

EVENTS

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The Ontario Campaign.

THE campaign in Ontario began the day after New Year's and is growing warmer. The Whitney party are making an appeal to the electors to turn out the Ross government on the ground that it is corrupt and its election methods bad, and they are also counting on Mr. Ross losing the temperance vote. Mr. Whitney and his followers are charging the government with non-enforcement of the liquor license laws, and his press is indignant at the exposure of the fact that Mr. Whitney is shown to have taken liquor himself after hours in a hotel, thus causing a license holder to break the law which Mr. Whitney complains is not enforced. If Mr. Whitney will make a campaign of that kind against the government he cannot complain if the government retaliates. The Liberals of Ontario think it is high time to retaliate and expose a crowd that is campaigning as a purity party. In the recent contest for Mayor of Ottawa one of the candidates ran a campaign in which he bid for the temperance and church vote and tried to place his opponent in the false position of standing in with the

hotel men. His opponent said publicly that the purity and temperance man was a hypocrite, and that they had often taken a glass of whiskey together. The candidate who said that is a Conservative but he is not likely to sympathize with the indignation expressed in the Conservative press because the Ross government is giving Mr. Whitney a Roland for his Oliver.

Mr Whitney has been going about the province denouncing "the Grit machine", knowing full well that the Liberal and Conservative organizations are alike. He insists that the misconduct of irresponsible persons at the Soo was simply a demonstration of the "machine". Yet he knows that a score of his supporters and workers were camped at the Soo night and day promoting the election of his candidate. But the Whitney party will actually go the length of saying that these workers and speakers, instead of being a "machine" were there to watch the Grit machine in the interests of pure elections! This Pharisaism, all the numerous professions of superior sanctity, led the Chancellor of Ontario to say from the bench at the Soo that

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for the good name of the Province abroad these charges of general corruption in Ontario politics were to be deplored. He added that the trial of election petitions disclosed the fact that there were only a few wrong-doers and in that very trial charges of corruption were brought against a man whose guilt, his lordship said, the petitioners, (the Whitney purists) had not even attempted to prove and whose innocence was manifest.

There is new evidence of the hypocrisy of the Whitney party. Mr. P. D. Ross of Ottawa has been posing as an independent man in politics. On Tuesday evening he accepted the nomination as candidate of the Conservative or Whitney Association. Of course he did so for the purpose of purifying public life and as an independent man. There are two facts to be set against this. First, Mr. Ross never drew an independent political breath in his life. He is and always was a strong Conservative. Second, owning and editing a daily paper, he has espoused the cause of some of the most corrupt men in public life. His paper has been a pretense, politically, for fifteen years, and Mr. Ross goes into this election as a pretender. He knows that if his opponent is elected he will frown down anything in the nature of corruption just as quickly as Mr. P. D. Ross. Why then does he seek to place his opponent in the false position of being in alliance with corruption? The thing is so disgusting that we believe, if for no other reason, the electors will return the Ross government to power and administer a rebuke to suivelling hypocrisy.

Since writing the above, the speech of Mr. P. D. Ross in accepting nomination has been published. Among other things he said that politics in Ontario were in such a condition as to revolt any honest man, and to make of every man a Conservative. He spoke of "stealing votes, switching ballots, and importing foreign blackguards for election purposes."

In a recent editorial from Mr. P. D. Ross' gifted pen that candidate argued at great length to prove that the Conservative corruption in Ontario had taken place in federal and not provincial elections, and he contended that it was neither fair nor honest to try and shouder on Mr. Whitney the sins committed by Conservatives in federal elections.

The view of candidate Ross, however, that federal corruption should not be mentioned is not shared by his leader, Mr. Whitney, who, in his Cornwall speech, discussed the matter. In doing that he said that Sir Hector Langevin had been dismissed from the Conservative government "or a slight offence". Sir Hector connived at the stealing of millions of dollars from the taxpayers of this country and the leader of the "honest" and "pure" candidates is reported in candidate Ross' paper as describing it as a "slight" offence! Surely every honest man must be a Conservative. Mr. P. D. Ross starts his political career by insulting every Liberal in Ottawa and in Ontario.

His allusion to foreign blackguards is a hard crack at the Whitney organization which admitted importing men from Buffalo and placing them in the North York local election.

EVENTS.



King Edward VII. with his guest, King Carlos I. of Portugal.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 7. JANUARY 7, 1905. No. 1

PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKI, who has just succeeded Von Plehve, as Russian Minister of the Interior, enjoys the distinction of being one of the finest gentlemen of Russia. Indeed, the insinuation has been made that it was his excellent family connections and his elegant external appearance and bearing that were chiefly responsible for his appointment. Prince Mirski, who was born in 1850, began his career in the army, where he attained the rank of lieutenant-general. But or some years past he has been identified with the higher administration of Russia. While Governor of Yelaternolav he gave an illustration of manly courage and political independence in a manner which many a higher officer would never have dared to do.

THE Intercolonial Railway of Canada is one of the leading roads on the continent, and its annual calendar is a feature among the calendars of America. The I. C. R. calendar for 1905 has for its chief design the familiar moose head. The brass medallion, on a background of birdseye maple is very effective. The calendar is, of course, made in Canada and is very creditable to the taste and enterprise of the I. C. R. management.

ALL the demagogues who have no stake in the community are in favor of municipal ownership. Those who cater for votes are sometimes willing to adopt their view. But when it comes down to the real thing we find that the idea of an elected body running a commercial proposition is not well received by those who have a vital stake in the community. Take two examples. The Conservative party, of all others, campaigned a government railway in the last federal elections and was beaten worse than any party was ever beaten in any election. In the city of Ottawa the Mayor, who was undoubtedly subservient to corporation inter-

ests, proposed to purchase the street railway and operate it as a civic enterprise. All the advocates of public ownership including some of the daily papers, shouted aloud that at least a proper public policy was to be adopted. The question was submitted to the ratepayers, with what result? There were 819 voted for the proposal and 3,497 against it. Here was a majority of 2,678 against the idea of public ownership. These two cases, one federal and the other municipal, will, we trust, convey a wholesome lesson to those politicians who think that the idea of public ownership is popular.

THE surrender of Port Arthur by the Russians to the Japanese, after one of the greatest of the world's sieges, took place on New Year's day, while the terms were signed on Jan. 2. The war between Russia and Japan was precipitated by Japan's fleet attacking the Russian squadron at Port Arthur on Feb. 8, so that, practically, the siege of the fortress lasted eleven months. The defender of Port Arthur, General Stoessel, is by express command of the Emperor of Japan, to be accorded military honors, something that all admirers of brave and patriotic men will acclaim. The officers are to be allowed to return to Russia on parole, while the men go to Japan as prisoners. So much at least the Japs had a right to insist on, as trophies to show their countrymen. The present may be a good time to negotiate the termination of a war that is a disgrace to civilization.

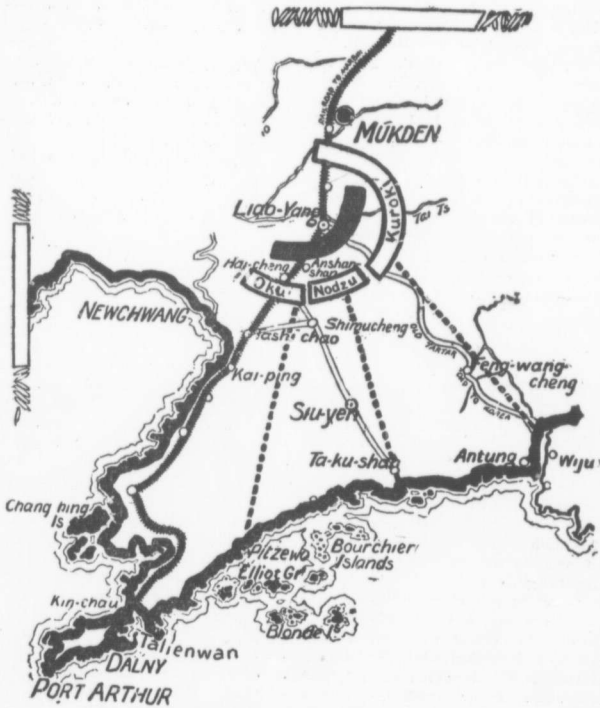
IN a series of communications secured by the Halifax Chronicle for its first New Year's edition we notice the following appropriate despatch from Boston's great captain of industry, Mr. H. M. Whitney: "Each New Year brings closer together in thought and aspiration the people of this great continent. A community of business interests is obliterating the barriers reared by political and sectional differences. Canada cannot prosper without the United States feeling immediate benefit from her prosperity; the welfare of the United States is of vital concern to the Dominion. The energetic and progressive people of Nova Scotia, who are now engaged in the

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development of the Province, are doing a work that arouses the admiration and gives cause for the congratulations and New Year's felicitations of their neighbors in New England."

CANADA'S returns are made out for the fiscal year, which ended on June 30th. The total trade of Canada for the

last fiscal year was \$464,985,567 or over five millions more than for 1903. The duty collected was over two millions more in 1904 than in 1903. In the calendar year ending Dec. 31 the total imports was \$255,674,735, compared with 261,866,961 for 1903, or a decrease of about six million dollars.



The Capitulated Fortress

The Colonies and the Navy.

UNDER the heading of "The Colonies and the Navy" Black and White has an article which is significant for its pessimistic note; and should also be read in connection with another article in the same issue on navy reorganization. The first reads as follows:

On the same day that Lord Selborne's new scheme for the Navy was issued to the world, another important aspect of naval policy as being mooted by an influential deputation, headed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, which waited on the Prime Minister at the Foreign Office. The burden of the deputation's case was one that has been increasingly heard in Parliament of late years—namely, the unfairness of imposing the whole cost of the British Navy on the population of the British Isles, while the protective value of the Navy is shared by all parts of the Empire. The self-governing colonies and their trade enjoy all the security which the greatest fleet in the world can give them; while colonial contributions to the cost of the Navy are still a mere bagatelle, Canada, the greatest of our over sea dominions, contributing nothing at all. Speaking with all the authority of one who for many years has had charge of the country's finances, Sir Michael Hicks Beach declared that it was impossible for the taxpayers of this country unassisted to continue to bear the ever increasing burden of naval expenditure; and he urged that at the Colonial Conference which the Government has announced its intention to summon, this question of contribution to the Navy should have a foremost place. On that point the Prime Minister gave no definite assurance; but he indicated very clearly that his sympathies were entirely with the views which the deputation had urged. The Mother country had watched over her Colonies like children in the years of their helpless infancy, Mr. Balfour remarked, and it was only reasonable, now that the infant communities had become strong and vigorous nations, that they should recognise a filial duty to their parent. But he pointed out that the performance of this duty must be voluntary and could not be exacted; and

unfortunately there is reason to believe that at present the Colonies do not see this all important question quite in the same light as the Imperial Federation Defence Committee. The whole problem is one that will require very delicate handling, but its solution is also so fundamentally important to the naval supremacy of Great Britain and therefore to the very existence of the British Empire, that the sympathetic interest of the Colonies cannot be staid too soon.

The paragraph on the navy reorganization shows clearly that the British mind is not tortured with much thought of colonial defence in the practical disposition of the navy. It says:

Sir John Foster has lost no time in making his influence felt as the chief professional adviser of the First Lord of the Admiralty; for it is impossible not to trace his hand in the new scheme of naval mobilisation which has just been issued by Lord Selborne. The changes thus announced are far more than mere matters of nomenclature. They are a significant recognition of the new conditions and responsibilities imposed by modern developments on the Power that aspires to command the sea. Henceforth the Channel Fleet, composed of twelve battleships with an affiliated squadron of six armoured cruisers, will be based on the Home ports, and will take the place of what hitherto has been known as the Home Fleet. The old Channel Fleet is renamed the Atlantic Fleet, and is based on Gibraltar, while to it also is affiliated a squadron of armoured cruisers. The old South Atlantic Squadron is abolished, and from all naval stations, those ships of no real fighting value are to be withdrawn. It is impossible not to see in this formidable concentration of naval strength in Home waters an admission of the new and potent factor introduced into the equation of sea power by the construction of Germany's modern navy. The change now made by the Admiralty is the sequel to the decision to establish a great naval base in the Firth of Forth. It is of good omen that the announcement of the new naval organisation was coincident with the successful launch at Portsmouth of what is to be the largest battleship in the British navy, the Britannia.

The Hudson Bay Route.

THE question of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay as an outlet to Great Britain for the grain of the West has been discussed variously for many years, and it is important to note the opinion of a capable officer of the Dominion government who was placed at the head of the scientific expedition on the steamer Neptune.

The Neptune was the home of Commander Low and his companions for sixteen months during which they had traversed a great portion of the Arctic seas. The crew of forty three was made up of thirty sailors, six scientists and a number of mounted police. In an address last week before the Canadian Club of Ottawa, Commander Low gave his experiences.

To give an idea of the extent of territory belonging to Canada in the north the lecturer showed that the distance from Ottawa to the mouth of the Bay was only half way to the boundary of Canadian territory. This immense tract of country was visited officially for the first time last year by the party on board the Neptune. It was time in the lecturer's opinion, that Canada was looking after this, for the Americans have been there before us. Lieut. Perry had spent several years there, and the Canadian expedition left him notice as to where he should pay customs in the future and posted notice that the land had been formally taken possession of in the name of the Dominion of Canada.

The party landed in the southwest point of North Devon Island, where Sir John Franklin and his party spent their last winter so far as is known. Here the frame of an old hut, packages of decayed food, and many relics of relief and other parties were found. Views of the monument erected by the relief party to the intrepid explorers memory by the relief party and the inscribed marble slab were shown,

the speaker expressing the idea that the Dominion government should provide a base for the latter as it now lies flat on the ground. From here no ice could be seen as the prevailing winds had been southeasterly and Commander Low thought that had the ship been prepared for the cruise that the northward passage could have been made. Much regret was felt at the impossibility of proceeding in this direction as a similar opportunity might not present itself in another fifty years.

The Neptune sailed to Cumberland Gulf and on account of ice had to cross almost to Greenland and then work back. From Cumberland the expedition went to Fullerton through the Hudson strait and from there retraced its path homeward.

In Hudson Bay no ice but 'raft' ice was found. This differs from that in the Arctic seas which is of glacial formation, as it is formed of thin sheets which are piled on one another by the action of the waves, but are easily broken up and disappear very quickly in the spring. The Bay is never frozen over and so can be navigated the year round. Hudson strait presents dangers from ice floating from the north but it is always navigable. From July 1 to December 1 it is free of ice and so for vessels of the tramp description navigation is open from July till the middle of November. The ships that do trade here have been following the same route ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth and remarkably few have ever been lost. A valuable trade between Britain and the White Sea has been carried on for years and if we can furnish trade via the Hudson Bay ships will be found to carry it. This would prove a great boon to the west as a comparison of distances will show. From Fort Churchill to Liverpool is only 126 miles further than from Quebec; From Regina to Fort Churchill is 43 miles less

then to Fort William and from Regina to Liverpool via Quebec is almost 1,000 miles longer than via Fort Churchill.

"This," said the commander, "means much to the west. At one-half cent a ton per mile it means fifteen cents saved on each bushel on the whole trip. A crop of 60,000,000 bushels foreexport means \$9,000,000 saved. There is a clear route 20 to

30 miles wide at Fort Churchill and I hope that in a few years the channel will be as well lighted as that of the St. Lawrence."

The above opinion as to the navigability of Hudson Bay would amply justify Parliament in promoting the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway.



N. M. Connors

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Wearry Whitney:—"Well, say, that's a pretty weak defence between a hungry man and the loaves and fishes of office."—Toronto News.

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A Point of Late.

By David Graham Phillips.

"The Library" at Colonel Pickett's an old Southern country house near Bloody Ground. The French windows are open and the huge fluted columns of the porch frame a superb view of wooded hills and rolling fields. On the walls are colored prints of English hunting and racing scenes, framed photographs of horses, and an oil painting of a most aristocratic black stallion. The one book case, a sort of doorless closet, contains a jumble of books on horses, cattle, sports and theology, with a few college text books.

Against the large writing table leans a girl—Colonel Pickett's daughter, Genevieve. She has a fresh, brilliant skin, an innocent, cheerful pretty face. Leaning against the window frame and gazing wistfully towards the hills, stands Mrs. Holcombe. She is handsome, is about thirty years old, and has the look of that kind of experience which stamps itself on the face in melancholy. She is wearing a simple but fashionable pink and white costume; in her big white hat are two great plumes, the ends just touched with a delicate shade of pink; she is swinging absently against the front of her dress a pink and white chiffon parasol. Genevieve is studying Mrs. Holcombe with admiration and an ingenuous envy that could hardly be called sinful.

Mrs. Holcombe—How peaceful and restful and —innocent it is here.

Genevieve—Yes, but one gets so tired of peace and rest and —innocence. I do long for something to happen.

Mrs. Holcombe (looking at her sadly).

And—if I could only feel sure that nothing would happen! The truth won't make an impression on you—I shouldn't have believed it at your age. But you may learn that in this world happenings are mostly suffering. A little intense pleasure, but you pay for it with intense pain—bitter anxieties, bitter disappointments, bitter regrets.

Genevieve—I'd risk that. But you won't forget your promise to have me visit you in New York. I do love New York though I've never seen it. Things happen there.

Mrs. Holcombe (embarrassed and trying not to show it).—Oh no—I shall remember. But you mustn't count on it—our plans are so unsettled. We are wanderers—to Europe and back—from New York to Vincent's place in Pennsylvania—perhaps here again when our house is rebuilt.

Genevieve.—What a glorious life. How happy you must be. Of course, 'm sorry your house burned, but if it hadn't been for the fire I might never have known you. Why, we didn't even know that Mr. Holcombe had a wife—I don't mind telling you now. When we sent over to invite him because we feared he had no place to go, we were so surprised to learn about you. And then you came—these three weeks have been the happiest of my life.

Mrs. Holcombe (the color high in her cheeks and her voice strained).—But I had never been to Vincent's place here until this summer—I came only three days before the fire, dear—you remember. And then too—

Genevieve (instinctively feeling that she

ought to help her "out).—Oh, it wasn't really strange. Mr. Holcombe only bought here a year ago—wasn't it? And we knew him just a little, but we thought him a bachelor—he didn't look married. And (she puts her arm about Mrs. Holcombe) you were such a beautiful wonderful surprise.

A man's voice from the direction of the porch—Miss Genevieve! Miss Genevieve!

Genevieve—There's the gardener—about the flowers for you. (She rushes out and into the arms of Vincent Holcombe who is coming along the porch from the left. She blushes as he catches and holds her for an instant. They both laugh, and he releases her and stands looking after her. He is in light grey flannels—a cynical dissipated looking man of forty, of the kind usually described as "good fellow." His goodfellowship consists in spending a good deal of money upon his own amusement, and in being too self indulgent ever to make himself uncomfortable merely for the sake of making some one else uncomfortable.)

Holcombe—Pretty child—that. How nice youth is to look at, and what a bore when it begins to prattle. But (to Mrs. Holcombe who has seated herself) what are you looking so glum about? And what are you planning there on the carpet with the tip of your parasol?

Mrs. Holcombe—Vincent,—I haven't spoke to you about it—for nearly two years, and—

Vincent (frowning as a "good fellow" always does at the mention of a disagreeable subject).—Good! Don't speak of it for two years more. I'm not going to give you the whip hand just yet. But why break out when we're getting on so comfortably? You know it irritate me. Things are well enough as they are—for the present.

(He wanders about the room examining the pictures.)

Mrs. Holcombe—Because a crisis is almost here. I always tried to be open and fair. I wished to give you a chance. Can't you imagine how I feel? (She rises and intercepts him.) Vincent when I see the dear old Colonel or that child coming it seems to me that I ought to be wearing a

sign and ringing a bell like those I saw—

Holcombe—You oughtn't to care about anybody but me. No—you can't work my sympathies—

(Col. Pickett enters by the door to left. He is a Southern gentleman of old school, tall and straight, with white hair, mustache and imperial and aggressive eyebrows. He is carefully dressed in white linen and the bright blue of his harmonizes with the color of his eyes. He shows clearly that he is a simple, kind, ardent man, both lamb and lion—a believer in honor, in love, and also in honor.)

Col. Pickett (with a courtly bow to Mrs. Holcombe).—Always dazzling in a way—I've been urging Holcombe to let you here a little longer.

Mrs. Holcombe—Even if Vincent didn't have to go, we would leave for very short. Think, Col. we've been here three weeks practically self invited.

Col. Pickett—Why—I feel as if you were one of my daughters—'pon honor I do. Genevieve,—it has been a great pleasure to me, ma'am to see how you and she have come to love each other.

Genevieve (entering with a rush from the door to the right).—Isn't it dreadful! Jennie and Bertha have come over and can't get rid of them for an hour, at least—and this our last day! (Genevieve takes her arm affectionately in Mrs. Holcombe's. Mrs. Holcombe looks uneasily at Col. Pickett, then at Holcombe, who is seated near the door, and says "The Turf." She shyly kisses Genevieve.)

Genevieve— I'll free myself as soon as ever I can—then by that time you'll be through with your business.

(As she passes her father on the way he pats her on the head proudly and approvingly.)

Col. Pickett—You see, Holcombe, your wife has won us all. Trust a woman to recognize another good woman. (Mrs. Holcombe reddens and looks anxiously at Holcombe. He is apparently so busy with his paper, but has an expression of cynical amusement. Mrs. Holcombe notes it, compresses her lips, and turns to Col. Pickett.)

Mrs. Holcombe—She is a beautiful girl, Col—in face and in character—and so beautifully innocent.

Col. Pickett—She is indeed, ma'am. She's been raised in our old-fashioned way. We know only two kinds of women—inno-cent ones and bad ones—just as we know only two kinds of men—gentlemen and scoundrels. And we don't tolerate either bad women or bad men. In that way we keep our community up to the mark. We don't turn our honor over to the keeping of lagging courts and shysterling lawyers. Ah—here is Jessop—at last—and just as I was talking of lawyers.

(Jessop appears on the porch and enters at the window. In spite of the heat he is in black broadcloth. His face is as unsophisticated as Col. Pickett's but heavy and dull. Mrs. Holcombe looks intently, as if fascinated, at the small black bag he is carrying.)

Jessop—Good day Col. Pickett. Good day ma'am. Good day Mr. Holcombe. I hope I have not kept you waiting.

(He puts the bag on the writing table and draws a bundle of papers from it.)

Col. Pickett—I suppose you've left the deed behind?

Jessop—No, here it is.

(He hands it to Col. Pickett who glances through it indifferently.)

Col. Pickett—No doubt it's all right—yes—yes—sixty seven acres—yes—yes—seven thousand nine hundred and fifty three dollars—yes let Holcombe look at it—here, Holcombe.

Holcombe—Oh, I'm sure it's all right. No use in my reading it.

(He goes to the window and begins to read with the greatest care. Mrs. Holcombe watches him with suppressed excitement.)

Jessop—Have you got the check ready, Col.?

Col. Pickett—No bless my soul, I forget everything.

(He seats himself at the table takes a check book from a drawer and writes.)

Mrs. Holcombe—I think I'll go, Mr. Jessop, while you gentlemen are arranging your business.

Jessop—No, you must stay madam, you—

Holcombe—Fearful mess of words, Jes-

sop. And what's Anita—Mrs. Holcombe—got to do with it?

(Mrs. Holcombe grows pale and trembles slightly. She clasps her hands together nervously. Her eyes are very bright.)

Jessop—Why—in this state, in any state, I think, sir, the wife also must sign a deed. You see she has her dower right in real estate.

Holcombe. Oh, he laughs, I forgot to be sure.

(Mrs. Holcombe flushes, but with a triumphant smile.)

Col. Pickett. Are you all ready, Holcombe? Holcombe. Yes, let's get it over with.

Jessop. But we must have two witnesses

Col. Pickett. I certainly am getting old. Excuse me, I'll telephone Maberley and Brown to come up from the stables.

(Col. Pickett goes out through the door to the left. Jessop is at the table busy with the papers. Mrs. Holcombe stands in front of her husband and close to him).

Mrs. Holcombe. Vincent, please say you will, voluntarily.

Holcombe. Oh, I see, you are threatening me with a scene. You wish me to think you'll refuse to sign if I don't promise to gratify your vanity. But you won't, I'm not afraid of that, you'll sign all right. You're far too sensible to stake anything on a losing game.

Mrs. Holcombe—No—it isn't that—but you'll see. I often wonder how it is possible for such a combination to exist in one man—such baseness and such—(she sighs and turns away.)

Col. Pickett (entering from the left).—They'll be here in five or ten minutes.

(Mrs. Holcombe seats herself at the writing table, takes up the deed and glances at it.)

Mrs. Holcombe (smiling sweetly at Colonel Pickett).—All this reminds me of a queer story. You know, Colonel, Vincent and I wander about a great deal, and meet all sorts of people, some of them very unusual. There was a man—I'll call him Smith, as you might know him if I gave his real name—he was a business friend of Vincent's. I'd often seen him at the races with a woman who, I supposed was his wife. They kept to themselves always.

Holcombe, who is at the window, wheels about and stares at Mrs. Holcombe. Colonel Pickett and Jessop are so seated that they cannot see him.)

Mrs. Holcombe (returning her husband's stare with a defiant smile. You remember them, Vincent? He knows the story by heart, Colonel. I really ought to apologise to him for making him listen to it again. Well, once when we were crossing, Smith and the supposed Mrs. Smith were on the steamer. She was a bad sailor and so am I, and it happened that our chairs were side by side on deck. Lying there each almost against the other, day after day, we fell into conversation and she became extremely confidential. She told me about herself. It seems she came of a good family in the country, down in Pennsylvania not far from where Vincent has a stock farm. She'd been brought up quite quietly and innocently and had been married when she was very young—seventeen, I think she said—do you remember, Vincent?

Holcombe (glowering at her)—I'm sure I've forgotten.

Mrs. Holcombe.—Well, it doesn't matter. When she was nineteen and her first baby had been dead a few months—I forgot to say that she was a silly, romantic creature, full of all sorts of dream and desires, and that her husband, so she said, was a dull, very practical person—meanly jealous of her, keeping her close when there was no reason for it. A few months after the baby died and life was hideous to her, she met a dashing, handsome, rich young man, what they call a "man of the world." To her he seemed a hero straight from a romantic novel. We'll say his name was Smith—I'd better not give his real name, would I Vincent?

Holcombe (struggling to control his confusion and anger)—I think it'd be wiser not to, Anita.

Mrs. Holcombe.—Smith then. And Smith was always there when the husband wasn't and Smith was plausible, perhaps in earnest in his fashion—and—and—and she ran away with him.

Col. Pickett—It was a scoundrel trick on his part. Why, she was only a child!

Mrs. Holcombe—Yes, she was utterly inexperienced and had taken her perhaps fancied sorrows and wrongs like a child. He promised her that just as soon as she was free he would marry her. And she didn't understand that what she was doing was in the eyes of the world not a freak of naughtiness but a mortal sin.

Col. Pickett.—Pitiful. Shameful. Thank God, in this part of the country we know how to treat such a man.

Mrs. Holcombe—But listen, Colonel—that is not the worst. She was divorced—she was free. She waited for him to fulfil his pledge. And the weeks, the months passed—and he put her off—and put her off—(Mrs. Holcombe's voice trembles and the tears stand in her eyes). You should have heard her tell it, Colonel. It seemed to me I was living it. I could see it all—her youth—her ignorance—her loneliness—her love for the man who had taken her away—how she waited—then hinted—then begged—implored—the sleepless nights—the awful days—the despair—

(Colonel Pickett and Jessop are profoundly moved by Mrs. Holcombe's graphic manner. Holcombe goes out on the porch)

Mrs. Holcombe (her tone laughing, yet menacing).—Don't go, Vincent, I'll be brief.

(Holcombe returns, and without looking at her, seats himself behind Colonel Pickett and Jessop.)

Mrs. Holcombe—At last she knew she was betrayed, that he wasn't going to redeem his promise—because—well, perhaps a queer kind of jealousy influenced him—a desire to keep her helpless, abject dependent, hiding from everyone except him. And when she realized that he was deceiving her, she fled from him—though she loved him—fled and hid herself—got work as a shop girl, as a servant.

Col. Pickett—Splendid! Splendid!

Mrs. Holcombe—But, Colonel, as you'll see, she wasn't a heroine, only a weak human being. The man we're calling Smith hunted her out. When he found there was no other way to induce her to return, he—(Mrs. Holcombe looks strangely at Vincent) he married her. But, listen! It was a mock marriage. She lived for two years

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in a fool's paradise, then she stumbled on the truth.

Col. Pickett—The d—d scoundrel—pardon me. And of course she left him?

Mrs. Holcombe—No—she was no heroine—as I warned you. She had no place to go—no friends. Her only hold on respectability was the mock marriage. Her only hope was through him—that he would some day do her justice—he promised that as soon as his father died he would. But again he put it off—always some new excuse. And—he waited and watched and hoped. She studied and planned. When he, like many others,—like Vincent there, became a citizen of this state to avoid taxes, she looked into the marriage laws here. And she learned—tell me whether I am right Mr. Jessop—she told me that under the laws of the state, if a man lets a woman sign any legal paper—a deed for example—which implies that she has a lawful claim upon his estate as his wife, that makes her his wife.

(Holcombe grows pale and half starts from his chair, then sinks back and smothers a curse with his hand.)

Jessop.—Quite right, ma'am. She would be his wife.

(Holcombe rises in extreme agitation.)

Mrs. Holcombe—Now, please, Vincent, please let me finish!

Col. Pickett (looking at Holcombe impatiently).—This is most interesting. I'm sure you'll permit us to hear all.

Holcombe—(in a strained voice)—Oh, certainly—pardon me.

Mrs. Holcombe.—Thank you, Colonel Pickett. Well, her chance came—he was selling part of his land. And he took her to the house of the gentleman who wished to buy it—a gentleman, like yourself—who knows, perhaps one of your neighbors. He took this woman—not his wife—into that gentleman's house to visit—what would you do, Colonel Pickett, if a man were to play you such a trick, bring her into contact with your daughter, lay you and your family open to the danger of being involved in a scandal—what would you do?

Col. Pickett (calmly).—Kill him, ma'am, kill him like a rat or a snake. And if he escaped me, he would have to reckon with

my sons, with every man in the connection.

Mrs. Holcombe—Isn't he a noble man, Vincent?

(She rises and goes to Colonel Pickett and kisses him. Vincent shifts uneasily, his face red, his eyes down.)

Col. Pickett (rosy and delighted)—There there, my dear. You've got me all wrought up with your story. But I'd do it.

Mrs. Holcombe—I know you would, and so would the gentleman in my story. But, to go on with it the man we are calling Smith either didn't know, or had forgotten the law, and when the time came to sign—But I'm exhausted. You tell the rest, Vincent—I know you're tired of being silent. What did Smith do?

Holcombe (composed, as the Colonel and Jessop turn towards him).—Well, gentleman, this man Smith—whose side of the story, by the way, hasn't been told—

Col. Pickett—We can guess it. Those d—d scoundrels, pardon me ma'am, always make the same excuse, he—

Holcombe (interrupting and with difficulty controlling his temper).—At any rate he refused to let her sign. She very foolishly let him see in time that he had been trapped. And he—put off the sale.

Col. Pickett.—But didn't she come out with it? Didn't she give the gentleman the chance to compel him to choose between acting honorably and death?

Mrs. Holcombe.—No, Colonel, it wasn't necessary. They were all assembled just as we are. But she managed to warn him that if he persisted in putting off the sale, she would appeal to the honorable man whose confidence he had outraged. And he thought it over hurriedly and—to do him justice he was always ashamed of his conduct towards her—he—well—he decided that he preferred to live. He was so fond of life, and of smooth sailing, wasn't he, Vincent? And he was fond of her in his way, don't you think so, Vincent?

(Enter Moberley, Pickett's head trainer, and Brown, his assistant. Both show signs of a recent and hasty, but careful toilet. They advance awkwardly.)

Jessop—Ah, here we are at last—Your

story just filled the wait, Mrs. Holcombe—and it's sound law, sound law, ma'am.

(He spreads out the deed on the writing table.) Now, Mr. Holcombe, your signature first, please.

(Holcombe rises and sullenly seats himself at the table. He pretends to read the deed carefully again. There is a long silence, Mrs. Holcombe watches him with covert anxiety as he hesitates.)

Mrs. Holcombe (bantering).—Now, really, Colonel, in cool blood—do you think you'd kill a man for doing what Smith did in my story?

(Holcombe's hand is unsteady as it moves the pen slowly towards the ink well.)

Col. Pickett (sternly).—I'd kill him, ma'am if he were my best friend. We're brought up here to know how to deal with scoundrels, and how to defend ourselves and our families against insult.

(Holcombe signs and rises from the table)

Jessop—Now, Mrs. Holcombe—just here, please—just below your husband's. Sign your Christian name.

Mrs. Holcombe—Are you sure you wish it, Vincent? Must I sign?

Holcombe (with a mockin' bow and smile). Why, certainly, my dear.

Mrs. Holcombe (writing).—Anita—Holcombe.

(She blots the signature carefully, looks at it with her head on one side. She rises and Moberley and Brown in turn sign with great deliberation and awkwardness.)

Col. Pickett.—That will do, Moberley. That will do, Brown. We're obliged to you.

(They bow themselves out shuffling, stumbling, and fumbling. Mrs. Holcombe, who has been seeming to inspect the books in the bookcase, turns and again sits in the chair at the writing table. She is very white and her eyes are feverishly brilliant. She looks long at the signature. She begins to laugh. Her laugh swells into a hysterical gale. She throws her arms forward on the desk and buries her face between them, her form shaking with sobs. Colonel Pickett looks wonderingly from wife to husband. He walks round the table and lays his hand tenderly on Anita's shoulders. He gently draws the deed from under her arms, folds it and hands it to Jessop.)

Col. Pickett.—Jessop, see to it that the deed is recorded this very afternoon.



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JULIE.

A Sketch.

Witton is personally conducting our heroine over the House of Commons. They have done most of it very thoroughly, and are now standing in the courtyard watching the pigeons. Oddly enough there is no fog. A wain sits in a limpid sky and falls a trifle flippantly upon the one decent specimen of architecture that is to be found in London.

Julie: Yes, I suppose it's all very fine, but these pigeons amuse me most.

Witton: Yes.

Julie: Somehow they don't look like just ordinary pigeons. Are they?

Witton: O, yes—tumblers, and pouters, and fantails and the like. What makes them look different from other pigeons is they are known to me.

Julie (instantly interested): You don't tell me! May I know?

Witton: There is nothing I wouldn't tell you! Don't say I said so—naturalists might be annoyed—but pigeons are the most exquisite mimics on or off the stage.

Julie: No.

Witton: Really! Each one of these selfish, self-loving little beggars has made a hero of himself, and one of the members of Parliament, and the best of its ability imitates his walk and characteristics all day long.

Julie: O, but say, that's the best thing I ever heard. Who does that big, heavy bird who glowers at every other pigeon and sticks itself out so far in front that it can't see its knees—think it is like?

Witton: Mr. Chaplin, the Fiscal heavy-weight.

Julie: And, O, just take a look at that little young thing that never stands still, and keeps on making runs at older birds and trying to peck their heads. Listen! It is cooing all the time too.

Witton: Allow me to introduce you to Master Winston Churchill.

Julie: It's a very familiar name to me, on our side as a writer. I've never heard of yours.

Witton: And do you see that sprightly bird with the short neck and rather tubby appearance that keeps on going round and round in a circle trying to stop all the others from cooing by cooing incessantly itself?

Julie: Yes, I've been watching him a lot. He very nearly makes me giddy.

Witton: He is very nearly always giddy himself. He is ridiculously like Lord Rosebery.

Julie: He's your political Free Lance, isn't he?

Witton: Yes. He thought he had been statesman long enough, and so he turned critic.

Julie: And who does that bird think he's like?

Witton: Which? The short one with the rather nice feathers that keeps bowing to that elderly wobbly one, and chasing that very neat spry one, with such vicious rushes?

Julie: Yes. Look, he's chasing now.

Witton: Lloyd-George.

EVENTS.

Julie: And the elderly wobbly one that looks at it sideways with a kind of distrust?

Witton: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The neat, spry one that pecks back with equal viciousness, but which sometimes runs away is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Julie: And the sturdy, dark little bird with the twinkle in its eye, that keeps on poking all by itself into out-of-the-way corners, and then runs among the others and coos harshly?

Witton (without a pause): John Burns. Some time ago he was a very untidy bird, and he used always to hop on to tubs on Sundays and coo till one could almost have fancied that he was a crow—he caw'd so. He's very respectable now. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if, some day, he doesn't leave this House.

Julie: Where will he go?

Witton: To the other.

Julie: There's one that's quite different from all the rest. Do you see? There! Stalking about nearly all alone.

Witton: The one that stoops a little and is very long in the legs and disdainful in a gentle, lazy way?

Julie: Yes, that's the one.

Witton: Mr. Balfour. Do you notice how it keeps swinging itself round and then looking far ahead while it stands on one foot?

Julie: Yes, it does it nearly all the time.

Witton: It thinks it's driving on to the green.

Julie: But do look at that scraggy little grey bird with its head under its wing, but with one eye always open.

Witton: Mr. Labouchere.

Julie: The truthful gentleman.

Witton: Who hates the world—yes.

Julie: And O, Mr. Witton, there's a queer old bird.

Witton: The elderly one with the careful plumage with perpetually half closed eyes that yawns a good deal and seldom coos.

Julie (regardless of grammar): That's him.

Witton: The Duke of Devonshire.

Julie: And can you see the one that keeps on opening and closing its wings?

Witton: Mr. Lyttleton. He fancies himself catching people in the long field.

Julie: How very, very funny! I'm so glad we came here before going back to the office. Do go on and tell me who the other think they are like. That one there.

Witton: Which?

Julie: That one following the neat pigeon about.

Witton: And is even eater and messy?

Julie: Yes, and looks at it with admiration that almost makes one choky.

Witton: Ansten Chamberlain, the dear Miss Julie.

Julie: You don't say. Well, if that is just fine. I wish mamma had been here, she would have loved it. Will you promise to bring her one day?

Witton: Well, if you don't mind, I think it would be wise if you didn't mention this pigeon business to anybody. It might get about, you know, and we should be Carruthers Gould doing it in the Westminster.

Julie: Very well, I won't.

Witton: And now what do you say about little luncheon at the Imperial?

Julie: Rather a good idea.

Witton (putting up a finger): Hang on—

COSMO HAMILTON