship or the War Office. He hung on to the man whom the Germans call the devil, and the other man whom his admirers call Hercules. Sir Edward Grey has the virtue of being indispensable. He is the main author of that remarkable book known as the White Paper, and the only man in Great Britain who for weeks at a time sat at the switchboard of the world. Grey is the kind of man that some American reformers would abolish; the expert diplomat. A cold, passionless man, he is immensely fond of gardens, solitude and leisure; but, as man is born to trouble as sparks to fly upward, he has had less solitude and leisure and time for his garden than most Englishmen since ever the storm burst in Europe and for some time before it. That the German editors hate Grey as they profess to hate the devil is some proof that Grey is the kind of diplomat that ought not to be abolished in Great Britain.

The Secretary of War

KITCHENER—once of Khartum, now of somewhere in France or Flanders—may not be a war lord such as they have in Berlin; but he is a great soldier, which is much better. He is also a bigger Imperial figure than Lord Northcliffe, who did his best to prove that the British people were a lot of idiots to believe that such a man should be considered fit to continue discharging the duties of the War Office. According to some pinprick critics in the press, Kitchener had no business to raise an army by using his own name; he should have demanded conscription in the name of the King. On his way to Egypt, when the war broke out, he turned round and took the biggest administrative contract that ever fell to a Cabinet Minister in England, the raising of a huge war army to put in the field against Germany. He got the army. He equipped it, clothed it, fed it, trained it and landed a million of it in Europe without a single German torpedo being able to sink a troopship. Why? Partly because he

muzzled the press; and in so doing put the muzzle on Northcliffe, who didn't like it, and turned on one of the mightiest men in the Empire to pull him down again. Moses was a great man for miracles; but it would have troubled Moses to have done what Kitchener did with England in about the same time that it took the children of Israel to get out of Egypt. If in doing so he was a good deal of an autocrat, it was because up to a certain point that was the kind of man that was needed, and because he had always been one. He is the only great soldier England ever had, besides Wellington, that went into a Cabinet. He went in without politics. And he stays there without a murmur from the British people all over the world, who, while they don't regard him as a great authority on trench gas, submarines, siege guns and bloody wholesale murder, persist in thinking that he is probably the greatest real soldier in the world.

The Minister of Munitions

DYNAMO LLOYD GEORGE was shifted—but not removed. Another indispensable. For seven years back he has been stirring up England. The little Welshman with the moneybags to fill went up against more vested interests down in the trenches of British custom than some people imagined he ever could uproot. Like Disraeli, he applied temperament to his job. But it was the temperament of a man who didn't care a brass button for mere politics, but more for the plain, everyday people of whom he was himself one. He raised more money and a greater amount of what is called "Cain" than any other British statesman in his time. When he got the money question more or less settled, he kept on raising Cain till, till when the great Cabinet shuffle came he was set at the job of raising munitions, including high explosives—of which he is himself composed. David is pretty nearly a great man. When he gets the British army equipped with all the munitions they want, he will be set down as one of the truly great. Very few men of any account have portfolios made created to suit their personalities. Lloyd George has until the end of the war.

First Lord of the Admiralty

NOW what you might call a long, thin man in a broad, big hole, is the case of ex-Premier Arthur Balfour, as the new First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Balfour is the nephew of the late Lord Salisbury, who let Germany have Heligoland. He is one of the most expert parliamentary golfers in the world, an author of only less renown than Lord Morley, and the only British Premier ever known who could listen to a keen debate with both ears while he wrote long letters to Queen Victoria on a writing pad, with his long, thin legs sprawled out into the Commons aisle for the pages to trip over. His most famous and most unpopular book is The Foundations of Belief. As First Lord of the Admiralty he will be able to find out that a 15-inch naval gun is able to shake even the foundations. Before Lord Fisher ran foul of Churchill, Mr. Balfour spent part of his leisure time at the Admiralty trying to get these irreconcilables to agree on something. Now Lord Fisher is out along with Churchill; and the man whom for years the British critics regarded as the superb dilettante has the job of smashing through the Dardanelles, if possible sinking the German navy, and ramming German submarines. Probably he can do it. If so, he will do what British statesmen have often done—shake the foundations of belief without writing a book about it.

Attorney-General

THE highest paid member of the new Cabinet is a man who never sat in a Cabinet before—Sir Edward Carson. Oh, how some of the Liberal editors went for him when he was appointed; saying that the man who organized the Ulster volunteers to fight the United Irishmen was no man to be in a Cabinet whose business it was to

Asquith's New Ministry

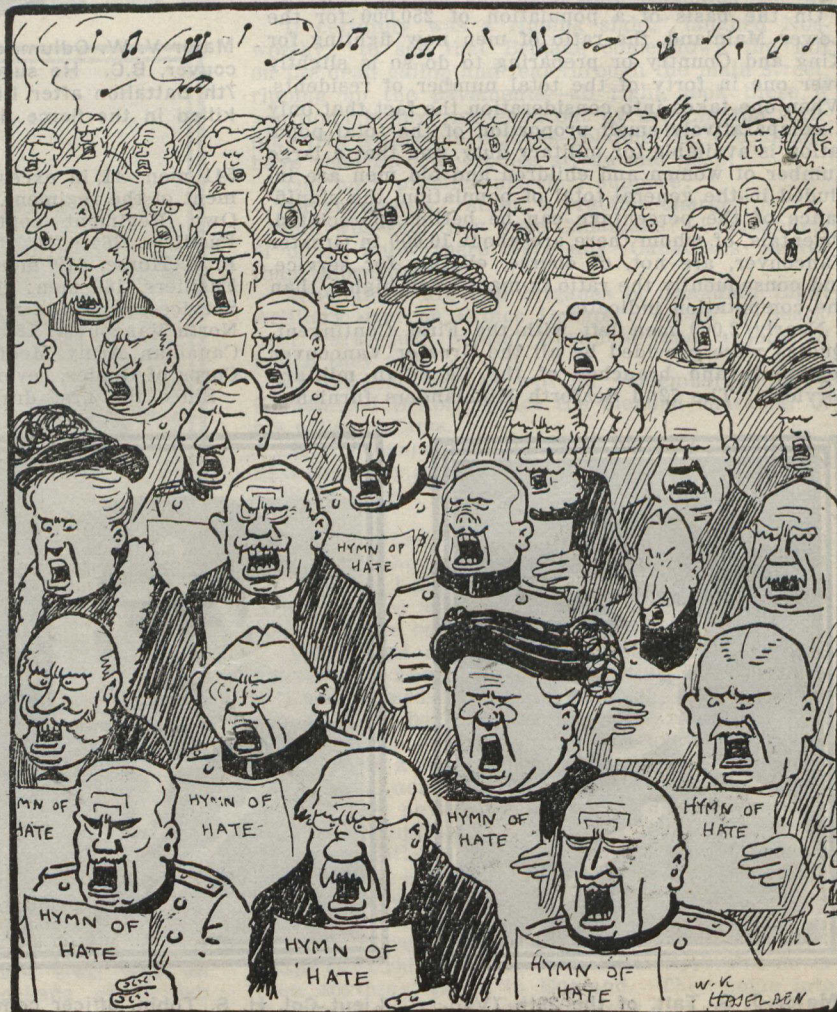
Prime Minister, and First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Asquith, Lib.
Lord High Chancellor, Sir Stanley Buckmaster, Lib.
Lord President of Council, Lord Crewe, Lib.
Lord Privy Seal, Lord Curzon, Unionist.
First Lord of Admiralty, Hon. Arthur Balfour, Unionist.
Munitions, Lloyd George.
Secretaries of State:
Home Affairs, Sir John Simon, Lib.
Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, Lib.
Colonies, Bonar Law, Unionist.
War, Lord Kitchener, Non-Party.
India, Austen Chamberlain, Unionist.
Ireland, Augustine Birrell, Lib.
Scotland, McKinnon Wood, Lib.
Chancellor of Exchequer, Reginald McKenna, Lib.
Presidents of Committees of Council:
Board of Trade, Walter Runciman, Lib.
Local Government Board, Walter Long, Cons.
Board of Agriculture, Lord Selborne, Unionist.
Board of Education, Arthur Henderson, Labour.
Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster, Winston Churchill, Lib.
First Commissioner of Works, Lewis Harcourt, Lib.
Attorney-General, Sir Edward Carson, Unionist.
Postmaster-General, Herbert L. Samuel, Lib.
Without Portfolio, Lord Lansdowne.
(Liberals, 13; Unionists, 8; Labour, 1; Non-Party 1.)
MEMBERS NOT IN CABINET.
First Sea Lord, Sir Henry Jackson.
Solicitor-General, Sir Frederick E. Smith.
Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Edwin S. Montague.
Parliamentary Under-Secretaries:
Home Affairs, William Brace.
Foreign Affairs, Lord Robert Cecil.
Colonies, Arthur Steel-Maitland.
India, Baron Islington.
War, Harold J. Tennant.

smash Germany. But he is in and he gets \$35,000 a year for being Attorney-General. Twenty years ago or more he was Solicitor-General for Ireland. About a year ago he had his photograph in more newspapers than any other Irishman that ever lived. He evidently had no objections to sitting at the same table with John Redmond, but his opponent was not allowed to share the honour because Home Rule is not yet granted to Ireland. But with \$35,000 a year the absence of John Redmond should not cause Carson to "fade away and gradually die," as they used to sing in the old war song, Soldiers of the Queen. At the same time nobody supposes that mere money has anything to do with Carson's public usefulness.

The Colonial-Secretary

BONAR LAW, as Secretary for the Colonies, will perhaps be no more cheerful than he was when he helped Mr. Balfour to lead the Opposition in the House. He is a Canadian and the son of a Presbyterian preacher down in New Brunswick; but

NOW ITALY GETS IT



"Gott Strafe Italien!" as sung by the Germans. From the London Daily Mirror.