

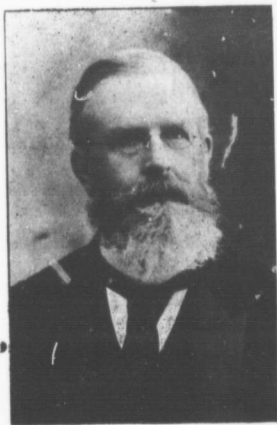
EVENTS

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The Telegraph in Australia and Canada.

IN all that has been written about innovations in Australian political and social institutions, comparatively little has been said in this country regarding the Australian telegraph system, which is owned by the people and managed as a part of the postal system of the country. Some attention was attracted to this branch of the government service at the time of the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth. When the federal constitution was framed, it was agreed as a matter of course that the telegraph lines, which had formerly belonged to the colonies, now the states of the federation, should go to the Commonwealth instead of remaining the property of the states. The new postal act adopted at that time was intended to establish uniform rates throughout the Commonwealth, and, in general, to unify the administration of the system. Consequently, the whole question of cost, management and charges was thoroughly debated in the Australian Parliament before such



Sir Wm. Mulock, K.C.M.G.

measure became a law. The facts brought out in that debate form the basis of an interesting article contributed to the *North American Review* by the Hon Hugh H. Lusk

The telegraph lines now owned and operated by the federal government for the people of Australia have a length of fully forty eight thousand miles, while the length of the wires is considerably more than one hundred thousand miles, actually a greater mileage than that of any European country, with the exception of Russia, Germany and France. In proportion to the number of inhabitants, it is probably nearly six times as great as that of any other country in the world, with the single exception of its near neighbor New Zealand. There are upwards of three thousand telegraph stations kept open for the convenience of the population which does not exceed four millions; and the revenue derived from messages is shown to be sufficient to defray the cost of operating and maintaining the lines, as well as defraying the interest charges on the cost of construction at the annual rate of 3 per cent.

The rates enforced under the terms of the act apparently suffice to maintain the great system at its full efficiency. For town and sub-urban messages—suburban meaning a practical radius of ten miles beyond the city limits—the rate fixed is twelve cents for a message not exceeding sixteen words, which includes the address and the signature. For messages to any point within the same state from which they are sent, the charge is fixed at eighteen cents for the same number of words. For messages to any other state within the Commonwealth, the charge for a message of similar length is twenty four cents. In all cases the charge for extra words beyond the sixteen is the uniform rate of two cents a word. Delivery is made within the radius of one mile from the receiving office and for this there is no extra charge. These rates, Mr. Lusk asserts, are lower for the service rendered, and the distance traversed than the existing rates in any other country except New Zealand; but they are fully justified by the experience

of the three principal states of the Commonwealth—New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland. Comparing these rates with those maintained in the United States, it should be remembered that Australia as a whole is a country of the same area as the United States, and that the distances actually traversed are very much greater than those between points of telegraphic communication in America. Mr. Lusk, therefore, seems to be justified in his statement that the charge of twenty four cents for a sixteen word message in Australia is much less than one half of what is charged in America. Again, considering the great area of the five states occupying the mainland, three of which are together more than two and one half times as large as Texas, and a fourth four fifths of the size of Texas, we see that the state rate of eighteen cents for a sixteen word message is equally cheap as compared with American rates, while, as Mr. Lusk asserts, the city and suburban rate of twelve cents has no parallel in American experience.

In reply to the question, "How is it done?" the postmaster general of the Commonwealth, in the course of the parliamentary debate stated that the cheapness of the system was due to its public ownership and to the economics naturally attending the system. In the matter of cost of construction, it will be generally admitted that the credit of a whole people is better than the credit of any part of it, and that, therefore, loans required by nations with a stable government and a reasonable character for honesty can be obtained on more favorable terms than loans on private credit. Thus, the eighteen million dollars of borrowed money spent by the officers of the colonial governments of Australia on the construction of telegraph lines costs today, in interest, only a small fraction beyond 3 per cent. Furthermore, even if it be admitted that the actual cost of producing the necessary supply of electricity would be as little in private hands as it could be made in a government department, it is still claimed in Australia that the working expenses of the service, including salaries and office expenses are

much less under public ownership. This is because the telegraph and telephone service in Australia are both incorporated with the post office, and require few, if any, separate offices. Nearly every one of the three thousand telegraph stations in the country is in the district post office. In the United States there is a post office for every thousand persons but a telegraph station for every three thousand, while in the newer, poorer, and far less thickly settled country of Australia, there are fully six thousand post offices to meet the requirements of four millions of people, or one to every six hundred and sixty six people; and more than three thousand of these are also telegraph stations, being one to about thirteen hundred persons.

But Mr. Lusk shows that this economy of management is not the only reason why the Australian telegraph has succeeded. He shows that it is appreciated and made use of by the people at large to an extent that is unknown where charges are higher and conveniences are less. Among the European nations, Great Britain having a concentrated population within a small area, makes most use of the telegraph—two messages a year for every inhabitant. In the United States, where the population is more scattered and more difficult to reach, the people send about one message a year for every inhabitant. In Australia, where the population is more widely scattered, than in America, two and one half messages a year pass over the wires for every inhabitant. New Zealand, however, has outdone her larger neighbor. There, the government supplies a post office for every five hundred people and a telegraph station for every eight hundred, and with somewhat lower rates than Australia. The people send four te-

legrams a year for each inhabitant, and the revenue from the telegraph is said to be even more satisfactory than in Australia.

The postmaster general sums up the advantages of the government system of telegraphs in the assertion that the system does for the people of Australia precisely what the great trusts are doing in various industrial lines. By operating on a great scale, it is saving on the cost of working, and is thus able to give the public a better article at a lower price; Thus the public is induced to use the convenience afforded on a scale so large as to make it pay. In a new country, of wide extent and thinly populated, like Australia, or Canada, the facilities for speedy and reliable communication could not be supplied except at enormous cost, and the government seems to be the only agency prepared to undertake this function.

This appreciation of the Australian telegraph system is right in line with the impression left upon the mind of Sir William Mulock, Canada's postmaster general when he visited the Commonwealth. He at that time publicly expressed his desire to adopt a like system for Canada in connection with the post office department. This was regarded by Mr. Tarte, then minister of public works, as an attempt to lay violent hands on his patronage, as the government telegraphs operated in Canada are under the control of the public works department. No such petty jealousies should be allowed to stand in the way of a governmental enquiry into the rates charged in Canada on telegraph messages, which will be found in many instances most excessive.

EVENTS

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

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THE Cobden Club has inaugurated an important series of lectures on Free Trade, expenditure and arbitration; and the first was delivered by Sir Spencer Walpole to a large audience in Essex Hall. Sir Spencer took as his subject a comparison of the economic progress made by Great Britain in the two periods 1816-1841 and 1841-1869, the last year being marked by the disappearance of the last protective duty—the shilling duty on corn. Sir Spencer was able to show that in the first period when a highly protective and preferential system was in full operation the following things happened:

1. Foreign trade decreased.
2. There was a pretty general decline of wages both on farms and in factories.
3. There was a great increase in pauperism and poor rates.

In the second period of course, which included the great Free Trade measures of 1842, 1844, 1846, 1853 and 1860, there was an immense expansion of foreign trade, a great rise in wages, as well as in the purchasing power of a sovereign, and an equally marked decline in pauperism.

THE memory of Hon. Joseph Howe was honored Dec. 13, by the unveiling of a monument on the grounds of the provincial buildings at Halifax. The ceremony was performed by General Parsons, the British commander at Halifax, in the unavoidable absence of the Lieutenant-Governor. Joseph Howe is regarded as Nova Scotia's greatest son, and his is the first statue to a native of the province to be erected in Nova Scotia. A son of his attended the memorial meeting held in the Academy of Music. The orator of the day was Hon. J. W. Longley whose appreciation of Howe's life and work was appropriate and eloquent. During the

proceedings the following wonderful tribute once paid to Howe was read:—

"No public man that ever lived in British America and few that have ever lived in the world exercised such a far reaching influence upon the people within the circle of their influence as Joseph Howe.—To his impulses may be traced the race of clever men whom Nova Scotia has contributed to the public life of Canada and to the literary and intellectual life of the country."

The people of Ontario and the other provinces are not as well acquainted with the work of Joseph Howe as they should be.

THE sudden death of Mr. F. X. St. Jacques at his home in Ottawa on Wednesday, removes one of the best known figures from the Capital. For many years the proprietor of the Russell, the leading



F. X. St. Jacques

hotel in Ottawa, he came in contact with a host of people, including distinguished men from abroad and from various parts of Canada. His generosity was a marked feature of an admirable character and his death is very generally regretted.

THE concluding election in the Yukon appears to have resulted in the defeat of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Congdon. But those who know the situation say that the result was purely local. Mr. Congdon, who met defeat, may have few to say a good word for him and at that risk we desire to say that knowing a few things about the inside history of the Yukon it is creditable to him. It is a singular thing that his opponent Mr. Thompson, was a Canadian from the same province as Mr. Congdon. Both candidates were from Nova Scotia and so if we take the result no member of the Canadian parliament has cause to be ashamed. Some papers, like

the ignorant Toronto Telegram, are trying to make it appear that the election of Mr. Thompson is a rebuke to the Hon. Clifford Sifton. This discloses a provincialism which, we are sorry to say, is characteristic of Toronto, misguided as it is through its press. The result was purely local and no man who reads the issue as it shows itself in the columns of the press of Dawson can draw any other conclusion than that the case of government versus Opposition was the most remote issue in the campaign. Mr. Sifton, or Mr. Sifton's policy was no more in evidence than the proximity of Mars or Jupiter.



Coke ovens at Fernie, B.C.

The Italian General Elections.

IT is generally acknowledged, even by Signor Giolitti's opponents, that his victory in the last general elections is without precedent in Italian parliamentary history.

Hitherto there has been a continual strengthening of the Extreme parties, subject, of course, to changes, as when avowed Republicans like Crispi, Fortis, Ferrari, etc., have become loyal Monarchists and Ministers of the King. Now, for the first time the Extreme parties have actually lost ground. The truth is that, since the time of Cavour, Italy has not had a statesman of such clear political insight, of such mature and organic plans, accompanied by calm determination and energy, as she now has in the person of the present Premier. His thorough knowledge of the people and their conditions, and of parties in and out of Parliament and their aspirations, gives to his policy a power of security which assure him success and which no other man in the Peninsula has displayed in like measure during the last fifty years. Most of the other politicians who have been, or aspire to be, in power, would have lost their heads at the mere threat of a general strike like that which was partially carried out in the principal Italian towns last September. They would have proclaimed a state of siege, courts martial, recall of troops under arms, as did Signor Crispi in 1893-4, and Marquis di Rudini in 1898, thus helping, instead of fighting against a real revolution. Signor Giolitti checked the attempted disorders by his frank confidence in the good sense of the majority of the country, so that a salutary reaction took place by which, for the first time, subversive movements were materially and morally repressed, in the name of true liberty, not by the police and troops, but by the population itself.

The Premier, who had no intention of dissolving the Chamber until next spring, when according to the Italian constitution, five years have passed since the last

general elections, a new Chamber was required, understood that the right moment had come to have the people decide who should govern the country; the Liberals, who in the last four years had ensured the free exercise of all the liberties granted by the law, or the Revolutionists, who had given in this general strike an example of what their methods and their aims would be. However, the Premier did not propose to the King the dissolution of the Chamber on his own initiative, but allowed the suggestion to come from his opponents, who, in their blindness, considered themselves sure of a great victory. Among the latter must not be included the most enlightened section of the Radicals and that fair-minded section of the Socialists whose leader, Signor Turati—banished from official Socialism, attacked by the Republicans, insulted by the Anarchists, merely because he had the good sense to condemn the general strike on the system adopted by the Revolutionists—fought a Titanic battle, remaining victorious only through the influence and power of his arguments, his courage in crudely telling the truth, and his physical and intellectual endurance. Milan, under the magnetism of Signor Turati's speeches, gave a proof of political education which deserves notice, and which is the more remarkable in a Southern population so easily inflamed and carried away by passion. Signor Turati said to his opponents, the Conservatives, "Meet in the open, and I will come to defend the liberty of your discussions"; and what would have seemed impossible in a town entirely ruled by the Extreme parties happened—the minority gathered unmolested, protected by their adversaries. Signor Turati was returned by an enormous majority, while the Revolutionary Socialist candidate, who had been one of the power that be in the general strike and had proclaimed the advent of the "proletariate dictatorship," received a minimum of votes.

The Beck Case.

THE report of the Committee of Inquiry into this case is an admirably composed document. It is clear that the facts have been thoroughly investigated, and the conclusions of the Committee upon these facts are stated with absolute plainness. The conclusions put shortly amount to this: that the police were not to blame in their conduct of either of the prosecutions of Mr. Beck; that Sir Forrest Fulton, who as Common Serjeant tried and sentenced Mr. Beck in 1896, was guilty of a grave error of judgment; and, finally, that the Home Office was guilty of a course of neglect and incompetence that would be incredible if it were not set out in detail in an official document.

Mr. Beck was tried in 1896 on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses. A series of frauds had been committed upon unfortunate women, and a number of these women identified Mr. Beck as their defrauder. Also certain cheques given to these women by their defrauder, whoever he was were asserted by an "expert" to be in Mr. Beck's handwriting. The whole case, in fact, was one of identity. Mr. Beck's defence was that in 1877 a man named Smith had been convicted of frauds of exactly the same nature, in which he had given cheques with almost the same fictitious signature and in the same handwriting; and further that he, Mr. Beck, could prove that he was in Peru during the whole of the year in which Smith was tried and convicted. It appears that the prosecution and police were convinced that Mr. Beck and Mr. Smith were the same person; but they did not suggest their identity during their trial. The Common Serjeant ruled that the attempt of the defence to prove that Mr. Beck was not Smith was irrelevant, because the prosecution had not suggested that he was Smith, and

thus, the report says, "He was convicted on evidence from which everything that was told in his favor was excluded." A certain case, in fact, was set up against him, and his defence was not to attack the case in detail, but to set up another case inconsistent with it. This he was not allowed to do. The Common Serjeant appears to have held that a prisoner, to establish his innocence, must explain away all the facts alleged against him. He cannot show by inference that they are false. It was a strange error and led to the infliction of a terrible punishment upon an innocent man.

But it was the error of an individual, not of a system; and owing to the imperfection of the human mind such errors are inevitable. The main question, therefore, is, what machinery exists to remedy such errors when they occur?

At present there is in England no political machinery whatever. If the judge who in a criminal trial has ruled wrongly refuses to allow his ruling to be submitted to the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, there is no possibility of appeal from him. The Committee recommend as a remedy for this obviously absurd state of things that the Court for Crown Cases Reserved should itself have the power to consider whether an appeal ought to be permitted without consulting the judge appealed against; and to such a remedy, as they very clearly point out there is no valid objection.

The Court for Crown Cases Reserved, however, only deals with questions of law. When new facts are discovered that seem to impugn the justice of a conviction, they are submitted to the Home Office for consideration. Also all prisoners' petitions for revision of their sentences are presented to the same authority.

Mr. Beck began to petition as soon as he

began to serve his sentence; and his first petition put his case very clearly. An examination of the documents in Smith's case he said, would show that the circumstances of the two crimes were so much alike that they must have been committed by the same man, and he gave particulars of the similarity. He also stated that since he had been in Peru, when Smith was tried and sentenced, and also when the crimes of 1877 were committed, he could not be Smith, nor could he have committed these crimes. These facts never came before the court at Mr. Beck's trial. It is true that they were ruled out by the judge, but it was also plain, if they could be established, that an innocent man had been convicted. The obvious course, therefore, was to discover whether they were true. The documents on both cases were preserved at the Central Criminal Office, and it would have been easy for an official of the Home Office to obtain access to them and to compare them. Yet no attempt was ever made by any such official to do so, either after Mr. Beck's first petition or afterwards, when he discovered a new fact made such an examination of obvious and vital importance. A minute on Mr. Beck's first petition, made by an official of the Home Office, merely states, after setting out the facts alleged in that petition, that even if Mr. Beck were not Smith the evidence against him was overwhelming when it was clear even at the time that if Mr. Beck's facts were true the evidence against him was demonstrably worthless.

Mr. Beck, in gaol, was assumed to be Mr. Smith, and was given the letters and number previously given to Smith, which implied that he had been previously convicted.

In 1898, however, after another petition from Mr. Beck's solicitor, the Home Office made inquiries of the prison authorities and discovered that Mr. Beck certainly was not Smith since Smith was a Jew and Mr. Beck was not. This fact the Home Office did not think fit to communicate either to the police or the Public Prosecutor; though if they had done so, as the report remarks, Mr. Beck could not have been

wrongly convicted a second time. They did, however, refer the matter to Sir Forrest Fulton. The whole question by this time obviously was whether the frauds of which Mr. Beck had been convicted had really been committed by Smith, and there were documents waiting at the Central Criminal Office to prove that they had. The Home Office made no mention of these documents to Sir Forrest Fulton, nor did they even convey to him the fact that Mr. Beck and Mr. Smith had been proved to be different persons, for Sir Forrest Fulton in a report unfavorable to the petition said that he had very little doubt that Mr. Beck was Mr. Smith. It should have been clear to a very moderate intelligence that a report based on an assumption so demonstrably false was not of much value.

It was not clear to the Home Office, and an official wrote a minute stating that Sir Forrest Fulton had not the slightest doubt that Mr. Beck was the man who committed the crime of 1896, adding the astounding remark, "Whether he is also the man who was convicted of a similar offence in 1877 is open to doubt, but this is really immaterial, as Beck is being punished only for the offence proved in 1896." This minute, of course, makes it clear that the man who wrote it was quite ignorant of the facts of the case on which he was reporting. The minute was read and initialed by Sir Kenelm Digby, the chief of the department. It is, therefore, also quite clear that he, too, must have been in a state of ignorance which made his reading of it perfectly useless. Thus, although facts which proved the innocence of the prisoner were actually obtruding themselves upon the Home Office, the only step they took was to recommend that he should be given a fresh prison number, "so that his identity with Smith should not be affirmed." The report of the committee naturally comments upon a system under which such things are possible. It is described in that report as a system of delegation. So many petitions from prisoners represented that they cannot possibly be dealt with by subordinate officials and the more difficult are passed upwards with explanatory minutes until they reach, if

necessary, the Permanent Under Secretary. The "explanatory minutes" explain nothing but the incompetence of the man who wrote them. But, if read with the petitions to which they refer, they certainly do that, since they are obviously irrelevant to the issues raised by Mr. Beck. Sir Kenelm Digby, if he read both the petitions and the minutes upon them, might have seen that the minutes had no relation whatever to the facts alleged in the petitions. It is probable, therefore, that he read only the minutes; and if so he merely wasted his time. So the system of delegation amounts to this, that the head of the department is at the mercy of subordinates of proved incompetence. He has duties which he cannot find time to perform, and he delegates them to subordinates incapable of performing them.

The report recommends that "the legal element in the staff should be strengthened." This is very moderately put, since at present the legal element can scarcely exist. It is plain that the difficult work of considering petitions should be delegated not to officials burdened by the ordinary routine of the Home Office, but to experts, trained to weigh evidence, and able to devote their whole time to the task; and upon these experts the responsibility for all future neglect to correct miscarriages of justice should rest.

The committee do not recommend the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. They consider that the improvements which they suggest in the procedure of the Home Office and of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved ought to prevent such miscarriages in future.

The "Lawson Panic" with Lawson Left Out.

NOT since the days of "Jim" Fisk, remarks the *New York Herald*: "has Wall street seen anything so impudent, audacious and spectacular as the performance of the Boston plunger posing as the guiding genius of the storm that prostrated Wall street." In this tempest "the wholesale destruction of the woolly lambs of Wall street was such as to provoke pity from the most hardened," says the same paper, and "many speculators who intended to give their wives automobiles at Christmas will have to compromise on roller-skates." Thursday of last week saw a total sale of 2,891,000 shares on the New York Stock Exchange, the highest since the Northern Pacific panic of May 9, 1901, when over 3,000,000 shares changed hands. Amalgamated Copper sold on Thursday at 58½, a total loss of 24 points in four days, Colorado Fuel and Iron lost 21 points, Tennessee Coal and Iron 15, Sugar 14, Steel 11 and so on.

This crash is spoken of in the columns of the daily papers as "Lawson's panic" but we are informed in the editorial and financial columns that Mr. Lawson had little or nothing to do with it. This operator who has been directing considerable attention to Amalgamated Copper and to himself during the past six months by his series of rather warm articles in *Everybody's Magazine* inserted half-page advertisements in the leading newspapers in the early part of last week advising the Amalgamated shareholders to sell that stock at once as the price was about to break. He estimated that the public held about 1,000,000 shares. The price broke four points on Tuesday, eight more on Wednesday and ten more on Thursday. The total sales for the week ending Friday were 1,106,275 shares. Meanwhile Lawson bombarded the newspapers and news agencies with telegrams urging speculators to "sell Amalgamated, sell everything." Here is

one of his messages sent in the height of the panic:

"To the good but little fellows of Wall street:

"For years you have been played by 'The Gang.' You know who I mean. Now you have them where you want them. Don't let them fool you. They are loaded and their fakes won't work this time. The people at large will not take bid-up stuff off their hands. I will see to that. They have the banks and stock companies stock-ed up with their chromos. Give them more and see how they like it. Already two big pools are squirming and their game will be to pretend that they are with me and short. Don't fall into it.

"They will spring today the yarn that I have covered immense lines and am going long and will bring out good news. This will be absolutely false. If I change my position, which I have clearly defined in my advertisement, I will confess myself a cur and forever leave 'The Street'. You may rely upon this.

"The question now is simply: Who is going to take the millions of shares which they are preparing to unload off their hands? I tell you they will be compelled to keep them, and then it will be for you to make the prices. Bear in mind, in thirty-five years I have never given you my word for a thing flatfootedly and deceived you.—THOMAS W. LAWSON."

The financial writers, however, treat Lawson like a Veiled Prophet or a Man in

the Iron Mask. They write column upon column in the financial departments of the metropolitan dailies discussing every phase of the panic except the unwhispered name of the man who claims the credit for the whole performance. The weeklies, too, have either never heard of Lawson or have forgotten his name. Dun's Review speaks of the heavy selling "induced by the published statements of a Boston operator"; The Commercial and Financial Chronicle makes remarks about "a Boston operator who delights to play upon public credulity"; Bradstreet's thinks that "a great deal of undue attention' has been paid to "a sensational operator in a neighboring city"; and The United States Investor, published in Mr. Lawson's home city, talks freely about other prominent characters involved in the flurry, but does not seem ever to have heard of the author of "Frenzied Finance." "No one in Wall Street has ever taken this person seriously," says the Evening Post's financial editor, and to ascribe the convulsion to him is "silly." And not only is there no Lawson, but a prominent banker is quoted in the Journal of Commerce as saying that "there is no panic, and there has been no panic, among the substantial interests." It was a bucket shop and small traders' flurry, induced as much by President Roosevelt's stand on railroad regulations as by "anything Mr. Lawson has said or done." The Journal of Commerce thinks that Lawson merely took advantage of a top-heavy situation in the market.



JULIE.

A Sketch.

Lancing (breathlessly): Hanson?

Julie (panting): It's ^{the}very kind of you to say so, Lord Lancing.

Lancing (looking back anxiously): I mean will you have one?

Julie: It all depends on what mama says.

Lancing (with a gaspy laugh): I mean will you have a cab, not a husband?

Julie: O, why, yes. Say, I'm so sorry. I hadn't a notion you called these chocolate boxes on two wheels by such a misnomer. Ughs I should call them. (She steps into one recklessly).

Cabby: Where to, sir?

Lancing: Anywhere you like, and be quick. . . By Jove, you ought to be in command of the Russian forces, Miss Caryl!

Julie (taking a peep at herself in a battered piece of looking glass): Yes? How's that, anyway?

Lancing: The way you managed to convey to me by one look that you were going to put your hat on and leave that gang to your mother was superb. A masterly retreat, if ever I saw one! I congratulate you.

Julie (giving Lancing both her eyes, wide with amusement and admiration): Well, say, that's fine, just fine! You congratulate me on something I never did.

Lancing: Well, we won't pursue the subject. What a ripping day!

Julie: Just a minute before you commit a tangent. You came up those stairs seven at a time, leaving all our Minneapolis friends constructing schemes, and absolutely laid down this plan of action. I

congratulate you, Lord Lancing, it was perfectly darling.

Lancing (gravely): It's very kind of you to say so.

Julie (looking about her): Say, where are we now?

Lancing: This is Trafalgar Square.

Julie: Who's the poor fellow with his head stuck in a cloud? A sky-pilot?

Lancing: No, that's Nelson.

Julie: O, say, how bully. I used his soap for years. And what's that rambling building with the bee hives on the roof? I guess that's a reformatory or a lunatic asylum?

Lancing: We call it the National Gallery. Julie: Why call it that?

Lancing: It contains all the best works of art collected from other countries.

Julie: I see. On the same system as the one you have of putting red splashes on foreign maps and calling them British.

And, O, look at the lions! Why are they there? And why do they turn their backs on the fountains?

Lancing: (after a moment's hard thinking) So that they shan't see the aliens washing free of charge.

Julie: And what's that nice white building?

Lancing: Cox's Bank. Julie: I see—the place where these dear little men who steer your University boats put their money.

Lancing: Very possibly they do. But primarily it's the place into which stinging parents pay in their hard earned money in order that their sons may play at

soldiering—a quite expensive English hobby. This is Whitehall.

Julie (looking at the filthy looking houses at each side): Which?

Lancing: All of it.

Julie: Well, say, you have queer ways of calling things on this side. What goes on in these houses?

Lancing: Nothing. They're Government offices. Look straight ahead—a little to the left.

Julie: At the "Dutch looking building with the high tower. Is it a waterworks?

Lancing: No, the St. Stephen's gas-works. It's called the House of Commons.

Julie: O, your Senator? Say, I'm glad to see it. Are the members sitting now?

Lancing: No, this is the entrance. The company are waking up for the next scene. And there's the Abbey.

Julie (with a little catch in her voice): O, say, it makes a stir in my heart! It's darling. To think that it's just stood there all these years without moving. It's far away better than anything I've ever seen. It makes rings round the Astoria. Did Pierpont Morgan buy it?

Lancing: No, he wanted to do so to turn it into a private Turkish bath; but the Government were afraid the Telergraph would start a correspondence on the subject, and so they reluctantly refused his offer. This is Birdcage Walk.

Julie (wide-eyed again): What a nice place for it. On our side we haven't any special place devoted to that kind of dance—except the musical theatres, and in those they do it all the time. And this is a park, anyway?

Lancing: A kind of park. It's really the place the London County Council runs for men who won't work. They sleep here, you know and have picnics under the trees. You see the place we're coming to now through that archway?

Julie: O, that's fine.

Lancing: That's another County Council playground, only it is mainly devoted to soldiers for flirting purposes and actors who run theatres in order to be able to hire very old horses.

Julie: Don't we go inside?

Lancing: No, cabs aren't allowed. They frighten the motors. This is Park Lane, or, as some people call it Johannesburg Alley.

Julie: O, there's a bully place.

Lancing: Very fine, isn't it? All done on diamonds. Wonderful place. The home of our aristocracy.

Julie: Say, I've got a notion we'd better turn here.

Lancing: O why? Are you in a hurry?

Julie: No, but moma will be.

Lancing: But we've only been five minutes!

Julie: And yet this horse doesn't look like a racer. No just ask the coachman to go right back to the Cissie. I'm nervous about moma.

Lancing (sees to it reluctantly): I say, do you mind if I revert to our conversation on board the Minneapolis?

Julie (with a slight addition to her color): Which one?

Lancing: The one that was interrupted by your sending me for your mother's lofting iron?

Julie (hurriedly): Not here, please. Some other time. I promised moma . . . I mean . . . well, I just can't anyway. Yes, you may keep on holding my hand.

Lancing: By Jove, I'm sorry. How profoundly absent-minded I am.

Julie: Then—why not keep on being absent-minded, Lord Lancing?

Lancing: Thanks most awfully

(He does in a wonderful silence).

COSMO HAMILTON.