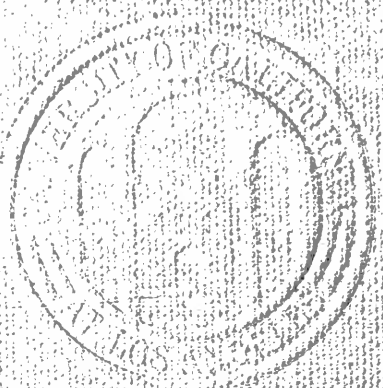


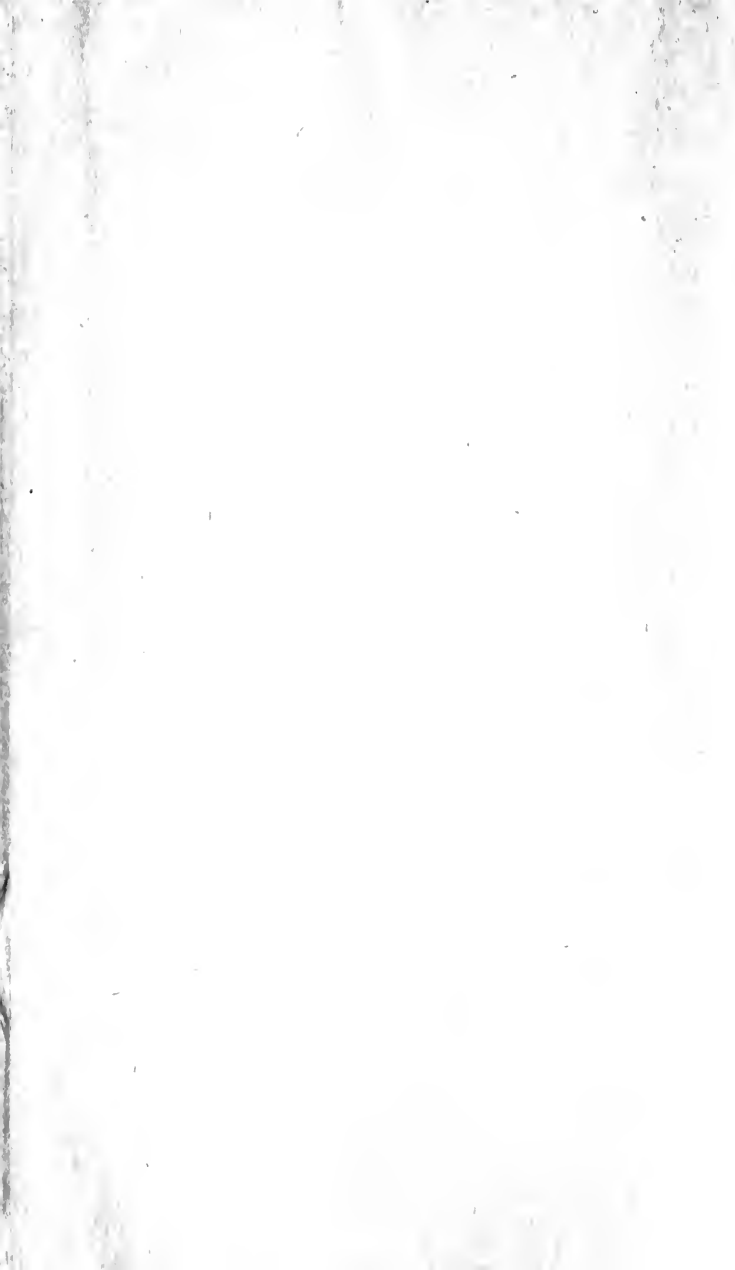
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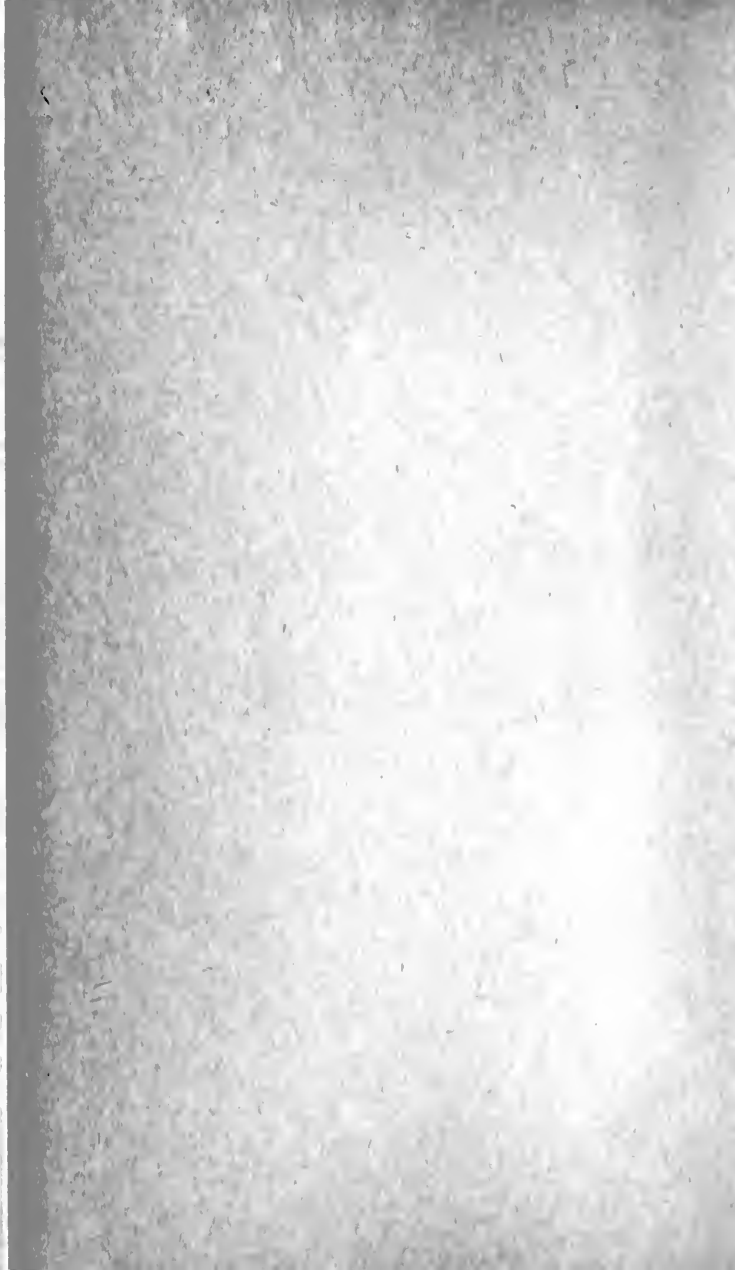
BY
JOHN D. MAYNE.

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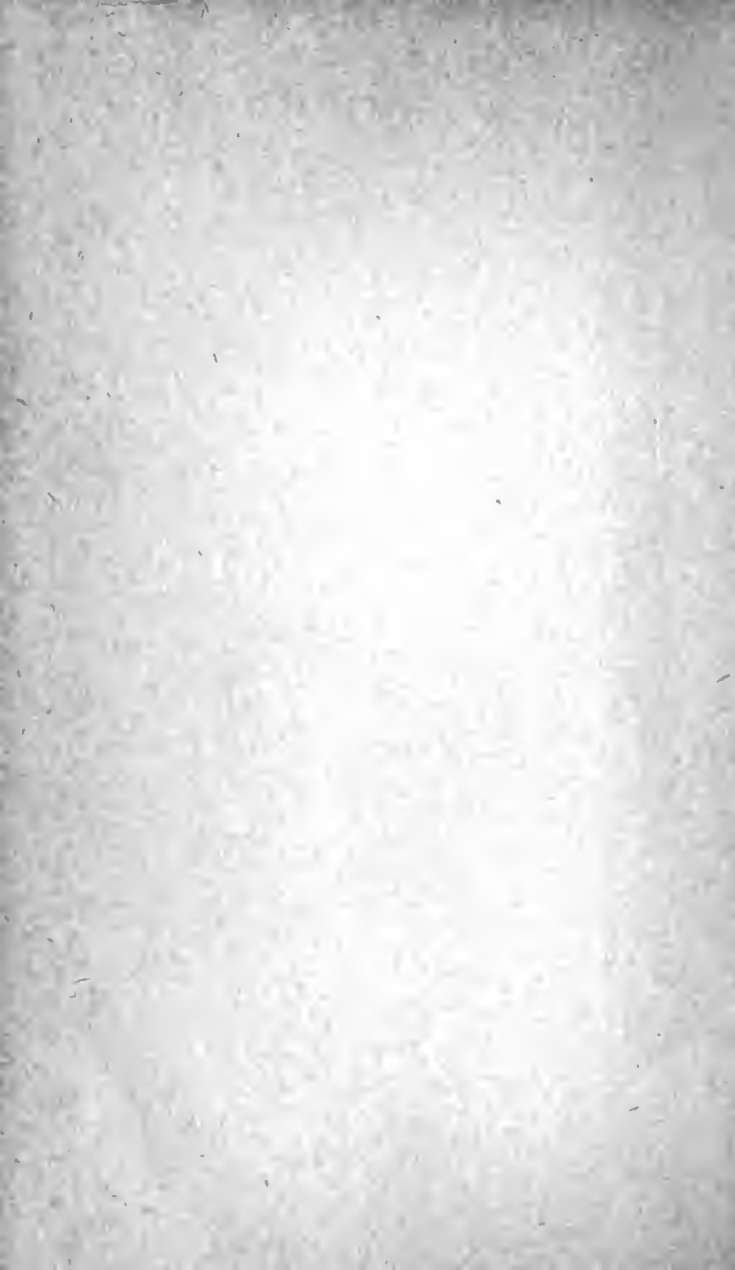


With the Author's Compliment.

THE TRIUMPH OF SOCIALISM

AND

HOW IT SUCCEEDED



THE
TRIUMPH OF SOCIALISM
AND
HOW IT SUCCEEDED

BY
JOHN D. MAYNE
BARRISTER-AT-LAW



LONDON
SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co., LIM.
25 High Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.
1908



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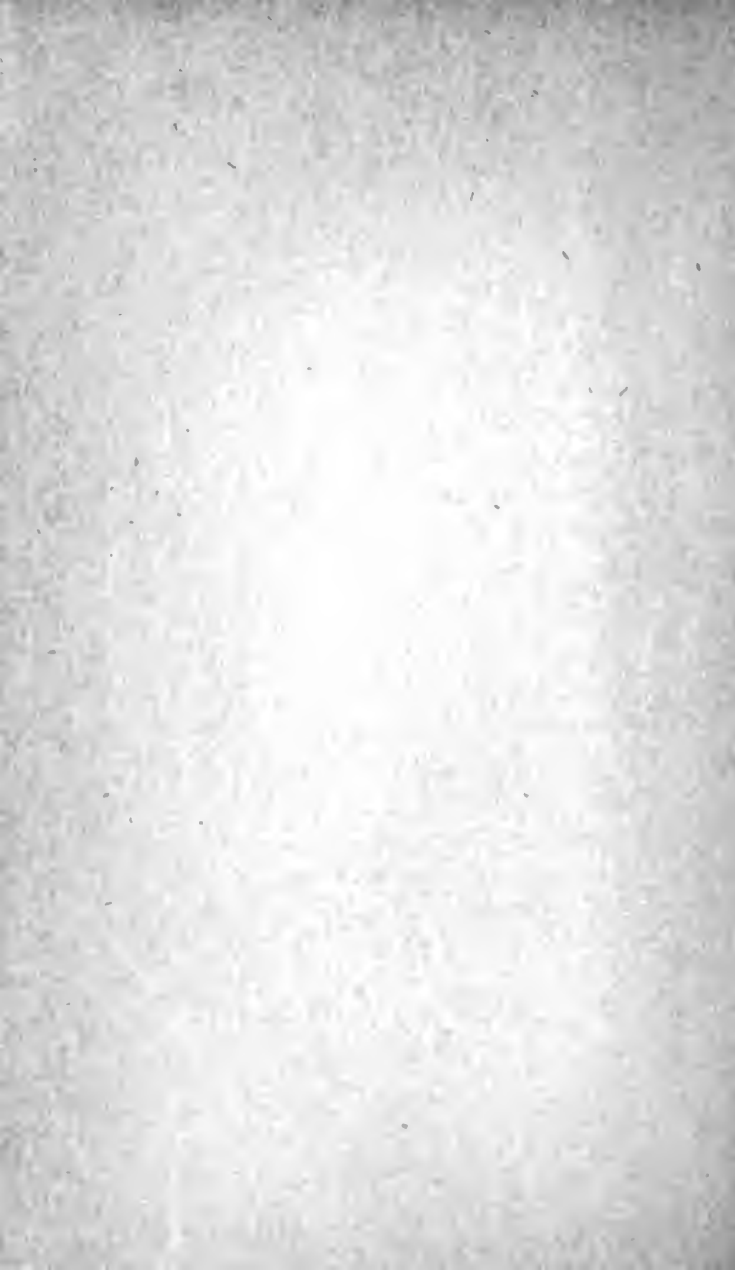
PREFACE.

The events recorded in this work, though taken from contemporary journals, must not be accepted in future ages as historically accurate. No opinion, however, has been attributed to Socialists which cannot be found in the published writings or utterances of some recognised leader. For the brilliant conception of an International Police I am indebted, as I gratefully acknowledge, to the speech of an honourable Member, delivered in his place in the House of Commons in the Session of 1907. The legislation passed in the session of 1912 in order to carry out Nationalisation is purely imaginary; for the best of all reasons, because no Socialist with whose works I am acquainted has attempted to state specifically the process by which his theories can be carried out.

JOHN D. MAYNE.

GOODREST,
READING.

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THE TRIUMPH OF SOCIALISM IN 1912

CHAPTER I

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

(THE PEOPLES' BANNER, Oct. 17, 1912.)

THE final results of the Election have been announced to-day. The Socialist triumph has amazed the Socialists themselves. They had expected a victory. They have effected a conquest. The Conservative rout of 1906 was nothing to this. Taking Great Britain by itself the first results showed that the Socialists had won 494 seats out of 567. When the numbers became known several of the wealthier of the Opposition sent in their resignation, stating that urgent private affairs would make it impossible for them to attend to their Parliamentary duties. New writs were at once issued, and the defeated candidates were returned without opposition.

There is now a serried host of 504 Socialists, against 63 of all other shades. After years of argument the opinion of the country has been taken upon the one issue, Socialism or not, and its answer has been clear, conclusive and final. In Ireland none but the Nationalists were returned. There the question at issue was a different one, but we can rely upon the gallant Irish to back us up, if we need backing.

Yesterday evening the leaders of the party gave a dinner at the Socialist Club to the Great Perkins, to whose energy, eloquence, and power of organization the success was mainly due. On his arrival he was greeted by all with tumultuous applause, though several of the older men seemed almost awed by the completeness of their success, which left them practically, masters of the country. No reporters were present, and the proceedings were private, but it is understood that it was resolved to proclaim a Socialist republic. What can King and Lords do to prevent it?

During the greater part of the night the millions of London were out in the streets. It recalled that now almost forgotten Mafeking night, but how different the occasion! Then the thoughtless populace celebrated the victory of masses of trained mercenaries over a small band of half-armed farmers

who were, in the noble words of Milton, "Rightly struggling to be free." Now they were hailing a new era of liberty and equality, peace abroad and plenty at home. They roamed about in bands, exchanging congratulations with each other, and singing in chorus the new Socialist song—

Down with the tyrant employers,
Down with the pittance they paid ;
The workmen are now the top-sawyers,
And owners of all they have made.
Down with the Master and Missus,
And coming back home before dark ;
Give us the maids that will kiss us,
As we sit on the seats in the Park.

It was interesting to see how completely the people had taken in the meaning of Social nationalisation. The crowds who wandered about the West End amused themselves by knocking at the doors of the great mansions in Belgravia and Mayfair, and asking to be shown over the house, as they were coming next week to choose their rooms. But it is impossible to excuse the conduct of numbers in the East End, who thronged the public houses, drinking their fill, and then went out without paying, merely alleging that all the means of distribution had now been nationalised. They must learn that no

principle, however sound, can be acted on till it is embodied in a law.

In direct contrast to this good-humoured merriment is the condition of those who will no longer be called the Upper Classes. We learn that the greatest agitation and even alarm prevails among them; that every train and steamer is crammed with rich men, leaving the country with all their money and personal effects, and that every great mansion swarms with carpenters, packing up in huge cases the pictures and china and costly furniture of the proprietors, and that the roads are blocked with vans carrying them to the seaports. These insidious attempts to thwart the national will should be stopped at once. Our legal friends tell us that this can be effectually done by sending out writs of *Ne exeat regno*, and by applying for injunctions against the removal of property beyond the jurisdiction of Parliament. It is well that there are still judges in England who are above party.

MR. PERKINS IS SENT FOR.

(THE GLOBE, 1st. Ed. Oct. 19).

We are in a position to state that yesterday the King's Private Secretary was desired to request that

Mr. Perkins should wait upon His Majesty at Buckingham Palace at noon. On his arrival he was at once shown into a room where the King and Captain Knowles were engaged together. After some formal remarks the King pointed to a chair, saying that he was anxious to hear from his own lips what were the proposals which he intended to lay before his party; a party which, as His Majesty observed, now constituted the only power existing in England. Mr. Perkins commenced what promised to be a lecture on the theories and merits of Socialism, but was checked by the King, who said that he was thoroughly acquainted with Social literature, and was only anxious to know how far its views were to be carried, and how effect was to be given to them. "It all seems to begin and end with Nationalisation. Tell me how you are to nationalise everything and everybody, and what is to happen when you have done it." Upon this the Socialist leader began to state his views and his policy, and continued to do so for upwards of an hour, only interrupted from time to time with a request that some point might be made clear, or some difficulty might be answered. When at last he ceased, the King said "Thank you very much. I observe that it is stated you are about to proclaim a Socialist republic. Who is to be your

president, or will you take the post yourself?" Mr. Perkins seemed rather taken aback by the question, and fenced with it a good deal, but the King insisted on a point blank answer. At last Mr. Perkins admitted that the plans he had foreshadowed could only be carried out in what would be practically a republic. "Necessarily so," said the King. "If you tear out the foundations of a building you can hardly retain the roof. But who is to be your president?" "That is a point we have not yet settled, nor indeed whether we want any president, unless indeed your Majesty—" "Oh no," said the King with rather a sad smile, "that could never be. I am the last king of a family which was called by the will of the nation to reign in England, that we might be constitutional monarchs, and might guide and lead our people in the way of liberty and progress. We have all, I think, done our best to do our duty. Liberty and Progress, as I understand them, have now come to an end. I cannot resist, but I will have no share or part in what is coming. No, I will not abdicate. I will leave the country to itself, but I will watch over it, and perhaps help it a little from a distance. When the nation has shaken off the nightmare which now possesses it, perhaps it may call for its old sovereign again." "Like Charles the

Second," said Mr. Perkins with a slight sneer in his voice. "No; not like Charles II., nor for the same reasons. The Stuarts were weighed in the balance and found wanting. But when your mad experiment has ended in ruin—and mark you, end in ruin it must—then the people of England will remember that when the last of the Edwards quitted these shores, he left behind an empire which, during the reigns of his mother and himself had grown to be the greatest the world ever knew, which had been prosperous and free at home, respected and dreaded abroad." He rose and the interview was ended. "I don't envy you your task Mr. Perkins," he said, "but I am glad I have met you. Let us part friends." The King held out his hand. The socialist bowed low, almost reverently, as he clasped it in his own, and then went silently out.

(THE EVENING OWL, Special Ed., Oct. 19).

Mr. Perkins called to-day at Buckingham Palace in pursuance of a summons from Captain Knowles, the King's private secretary. He was received very kindly by the King, who entrusted him with the formation of the new Ministry. It was understood that it would not be necessary to submit the selected

names for Royal approval. The King then requested him for the fullest information as to the opinions and proposals of the Socialist party, which he gave in his usual frank and fearless manner, while abstaining from any expressions which might be needlessly offensive to his host. The King listened with the deepest attention, and seemed much impressed by what he heard. He was already aware that a Republic was to be proclaimed, and asked so pointedly "Who was to be President" that Mr. Perkins almost thought he had an eye to the office for himself. The subject, however, was not pursued, as the King stated that he intended to leave the country shortly, and did not propose to return till matters had settled down into their final shape. This is a most judicious resolution. Had he remained here, hot-headed partisans might have been tempted from a spirit of mistaken loyalty, to offer a hopeless resistance to the national will. At the parting which was most amicable, the King expressed his deep regret that he had not met Mr. Perkins sooner. We also regret it most sincerely. Had our leader won the confidence of his Sovereign in time, the King might have placed himself at the head of the movement, and so guided it that when the tide rose, he and his throne would have been left standing firm above it. But kings are never wise in time.

DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

(THE TIMES, OCT. 21, Second Ed.)

The King, Queen Alexandra, and the Princess Victoria, attended by Captain Knowles, left for Dover by the 11 a.m. train from Victoria. They drove down to the station in an open landau without any guard. The few who recognised them raised their hats and cheered. The public was not admitted into the station, which was already crowded with the late Ministry and numberless private friends of the Royal Family, who pressed around them with expressions of the deepest sympathy and sorrow. The King was much affected. As the train began to move a deafening cheer was raised. To those next to him who said a last farewell, he answered, "Not farewell, au revoir." An immense crowd was in waiting at the pier where the "Invicta" lay with steam up, ready to start as soon as the King and his family were on board. They at once took their places on the bridge, where they stood waving their hands to those on shore, who cheered wildly, and waved hats and handkerchiefs to them, till their forms could be no longer distinguished.

Nothing is known as to the destination of the Royal travellers.

PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

(THE EVENING OWL, Oct. 22.)

This day the Socialist Republic was proclaimed. The Ministry and a large party of their friends were entertained at lunch at the Mansion House at 1. At the conclusion of the speeches which followed the banquet, the Lord Mayor proceeded to the balcony, and from it read out the proclamation to the thousands who swarmed below. Then the band of the London Town Council played the new National Anthem, God Save Ourselves, which was specially composed for the occasion by the bandmaster, Mr. Ralli, and which was much admired by all who understood it. Needless to say that on this occasion there were present no red dragon, or heralds, or pursuivants, or any other antiquated relics of an extinct feudalism. Only the blare of the trumpets, and the shouts of an exulting people announced the dawning of the new era, in which happiness is to be universal and poverty unknown.

This evening's "Gazette" gives notice that Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 15th of November.

CHAPTER II

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE—

(*From the Times.*)

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT, Paris, Oct. 23, 1912.

THE state of feeling produced in Paris by the events which have succeeded each other so rapidly in England during the last week can only be described by the word, panic. Since the *entente cordiale*, with all its subsidiary diplomacies, Europe appeared to have reached a state of stable equilibrium. France, Russia and England, balanced the German Empire. Austria—Hungary and Italy, were nominally allied to Germany, but neither shared nor favoured her ambition. The Scandinavian powers, and Holland and Belgium, wanted nothing but to be left alone. The Balkan States and Greece were buzzing angrily like unsettled wasps around their nests, but none of them could do any serious harm to the other without the connivance of Russia or Austria, neither of whom

would connive with them. Suddenly, as if by the hand of a genie, the keystone was drawn out of the arch on which the political world rested, and no one could tell at what moment the whole fabric might fall in ruins around them. All peace of mind seems to have passed away from the French. They are dreading a return of the evils days of Bismarck and Bülow, and are nervously watching for the moment when the wolf shall again perceive that the lamb is conspiring against him, and must, in self-defence, be bled to the verge of death. The Belgian and Dutch Ministers here tell me that their countries are disturbed in a similar but not to the same extent. The Belgians dread the moment when strategic necessity will compel Germany to send her armies to Antwerp, as a convenient point from which to embark for the invasion of England. The Dutch dread the process of peaceful penetration, which should find that the possession of the best part of the Rhine logically demanded the possession of its mouths; that the Dutch fleets and the Dutch colonies would only attain their full significance if they were united to and developed by Germany. They also feel how much they will miss the friendly *vis inertiae* of Great Britain.

The Russian Ambassador is greatly excited, bu

of course not so much disturbed. The recent course of wise administrative reform has gradually stilled the longing for constitutional government. The Russian finances are improving, their commerce is recovering from its collapse, and their armies are solidifying again. Russia does not fear Germany for herself, but she does object to the perpetual squeeze to which she herself is liable, so long as Germany is in a position to threaten France with impunity. The Franco-Russian Alliance, which has so long been a pleasure without risk, has suddenly become a stern obligation, which may at any moment mature into a great and terrible war.

Yet while all these diplomatists are so deeply affected by the earthquake which has for the time engulfed Great Britain, they all seem to feel a strange confidence that by some means or other she will in time emerge. They talk of the common sense of the English, their courage, their good luck—especially their luck. England survived Queen Mary. She survived Charles I. and Charles II. She threaded her way with unerring instinct through the Revolutionary War, from the Mutiny at the Nore to the evening of Waterloo. This is a great comfort to me. My friends here all grieve over England's calamity; she has not yet fallen so low as to endure their pity.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BERLIN, OCT. 23.

Never before did one nation shoot upwards into the favour of another with the rapidity with which England has earned the favour of Germany. She is not exactly approved or admired, but she is positively loved. She is loved with the love which casts out fear. The Socialists of course are delighted. It is not merely that the thing has been done, but that it has been done so easily and so completely. Not a head has been broken. Not a drop of blood has been shed. Society has been turned upside down with as little trouble as if it was a band-box. A monarchy has become a republic. Collectivism has taken the place of individualism. King, lords, and millionaires, have disappeared. It is just like scene shifting in a theatre. If cool, sensible England has taken the plunge, why should not Germany dive in after her? The Government is delighted. Without intending it, England has done for Germany what Germany could never do for herself even by a threat of war. It has destroyed, not the *entente cordiale* at present, but everything which made the *entente* offensive. England is now paralysed, and Germany is where she was before Fashoda. The shipowners are

delighted; they see the end of the Cunard, and Orient and P and O lines, with countless others, and the Amerika-Hamburg, and the Nord Deutcher Lloyd companies are already planning the doubling of their capital. The manufacturers and merchants are delighted. No more competitions from England. Some knowing ones shake their heads, and say, "But what about England as a purchaser? Where is the money to come from from?" to which the others answer gaily, "Oh we will unload our cheap shoddy there. It will be good enough for them, and all they can afford to pay for." The financiers are delighted. The competition of English capital is gone, and why should not German capital find profitable enterprises in England itself? Risky no doubt, but have we not an Emperor? It is said that some wealthy bankers had an interview on the subject with the Chancellor. The answer was cautious. "German interests, wherever they were concerned, might always rely on proper protection from Germany." So England is popular here all round. I hope she will like it.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 23, 1908.

I have just had an interesting conversation with

the Premier, Sir Walter Bays, who seemed rather anxious that his private views upon the English catastrophe should be known. He has watched the progress of Socialism in England, and says it is like a drama which began as a farce, and suddenly ended in a tragedy. He is not afraid of the infection spreading to Canada. It has no footing here now, and never can get a footing till the country is filled up, and the struggle for existence begins to be felt. We are all too busy and prosperous here to think of robbing each other. Personally of course, his feelings are all in favour of the defeated party. As a statesman he has only to consider the Revolution as it concerns Canada. Till now Canada has been proud to be a part of the British Empire. The interests of both have been bound up together. It profited by the wealth of Great Britain, and its growing commerce was secured by the British Navy. Canada might often be called on to help England in its wars, as it did lately in South Africa, but it knew that the cause would always be just and noble, and one for which any man would be willing to fight and die. Now everything was so different. The change from a monarchy to a republic was nothing. England had been more powerful and respected under Cromwell than under the Charles who preceded or the

Charles who followed him. But this was a very different case. Socialism seemed to him to be sordid and mean. Nobody standing by himself, and everybody leaning on somebody else. Canada, with its traditions rooted in France and England, would not care to go arm in arm with a nation which had abjured its past, and appealed to the future *in formâ pauperis*. But he felt certain that Socialism could never survive one year of being left by itself, at full liberty to suffer from its own schemes. And he felt equally certain that Great Britain was sound at the core, and that the "swing of the pendulum," of which so much was heard, would swing the present party out of sight for ever. So long as this hope was possible Canada would be faithful to England.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

SYDNEY, Oct., 1908.

Nothing is talked of or thought of throughout Australia but the cataclysm which has overwhelmed Society in England. As regards her own future no one is discouraged or afraid. The Commonwealth has knit together all the parts of this huge region, widely separated, and sparsely populated as they are. The wise foresight which has converted every

Australian into a soldier, trained in the sort of warfare which would arise upon any attempt at an invasion, checks any possible nervousness. There is only one European power from whose ambition anything could be apprehended, but it is believed that she will have too much to do on her own side of the world to meddle with the Antipodes.

WHERE IS THE KING?

FROM A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Oct. 25, 1908.

The greatest curiosity, even anxiety, prevails as to the whereabouts of the King and his party. After leaving the "Invicta," which they did with very few attendants and a very limited amount of luggage, they disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed them up. The King walking alone, has been seen in numberless places, Paris, Biarritz, Marseilles, Berlin, Geneva, Nice. Such ubiquity seems incredible. A French sailor, lounging about the quay at Havre, says that he saw a small party of travellers embark on a large steam yacht, flying the English flag, which had entered the port that morning, and which left the same day. His description however is painfully vague. "Quelques personnes.

Pas trop de bagages. Mais oui, une femme. Peut-être deux. Qui sait?" It has been ascertained that a large steam yacht did put in at Havre in the morning of the 22nd, and left the same afternoon. It did not communicate with the shore, and excited no attention. There seems no reason to suppose that the sailor's story at all helps in the solution of the mystery.

PROCLAMATION OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PRETORIA, Oct. 26, 1908.

Things here have run a rapid but predestined course. The classes who are now in power in England, have always denounced the Boer War as unjust, and our victory as criminal. They cannot be surprised that they are now taken at their word. The Boer leaders in the Transvaal, Orangia, and the Cape, had been watching the progress of the elections with the keenest anxiety, and the moment the result was known they determined to proclaim their freedom while everything was in confusion at home, so as to start the new Socialistic Government with a *fait accompli* ready made, whether they liked it or not.

Their resolve had already been communicated in Europe in the quarters where it was likely to be best received. For the present Natal is left out, but sooner or later it must join. If it tried to stand alone it would very soon find itself crowded out.

I enclose accurate translations of two telegrams which you will find interesting; you may rely upon their genuineness and authenticity. They were abstracted from General Botha's possession by an individual who does not court publicity. I have seen the originals which are now on their way to the British Museum; they were forwarded in cipher to the Dutch and German consuls, by whom they were decoded.

DUTCH PRIME MINISTER TO GENERAL BOTHA.

Splendid. Insult to Holland wiped out. Can send numbers of suitable Hollanders. Wire offices and salaries.

KAISER TO GENERAL BOTHA.

Thousand congratulations. Kruger is avenged. Always regretted I could not help in war. Salisbury was too cheeky (*uppisch*). You may rely on me. I

intend to occupy Delagoa Bay so as to be near to protect you. Are you safe at Simon's Bay. Could send a cruiser there. Fleet coaling. Prince Henry will start at once with mailed fist.

Germany may be proud of her Emperor.

VISIT OF GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

From The PEOPLES' BANNER, Oct. 28, 1908.

We are informed that the new German Ambassador, Baron Munchausen, paid a visit yesterday to the Foreign Office. He was received by Mr. Nuts, the Foreign Secretary. The Prime Minister, Mr. Perkins, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spender, were also present. After conveying the congratulations of his Government to the present Ministry upon the success of their party, he proceeded to say that he was also directed to associate himself with them in the gratification they must feel at the news from South Africa. The Socialists had always opposed the Conservative party throughout the deplorable events of the Boer War, of which he could only speak with diplomatic reserve. Their policy had at last triumphed, and he congratulated them upon it. He had been much amused by the

humorous telegrams which accompanied the intelligence in the "Times." He had reason to believe that they emanated from "Punch." His Imperial Master felt convinced that this great event would end for ever the feud which had embroiled the two nations, from the time of the much misunderstood Kruger telegram till the final surrender of the Boers. The Kaiser had also felt it very deeply that when King Edward was seeking for alliances he had turned to the nation with which England had been at war for nearly 800 years, instead of to his own nephew and the German nation. Germany had never once been at war with England, and in contests of its own, it had always frankly accepted English money, and the help of the English troops. This had preyed deeply upon the Emperor's spirits, and he himself had witnessed the tears the Kaiser shed at the thought that he might be forced into a war with the land of his mother and grandmother. (Here the Ambassador's voice trembled, and in his agitation he relapsed into his own language, using words of which the only sounds that could be made out seemed to be * "Vas foor narransee, sind") Upon some reference

* There seems to be a mistake here. We are informed that the words in question mean "What fools they are," which of course is absurd (Ed. P.B.)

to the growth of the German navy, the Ambassador said that he had it particularly in charge to say that Admiral Tirpitz had assured the Emperor that all the arrangements for the programme terminating in 1916 had long since been made, and that contracts had been entered into which could not now be cancelled. But under that *entente cordiale* which has now been established between us, that is all in your favour. All differences between us are swept away. Our navy is now your navy. "In fact," he said, turning to Mr. Spender, "if you find yourself stinted for money in the philanthropic schemes which press upon you, it can be best found by reducing your colossal expenditure on your Army and Navy. Germany, your friend and brother, guarantees your safety and peace." Lastly he said that his Government desired him to say, that it hoped for the future, Germans and English might learn to help each other in civil life: that Englishmen would settle in Germany, and give the example of institutions carried on with their capital, and skill, and industry, while Germans went to England to learn to imitate and profit by English methods.

Nothing could be more friendly and cordial than the interview which lasted for upwards of an hour, and which ended to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

THANK GOD, INDIA IS SAVED.

(THE TIMES, Nov 11.)

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Bombay, Nov. 10.

I am now able to give you a complete history of what is perhaps the most eventful crisis in the annals of India. On the 19th Oct. the King sent a long telegram in cypher to the Viceroy, in which he explained the full significance of the Socialist victory, and said that if he found his own position untenable he intended to proceed at once to India, and place himself as its emperor at its head. He warned the Viceroy not to listen to any orders from the new government which might weaken the position of the British. On the 21st, another telegram arrived stating that he was just leaving London, and that the "Elfin," a steam yacht which Lord Steele had placed at his disposal, would meet him at Havre the next day, and take him to Bombay with the utmost despatch. The Viceroy immediately summoned the Commander-in-chief, Lord Cookham, and the most trusted members of his executive council to a private meeting at Government House, where the whole situation was discussed. It was resolved at once to send trusty messengers to all the governors and

lieutenant-governors, with confidential news of what was impending, and to direct the residents at the courts of all the Feudatories to break the news cautiously to the native rulers, and to communicate the way in which it was received. Within a week the answers began to flow in. They were all in the same tone. The chieftains were all full of scorn for what they called the British Babus, of exultation that the Emperor was coming out to place himself at their head; of professions of loyalty to his person, and of their determination to lay all their resources of men and money at his feet. About the same time a telegram arrived from Mr. Masham, the new Secretary of State for India, stating that he was about to send out to India Mr. Hardy Kerr as commissioner to assist the Viceroy in setting on foot representative institutions, which might ultimately mature into responsible government. This telegram was an open one, and of course at once became known throughout India, as was no doubt intended. The *Swadeshi* party in Bengal and the Congress, which threw off all pretence of loyalty, at once raised the banner of disaffection. But the Viceroy, now relieved from all fear of the House of Commons, acted with electric decision. Within a few days, the leaders were on their way to the Andamans, and the

movement collapsed as rapidly as it had arisen. Then the announcement was publicly made that the Emperor was about to assume his sovereignty in person. A Durbar was to be held at Delhi, at which all the Feudatories were to attend and to pay homage to their head; and then the Emperor was to make a tour of India, and visit each of the native rulers at his own court. The announcement was received everywhere with uncontrollable enthusiasm. When the "Elfin" steamed into Bombay Harbour, on the 9th November, the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Governor at once went on board, where they found the Emperor waiting anxiously for news. When he had heard it all, he wrung the Viceroy's hand, and said, "Thank God! India is saved."

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BOMBAY, Nov. 12.

The "Orontes," conveying the commissioner, Mr. Hardy Kerr, has just been signalled. It seems he telegraphed to the Governor, saying that he would be glad to remain at Government House for about a week before going on to Calcutta. An A.D.C. immediately started in a boat to meet the steamer, went on board as soon as it anchored, and handed

to the commissioner a letter in which the Governor expressed regret that he would be unable to receive him, as the Government of the Emperor had decided that his presence in India was undesirable. Arrangements had been made that he should return by the outgoing mail steamer, which was getting up steam and flying the blue peter not far off. Mr. Hardy Kerr was thunderstruck. Neither he nor anyone on board had heard of the recent events, which the A.D.C. retailed at once with much enjoyment to himself and to everyone else except his special hearer. In less than an hour, Mr. Kerr, a commissioner now no more, was transferred with his effects to the "Mooltan," and before sunset was retracing his way to Aden.



CHAPTER III

MEETING OF "THE HEADLESS" PARLIAMENT.

(The Times, Nov. 16.)

YESTERDAY the new Parliament was opened, or rather it opened itself. There was no ceremonial of any kind. No procession to Westminster. No speech from anything corresponding to the Throne. No Address. No Speaker. No Mace. That bauble has not reappeared. No Chaplain and no prayers. For some time before 3 p.m. the members had been straying in promiscuously and taking their seats. Three benches on the left side of the Chair were sufficient to accommodate the Opposition, which looked like a rather stagnant pond in the midst of a tumbling and tossing ocean. At 3 p.m. Mr. Perkins followed by the members of the Government took their places on the right. Then Mr. Perkins rose and moved that Mr. Thompson do take the Chair. Some one appeared to second

the motion. Mr. Thompson took off his wideawake, bowed to the Assembly, and seated himself in the Chair, in a shooting coat and shepherd's plaid trousers. That was all. Then Mr. Perkins rose again, advanced to the table and began his speech. It was observed that he addressed the House and not the Chair, and that when any member was referred to, he was spoken of by his own name, and not by that of his constituency. It was all very much like a Board of Guardians. After a few sentences of congratulation to the huge majority, and some graceful and sympathetic words in regard to the King who had retired from a country where his presence could only have created disunion, and who appeared to have found a sphere of usefulness in India, he proceeded to say,

We are assembled here to carry out, fully, completely, and at once, the mandate which we have received from the nation. Till now the nation was like a pyramid. At the apex was the Sovereign. Below him a series of strata each wider and deeper than the one above it, till at last widest and deepest of all came the people, which maintained and supported the rest of the fabric. Each of the upper strata was lazier, richer, and more powerful than the one on which it rested. But when the lowest was

reached, which contained the working classes, who produced by their labour everything that enabled those who called themselves the Upper Classes to exist, and to live in affluence and luxury; they had to accept whatever wages were offered them by the landowner and the capitalist. It was their hands which furnished the feast, but they had to be content with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. For years we have asked how long was this to continue? Your answer came back last month. It shall continue no longer. We are here to-day to end the Old Era and to begin the New. (Loud and continued cheering). Up to this time the wealth of the nation has been the possession of a privileged few; it shall now be the possession of all, and primarily of those by whom it has been made. That is the meaning of nationalisation. Many other things will follow, but the first demand of socialism is, the nationalisation of the means of production, transport and distribution. What are the means of production? The first and greatest is the land. Everything which grows upon the land, or is dug out from it, is the natural possession of the entire community. It was so when society was young and free. The hunter followed his game, the shepherd fed his flocks, the peasant sowed and reaped where

he wished, and paid rent or taxes to none. He had no lord and no master. The great philosopher Rousseau wrote, that the first man who said of a piece of land, this is mine, should have been slain on the spot. That man in England was William the Norman. Till he reached these shores, Briton, Saxon and Dane lived peacefully together, and enjoyed the fruits of the earth as they pleased. Then he conquered the island, and introduced the feudal system, according to which the entire land belonged to the King and to those to whom he chose to give it. He portioned out this country between himself and his nobles, and from that time the law declared that every land had its lord, and that no one could cultivate an acre without his leave and without paying his demands. ("Shame! Shame!") And then as population increased, and fresh uses of land were discovered, rents increased, until at this day there are great dukes who own entire counties, and draw hundreds of thousands of pounds every year, from men to whom in their whole lives they have never given the value of a penny ("Shame! Shame!") And the case of the mine owner, is even worse. The landlord at all events came into something which his father had before him. But he never knew that he owned a

mine till some geologist told him—(laughter)—and then he allowed some one to pay him for leave to dig down into the earth, and received thousands more every year from the work of the miners, who toiled ten hours a day to bring the ore to the surface where he could see it. Well, gentlemen, our first task will be to put an end to this system, to restore the land to those from whom it has been wrongfully withheld, and to throw its produce and profits into the National Treasury. (An opposition member. Any compensation?) I believe the gentleman who asks this question is a county magistrate. What compensation does he give to the receiver of stolen goods? (Tremendous cheering.) No, sir. We think that those who will be dispossessed by the justice of the nation will have reason to be thankful that we do not call upon them to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. But we are willing to make a distinction between their lands and their houses. We propose to allow them three months to sell their castles and their mansions, and at the end of that time, these, if still unsold, shall be put up to public auction, and the proceeds handed over to their previous owners. (Opposition groans.)

Now, gentlemen, I proceed to what I may call the secondary means of production, the factories, the

engineering works, the ship-building yards, and all the countless ways in which the raw material is converted into a saleable form. Here for the first time we encounter the capitalist. (Hisses and groans.) I see before me many of you who were yourselves working men. You know how you had humbly to approach the capitalist, and ask him to let you work for him! For him, who could do nothing for himself. For whom not a wheel would revolve without your help; whose cotton and wood, and iron, would be worthless without your strong skilful hands. And while you were filling his stores with wealth which you had created, he was compelling you to accept the smallest wages which would keep you and your wives and children alive. Is this just? (A storm of No! No! No!) Well, gentlemen, we are determined once for all to abolish the capitalist. (An opposition member. And keep his capital?) No: The capital shall be ours, the property of the nation. But the value you give to it shall be yours, and the profit which springs from it shall be applied, not to the making of titled millionaires, but to providing comfortable and happy homes for free and self-respecting Englishmen. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) There shall be no more masters; no more employers. Each factory shall be managed by

a state superintendent. Under him shall be captains of industry to manage and direct each department, and then the general mass of industrials. Each of these shall have a minimum rate of weekly pay, and at the end of every three months the entire profit made by each factory shall be divided among those engaged in its working in a settled proportion. (Cheers.) The factories will of course be purchased from their present owners at a fair valuation in reference to their cost and present condition. (A conservative member. And paid for in cash?) No sir. In State stock bearing interest at 3 per cent., which can either be held as an investment, or sold for cash in the market like consols. At present we do not intend to proceed beyond establishments of the class which figure in strikes and locks out. In time every sort of workshop in which there is one person who pays wages for work, and others who work for wages, will be nationalised. But we must proceed gradually, and not undertake at once more than we can carry out.

Now, gentlemen, we have reached the next branch of our programme, the means of transport. The greatest of these is the railway system. Even gentlemen on the other side will not dispute the possibility or the wisdom of nationalising it. The

railways of Germany, Italy, and Russia belong to the State. So they do in Australia, India, and Ceylon. Everywhere they form a large and growing portion of the national revenue, just as the Post Office is with us. We propose to convert these also into national property. (Cheering.) I have no wish to vilify our railways. They are most excellent, but they would not fit into a Socialist state. They are managed solely for the benefit of the shareholders, to gain dividends. They carry the goods of the foreigner at a lower rate than those of the British producer. ("Shame!") The directors exercise a grinding tyranny over their servants. They are given the lowest wages and the longest hours which human nature can stand. Most of the great railway accidents are traceable to the exhaustion of a human being who for 12 or 15 hours had been straining his faculties to perform an impossible task. The passengers have to endure the insolence of class distinctions. A couple of millionaires or nobles roll along in a luxurious carriage, while the common people, forsooth, are packed like herrings in hard and noisome conveyances. The fares for long distances are prohibitive for all but the rich. We intend to alter all this. Those who work the National Railways shall have higher pay and shorter hours. Carriages

shall be all of the same grade, such as the present second class. The fares for all passengers shall be the same, not higher than a penny a mile. My friend Mr. Driver, the minister of railways, is maturing an arrangement by which all fares higher than ten shillings may be payable on the instalment system, which has been introduced with such success by the "Times." (Loud cheering.) By these means we hope that the railways may be served by happy and comfortable officials, and that the privilege of travelling, to the improvement of health, and the enlargement of the mind, may be placed within the reach of all. (Loud and continued cheering.) Under this head also, there are numerous minor conveyances, such as trams, omnibuses, and cabs, which will within time fall within our net, but they also must stand over for the present.

The whole question of sea transport is one too vast for discussion at present. Imagination glows at the prospect of national fleets, bearing to every quarter of the world the triumph of Socialistic ideas, and bringing back to our treasury the freights paid by the foreigner for the conveyance of his goods. At present we must permit private ownership to continue. But we propose to assess every ship-owner, whether an individual or a company, with a tax pro-

portionate to the number and the tonnage of his vessels. The mode in which this can be carried out, is engaging the anxious attention of my friend Mr. Spender, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The last branch of the Socialistic formula, viz., the nationalisation of the means of distribution, is so complicated that at present I can only offer some hints on the subject. Water, gas, and electricity are already to a great extent municipalised, which is a form of nationalisation. The distribution of coal and iron would naturally follow from our possession of the mines. We can also see our way towards monopolising breweries and distilleries, so as to bring into the State treasury the whole of the enormous profits of the liquor trade. This is however, only a nibbling at the margin of the subject. We contemplate in the near future a time when not only everything will be made, but everything will be sold by the State; when the comforts of the multitude will be increased and the wanton luxury of the few will become impossible. But here again I am trenching on the department of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will be pleased to receive and study every suggestion that may be offered to him.

Nor again, can I do more than notice, lest it should be supposed that I have forgotten it, the

Apostolical precept "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." This again will come in time. (A Conservative member, when we are all paupers). When we have learned the dignity of labour, when we have raised to their proper positions in the state our men of science and inventors, our philosophers and historians, our doctors and lawyers, our poets, our painters and our musicians, and have enabled them to exercise their talents, freely and gratuitously for the benefit of all. (The Prime Minister sat down amid enthusiastic applause, which was renewed again and again, while numbers crowded round him to congratulate him upon his success).

Mr. Furber (City of London) said: "I do not rise to use any argument upon the general principles of Socialism, nor shall I be tempted to notice the Prime Minister's view of history, or of the general principles of justice. On all these questions I and others have uttered countless speeches during the last few years. We have failed to convince the electors, and we should certainly not affect you, who are their delegates. The time for discussion is past. You have power to act, and the sooner you act the better. We think you are wrong: you think you are right. Put your theories into practice, and see if they will stand the test. We will neither delay nor

obstruct you. On this occasion, I shall occupy the neutral position of *amicus curiæ*. I shall ask the Prime Minister to explain matters which he has overlooked, or to turn his attention to difficulties which do not appear to have presented themselves to his mind. Following the order of his speech, I shall first deal with the land. It is settled that the whole of the land of this kingdom is to be confiscated (Uproar. Cries of Withdraw. Withdraw). Certainly I will withdraw the word "confiscation" if you don't like it, provided I can find some other word which expresses the idea of taking away a man's property without paying for it. "Convey the wise it call." Let us say it is to be conveyed from those who owned it to those who never owned it without any money passing. Of course you do not propose to pay for it. You could not. All the wealth of Europe would not buy up the fee-simple of England. The owners of the fee-simple are to be dispossessed, because they are inheritors of the original robbery committed by William the Conqueror and his nobles. It is not very obvious how this applies to Wales and Scotland, but no doubt there is some equally good reason as to them. But I want to know, is the same rule to be applied to all those who have taken lawfully under them? Are those who hold farms from them, and

have invested their capital in their farms, to lose farms and money too? You see they represent the slaves rather than the tyrants. Then again, probably half of the land is under mortgage, often for money spent in its improvement. Are the mortgagees to lose their security and their money? (Cries of "Capitalists.") No, really, mortgagees are not capitalists in any invidious sense of the word. They are generally people who have saved moderate sums out of their earnings, and who have invested on what used to be considered safe security at reasonable interest. Again, there is hardly a landed estate which is not charged, for the benefit of younger children and widows; often while it is still charged for the benefit of mothers, sisters, and aunts. Do you intend to turn them out into the roads? Have you considered, whether, on the whole, they have not a better claim to be supported out of the land than a number of other very deserving people, who never thought they had any right to the land till you told them so? Does it not seem curious that a scheme of universal benevolence should start with producing wide-spread and incalculable misery? Now I am going to ask another question. How is this enormous estate to be managed? I supposed it will be primarily vested in the Minister of Land and Agri-

culture, Mr. Freshfield. He is a very excellent and worthy gentleman, who as far as I know, has never had anything to do with land, except as the proprietor of a villa with a garden in front and a drying ground behind. But if he had as great an experience as the Duke of Devonshire or the Duke of Bedford, was such a burden ever before laid upon a single man? Of course he and his entire staff can only exercise the merest superficial supervision. The actual working will be delegated to a number of local agents, or more likely local committees. How will the land itself fare? Hitherto it has been managed by tenants with the interest of proprietors, working for themselves and their families, with the hereditary aptitude of a race of farmers, to whom everything relating to the soil, which is a mystery to the citizen, is a natural instinct. You will hand it over to small parties of men, who are merely political agents, chosen for their political services, and whose object is, not to get the utmost possible profit out of the land, but to please as far as possible a crowd of hungry applicants who are scrambling for the spoil. You think the land is an enormous asset in your scheme of universal benevolence. I tell you before five years, you will have turned it into a bankrupt estate.

And now I have only one more question to ask on

this subject. Do you really think you will get the land? (Cries of, You'll see! Who is to prevent us?) Well I am not so sure of that. Englishmen are very stubborn when they are fighting for their rights. Still more when they are fighting for their homes and their wives and children. They won't care a pin about William the Conqueror, or universal brotherhood. They will only care for themselves and fight for themselves, and they will find every one round them doing the same thing. Burke said: "That he did not know how to draw an indictment against a nation." I do not know how to serve a writ of ejectment upon a nation, and still less how to get it executed. Ask your friends from the other side of the channel. (Cheers from the nationalist benches). I know how difficult it was to execute ejectments upon a handful of peasants, against whom lawful and just decrees were passed, because they refused to pay their rents when they had the money in their pockets. And I know how impossible it will be to turn Englishmen out of their lands and homes, when you attempt to do it in defiance of law and justice. (Loud opposition cheering). Now, gentlemen, I go to the next subject dealt with by the Prime Minister. You are to abolish the capitalist, and to work the factories yourselves. You will have

less difficulty with the capitalist, especially as you propose to pay him for his factories. I fancy by this time he has pretty well laid his plans for clearing his capital out of the country. He and it will be received with open arms in India, in Australia, in Canada, or in any other part of the world to which he may take it, or send it. But when you have got rid of the capitalist and his capital, how are you going to work the factories he has left behind? The Prime Minister says: "With the property of the Nation." What property has the Nation? where is it? It has no money but what it raises by rates and taxes every year. At the end of the financial year, after it has paid the interest of the National Debt, municipal debts, the expenses of Government and of the defence of the nation, it has nothing left but such balances in the treasury as are necessary to go on with till the taxes begin to fall in again. Have you ascertained the weekly wages bill of a single great factory in Manchester? Find it out, and then multiply it by the number of all the factories, engineering works, shipbuilding works and so forth all over the Kingdom. Will you be prepared with this sum every Saturday at 12 o'clock? The capitalist has it already because he is a capitalist. You will not have it because the State has no

capital, but only an annual income which has been exhausted every year by an annual expenditure, which does not include weekly payments to cotton operatives or engineers. (What about the profits?) The profits will not come in till you have manufactured your goods and sold them and got paid. Take three months as the shortest period. During the whole of this time you will have to pay wages and supervision every week. To provide coals, raw material, and costs of repair, as they arise. If you are ever late one day you will have a pack of hungry wolves howling round you. When your money does come in from the purchasers, it may repay your outlay, but I doubt there being much profit. Under the individualistic system the employer works with a single eye to making a profit, and every one under him has to work with the same view or be dismissed. Under your system your profit is only wanted to make up a bonus for your workmen. If they won't take the trouble to earn their bonus, it won't be made, but you will have to keep your workshops and your workmen all the same. If they are idle, or careless, or indifferent, do you think your superintendent, or your captains of industry will dare to dismiss them? They will go to your Government workshops not to make a profit for you,

but to enable you to give them easier work and better wages than they ever had before. Their work won't be worth their wages, and its old high quality will disappear, and with it, its sale in the foreign markets. (Howls and hisses). And remember, it is by the sale of your goods in the foreign markets, that you have to pay for 235 millions worth of food which you import yearly, and without which you would starve. Is this a very bright prospect for universal happiness?

Now I pass to the railways which you are to nationalise. You promise to pay for them which is all right. It is quite true that the railways in many parts of the world are State railways, and have turned out profitable undertakings. But remember they are all worked with a view to profit. Your railways are to be run on philanthropic principles, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Those who are employed are to have shorter hours and higher pay. This alone will add 20 per cent. to the cost of working, absorb the whole profit, and create a handsome yearly deficit. You also propose to carry your passengers at a loss, even if they pay their fares, which, under the instalment system, they may possibly forget to do. I imagine that the rolling stock and the permanent way will very soon get out of order, and that the

insurance tickets, which are now offered in vain to travellers, will be eagerly sought for, and will rapidly rise in price.

Now I want to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer rather an important question. How do you propose to pay for the railways and factories? You say with Government Stock. Of course you can issue it on paper, and the shareholders and owners will have no choice but to take it. But how do you propose to pay the interest? At this moment the National Debt stands at about 743 millions; the Municipal Debt is about 453 millions; the interest of the former is paid out of taxes, and that of the latter out of rates. But, they are both paid by the same persons out of the same pocket, and the pressure of the united sum is already beginning to be very severely felt. You are going to buy the railways. Their present value is calculated at 1286 millions. You are going to buy the factories and workshops. I don't know that their value has ever been calculated. Take them at 150 millions, which is probably below the mark. You will have raised the entire liabilities of the nation from 1196 to 2532 millions. Taking the National Debt alone, without the Municipal Debt, you will have to pay 60 millions every year for interest on it, before you can touch a penny in the Treasury for

any other purpose. Where are your taxes to come from? The income tax will have gone, for as far as I can see no one will have any income. You take everything, out of which any one has made money, and work it yourselves at a loss. You have no doubt, two original ideas. One is a tax on shipping. Ship-owners are very wideawake people; fleets are not things which a tax gatherer can easily catch. I don't advise you to rely much on that. Then a monopoly of drink. You will either raise the price of good liquors or poison the public with cheap ones. I should not like to be in a Government which proposes such a tax. I know what you will be driven to. You will stint the Army and the Navy till each is inefficient, and then this proud empire will become the sport of any foreign nation which cares to play with it as a cat plays with a mouse. Philanthropy is a beautiful, but an expensive thing, especially if you undertake to make everyone happy and comfortable, when you have relieved him from the obligation of doing anything for himself. Socialism is a very beautiful dream, but it has the defect of all dreams. You awake in the morning, and find it corresponds to nothing in real life. Then you will begin to learn how sound was the advice of the philosopher, "So act to-day as to make to-morrow your friend." You

are now dreaming your dream ; think of to-morrow. (Mr. Furber sat down amidst the enthusiastic cheering of his own followers, while a stony and rather depressing silence reigned over the rest of the House.)

The O'Brallaghan (Member for Mayo, and leader of the Nationalist Party,) said: That he did not intend to embark on this discussion to which he had listened with so much interest. He agreed with a good deal that had been said on each side, but on the whole rather agreed with Mr. Furber than with the Prime Minister. He, and the county which he represented, agreed with the Socialists in being quite willing to take from anyone anything they could get. But when they had got it, they wanted to keep it for themselves, and not to give it away to a shadowy body like a Benevolent Brotherhood. However the mode in which England was to be governed had no interest for him and his Party. He had risen to state, on the very earliest opportunity, that Ireland had resolved to declare itself an independent republic on Celtic principles. It would not be necessary for the Prime Minister to trouble himself with any legislation on the subject. All the necessary arrangements would be made in College Green, and would be found from day to day, in a very valuable Journal, the "Freeman," which was taken by the Library Committee,

He only wished to add, that if any British tax-gatherer attempted to put his foot on any Irish steamer, he would be chucked into the sea. (The honourable gentlemen then bowed to the Speaker and left the House, followed by his entire party). An expression of blank astonishment spread over the rest of the members, while a confused murmur of conversation began, which was checked when the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the debate should be adjourned till next day.

The house then resumed for business and sat for another hour, during which it voted salaries of £500 a year to each member, with free postage on all letters received or written, free meals, and free shaving and hair cutting in the House, whenever it was sitting; and a free pass over every railway for each member and his wife.

ACTIVE LEGISLATION.

THE PEOPLES' BANNER, NOV. 26.

For the last five days Parliament has been working with a business like despatch which is in strange contrast with the verbose and snail-like proceedings of the House of Commons, we have known and wearied of till now. No first, second, and third

readings. No long squabbles in Committee. No references to the House of Lords. No waiting for the Royal assent. Each Bill was produced in the form in which it was intended to pass; debated section by section, and when the last section was finally settled the Bill became law at once. Four Acts have been passed which carry out the scheme of Nationalisation, sketched in general terms by the Prime Minister in his great speech at the opening of Parliament. The Land act vests all the land in England and Wales, except the urban districts, in Mr. Freshfield, Minister for Land and Agriculture. He is to appoint Local Committees in each district, who are under his direction and supervision, to effect the transfer of land in their district from individual ownership. Rules are laid down for the mode in which the land is to be worked, and for the distribution of the proceeds. Similar provisions are contained in the Mines Act, which is to be worked by Mr. Orr the Minister for mines. Railways are entrusted to Mr. Driver, as Minister of Communications, and Factories and Workshops to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. Worksop. The two last named Acts provide for the purchase of the subject matter, for its valuation, and for the payment of the amount fixed by Government stock bearing interest at 3 per

cent. These Acts are all to come into force on the 1st day of next March, and provision is made for the service of notice of the effect of the Act on the owners of all premises or property affected by it, and for inspection of such premises or property by duly authorised officials whenever required before the Act comes into operation. The public offices are busily engaged in the preparation of measures for carrying Socialistic principles into other departments of life. Of these, nothing is known at present.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RESIGNATION OF THE JUDGES.

(THE TIMES, Dec. 3.)

WE are informed that a Conference of all the judges of the Superior Courts has been held, and that they arrived at the following resolution, which has been communicated to the Prime Minister.

We, the judges of the Superior Courts of Law, have met together to consider the effect of the recent elections, and of the new state of affairs resulting from it upon ourselves in the discharge of our judicial functions. As judges, we take no part in politics. Our duty is to administer the laws of the country as declared from time to time by the legislature. The change from a Monarchy to a Republic would not necessarily affect us in the discharge of this duty, any more than it did those who sat upon the Bench before and after the execution of King Charles I. The

present Republic, however, has not only introduced novel legislation, but legislation which is founded upon theories, and carried out by measures, which appear to us to be destructive of all law as hitherto understood in England, or any civilised community. Possession of property originating from a legal title and confirmed by long holding, is said to be so contrary to public policy that the owners may be ejected without compensation, and their estates confiscated for the benefit of the general public. The contractual relation of employer and employed, is said to be so unnatural and unjust that it can create no rights on one side or duties on the other. The community is asserted to have the right of reducing everyone to a condition in which he must support himself by labour, and then of apportioning to him such labour as it thinks proper he should adopt. It is not our province to decide whether these views are sound or unsound. It is sufficient for us that we cannot as English judges consent to adopt them as rules for our decisions. We shall try such cases as are in our present lists, till the end of this sittings, and shall then retire from duties which we are no longer able to fulfil.

(THE EVENING OWL, Dec. 3.)

The unprecedented step which the judges have taken and the reasons they announced for taking it, are only another proof that people who are credited with very high wisdom, may be incapable of understanding a still higher wisdom which conflicts with their early opinions and prejudices. It is, however, fortunate that the numerous questions which will no doubt arise in working the new system will not be decided by a Bench which is so completely out of sympathy with the views on which it is based. The retiring judges are right in thinking that law and politics cannot be in permanent opposition. It will be the duty of the Prime Minister to fill the vacancies with men who will know how to pour new wine into new bottles.

The number of offices to be suddenly filled up has of course fluttered the Bar immensely. There will be no difficulty in finding a sufficient number of Socialist barristers of ten years' standing. We believe that the word "practising" has never been judicially defined. We imagine that barristers of ten years' standing, who have been steadily practising golf or tennis, will be considered to have sufficiently complied with the terms of an antiquated statute. They are likely to be

better acquainted with the ways and wants of modern life, than men who have spent their years in studying monkish technicalities in black letter folios.

(THE TIMES, City Article, Dec. 5.

The depression which has been slowly settling upon commercial circles, became still deeper on the announcement that the judges had resigned. In every previous crisis of our history we have felt that the groundwork of society was safe while our judges stood fast. It was a rude shock to everyone to find that we had drifted into ways and works with which judges, the inheritors of the traditions of eight hundred years, were unable to deal. Which will prevail, Law or dreams? A prominent financier, speaking yesterday of the Judges' manifesto, said—"It is the first trumpet sounded before the walls of Jericho. It is the beginning of the end."

A TRADES-UNIONIST UPON SOCIALISM.

(THE DAILY MAIL, Dec. 15).

So much has been heard about Socialism at the present crisis, on platforms, in Parliament and in the press, that we thought it would be interesting to

ascertain the opinions of the trades unions. Accordingly our representative had an interview yesterday with a prominent member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. He was a middle-aged man, a first class workman, who drew high wages and had saved money. At first he seemed suspicious and reticent, but on being assured that his *incognito* should be strictly observed, he began to speak very freely.

I have always thought and said that we trades unionists made a great mistake in throwing in our lot with the Socialists, and especially in siding with them at the last election. Our idea was, that as the Socialist talkers were pushing fellows with notions that caught the working classes, we could use them to help us. But they were too sharp. It was like the story of the horse that asked the man to get on his back and help him against his enemies. When the horse had been helped, the man wouldn't get off. The Socialists used us to get their own way, and that was not our way. We did not want to upset society; we only wanted to get a little more out of it. Of course we talked high about privileged classes, and the tyranny of masters, but we knew that was all stuff. We trades unionists are a privileged class. We are the best workers in every line, and we have fixed our

own wages and pretty well our own hours, and we won't let any man join us who is not fit to work with us, and to draw the same money, and who can't be trusted to pay up his subscription regular. Then we don't allow the masters to employ more boys than we let them, nor to employ any men who are not trades unionists if we can manage it, and we don't let a man in one trade do the work of another trade. So we keep the best of the work to ourselves, and whenever we see a chance we put a squeeze upon the masters. Sometimes we've tried to squeeze too hard, and they squeezed us. We are not likely to forget the strike of 1897. I think we got about all we wanted from C.B. in 1906. We can have our strikes, and our pickets, and our peaceful persuasion, (here he winked), and if we hurt anybody, the masters can bring any chap they like before the beak, and it won't do them any good, and it won't do him any harm, for we pay his expenses and keep his family while he is in prison, but they can't touch a penny of our funds. So when our wrestling bout is over we shake hands and are as good friends as before. No, sir, the masters are not tyrants. They are stiff business men, who know their own work, and how it should be done, and they won't stand shirking, or carelessness, or bad work. Why should they? They want to make money, and so do

we ; but if they don't, we don't, and if they fail, we are turned out into the street. They have sense enough to know that they want us, and that if they don't pay us well and treat us well, we will be off to someone who will treat us better, if we can find him. And we have sense enough to know that we can't work without his factory and his machinery, and the inventions he finds out, and his iron and his coals, and the money he pays us every week, whether times are good or bad, and often for months when he is making a loss, because he wants to keep his business together. Now the Socialists tell us that there are to be no more masters, and that we are all to be brothers, and all to work together—a pack of blacklegs half of them—and that the State will own the factory, and pay us a minimum wage every week, and divide the profits once a quarter. I don't believe there will be any profits. I don't believe the superintendent and captains of industry will know half as much as our old man. If they don't pay us our wages, who are we to get them from? and if we don't like our superintendent, who else are we to go to? My daughter is in the cloak and mantle department at Warings'. A fine handsome girl she is, and walks about with all the pretty things on her back to show them off, and make the ladies think the things will look as pretty

on them as on her. She says their one talk is, how everyone is going to be ruined, and no one will be able to buy anything, and there will be no Court, and no balls or parties, and the shops will have to shut up. That mayn't hurt me, but it will hurt her, and lots of others like her. I have got a pal, sir, who is a clerk in a stockbroker's in the City. Says he to me yesterday, "Have you got any money put up, Jem?" "Well," says I, "I and my family between us have a tidy little lot in the Government Savings Bank, and our Friendly Society has the most of its funds invested in Consols." † "I pity you," says he. "Why?" says I. "Because there's going to be a crash," says he, "and when you ask for your money, the man will say, 'No assets.'" No, sir, I don't believe in Socialism.

† In 1905 the Government Savings Banks held £152,111,140, and the Trustees Savings Banks. £52,723,426, the whole of which practically belonged to the working classes.

HOW SOCIALISM SUCCEEDED IN 1913

CHAPTER V.

ARMY AND NAVY ESTIMATES.

THE PEOPLES' BANNER, Jan. 15.

THE Army and Navy Estimates have been published unusually early, so as to prove to the People and to Europe that Socialism not only professes the principles of peace, but knows how to put its principles into practice. Everything cannot be done at once. Abuses must be uprooted slowly. Already, however, the pruning knife has been used unsparingly. The numbers of the regular Army have been reduced from 185,000 to 50,000, and its cost in the coming year will be only two and a half millions, instead of ten millions. As regards the Navy a different system has to be adopted. You cannot send a ship adrift, as you can disband a regiment. But you can put an end to the building of new ships, except so far as is necessary for the purpose of completing ships which

are still unfinished. Again, you can put existing ships, as it were, upon half pay, by laying them up in harbour with nucleus crews, in this way reducing to a minimum the cost for crews and coal, while a very much smaller number of vessels of all classes is kept in a cruising condition, so as to be prepared for any unforeseen, and at present unimaginable, crisis that might arise. This will reduce the cost of the Navy in the coming year from 32 millions to 25 millions, a total saving on both branches of the fighting services of fourteen and a half millions. What a wide field this opens for old age pensions, the improvement of workmen's houses, the feeding and clothing of the children of the poor, until all who have been called poor have ceased to exist, and the provision of recreations of an elevating and improving character for all.

No doubt the usual outcry will arise that we are endangering the safety, perhaps the existence, of the kingdom. What about the regular army, what Mr. Haldane calls the Striking Force? What country do we intend to strike, if indeed our army could strike any country, except perhaps Belgium or Bulgaria? The Territorial Army, that Citizen Force to which military service is a pastime, freely indulged in when more important occupations can be dispensed with,

is still left us. Can we doubt that if any invader should dare to land upon our shores, it would rush to repel them, with all the energy of men fighting, not for pay, but for the defence of their altars and their homes? Our Navy no doubt is at present overwhelming. We send it about the world to parade its offensive enormity before the eyes of peaceable nations, like an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, who trails his coat behind him and challenges creation to tread upon its tail. We keep every nation in anxiety lest it should be suddenly attacked, and if any sovereign ventures to create a navy in self-defence, we shake our fist in his face, and hint not indistinctly, that he is threatening our safety, and that we may find it necessary, in his own interest, to take his ships for ourselves. There have no doubt been times, such as the days of Napoleon Bonaparte, when no degree of precaution was excessive. But is there a cloud in the sky now? Where is danger to come from? In Europe we are protected by the French *entente*, which carries with it the Russian alliance. In the East we are protected by our Japanese alliance, and our Russian agreement. For years no doubt there was constant friction with Germany. But this was due to our grasping monopoly of every spot in the world, which a nation

aiming at colonisation could hope to occupy. Also to our oppression of Ireland, and to the manner in which we trampled upon the liberties of the unoffending Boers. Now Germany is absolutely effusive in its affection for us, and was the first of the Great Powers to recognise and congratulate our Republic. How completely have all causes of difference between ourselves and others been swept away within the last six months. Ireland, our secular enemy, is now an independent and friendly republic, nestling under our wing. No one is likely to envy us our malarial swamps in West Africa, and if any one takes a fancy to South Africa, he must apply to the Boers and not to us. India has set up for itself, and the difficulty as to annual drafts will be satisfied to Lord Cookham's content and our own, by sending for as much as he wants of our disbanded Army. Canada is protected against all foreign invasion by the Monroe Doctrine. As far as we are concerned, it is at full liberty to annex itself to the United States if it likes, but the United States could not annex it without its consent if they tried. Where is there any possible ground of quarrel? What does anyone want from us but our iron and our coal, our cottons and our woollens, all of which we will send to them, free on board, for a consideration.

(THE TIMES. Jan. 16.)

We have suspended our remarks upon the astounding Army and Navy Estimates until we had before us the comments upon them of the Government official organ. These duly appeared yesterday, and the comment is, if possible, more astounding than the text. The estimates are, it appears, a sort of manifesto to the nation and the world of the principles by which we are being governed in the Foreign Office, and of the practical way in which those principles are carried out. The leading principle is that a nation can be safe without being respected, and that it can be respected without being feared. A corollary from this principle is, that so long as a nation minds its own business, and gives no offence to anyone, it will be loved and petted and taken care of by the rest of the world. It is recorded of a muscular divine that he showed signs of resentment when a bully slapped his face. His assailant at once referred him to a text, which laid down distinctly the proper attitude to be adopted by a person who had suffered such treatment. The divine accepted the rebuke, and turned his left cheek, which was also slapped. "My Master has given me no directions," he said, "in regard to a

second blow," and knocked the bully down. From which it would appear that the meekest Christianity requires a backing of physical force. We have it on the highest authority that "When a strong man armed keepeth his house, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he cometh, he taketh away his armour in which he trusted, and spoileth his goods." No nation ever became great except by fighting its way up, and no nation ever remained great after it ceased to be able to fight, or met a stronger fighter than itself. Carthage and Greece fought their way up till they encountered Rome. Rome mastered the whole known world till it became rotten at the heart, and then the Gauls and the Goths crushed its life out. Egypt fell into decay at a time when its history was still written in hieroglyphics, and for three thousand years its wealth has made it the prey of every invader who chose to take it. England fought her way up in one continuous succession of wars, till on the night of Waterloo she emerged the greatest nation in the world, because, of all nations, she was the only one who had never yielded to, or been conquered by Napoleon. When we put off our armour in which we have trusted, what are we to expect?

Our Government seems absolutely to revel in the

fact that within three months the British Empire has contracted into a single island; the England of Elizabeth, without Elizabeth or Burleigh, or the Buccaneers who roamed over every sea, or the soldiers who fought against Philip, and the sailors who sunk the Spanish Armada. But they forget that the England of Elizabeth was only matched against the Europe of Elizabeth; not against the Europe, Asia, Africa and America, of the present day.

It seems, however, that we can depend on our alliances and conventions. A weak nation may have a protector, but it can have no ally. The ally would have to help in its difficulties, and would receive no help in its own difficulties. We all know why Japan, France and Russia entered into their agreements with England. They found their own benefit in it. Which of them would enter into an alliance with us now?

“ But yesterday,
And England might have stood against the world.
Now none so poor to do her reverence.”

It is quite pathetic to hear that no one can have any ground of quarrel with us. Quarrel there certainly will not be. It takes two to make a quarrel, and we shall never be able to quarrel with anyone. But there

is a process known as "diplomatic pressure" by which a strong nation can squeeze anything it likes out of a weak one, without firing a shot, or even using an angry word. It looks quite friendly, but—it is humiliating. We wish we could believe that the authorities at the Admiralty and the War Office have been compelled to assent to these reductions by the pressure put upon them by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his wild attempt to clutch at a few millions anywhere in order to stave off an impending bankruptcy. But we fear that we cannot console ourselves even with this hope. We believe that our Socialistic Government has in good faith created for itself a world in which it supposes that every one is living; that it is walking about in a Wonderland which would raise a roar of laughter in a nursery, and that it honestly entertains delusions that would startle the Mad Hatter.

(THE EVENING OWL, Jan. 16.)

"The Times" has had its fit of hysterics, and we hope it has quieted down after it. We must, however, relieve its mind from the idea that any pressure has been put upon either the Admiralty or War Office by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or that the alarming

views as to security of the nation, which it has set out in such agitating terms, have not been fully considered. The Foreign Secretary has for some time been evolving a plan for the creation of an International Council, an Areopagus of the world, which is to sit permanently at the Hague. All disputes which can by any possibility lead to war are to be referred to it, and its decision is to be final. It is to have at its disposal an International Army and Navy, composed of detachments and squadrons, supplied by every civilised nation in the world, and commanded by generals and admirals appointed by international vote. The troops and ships with which we are dispensing will probably be our contribution to the great International Force, which will be kept up by International subscription. This scheme has been submitted to the Emperor of Germany, who is enthusiastic in its favour, and who is prepared to contribute his full quota of men, money and ships. When this great scheme is carried out, we believe that future generations of untaxed and unwounded men will bless the name of Nuts, as the greatest and the wisest man the world ever knew.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Jan. 16.

(THE TIMES, Jan. 17.)

The greatest reticence is maintained here in regard to the reduction of the Army and Navy by the English Government. The facts themselves are not noticed by many journals, and the comments made upon them are very slight. The *mot d'ordre* seems to have passed round that the matter should not be discussed in public. In private it is the universal subject of earnest and sorrowful conversation. Very soon after the English papers arrived, the Russian Ambassador called at the Foreign Office, where he had a long interview with M. Delcassé. Frequent messages were passing all day between the Foreign Office and the Minister of War and of Marine. There is a general impression in official circles that some sudden move by Germany may take place at any moment, and that it is essential to be ready to meet or even to anticipate it. There will be no interpellations in the Chamber. All parties are agreed that at this crisis, silence is golden.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BERLIN, Jan. 16.

(TIMES, Jan. 17.)

The public in Berlin is in that state of blissful stupefaction, which possesses a man who has just learnt that he is the winner of the First Prize in the Hamburg Lottery. The general absence of humour among the Germans is the only thing which interferes with their full enjoyment of the moment. That a great and warlike nation should suddenly denude itself of all protection seems almost incredible ; but the explanations which accompany the act, and which seem to be sufficient and satisfactory to those who are responsible for it, appear to the practical Teutonic mind absolutely unintelligible. That a tribunal sitting at the Hague should be able to dictate to a great Power, Germany for instance, what it should do, and should be able to enforce its decree by means of an international army composed of its opponents, and its allies, and the Neutral nations, with a contingent of German troops, the whole commanded possibly by a German Field Marshal, seems to people here to contain all the elements of a gigantic joke, if they could only understand it. Some of the extra wise shake their heads, and hint the Socialistic sheep

are not so innocent as they look ; that the ships with the nucleus crews are probably fully manned and equipped, and that the disbanded soldiers have all left their names and addresses and accoutrements behind, so that may be recalled at a moment's notice. On the whole, the most suitable conduct for every patriotic German will be to attend his own parish church on some special day of Thanksgiving, and there join in singing an anthem, written and composed by his all-too-universally wise and versatile Kaiser.

The Apotheosis of the Great Nuts will not be just yet.

THE CITY IS DISSATISFIED.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Jan. 19.

Money is in great request. Not borrowed money, for no one will lend, and no one could use money that he had borrowed. What every one is trying to get in is his own money, and to carry it away. Consols are pursuing their downward course. Yesterday they had reached 45, the price at which they stood during the Mutiny at the Nore. In the afternoon they rallied to 47, under the influence of some large orders from Holland and Belgium. Some mystery attaches to

to the operations, and it is rumoured that the real buyer is Berlin. The rise was not maintained. Home Railway shares and debentures and Industrials have only a nominal quotation. No one offers them because it is well-known that no one would buy. Breweries have fallen heavily, but have still a substantial value, as it is not believed that Government will be able to carry out their scheme of monopolising the liquor traffic. Shipping shares are well supported, with even a tendency to rise. Rumours are about as to the cause for this, but they are still too unsubstantial to be stated. Foreign and Colonial Railways are firm. Indian guaranteed Rails have fallen considerably, as the Government guarantee is considered unsubstantial. It is thought, however, that India is still prosperous and solvent.

VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

LETTER FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE
EXCHEQUER TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

EXCHEQUER OFFICE.

My dear Perkins,

Just as I was reading "The Times" City Article,

Sir Hickory Dibbs, Governor of the Bank of England, was announced. He paid me a long visit. A nice, pleasant old fellow, but rather fussy. Says the City is going to the dogs. Nothing doing, and everything undone. No one believes in anything but a sovereign, and when he has got one Belial would not persuade him to part with it.

The fellows on 'Change have been doing nothing but whistling tunes for the last week. Yesterday a young fellow brought in a gramophone, and they kept him playing till he had to send out for more records. Says the Clearing House is going to shut up. No one will take crossed cheques, and as soon as he has got an open one he runs off with it to the Bank to get it cashed. What is the Clearing House, and why shouldn't he get his cheques cashed? Says at any minute the depositors might begin to run for their money, and then Overend and Gurney would be nothing to it. I had never heard of Overend or Gurney, but I did not like to ask him who they were, as he evidently thought they were people like the Apostles, whom everyone knew.

So I answered rather gravely that I supposed the depositors' money was their own, and if the bankers were honest men they ought to give it back when they were asked. He seemed much amused, and

asked me if I thought banks kept their deposits in a cellar with spring guns all round to keep off burglars? Of course they didn't. They lent them out on mercantile securities, or invested them where they could realise at once; generally in Consols, worse luck. Just at that moment a knock came at the door and I went out, and took the opportunity of slipping round to the Under Secretary, and asked him what should be done if the depositors wanted their money, and was it as bad as Overend and Gurney? He said, "Suspend the Bank Charter at once, and start the presses at printing off Bank of England notes." So I went back to Sir Hickory, and after he had maundered on a little more, I said, "I think the best course would be to suspend the Bank Charter, and get as many Bank of England notes printed as you want." He said of course that set everything right in Overend and Gurney's time but that was different from now. Then all that was wanted was sufficient accommodation to give people breathing time till they could realise their securities that were locked up. As soon as they knew that we could lend them as much as they were worth, everything came right. It was like pumping oxygen into a man who can't breathe. "Are their securities locked up now," said I? "Not likely," said he. "All in the window. No reasonable offer

refused." "Then what is the matter with the securities?" "Nothing," said he, "except that they are not secure. What is the value of a mortgage on land, or a railway debenture, or a factory in Lancashire, or a share in Peter Robinson's? What is the value of your own Consols when you are going to issue fifteen hundred millions of them, in order to buy other people's property and make ducks and drakes of it yourselves? Do you expect to pay the interest? If you do nobody else does." I thought this very uncivil, but as he was an old man I only said, "The Germans don't seem to think so badly of our Consols; they are buying them largely." "Umph," said he. "Whenever a German seems to be doing one thing, I always look out for the other thing. How would you feel if Berlin threw ten millions of Consols on the market some fine morning, and insisted on selling?" "In any case," I said, "you can lend the Banks as many millions as they want to pay their depositors. That will make everything right, and won't cost you anything." "Oh, but it will. As soon as the fellows get the notes, they race off to us to change them into gold. "What do they want with the gold," said I? He winked and whispered "Hook it." "Then why do you change the notes? They are legal tender. No public office does it." "We are bound by

statute," said he. "Then we'll repeal the statute."
 "Oh, if you'll do that, it will make it all right for us. It won't raise our credit abroad, but it will help us to keep the gold in our cellars." "What's the use of the gold, as long as you keep it in your cellars," said I? "Ah," he said, taking up his hat, "that's like Paul Dombey's question, 'What is a pound?' You'll have to learn a good deal more than you know before you can answer that."

So we shook hands and he went off. The under secretary says, you must pass an Act of Indemnity for our suspending the Bank Charter, and another act making Bank of England notes inconvertible. He says we got on perfectly well during the Peninsular War, and long after, without the Bank of England being obliged to give gold for its notes, and it was only a whim of Sir Robert Peel's to make the change. Please see to this, and get your fellows to do the needful this evening, or to-morrow at latest.

Yours very sincerely,

JAS. SPENDER.

(TIMES, Jan. 20.)

Yesterday, after an interview with the Governor of the Bank of England, an order of Government was

issued for suspending the Bank Charter Act. Parliament was sitting at the time, and before it adjourned an Indemnity Act was passed in respect of the suspension, and a further Act declaring that until further notice the notes of the Bank of England were to be inconvertible. This measure, though of a somewhat momentous character, was got through with as much consideration as might have been accorded to an Act authorising Mr. Samuel Guppy to assume the style and title of Marmaduke Plantagenet Vere, Esq. As soon as the members were assured that Bank of England notes were a legal tender they did whatever they were told, and then retired to bed, happy in the discovery that all expenses of the state could be paid with a few reams of paper and a gallon of printer's ink. Happier still from the reflection that the capitalists who owned gold mines had been put in their proper place, and shown that we could do perfectly well without them.

(TIMES, Jan. 20, 2nd ed.)

Consols are quoted at 42. It is said in financial circles that it will be necessary to issue Bank of England notes for one pound, ten shillings and five shillings. They do it on the Continent, and why not here?

UNEMPLOYED LONDON.

(DAILY MAIL, Jan. 22)

Socialism may be triumphant but London certainly is not. Since Christmas it has come to assume the appearance of a city—not of the dead, they are put out of sight—but of the dying. Dying of creeping paralysis. We sent out some of our representatives to go about the town and see for themselves how things were going on, and the following is the substance of their reports.

Wherever you go, the streets have the appearance of its being Sunday. There are very few omnibuses, and they are not half full. Very few cabs, crawling lifelessly along, apparently in the hope that they might find a fare who was too tired to walk. Very few passengers walking, and all of these with a listless loafing air, as if they had come out because they had nothing to do at home, not for either business or pleasure. The residential quarters are silent and deserted. In the most fashionable parts the blinds are down, and the shutters are closed, while an occasional charwoman loiters at the area. Those of a secondary class have mostly bills up—House to be let. Apartments to let. The business parts are papered with notices that they are selling off at an

“enormous sacrifice.” The self devotion of the act seems to tempt nobody.

The men lounge carelessly past. The women—there are very few ladies out—stare drearily in at the window, as if they felt that their purses were at home—empty. If you enter a shop, you will be received by a crowd of assistants with looks of mingled hope and apprehension, doubtful whether you are a customer or a cut-throat. They tell you that there are a number of suspicious characters about, especially in the evening, who pretend to be making purchases, and if they see anything they fancy, snatch it up, and if there are no men behind the counter, walk out with it defiantly. In some cases brutal attacks are made on the shop people. Of real purchasers, there are hardly any. So we found it. Warings’ was a wilderness, and Marshall and Snelgrove’s a labyrinth in which no one seemed to venture. Everywhere it was the same story. Since October everything was dead. The county families had never come up. Sight-seers there were none. Perhaps it might be better when the Americans began to arrive. But why should they stay here? There were no dinners; no parties. No one was willing to spend money; perhaps they had none to spend. Half the theatres were closed. All

the leading performers had gone to America or Australia. Boxes and stalls might be had by private arrangement for half the nominal prices. Enter the Carlton or the Savoy, it was the same thing. Empty tables, inferior food and indifferent waiters. The same dreariness in the city. The banks say that their whole business now is cashing cheques. Nothing is coming in. They have made all their arrangements for the possibility of a run, and believe their depositors will be paid to the last penny. The bank rate is 12. Of course this is meant to be prohibitive, but it is ruin to the commercial classes. How can they keep their heads up if they can't get their outstandings in, and can get no accommodation? In the East End it is even worse. The streets are crowded with idle, hungry, wolfish looking men. The public houses and provision shops have put up an inner rail, over which everything is served to those who have the money in their hands, but not otherwise. Stalwart chuckers out are watchful for a struggle at any moment. The docks say their business is half what it was. Numbers of orders for cargoes have been cancelled, or the ships on arrival diverted by their owners to foreign ports. The only places which have their hands full are the Police Courts, into which flow a ceaseless succession of

charges for every sort of offence against person and property.

We enquired whether things would be better or worse after March 1st, when nationalisation was to begin. Far worse was the invariable answer. There would first be a struggle to get the spoil, and then a struggle to divide it. Socialism recognises none but brothers, provided they profess to be working men. Those who would work, those who couldn't work and those who wouldn't work, would all be on a level. How were they to be provided for by a government which was fast sweeping the country clean? Then we should see how brotherly love would continue.

From the country the news is very much the same, especially from the pleasure resorts, such as Brighton and its sisters on the coast, Bath, Blackpool and the like. From the manufacturing districts, accounts are much better. There the masters and the trades unionists seem to have agreed to work together heartily till the fateful March 1. The masters will ship off their goods. The workmen will have their pockets full—and then?—we shall see what we shall see.

CHAPTER VI.

A HITCH IN NATIONALISATION.

THE LAND WON'T NATIONALISE.

(TIMES, Jan. 25.)

WE are daily receiving letters from every part of the country which show that the seizure of the whole of England by a temporary majority of one party, and its appropriation to purposes which would be irrational even if they were honest, are things not likely to be had merely for the asking. Socialism may be a very fine thing, but like other fine things it must be paid for, and paid for by those who expect to benefit by it, not by those who will admittedly be ruined, whether the experiment succeed or not. We understand that the landlords and the farmers are quite determined that they will not submit to being robbed, merely because what is called, but is not, an Act of Parliament, declares that they shall be robbed. It is probable that a merely passive resistance will be quite sufficient. If not, an active, if necessary an

armed resistance will be ready. We are not at liberty to say more at present. We would merely advise Mr. Spender, in preparing his first Budget, not to rely upon the rents of England as an asset.

DIARY OF THE SECRETARY OF THE
LAND COMMITTEE OF THE NORTH
HAMPSHIRE DIVISION.

Feb. 1.

Our Committee has been formed at last, not without some difficulty. The farmers would have nothing to do with it. Down-trodden earth worms, who have lost even the wish to turn. Same with the miller. Said his business was to grind corn, and what he wanted was corn to grind. What had that to do with it? Same with the doctor. Said he didn't want to have patients who couldn't pay his fees. We pointed out that he would be the servant of the State, which would pay him a salary. Said he was his own master, and would not be anyone's servant. Our Committee of five consists of the member for the division, the election agent, a house builder, a publican, and the principal blacksmith. They don't know much about country ways but that doesn't matter as everything is going to be different.

The great thing is to have active men who are in sympathy with the Cause.

To-day received a cart-full of forms to fill up and send out. Form A. to (landlord, farmer, occupant) desiring him to give up his () on the 1st of March next.

Form B. acquainting him (as before) that the members of the Committee, or one of them, will attend at (as before) to inspect (as before) and report thereon.

Best to start at first with Lord Rawdon's estate, Heckford Hall.

Feb. 2. 11 a.m. Sent off messenger with forms A. and B. to deliver at Heckford Hall and five farms attached to it. Not far from this.

5 p.m. Messenger not returned. What can have happened to him?

Feb. 3, 9 a.m. Messenger found this morning unconscious near Avenue of Heckford Hall. When shaken said something inarticulate, thought to be "Shpirsh fushra. Wan tshleep." Forms A. and B. torn up and stuffed into his pocket. Evidently been drugged.

11 a.m. Sent another messenger with Forms A. and B. as before. A smart young man. Abstainer.

5 p.m. Messenger not returned. What can have happened to him?

Feb. 4. 11 a.m. Messenger returned, wearing a crumpled white tie and an old livery hat with cockade. In great spirits. Said he was splendidly received at the Hall. Servants made quite a pet of him. Insisted on keeping him for servants' ball that night and dressed him up like a footman. Danced all night. Under housemaid splendid girl. Such blue eyes! Could not find his own cap this morning. Had quite forgotten Forms A. and B. Would start off at once on his bike. Did not mind a bit. Envelope produced. Forms A. and B. not in it! Only a letter to himself from Gwendolen Spratt. Calls him "her own pet puppy dog." Offers to walk out with him on Sunday next during church. "Cook sends her compliments to the young man, and would be glad to see him on Sunday at 5 at the hall. Tea and muffins." Must look out for some one less frivolous.

1 p.m. Sent three serious widowers with Forms A. and B. Cautioned them against intemperance and frivolity.

4 p.m. Messengers returned, very crestfallen. Had got a little way down the avenue when they met Jack Bird, and three other poachers with sticks; said they were His Lordship's gamekeepers. Asked our business. Made us show Forms A. and B. Tore

them up and threw them in our faces. Said the Land Committee was a pack of Socialist sneaks, who could not hit a haystack at five yards. If we ever put our noses within the grounds again, they would bash our ugly mugs till our mothers would not know us! Messengers quite clear they would never go near Heckford again.

This lawless spirit is very painful. Must write full report to Minister of Lands and Agriculture.

LAND PROTECTION LEAGUE.

(TIMES, Feb. 6.)

We are now enabled to say that a League for the protection of the land of England has been set on foot, and is being rapidly organised. It will include all land-owners, and probably the great majority of their tenants, the retainers of the gentlemen, and a large number of the farm labourers, who have begun to perceive that they will be better off as they are, than by throwing in their lot with a number of hungry applicants who will ruin the land without benefiting themselves. In each county the local hunt will organise itself into a sort of light cavalry. The whole of the county police, which is supported out of the rates will, it is believed, be at the service of the league, and will

certainly not be at the service of the Government in any attack upon the members of the league. It is also believed that in every county a considerable portion, if not all, of the Territorial Army which is connected with it, may be relied on to back up the gentlemen of the county. No violence is contemplated against anyone if it can be avoided, but a firm resistance will be offered to any attempt to interfere with landed property for any Socialistic purpose. The emissaries of Government will be simply turned away. Mob violence of any sort will be repelled with the utmost vigour. As soon as all arrangements have been completed it is intended to ask the Prime Minister to receive a deputation which will inform him of the objects and intentions of the League.

THE RAILROADS OBJECT TO BEING NATIONALISED.

(TIMES, Feb. 7.)

The Directors of the English railways have been in constant communication with each other since it was announced that they were to be taken over by Government. If this were a bonâ fide proposal to purchase the railways for the nation upon a fair valuation, and by a fair payment, no objection could

be offered to it. Similar purchases of great undertakings have frequently been made. The nation has generally found that it had made a very bad bargain for itself, but that was its affair. This proposal, however, is considered to be on its face illusory and fraudulent. It is proposed to pay off the shareholders with Government Bonds bearing 3 per cent. interest, at a time when Consols have fallen to about 40, when the bonds would be unsaleable and the interest would be insecure. The Government have announced that they intend to lower fares and to reduce the hours of labour. The railways would obviously not pay their expenses, and at a time when the national income is rapidly disappearing there is no chance of the interest being paid from any other source. The opinion of the railway men of all classes has been ascertained. They have no wish to exchange the pay and pensions which they enjoy at present, for the prospects held out on Socialistic methods. They see clearly that the boon of short hours means either a fall in the earnings of the railway, or an increase of the number of men employed. In either case their wages would be reduced, and probably their lives endangered by working with inexperienced associates. It has been resolved to offer the most uncompromising resistance to the whole proposal.

THE FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS WON'T BE NATIONALISED.

(TIMES, Feb. 8.)

The Federation of Employers in the manufacturing, shipbuilding, and all the cognate industries, have been engaged in constant discussion with each other since the proposals of Government as to nationalising their property were disclosed. Their objections are exactly the same as those of the railroad directors which were stated in our issue of yesterday. They absolutely refuse to have anything to do with the Government offer of purchase. They say it would take years to make a valuation, during the whole of which time their business would be falling off, and they don't think they would ever get from the State payment of a week's purchase of what they would lose. They too, think that enough of their men will stand by them to enable them to carry on. If not they will work out the orders they have on hand, and then shut up their factories and dismiss their men. Their fixed resolution is to fight it out tooth and nail.

THE SHIPOWNERS REFUSE TO BE TURNED
INTO MONEY BAGS FOR THE STATE.

(TIMES, Feb. 9.)

The announcement by the Prime Minister at the opening of Parliament that it was proposed to levy a special tax upon ships, in addition of course to what the shipowners already pay in the way of income tax and rates, is taken by the shipowners as meaning that they are to be taxed out of existence. That in this way they will be drawn into the devouring maw of the State, which seems to intend to live, like Saturn, by swallowing its own children. It is evident to them that ships subject to such taxes could not possibly compete with those of other nations, which are subsidised and favoured in every possible way. They have no intention of submitting to any such treatment. They have already worked out arrangements for placing themselves out of the jurisdiction of the tax-gatherer. For instance, the P. & O. Company would establish their headquarters either at Antwerp, which is at present their port for loading and unloading their Continental trade, or at Bombay which is the centre of their entire movements. The Orient line would probably make Cherbourg their home. The Channel steamse

would adopt Calais and Boulogne instead of Dover and Folkestone. The Atlantic liners would settle in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. The Wilson line would set up in Copenhagen or Stockholm. Each line would retain its own nationality but it would change its domicile. It would have no place of business in England. It would have a ticket box on the pier where tickets might be purchased by passengers, and an agent at Charing Cross or in the City, who would receive applications for freight or berths. Their ships would call at the usual ports here, but the great bulk of their money would be spent abroad. They would be visitors here like the Nord-Deutcher-Lloyd, and Amerika-Hamburg, but nothing more. In many ways it would probably be a saving to them, but it would be ruin to Liverpool, Southampton, Hull and Glasgow.

It is very curious how every scheme for enriching those who have had nothing to do with a business, seems to beggar those who have been living comfortably upon it. It is so difficult to make water run up a hill.

FOUR DEPUTATIONS TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

(TIMES, Feb. 14.)

Yesterday Mr. Perkins received four of the most remarkable and influential deputations which have ever waited on a Prime Minister on the same day. They appeared on behalf of the Land of England Protection League, the Railroads of England, the Federation of Employers, and the Shipowners of Great Britain. Each deputation had by request of the Government been limited to 20 persons. No reporters were admitted, but a summary of what took place on each occasion was given to the press by the secretary of each body.

The first deputation was admitted at 11. It consisted of sixteen of the greatest landed proprietors, headed by three Dukes, and of four of the most representative farmers. It was received by the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Mines (Mr. Orr), the Minister of Land and Agriculture (Mr. Freshfield), the Minister of Factories and Labour (Mr. Worksop), and the Minister of Railways (Mr. Driver). The senior Duke spoke very briefly: He said that four of the gentlemen who accompanied him appeared on behalf

of the farmers of England. He, and the remaining fifteen represented all the landowners of England. They appeared to protest against the claim of the Government to set aside rights of property which had existed, in the case of many, for hundreds of years, on grounds which struck at the root of all law and morality, and which would not be listened to with patience in any legislative assembly in the world except the one in which they were uttered. He was aware that his protest was quite unavailing. His more important duty was to warn the Prime Minister that the gentlemen of England did not intend to submit to spoliation. They would be false to the traditions of their race if they did. If any attempt was made to carry out the measures announced at the opening of Parliament, Government would find that they had plunged into a struggle which would end in their own destruction.

“You threaten us with a civil war?” said Mr. Perkins.

“No,” said the Duke, with a bow, “We are in possession. It is you who threaten us.”

He then sat down, and was succeeded by the spokesman of the farmers. He was an old man, whose family had held a large farm in Norfolk for six generations. He explained that he and his

ancestors had from time to time invested all their capital in the farm. For the greater part of his life the returns had been very uncertain. Still it was all he had. If he was turned out, he and his family would be paupers. He did not understand what right anyone else had to a share in his farm, nor what right the ministers had to give it away. The old judges would not have allowed it. Those were his notions. Then the deputation retired.

The next deputation was composed of nineteen chairmen of the principal railways, men of high rank and position in society, and of another, an intelligent and unassuming gentleman, who was introduced as Mr. Bain, Secretary of the Railway Workers' Union. The Chairman of the L. & N. W. Railway Co. said that the deputation represented the shareholders of all the railways in England and Wales, who had a paid up capital of 1,063 millions, with 16,000 miles of line open, and annual receipts of 96 millions. The great majority of the shareholders had comparatively small sums invested. Many of them were far from rich, and some of them would be absolutely impoverished if their shares were lost. On behalf of all, he distinctly refused the Government proposal to buy their undertakings with Government stock. The British Monarchy would have shrunk before such an

undertaking. The present Republic had no credit, and its promises to pay would be of about as much value as pieces of nickel silver. The companies would oppose compulsory purchase by every means in their power, active and passive. A passive resistance would be quite sufficient. If each company withdrew its staff and its books and papers from its head offices on the 1st of March, the Government would not be able to start a train from Euston or Paddington in less than a month, and then the trains would probably never reach their destinations. But he would most solemnly warn the Government against tampering with the railway system. Its lines were the arteries which conveyed its life blood to every part of the country. If they stood still for a day manufactures and trade would be paralysed. We are here at this moment in the midst of a city of six millions of human beings, who depend for their daily food and drink and fuel upon the trains which are rolling every minute into the stations of this metropolis.

Mr. Driver: "You can't carry the railroads away with you." "No. But we can carry away the minds which by long training have learnt how to organise and administer this system, and the practised skill and intelligence of the men who work it by day and by night. I can answer for the higher branches of

the staff. I will ask Mr. Bain to follow me, and to give his opinions as to the feelings of the men on whom we depend for the workings of the trains.

Mr. Bain said: That he could not answer for all the men, but he knew in a general way how they felt. Railway service was not like any other service. There was a lot of life and stir and change in it, and the men liked it, and would not change it for any other service. They had good pay and good pensions, and the directors understood them and treated them well. Of course they had their fights at times, but they never intended to part, and when the fight was over they were all good friends. He did not think the men would like a lot of new masters who knew nothing about railway work, and they wouldn't like being mixed up with a lot of new men; wouldn't feel safe with them. He didn't want to say anything disrespectful of Mr. Driver, but he thought they were safer of their pay and their pensions with the Directors. If they clear out, he thought the men would clear out with them. Certainly he would. So that deputation retired.

The next deputation consisted of the Chairmen of four of the greatest shipbuilding firms, and twelve of the leading manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire. They were accompanied by the Secretary of

the Amalgamated Engineers Union, and representatives of several unions in the textile trades. The head of Strongi'th'arm & Co. took the same line as the Railway Directors, in stating that they had no idea of being bought out on the terms suggested by the Government. They would be very reluctant to leave the country, but would do so if forced. They could not take their factories with them, but they could take their machinery, probably a large number of their operatives, and their capital. They would be eagerly welcomed in Canada, or Australia, or in Germany. And then in solemn tones he implored the Government not to meddle with the trade of the country. The Government did not understand it, but the deputation did. The whole economic working of the nation hung together, and if any part of it was checked or disorganised, parts which seemed to have no connection with it would suffer. The exports which they were producing purchased the cotton and wool, and all the raw materials which kept the factories at work. But they did more, they purchased the food which kept not only the operatives, but everyone in this room from starving. Already, the gentlemen he was addressing must have noticed that the price of every article of consumption was rising. Why? Because the merchants who

sent the orders for such things could not be sure that they would be able to meet the drafts upon them, when they were presented, or that their customers would be able to take the goods off their hands. So the orders were kept back. Up to this time the Employers had been able to keep the pick of their men at work, and the men had stood nobly by them. But he would be very sorry to try and work a factory on the Go as-you-please system which the Government advocated, when every mechanic was to do as much as he liked, and get as much as he asked. He thought six months of it would drive Mr. Worksop to suicide or a lunatic asylum.

A couple of other trades union men were then heard. They said a great number of them had been very much taken by all this Socialistic talk. They thought it was all wrong, the rich having so much more than they had, and that it was right that they should all go share and share together. The speakers on the platforms said that if we only put them in they would manage it at once. But they did not seem a bit nearer it now. Those who had steady work, like themselves, were doing well enough, though food was getting dear, but lots of working men, and clerks, and shopmen and such like, were idling about, because their employers had no money

to give them. They used to be told that when Socialism was on, they would get a "minnymum" every week, and a share of the profits every quarter. But they never could hear what a "minnymum" was, or who was going to give it, and they didn't believe there would be a profit in the way the thing was going to be worked. More likely the other way round. They hoped the gentlemen at the table wouldn't meddle with the factories and, if it wasn't making too bold, would mind their own business, and leave them to mind theirs. So the third deputation was bowed out.

Lastly, the Chairmen of the twenty greatest shipping lines, from the Cunard and P. & O. downwards, came in. No one represented the numberless tramp steamers and sailing vessels, which after all do, in an unostentatious way, the greater part of the goods carrying of the world. The head of the Cunard Line said they were all agreed that such taxation as was going to be put upon them would ruin them. The huge fast steamers that were competing on all the lines were so expensive to build and to run that they were eating up all the profits. How could a vessel that burnt 1000 tons of coal a day compete against a German or American, or French steamer, for which its Government did everything it could, if

the English steamer had an extra tax put upon its tonnage and its measurement? Of course it couldn't. Its owners must either take it off, or take the tax off. They had plenty of very good offers for their fleets but they did not want to sell them. They were proud of them. What they came here to-day to say was, that they didn't intend to pay the tax. They were advised that they could not be taxed if they transferred their headquarters to the other end of the line, and kept nothing in England but an office room somewhere, and a clerk to give information and take money. They didn't want to do this either if it could be helped. It would be troublesome and expensive at first. Not afterwards. Of course all the seaport towns that they left, where they used to spend their money, would be ruined. Their rates would go up, and their rating would go down, and their streets would be filled with paupers. But that would be Government's affair, not theirs. The only other thing that occurred to them was to suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that his next budget seemed likely to be the sort of thing that brought on the French Revolution.

So the last of these uncompromising deputations left the room.

Cabinets do not record minutes, and no word of

what passed between the Ministers after the doors had closed has ever leaked out. If we had only a Lucian or a Landor to depict the discussion which passed, how interesting it would be.

(THE PEOPLES' BANNER, Feb. 16.)

We are informed that each of the four deputations which waited upon the Prime Minister on the 13th has received an answer to the same effect, viz., that the subject upon which it had addressed the Prime Minister formed part of a large system of finance, the details of which could not be announced until the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his budget speech. The questions with which he had to deal were so complicated that it was not likely that he would be able to unfold his plans before the 1st of May. At least six months would then be required before those plans could be carried out. In the meantime no step would be taken to alter the *status in quo*.

It may be stated without any breach of official confidence, that the complaining parties, while differing in the grounds of their objections to the Government policy, all agreed in pointing out that schemes involving such fundamental changes could not be carried out on the 1st of March. The Government fully admits the justice of this objection.

(THE EVENING OWL, Feb. 16.)

Our respected contemporary, "The Banner," has diplomatically tried to reduce the differences between the Government and the deputations which presented themselves on the 13th, to a question of time, and suggests that in about six months from the 1st of May it is possible that the Socialistic programme may be carried out by amicable arrangement. From our information no such hope can be entertained. We hear that each deputation assumed an attitude of absolute defiance, and treated the entire theory of Nationalisation as fundamentally false, and one to which they would never submit. We tell these proud and arrogant men that they are proposing to do more than Joshua did. He made the sun stand still for a few hours. They are acting as if it could go back, not for hours or days, but for years. It is years since the great contest began between Individualism and Collectivism; between the usurpation of the few, and the prerogative of the many. That contest was concluded, once and forever, when the Electors of Great Britain declared in October last, that all previous rights were merged in the majesty of the people.

All discussion on the subject is now closed. We

admit that the transfer of all property from its present owners to the entire community cannot be carried out on the 1st of March. But we call upon the people to celebrate that day as the birthday of their rights, and to proclaim that they are determined to support the Government, not merely in asserting those rights, but in trampling down all who dare to dispute them.

THE DOWNWARD SLIDE.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

(TIMES, Feb. 20th.)

Things are getting worse and worse every day. The Bank returns show a steady fall in deposits and bills payable. All accommodation is refused except to the soundest houses, and then only for very short loans. Strong firms are contracting their business, and weak firms are breaking down. The number of insolvencies during the last month is alarming. Large dismissals of the employés in every line are taking place. Since October, nearly one-third of the deposits in Savings Banks has been taken out, and hardly anything paid in. The people are beginning to live upon their savings instead of upon salaries and wages.

The Board of Trade returns tell the same tale. Imports of the raw materials for our manufactures are diminishing. France is sending us hardly any of her silks or wines. The Excise returns for this quarter will be hardly more than half of the usual amount. The Income tax payments which are generally in full flood at this period, are trickling in as from sources which are drying up. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must be at his wits' end for his current expenses. Treasury bills cannot be floated with consols at 35. The general feeling is not panic, but despair. And added to all this is a vague apprehension as to what may take place on the 1st of March.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

(DAILY MAIL, March 3.)

The first of March has come in like a lion, or rather like a lion's cub, and gone out like a lamb. The day which our pugnacious little contemporary, "The Evening Owl," has ordained for the celebration of a nationalistic victory began with a certain amount of alarums and excursions—rather of the German Band and Salvation Army type—and ended by fizzling out like a wet Bank Holiday. The Majesty

of the people, which was to have shown how it could trample on its oppressors, was, so far as any trampling was done, the party on the ground.

We have been flooded with correspondence on this subject from every quarter. An interesting letter from Manchester appears in another column. It is the same story everywhere. In the actual country there was no disturbance at all. A good deal of friendly chaffing of the village orators, who had been boasting of the free lodgings they were to have in the Squire's mansion, or the potato grounds they were to pick out in his park, but nothing more. Where country seats were within easy reach of country towns, gangs of rowdies, sometimes rather large gangs, came out to break down the palings, and hoot under the windows, and make themselves generally offensive. But their advent was always expected, and the young gentlemen of the place and their grooms, and the farmers' sons, all on horseback, rode about among them and thrashed them with their horsewhips, and generally, as the Irish say, "made hares of them." In many of the large manufacturing towns matters were much more serious. There were riots of a very threatening character, which might have grown into something very

dangerous, if they had not been anticipated, and put down at once with a swift and heavy hand. But even there the rioters were not the real working men, but that scum of the population which always seems to rise to the surface when there is a fire, or a runaway van, or anything else which shakes them up. The rioters had no backing and met with no sympathy.

How then are we to account for that enormous Socialistic majority which swept everything before it at the last election, like a mountain lake which has burst its barrier? The answer seems to be, that it was a wholly fictitious majority. It was composed partly of a couple of hundred theorists, who had dreamed themselves into the belief that legislation could make and keep everyone equal, which it could not, and that equality would make everyone happy and comfortable, which it would not. Next, of an immense number of ignorant people, who thought that nationalisation was a huge Joint Stock Company, returning large and regular dividends, which everybody could join without paying in any capital. Lastly, of a still greater number of people who never thought about anything, but who saw that the Socialists were making the running, and who threw in their lot with the winning party.

When the theorists were put into power they found that they had never considered how their theory was to be worked. They tried something which looked liked a plan, and found that it would not work. They had destroyed a machine which worked automatically, and they had set up a model which would not even start. Naturally no one would fight for a rag doll.

Letter from the proprietor of the Fairfield Mill, Manchester, to his brother in London :—

March 3rd.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

You will be anxious to hear how we got on here on the great 1st of March. For the last week or ten days the town had been deluged with mob orators, who had meetings every night. I went to one of them, and never heard such rot in my life. It seems the operatives own everything they make, except perhaps a trifle for coal and electricity, and are regularly robbed every Saturday night. Parliament had put an end to this from the 1st of March, and the thing for them to do was to seize all the mills on that day, and then make their terms with us when we showed up the next morning. The 1st was a capital day for them as

it was a Sunday, when there would be no one at the mills, and we quietly at church. All our preparations were made as secretly as possible. A regiment of Yeomanry and the Manchester Volunteers marched into town late at night, and were stowed away while the men were asleep. A dozen of the police were put into each mill. We came back about 10, with a party of young friends with good sticks and their breechloaders, and a dozen trusty workmen. The windows on the ground floor of the mill are all barred, so we rigged up a strong iron cage behind each door, just far enough off to let the door open comfortably, but not to hold too many at once, and we laid the hose on ready. It was pretty well on in the morning before everything was done, so we had time for a sleep and a good breakfast, and then waited for developments. About 11 there began to be a hum about the town like a swarm of bees, and a lot of shouting. It seemed to come nearer and nearer, and at last it burst into our street, and there was a mob of ragamuffins that filled the street, shouting and yelling like mad. They seemed to have a lot of stones with them, for they began breaking the windows of the mill. We did not make a stir, so they stopped at the front door, and after calling out to be let in, began to

break it in. Of course it went down at once, and then you should have seen them when they were stopped by the cage, and got the hose full in their faces. It can throw up a hundred feet high, so you may fancy how it knocked them about. They were so pressed by the crowd behind that they could not even tumble, so we turned it upon the throng in the street, and then they were let out fast enough. They were just gathering for another rush, when we heard a cavalry bugle, and then the clattering of horses' hoofs at the end of the street, and then the yeomanry came in sight, galloping two deep, and in another second they were in the midst of the mob, knocking them over and beating them with sticks. Didn't they just scream, and before five minutes were over the street was clear. Everyone of the factories was attacked, but not one of them was entered. A good many bakers' and provision shops were broken into and looted. No wonder, because a great many of the unemployed are nearly starving, but I don't think there was any organised attempt to plunder. Before 5 o'clock the town was quiet again. There were lots of broken heads, but, I am thankful to say, not a shot was fired, and as far as I know not a drop of blood was shed. When the operatives came back on Monday morning they were much

amused looking at the cages, which were just being carried away, and wondering at all the broken windows.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

(THE PEOPLES' BANNER, March 10.)

WE learn that Baron Munchausen, the German Ambassador, has received instructions to inform the Foreign Secretary that the German Fleet will shortly proceed into the Atlantic, in order to perform a series of battle fleet manœuvres on a larger scale than is possible in the Northern Seas. As the fleet will pass down the English Channel, the Ambassador has been desired to enquire whether it would be agreeable to the English Government that the German Fleet should call in at Portsmouth, in order to pay a friendly visit to that portion of the magnificent Naval Forces of Great Britain which is stationed there. We believe that Mr. Nuts, on behalf of the government, responded with readiness to this proposal. It is not intended that Admiral Scheehorst should be invited to London, but we are certain that the

Admiral of the fleet, Lord Delapore, will welcome his Teutonic brothers in arms with all the hospitality of his nation and profession. It is understood that the 16th is the day at which the German Fleet may be expected, and that on the evening of that day Admiral Schneeorst and his captains will be entertained at the Admiralty House, while a selection from the other officers will be received at dinner by the Mayor at the town hall. A special performance at the theatre will be given for the warrant officers and a large number of the seamen of the fleet. We hear that it was originally proposed to give a representation of "H.M.S. Pinafore." It was found, however, that this required more musical talent than was available. It has therefore been decided to substitute for it "Black Eyed Susan." This will not only amuse our visitors, but give them a useful idea of the noble qualities of the British seaman. We welcome this opportunity for publicly celebrating the friendship between the two nations, which has so happily succeeded that temper of mutual irritability and suspicion which marked the recent era.

(THE PEOPLES' BANNER, March 17.)

The meeting of the two fleets has passed off splendidly. The German squadron arrived in the

middle of the night, making a magnificent display with its thousand lights, for all who were awake to see it. At sunrise the fleet was seen lying at anchor to the West of the Isle of Wight, while the English fleet was anchored in two lines to the north of the island, in the place consecrated to naval reviews. At 8 the two fleets thundered out their salutes to each other. At 9 the exchange of ceremonial visits between the German and English Admirals began, and at 12, a portion of the German fleet steamed slowly between the British lines and back again. It was thought advisable not to introduce the Nassau and her giant sisters into such narrow waters. The Admiral accordingly transferred his flag into the Scharnhorst, and led a line of six ships of the same class between the ships of war, which lay still and silent on the water. Two trivial *contretemps* slightly marred what might have been a still more interesting day. It seems that for some time the whole of the British fleet at Portsmouth has been suffering from an epidemic of measles. The fact had been kept out of the papers, and the utmost secrecy was maintained on the subject, lest it might have caused a postponement of the visit. When, however, the German Admiral expressed a wish to study the system of nucleus crews of which he had heard so much, he

had to be told that every ship was a floating hospital into which it would be unsafe to admit our honoured guests. Again, the dockyard authorities had given all the men a holiday to see the foreign fleet. Accordingly when Admiral Schneeorst and Lord Delapore arrived at the dockyard, they found that not only all the gates were locked, but that the superintendent had taken away the keys, and was at that moment yaching round the German fleet. Lord Delapore's vexation may be imagined; the German Admiral only said good humouredly, that he hoped on his return from the Atlantic, he would find the measles cured and the dockyards at work.

As we are going to press we hear that the German Fleet left the roads at 2 a.m. in two lines ahead. We wish them a pleasant time in the Atlantic, and shall be glad to see them again on their way back.

CITY INTELLIGENCE :

THE STOCK EXCHANGE. SLUMP IN CONSOLS.

TIMES, March 19.

Consols had been showing an upward tendency during the last ten days, owing to the failure of any attempt at disturbance on the 1st, and a growing

belief that nationalisation was being recognised as impossible. Yesterday however, in the afternoon, a peremptory order arrived from Berlin to sell ten millions. No limit was stated; the order was to sell. Of course the market went to pieces at once. The wildest rumours were flying about. No one knew whether any securities he had were worth anything. It is not known whether there were any buyers. Possibly not. But at any rate, the avalanche is there, all melting, and ready to fall at any moment. If any one cares to buy consols, he can have them now, at any price he likes to name.

SERIOUS NEWS FROM GUERNSEY.

(THE TIMES, March 21.)

A correspondent in Guernsey sends us most circumstantial intelligence which, on account of its gravity, we give with all reserve, but exactly as he sends it. He says: On Tuesday morning (17th March) the German Fleet appeared here quite unexpectedly, as we thought it was going on into the Atlantic. It saluted in due form, and after some time spent in looking for blank cartridges we returned the salute. Shortly afterwards a boat put off from the flagship with its captain (Steinbock) bearing a letter from the Admiral to the

Lieut.-Governor. It stated that they had put in, as they found that the ships were short of fresh provisions, and asked if they might be allowed to buy them in the port. Of course an answer was returned in the affirmative. The Lieut.-Governor went out to visit the Admiral, and he returned the visit. Several boats were sent in, and large quantities of supplies of all sorts were bought. The same thing next day (18th) but several steam launches brought officers and men from various ships, who wandered about the town and surrounding country. The next day (19th) there was a continuous stream of launches, with parties of men each under its own officer, and many of them carrying cases of provisions and tents which they set up wherever they chose outside the town. The Lieut.-Governor sent his A.D.C. out to the flagship to enquire the meaning of all this, and was informed that the men had been a long time at sea, and as they had not left their ships while at Portsmouth, they had been allowed to run ashore. On this day (20th) the number landing is greater than ever. Tents and provisions and cases, which look suspiciously like arms and ammunition, are still being brought on shore. No men seem to return. The Lieut.-Governor has again sent an A.D.C. to the flag-ship, bearing a civil but firm letter, in which the Admiral is requested

to order all the men back to their ships. They are beginning to wander about the town and are making themselves very offensive. None of the sailors are armed, but they all bear their long knives, which are quite as formidable as a bayonet. The answer returned is said to be evasive and unsatisfactory. I hear that orders have been sent to the headquarters of the Militia, desiring them to be in readiness in case of any sudden call."

We seem to be in view of one of those "unforeseen and unimaginable contingencies" which might require the existence of an armed force.

(THE DAILY MAIL, March 22.)

6 Immediately after reading the alarming news from Guernsey, which appeared in yesterday's "Times," and which was corroborated by private information of our own, we directed one of our representatives to call at the Embassy, 9 Carlton House Terrace, to try and obtain any specific statement from the German Ambassador. At the same time we telegraphed to our representative in Portsmouth to take the Admirals' views on the same subject. We subjoin the statements we have received from each.

I called at the Embassy about 12, and on sending

in my card and the object of my visit, was at once received by His Excellency, Baron Munchausen. I found him sitting by the fire in an easy-chair, reading a French novel, and smoking a cigarette. He offered me one which he recommended strongly—it really was very good. He was most polite, almost effusive. Of course he knew what I came about. That absurd letter in the “Times.” “You English are sensible but too suspicious; too much frightened if you see a mare in a nest. You think every ant-hill a volcano which may blow up. Facts quite simple. Our sailors confined for weeks in ships—going to the Atlantic for weeks—perhaps months—who knows? They come to a lovely little island belonging to nation friendly, almost ally. They ask leave to go on shore to pull out their legs. What of that? Stores? Why, yes. We bought from your little town everything you could sell. We could not sponge you. Everyone brought his own food and beer. What you call Peek-Neeck. Tents? Naturally, German sailors do not like to sleep under the beautiful stars. Too many? How can there be too many friends if there is room for them. Admiral asked to withdraw his men? Here he he looked rather grave. There your Governor was *pas trop poli*. How many English are there in Berlin? Perhaps three thousand. Suppose our

Kaiser order them all to go away. What would your Mr. Nuts say? Something terrible no doubt. Perhaps go to war. Don't go to war with us *mon cher*. Have another cigarette? No? Then good-bye."

Our Portsmouth correspondent had no difficulty in seeing Lord Delapore, whom he found in a state of great excitement. In referring to the visit of the German Fleet he said: "In India when they want to put a squeeze on a man, the favourite plan is to shut him up in a dark room with a cobra; that was the way I felt with that Admiral. You never knew what minute he'd spit and strike. Of course the whole visit was merely to spy upon us here. Measles? Here his lordship had a good laugh. 'German measles.' As soon as I heard they were coming, I gave them to the whole fleet by general order. Hoisted the yellow flag on each ship the day the Germans came in, and kept boats rowing about to keep them from infection. Of course they wanted to see the Nucleus crews, or what the Admiralty allowed us. A pack of greasers and deck-swabbers, and ships' housemaids, who could not get a ship to move if they tried, or stop her if she went off by mistake. You suppose I would have let them into the yards, to see a dozen men going about oiling the machinery? Had

the keys in my own bureau for fear any one got at them. I have no doubt the Admiral knew that as well as I did." "What do you think of Guernsey?" "I think the Admiral never intended to go anywhere else, and never intends to leave it till he is made. If this had happened seven months ago, I should be getting up steam now at the head of my fleet. But I suppose that idiot mechanic up there (this was the disrespectful way in which he spoke of Mr. Carpenter, First Lord of the Admiralty, who really never was a mechanic but only a foreman in a newspaper office) is either wringing his hands in despair, or writing a despatch to the Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, wiggling him for his want of brotherly love to the Germans. I have sent him a wire to say that I am sending off the necessary orders to bring all the men back—luckily I know where they all are—and to concentrate the fleet, and that he must countersign everything I tell him to, or I will send up a guard of marines to pull him out of his office, and keep him till the mob wants him. Now you can tell all that to your people."

WORSE NEWS FROM GUERNSEY.

(THE TIMES, March 23.)

The agitation which spread all over the country yesterday in consequence of the news which we published from Guernsey, will be intensified by the far graver intelligence which reached us last night. We publish it exactly as it came, and we are compelled to say that several of our contemporaries are publishing this morning stories exactly similar. Our correspondent telegraphs to us: "Matters came to a climax to-day. St. Peter's Port was full of parties of German sailors going into the shops and making purchases, for which they frequently could not pay. They considered it quite enough to give their names and the ship to which they belonged. In the afternoon they crowded into the liquor shops. The first actual disturbance commenced in one where there were some English sailors, who resented the way in which one of the Germans tried to kiss the barmaid. There was a regular scrimmage, which the police tried vainly to stop. More Germans came in. The police drew their batons; the Germans drew their knives. So did the English sailors. There was a regular hand to hand fight, which was only ended by the arrival of a Company of Militia with fixed bayonets. Then it

was found that three Germans and two English were fatally wounded, while many others of each nationality were more or less hurt. A number of German officers then came up, and were allowed to take away all their men who were able to walk. Those who could not were taken to the hospital, where the three Germans died in the night. During the evening a succession of boats from the fleet came in, carrying marines fully armed, and some machine guns. "What will happen to-morrow no one can imagine."

(THE DAILY MAIL, March 23, 2nd edition).

We sent our representative again this morning to the German Embassy. He found Baron Munchausen's carriage at the door. The attache in waiting seemed in great glee, and said His Excellency was just starting to the Foreign office to see Mr. Nuts. "Our nützlich (useful) Nuts as we call him," but would perhaps spare a few minutes. The Ambassador dressed in most scrupulous attire and with a bundle of papers in his hand, was about to start. He was polite, grave and dignified. "I am just proceeding to see your Foreign Secretary upon this most unfortunate affair, which I fear may have the most serious results." Something was said by our representative

about the barmaid, and a drunken scuffle. The Baron waved all this aside. "That is your story," he said "but not what I have received from our Consul. An organised plot to attack our men. They fought heroically against superior numbers. Your police arrive. Our men suppose to rescue them. The police attack them with clubs. In the midst of the battle our officers arrive. They threaten that our ships shall fire on the town unless our men are given up. So our men are rescued. Many of them are wounded: some dying. It is an outrage on Germany. I have just received my instructions from my Kaiser, which I am to read to your Minister."

The ingenuity with which a German can always explain away and reconstruct a story is quite worthy of our Gladstone.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

(THE EVENING OWL, March 23).

The German Ambassador under direct orders from Berlin paid an official visit in the forenoon to the Foreign Secretary, bearing with him the German Consul's report of the sad occurrences at Guernsey, and something very much in the nature of an ultimatum from the German Government. We hear

something of demands for an apology, a large indemnity, and a fulfilment of our undertaking, long since made, often repeated, but constantly evaded, that we would leave the Egyptians to their own lawful Government, and to the Suzerainty of the Sultan, as soon as they could be safely left to themselves.

We fear it will be difficult to resist these demands in principle. The heated statements which appeared this morning in a partisan Press, seem strangely in contrast with the cool official statements made by the German officers and the German Consul, all eye witnesses of the scene. A full, frank, and generous apology will naturally be offered in respect of what appears to have been brutality to our guests, committed by persons who are not our countrymen, but only subject-aliens. As to an indemnity, we shall of course be willing to grant such a liberal compensation as would be awarded by a British jury to the sufferers in the recent riots. Probably a sum of £10,000 may be found sufficient. Fifty millions which is talked about is of course ridiculous.

As to Egypt, the German Government, with dignified moderation, demands nothing for itself, and claims nothing from ourselves, except that we should make good our own promises which are recorded in every Chancellery of Europe. If after thirty years of

our own administration we have not trained Egypt to stand by itself, the world may fairly call upon us to abandon an attempt which we must admit to be a failure. All these questions, however, will have to be the subject of careful and possibly protracted negotiation.

(THE EVENING STANDARD.

March 23. Special Edition, 9 p.m.)

The fierce indignation which was felt in every quarter of London on receipt of this morning's news from Guernsey, swelled into absolute fury on the appearance of the "Evening Owl." There we learned how our Foreign Secretary had had an interview with the German Ambassador, in which he believed everything that was asserted by his visitor, and granted everything that was asked. And all this stated with the easy indifference with which a society journal would record how an unexpected proposal had been made and accepted. Only "in principle," no doubt. But on what principle? Was it poltroonery or imbecility that induced Mr. Nuts to accept at once the "cool official statement" of a German Consul and German officers, as eye witnesses of a contest which was all over long before they arrived, in preference to those of their own countrymen, and police and militia,

who are put aside unheard? But Baron Munchausen tells him what to believe, "and surely he is an honourable man," especially when backed up by "something in the nature of an ultimatum from the Kaiser." So we are to apologise for the results of a quarrel, which every one can see was only the last act of a fraudulent conspiracy, begun and carried out by false pretences. Then we have consented "in principle" to pay, not compensation to the sufferers, but an indemnity to Germany, which Mr. Nuts seems to think will be assessed before the Sheriff's Court and a British jury, like damages in a running down case. Mr. Nuts thinks £10,000 about the right figure, Baron Munchausen rather leans towards fifty millions. Of course he knows perfectly well that the English Government could not scrape together a million at present. The Stock Exchange coup from Berlin on the 18th settled that. Since the principle is admitted, Germany will no doubt with its "dignified moderation" accept an equivalent. The Channel Islands are gone already, so they won't count. What shall it be? Perhaps Ceylon, or Singapore, or Hong Kong, which seem still to belong to Great Britain; or all three. Or perhaps it may be necessary to throw in the Isle of Wight, or the Isle of Man, or both. Who knows? Possibly the Chinese Am-

bassador, who knows something about two German missionaries and Kiachao, will be able to help him.

As to Egypt, that seems to the "Evening Owl," and probably to Mr. Nuts, to be hardly worth mentioning. The German Government, *more suo*, demands nothing for itself. It is only gently reminding England of that little bill, accepted by Mr. Gladstone, and so often presented, but always put aside with a smile. But if the English step out of Egypt, who will step in? Ask General Goltz, who engineered the Hedjaz railway, which has the convenient property of allowing German troops to be thrown on the flank of Egypt without coming under fire of a fleet. Let Mr. Nuts ask any friend in the City (if he has got one) what would become of our trade to the East and our shares in the Suez Canal, if the Germans did step into Egypt, just to protect the Khedive against his own subjects or the Sultan of Turkey. All these considerations no doubt will be weighed in the course of "the careful and possibly protracted negotiations" which are to reduce the Kaiser's ultimatum to diplomatic form. We should like to see Mr. Nuts struggling with Baron Munchausen. We have more than once watched a mouse wriggling in the claws of a cat.

When, however, the morning mails arrive and are

read throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, and when it is understood that we have been insulted and robbed by our Great Friend, almost our Ally, and that we have been betrayed and degraded by our Foreign Secretary, then, unless we much mistake our countrymen, they will rise and refuse to submit any longer to a Government of incompetent impostors, and will demand that the actors who have played this farce of attempting to rule the Empire, shall be hissed from the stage with scorn.

COUP D'ETAT

(THE TIMES, March 24, 2nd edition.)

From early yesterday evening London was in a state of rage and panic. Crowds collected in every direction to read and discuss the broadsheets of the "Evening Owl," which were posted up on every available space. Rumours of every sort were abroad. That the German Ambassador had left; that its fleet had quitted Guernsey; that German troops had landed at Hull. As night wore on Trafalgar Square was filled with a surging mass, who listened to speakers mounted on every spot to which a man could climb. One orator, who stood on the parapet with his back to the National Gallery, worked his hearers up to a passion

of excitement, and ended by proposing that they should visit all the Ministers, and serenade them. So the crowd streamed away down Whitehall, and wedged itself into Downing Street, while the foremost hammered with the knocker at the door of No. 10, and broke the bell, and then smashed the windows, and yelled for Perkins and a speech. At last a figure appeared at a window in the second floor, which was said to be the Prime Minister. Just then a shower of glass fell round him, and what he intended to say will never be known. Similar scenes took place wherever the residence of a Minister could be found out. In the afternoon hurried consultations took place between the leaders of the Conservative and Liberal Party, and in the evening Mr. Furber is said to have left by Waterloo for some destination not known. About 11 this morning, two long trains arrived from Aldershot filled with troops. In a first class carriage, were Sir William MacGregor, commanding at Aldershot, his staff, and Mr. Furber. A small party of the troops accompanied by the General, his staff, and Mr. Furber, then proceeded to the Government offices where they turned out the Ministers, and to the House of Commons which they locked up. As if by magic, London was covered with the following poster.

130 HOW SOCIALISM SUCCEEDED IN 1913
TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

In five months a Socialist Ministry has reduced the country to poverty, and brought it to the brink of invasion. The nation is not safe in its hands. We have anticipated your will by turning the Ministers out of their offices, and shutting up the House of Commons. A Provisional Government has been formed composed of Lord Nairne, Lord Cranberry, Mr. Furber and Mr. Tennant. The king has telegraphed that he is returning. On his arrival writs will be issued for a new Parliament.

Let all men pursue their business peacefully and without fear.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

(THE EVENING STANDARD, March 24.)

The startling events of this afternoon have, like the turning of a kaleidoscope, changed the lurid gloom which has been settling upon the public, into hues which, if they are not exactly cærulean, are at all events much brighter than any which have been known for a very long time. The country feels that it is once more in the hands of men whom it can trust. The Socialists themselves, if any one will still allow that he has

been one, seem to admit that something went wrong with their theories, and that it was better to pull up, and find out the defect.

We believe that Lord Cranberry's first public act was to sign the passport, which recommended Baron Munchausen to the protection of all Englishmen, official and otherwise, whom he might encounter on his way to the Wilhelmstrasse. He leaves London to-morrow morning for Queenborough, *en route* to Flushing.

CONCLUSION.

The foregoing pages fulfil their promise to describe the Socialistic Triumph and how it succeeded. But the closing events opened up an unforeseen chapter in the history of Europe of which we must give a brief sketch.

A couple of days after the German Embassy was left empty, Mr. Robert Davis, late British Ambassador in Berlin, arrived suddenly with his portmanteau and his passport. Out of the former he produced a long despatch addressed to himself, more apparently in sorrow than in anger, in which the German Foreign Secretary detailed the series of insults offered to his Imperial Master, which, as all

satisfaction for them had been refused, rendered it impossible to continue any diplomatic relations with our Government. Simultaneously, two or three steamers might have been observed cruising, in a slow and purposeless manner, up and down our eastern coast, and then suddenly—all telegraphic communication between England and the Continent ceased. At the same time all the cross-channel steamers ceased to run, fearing worse things. So we settled down quietly to take stock of our position.

Until the Wilhelmstrasse gives up its secrets, it will never be known whether the occupation of Guernsey was meant to be an end, or only the means to an end. Whether the massacre of the German sailors was a designed or an undesigned coincidence. In any case it is clear that the seizure of the Channel Islands was a blunder. Bismarck would never have done it. It was the one thing which necessarily united all the nations of the world against Germany. France of course could not tolerate such a thorn in her side. No nation which pretended to trade with England, and what nation did not—could endure a change which for the first time made all her commerce pass within reach of German torpedo boats. America certainly could not, nor Japan. Russia followed France. Austro-Hungary and Italy did not

openly turn from being allies to being enemies, but, in regard to any results that might follow, they assumed the attitude of neutrals, and not very benevolent ones. And so it happened. France and Russia immediately made the spring they had prepared. They declared war. France burst into Alsace, which revolted. Russia burst into Prussian Poland, which revolted. Schleswig-Holstein revolted. America sent her Atlantic fleet to pay a friendly visit to Portsmouth. Admiral Evans was instructed that the United States were at peace with the whole world, but if England asked him for assistance against any one he was to give it. Japan announced that it considered that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance applied to the case which had arisen, as the defeat of England would alter her entire position in the East.

Nor was the cutting of the wires very wise. It gave us a little trouble, but we could still communicate through the States and Canada with the whole world, and an almost entirely friendly world. Germany, on the other hand, lost all knowledge of what was going on in England, and cut herself off practically from all communication with the world except in the friendly part of Europe. All coded telegrams were at once forbidden in Great Britain, and the strictest supervision was exercised both here,

in the United States and in Canada over all open telegrams.

The first result of this new state of things was that we were practically relieved from all fear of invasion. Caught as she was in the vice she had so long dreaded, Germany could not spare a regiment to attack us. But she had her fleet, and news which we received from our friends, especially Holland, Denmark and Sweden, showed us that she had determined to make with it the great effort she had so long planned to crush ours. Now or never. Probably she over estimated the effects of the Socialistic policy in weakening our fleet. The wisdom of the Conservative Government, which was overthrown in 1912, had provided us with a distinct superiority in Dreadnoughts, while as regards all the secondary battleships, as they were now considered, our superiority was overwhelming. The ships were all there. The ammunition, the coals and the stores were there. Thousands of the men had been dismissed, but they were all there too, and streamed back to their ships with wild enthusiasm. The dockyards worked day and night to put every vessel into perfect trim. Within three weeks after the Socialist downfall, Lord Delapore had his whole fleet in hand. And then he watched for news, as

Nelson did to hear that the hostile fleet was putting out from Cadiz. At last it came, and from different sources. The German fleet was beginning to move. Some ships were trickling out through the canal from Kiel. The heavier portion was passing round the Skagerak.

So on the 15th of April that part of the English fleet which was to fight the great battle was concentrated, and on the 17th it started on its way up the North Sea, amid the prayers of a now united nation. It paused abreast of the Yorkshire coast, where it was formed into four great divisions. On the left the fourteen Dreadnoughts. On the right all the other battleships in two lines. These were to lie about thirty miles to the east of the first division, being of course in close wireless communication with it. To the north a cloud of torpedo boats, destroyers, swift cruisers and scouts formed an impenetrable curtain which shut out our opponents from all knowledge of our movements, while it supplied us with the earliest notice of theirs. To the south a powerful squadron of armoured cruisers, which were not able to lie in line with the battleships, but which were able to deal with the disabled or the flying. On the 19th torpedo boats began to fly back. The whole German fleet, in two divisions, was advancing very slowly and cautiously,

as if fearing floating mines. Then our eastern division began to extend itself upward, like a long arm, and then the upper half turned westward at right angles forming as it were a great elbow. Another pause, and then the rest of the light division returned, leaving only a few to decoy the advancing fleet in the right direction. Their present course it was said would lead them straight into the open space between the two English fleets. Another hour and guns began to open to the west. The suspense was almost unendurable, and then a rustling was heard in the electric rooms, and the needles began to tick out their noiseless voices. The voices all gave the same message. "Come at once, due West, full speed." The answers flew back. "Coming, due West, full speed." The bridges called down to the engine rooms. The engines began to throb, and the bent arm, with rapidly increasing speed, began its course to the West. First, smoke was seen on the horizon, then masts and hulls, and then the whole German fleet appeared between us and our Dreadnoughts. Still the angle advanced, and when its leading ship was in touch with the far side of the quadrangle, the trap snapped and the battle began. Here the experience of Tshushima was repeated. The fabric of the great iron castles was practically impregnable. The

destruction was in the light upper works, the masts, funnels and conning towers, in the carnage caused by the shells exploding on the decks, and the continued outbreak of fires. The English shooting was very accurate, and nothing could exceed the coolness and discipline of the men. The Germans began well but their firing soon became loose and wild. It seemed that they were nervous and flurried. They had not the memories of four hundred years of sea victories. This was the first naval battle in which a German fleet had ever engaged. The men saw that they were outnumbered, and suspected that they were outmanœuvred. The fight raged for about five hours and then died away, leaving a sea covered with ships most of them disabled, and all of them with their decks streaming with blood, and dotted with corpses. But the victory was won, and it was won by the English. Of the entire German fleet hardly any escaped.

Meanwhile the great German liners, whose paths traced on an ocean map of the world seem like a spider's web, were being rapidly captured. In the whole Far East they had not a single friendly port. Kiachao was captured by the English admiral on the China station at the first news of the war. If a German ship took refuge in a Chinese neutral port it

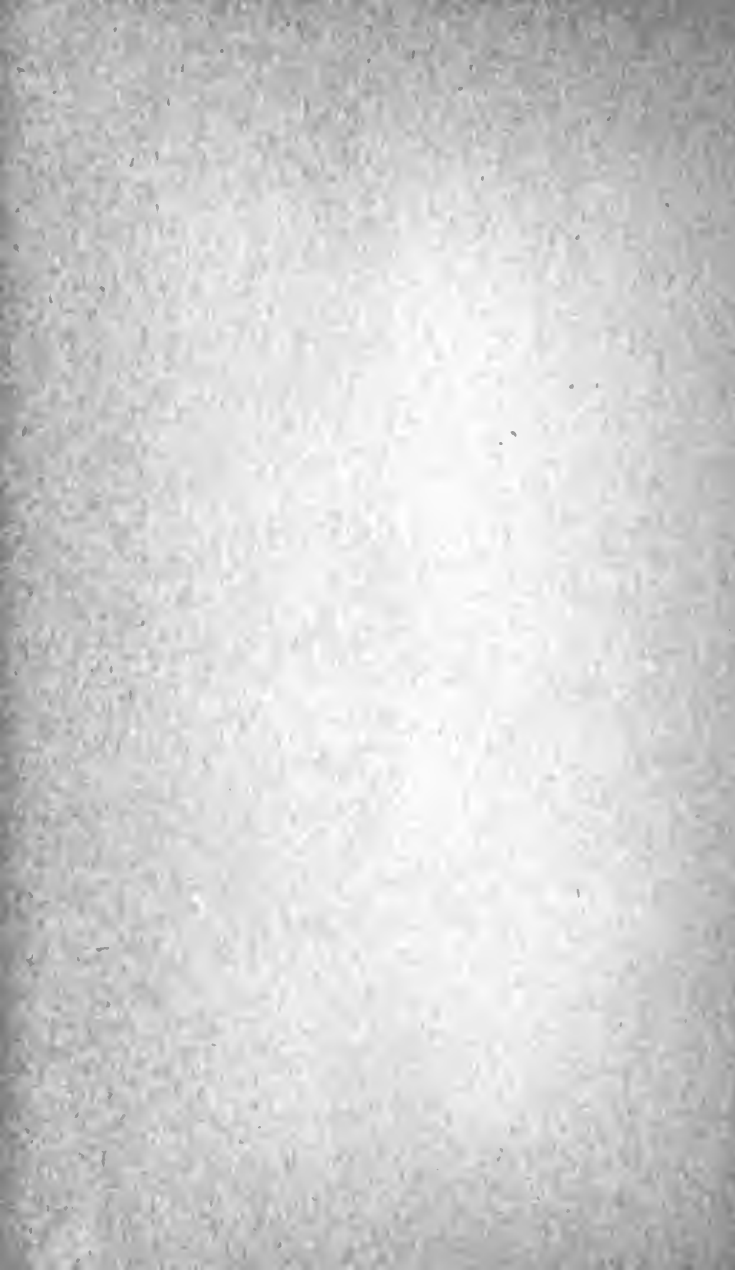
soon found that Germany was neither loved nor feared. It could get no coal, and was ordered out to sea at the end of 24 hours. The Red Sea and the Mediterranean were mere traps. If a hunted ship put in at any German Colony in Africa it found the English flag floating there already. In the Atlantic it was still worse. The Americans had joined in the war as soon as it was declared, and took a delight in adding the great German racers to their mercantile fleet. In less than two months the German flag had disappeared.

On land the German armies were in their element, and they fought magnificently, and won some battles, but they were steadily out-numbered and worn down. Saxony and Bavaria had little heart in a contest for objects which did not concern them, and on which they had not been consulted. The internal condition of Germany was becoming desperate. Its colonies had gone, its ports were empty, its commerce was dwindling, its factories were idle, its workmen were starving, and its treasury was empty. Money could only be borrowed from German bankers, and they would lend nothing to continue a war which they considered hopeless. So peace was accepted "in principle." At the Congress which sat in Paris to determine on what terms it could be granted, His

Excellency Baron Munchausen sat next an English Foreign Secretary who did not resemble Mr. Nuts.

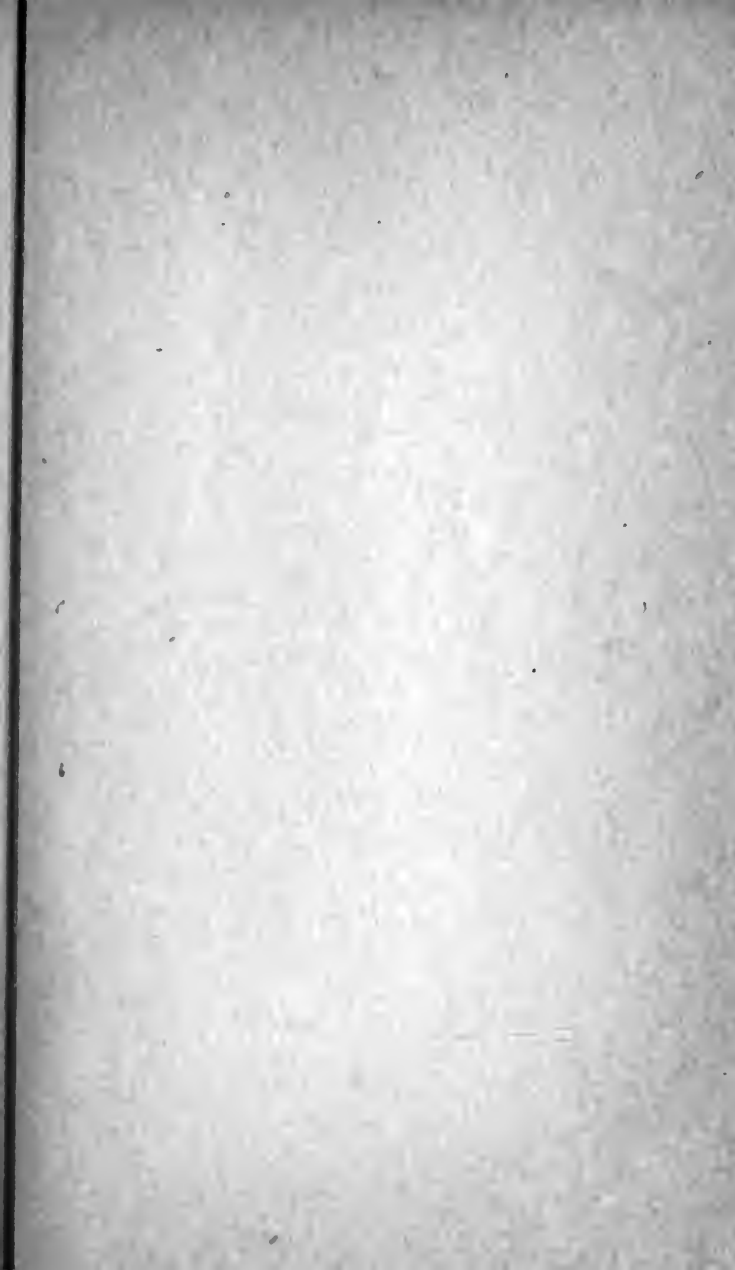
Three days after the Tower guns had been fired in honour of the Victory of Flamborough Head, they roared out a welcome to King Edward. He had travelled from India by Japan and Vancouver and reached Euston on the 23rd of April. He was received at the station by all the friends to whom he had said *au revoir* on the 19th Oct. He was bronzed with health by his long sea voyage, and radiant with delight at the news which had greeted him at every stage of his journey. His welcome by the crowds which choked the streets the whole way from Euston to Buckingham Palace was more than rapturous, it was delirious. The men huzzaed, the women wept, and the children were held high above their fathers' heads to clap hands for the King.

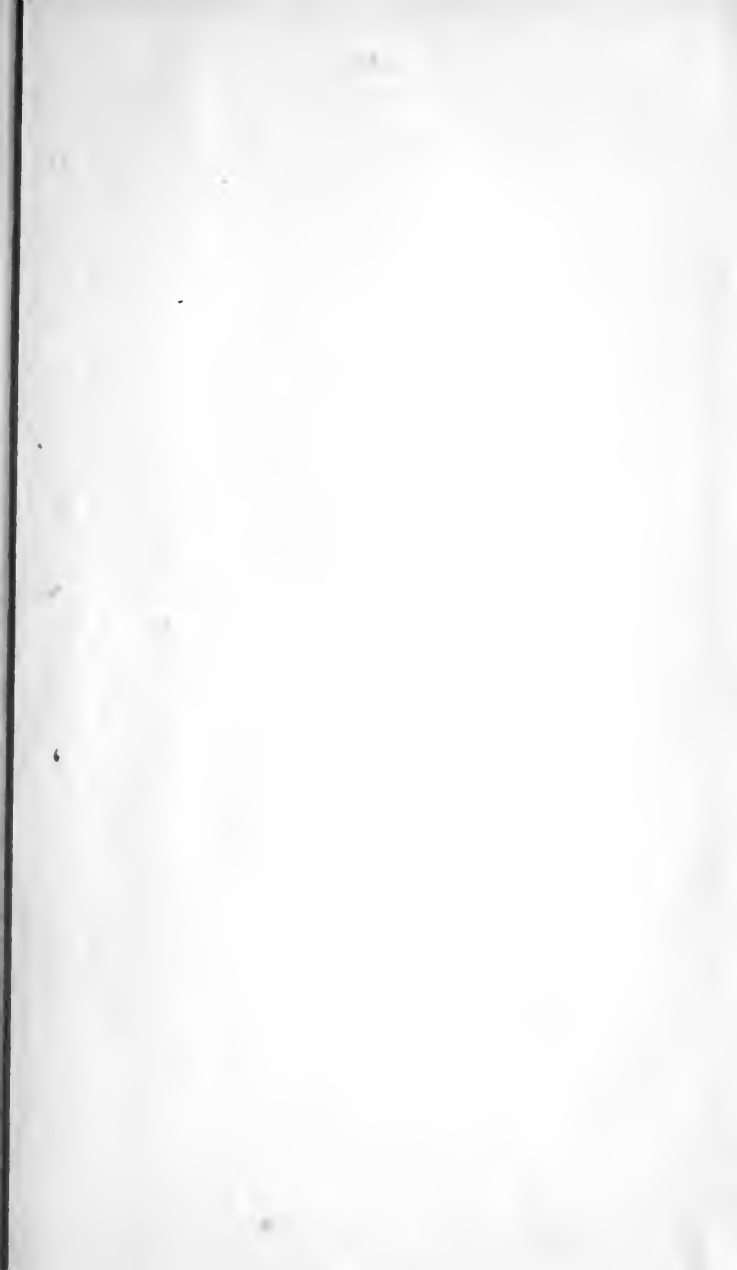
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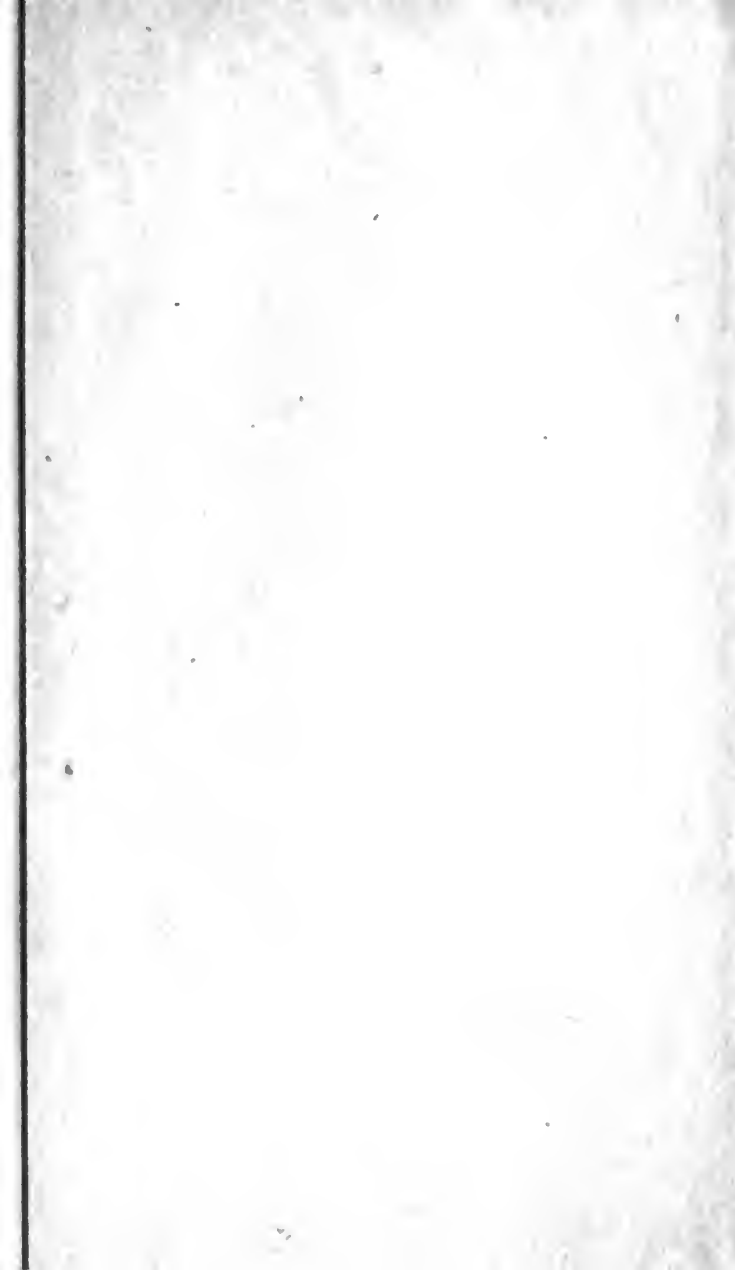


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