·····

There were but two or three club members in the room, one of them the young. Mr. Sydenham, who had attracted my attention once or twice before by the infinite wretchedness of his face. A mere boy, too, hardly five-and-twenty at the most. He sat in a big chair, a magazine with its leaves uncut lying in his lap. For an hour or more he had not stirred; them he rang for a servant, directing him to inquire for any mail that might have come in the afternoon delivery. Nothing for Mr. Sydenham was the report, and again the young man relapsed into melancholy musing. An hour later, and just after Indiana had joined me, Mr. Sydenham was the report, and under the sterrer of the same negative answer—"Nothing for Mr. Sydenham repeated his inquiry about his letters, receiving the same negative answer—"Nothing for Mr. Sydenham repeated his inquiry about his letters, receiving the same negative answer—"Nothing for Mr. Sydenham," Evidently the disappointment was not unexpected, but it was sone the less a bitter one. With a sight which he hardly attempted to stifle, the young man notok up his uncertainty of the window. It is all a blank."

"And then."

"And then."

"The by the infinite wretchedness of his face. A mere boy, too, hardly five-and-twenty at the office later than the same of a state of the window. It is all a blank."

"The by the infinite wretchedness of his face. A mere boy, too, hardly five-and-twenty and hour or more he had not stirred; them to inquire for any mail that might have come in the account of the distriction of the state of the stat

and took the message from the salver, apparently acting against a sense of the most intense repulsion, and for all that unable to help himself. The message once in his hand he did not seem to concern himself with its possible import; presently the envelope fell from his inert fingers and fluttered down at Indiman's feet. The latter picked it up and handed it to the young man, who thanked him in a barely audible.

The man is waiting to see if there is any answer," suggested Indiman,

Mr. Sydenham started, colored deeply, and tore open the envelope. He read the message through carefully, then perused it for a second and a third time, and sat motionless, staring

into vacancy.
Indiman leaned forward. "Well?"
he said, sharply.
The young man looked up; the cool confidence of Indiman's gaze seemed suddenly to inspire in him a feeling of trust; he took the risk; he handed the message to Indiman. "What answer would you advise me to give?" he said.

he said.
"The Empire State express passes the Fifty-third street bridge at 8:35 o'clock tomorrow morning. You can drop from the guard-rail. Is life more than honor? —V. S." he said.

Indiman looked at me, then he rose and took Mr. Sydenham by the arm. "Let us go into the card room," he said, quietly, "Thorp, will you come The young man's story was very able to all of Indiman's mple. He had held until lately the and we did not lose sight position of cashier in the firm of Sandford & Sands, stock brokers. On Jan. 15 a shortage of \$50,000 had been discovered in his books. Mr. Sandford being an intimate friend of the elder Sydenham had declined to prosecute.

"Let us proceed frankly, Mr. Sydensaid Indiman. "Did you take stolen, then? 'I am beginning to think so," an-

swered the young man, dully.
"Come," said Indiman, encouragingly, "that does not sound like a confesion of guilt. Don't you know?"

Mr. Sydenham shook his head. "I can't tell you," he answered, hopeless-

national spirit of the times, contend that the Protestant church has been long los-

the Protestant chart has proposing everything that was truly Irish, and that when the rest of the nation, fighting for an Irish Ireland, is being revolutionized, the Protestant church would show its wisdom that the protestant church would show its wisdom that the protestant church would show its wisdom that the protest in the protest of the protest

at length, throwing in its lot with ir Catholic fellow-countrymen in the

struggle that is being waged to make Ireland an Irish-speaking nation.

A church member, writing in a recent issue of the Church of Ireland Gazette, asks why Protestant churchmen, as a

rule, stand aloof from the Gaelic revival, and replies that it is only because of mis-understanding and distrust of their neigh-

bors, coupled with a sad notion that the correct way to be truly Irish is to acquire an English accent and embrace every-

thing that comes from that country, to the detriment and neglect of their own. He trusts that Lord Dunraven's new re-

form association will be a stepping stone for his Conservative brethren that will enable them to view things Irish through

Irish glasses; to put aside the old preju-dices and think of "forgetting the past in

which they played a part that few would

now care to be unduly reminded of." He warns his fellow-religionists that if they

persist in their anti-Irish attitude they

will find their already "rapidly decreasing church pouulation immersed in the rising tide of the majority." He tells them that

that whether church people assisted or

not, it will succeed; and some day, when it is too late, they will probably regret

their apathy, and lofty attitude, towards

Writing upon the same subject, in the

same organ, a churchman who had been touring in the west of Ireland told a capital little story. Being driven on a jaunting car through a portion of the re-

CHAPTER IV.

The Private Letter Box

The Private Letter Box

The Description of the Cub was heaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious of the common room of the club was heaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious of the cub was the common room of the club was heaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious of the cub was the common room of the club was heaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious of the cub was the common room of the club was heaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious that our bank balance showed a discrete was an accepted lover, and the consciousness, for the time being, swept him off his feet. He was an accepted lover, and the consciousness, for the time being, swept him off his feet. He was doing his work mechanically, and it did not matter so long as it was only routine. Then came the emergency, and, objectively, he was unable to cope with it. The subjective personality took command and did the right thing, for sydenham is an honest man. What action the subliminal self actually took

the common room of the club was heaped high with hickory logs, a cheerful sight, were it not for that odious motto, "Non Possumus," graven over the mantel shelf where it must inevitably meet every eye. Never could I read it without a tightening at my heartstrings; a potency of blighting evil seemed to lie in the very words.

There were but two or three club "We keep our account at the Bank of Commerce. But that afternoon I overlooked a package of bills in large demominations. I sent another messenger over to the bank, but it was after 3 o'clock and the deposit was refused. The boy brought the money back to me—the package contained \$50,000."

"And then?"
"I don't know. I might have locked."

"I don't know. I might have locked it up in our own safe or carried it home with me or pitched it out of the window. It is all a blank."

"Did you stay at the office later than

misfortune, released her from the un-announced engagement, and begged her to believe in me until I could clear myself. I have not seen her since the fatal day of the 15th of January." "And you have received from her only these—these messages?" "That is all."

long ago. But there are times when I have to take a tight hold on myself; today is one of them," he added,

seif; today is one of them, he added, very simply.

"Mr. Sydenham," said Indiman, solemnly, "I now know you to be an innocent man. Had it been otherwise you would long since have succumbed under this mysterious and terrible pressure."

man. "But to prove it?"
"It shall be proved." "The money?"
"It shall be found."

"Through whom?"
"Yourself. A simple lapse of memory is the undoubted explanation. The gap must be bridged, that is all. Will you

put yourself in my hands?"
"Unreservedly."
"Good! I desire then that you should return to your home and wait there until you hear from me. The address—thank you. You had better leave the club at once; this atmosphere is not the most wholesome for a man in your position." your position."

in a Columbus avenue car.

"A good subject," remarked Indiman,
"and it should be comparatively easy
to get at the submerged consciousness
in his case. A simple reconstruction
of the scene should be sufficient."

"You don't think the money was

"You don't think the money was

"The cashier put on his hat and topwhispered.

The legal papers were carefully

Sydenham is an honest man. What action the subliminal self actually took is known only to itself, and no effort of Sydenham's normal memory will suffice to recall it. But there are others sumes to recall it. But there are other means of getting at the truth. The most practical is to reproduce the situation as exactly as possible. Given the same first causes and we get the identical results. First, now to see Mr. Sandford, with whom luckily I have some acquaintance."

the sight.
"Now," said Indiman, pushing Mr. Sandford into the room where the

enominations.

The cashier acted quickly. "Alden!"

"I am innocent!" repeated the young Sydenham; "it contains \$5,000. Do

and we did not lose sight of him until he was finally on his way uptown in a Columbus avenue car.

worked steadily. Then, gathering the papers together, he rose, took off his office coat, and began making prepara-

money?"
"Not at all. It will be found in some safe place, its disposal being an act of sydenham's subliminal personality, of switch does not sound like a confesof guilt. Don't you know?"
"Sydenham shook his head. "It tell you," he answered, hopeless-"My accounts were in perfect or-



He Reeled and Fell, the Money Still Clutched in His Hand

pavement. Opposite the safe deposit company he stopped and thrust his

ened from a dream. The money—it was in my hand. I stood before the world, a self-convicted thief. I thank you; you have done your best, but it is useless." He passed the money to Mr. Sandford; mechanically his hand went to the inside breast pocket of his overcoat; he drew out the package of legal papers bearing Mr. Sandford's name. "But—but," he stammered, "I don't understand—I left these in your box at the safe deposit company."

"To be sure you did," answered Indiman, coolly. He pulled the check cord. "Drive back to the safe deposit," he called to the hackman.

"Now, then," said Indiman, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, "will you tell me the conditions under which you had access to Mr. Sandford's vault. Of course your name as an authorized

Sandford into the room where the young cashier sat.

Sandford into the room where the young cashier sat.

The conversation was a brief one, my these—these messages?"

"And you have received from her my these—these messages?"

"And you think they come from "And you think they come from er"."

"And you think they come from "Box or I should have killed myself ong ago. But there are times when have to take a tight hold on my-leff; today is one of them," he added, ery simply.

"Mr. Sydenham," said Indiman, sol-ersplicit flows have whow you to be an inno-ersplicit. The conversation was a brief one, your way up town on your way up town in my box at the safe deposit company." said Indiman, and we jumped into a hansour the safe deposit company." said Indiman, and we jumped into a hansour the safe deposit of course?"

"To the safe deposit company." said Indiman, and we jumped into a hansour the safe deposit of course?"

"To the safe deposit company." said Indiman, and we jumped into a hansour the safe deposit of course?"

"No," said Mr. Sandford. "There was but one pass key, and that I kept my waited impatiently for Sydenham's appearance; it was the only chance of again picking up the lost trail.

There he came, walking slowly up Nassau street, his manner a trifle preceived from her relating to the papers that Mr. Sandford was on the company." Sydenham had disappeared.

"To the safe deposit of Mr. Sandford was on the company." Sold Indiman, and we jumped into a hansour waited impatiently for Sydenham's appearance; it was the only chance of again picking up the lost trail.

There he came, walking slowly up Nassau street, his manner a trifle preceived form in the conversation was a prief one, again policing up the lost trail.

The conversation was a brief one, or course?"

"No," said Mr. Sandford was on the company." Sold Indiman, and we jumped into a hansour waited impatiently for Sydenham's appearance; it was the conversation.

The conversation was a prief one, or course?"

"No," said Mr. Sandford was the self. When Mr. but one pass key, and that I kept my-self. When Mr. Sydenham had any business to do for me at the safe de-posit vaults I would let him have the

The cashier acted quickly. "Alden!" he called, and the messenger came running in.

"I overlooked this package," said Sydenham; "it contains \$5,000. Do you think you can get to the bank with it? You have a minute and a half."

The messenger seized the package and dashed away. Sydenham looked again at the sprig of heliotrope; he pressed it passionately to his lips. Then carefully placing it in his pocket-book he began an examination of the papers left by Mr. Sandford. The clock struck 3.

The clerk Alden re-entered. "They wouldn't take it," he said, and handed the package of bills to Sydenham.

"Oh, yery well," said the cashier, absently, "Il take care of it. That's all, Alden; you can go."

For an hour or more Sydenham worked steadily. Then, gathering the papers together, he rose, took off his

membered making a deposit of the papers—but the money, no, I had no recollection of having seen or touched it from the moment that Alden brought

But Indiman declined to re-enter the coach, pleading some further business down town, and, of course, I remained with him. The carriage was about to drive off when Indiman put up his

"How stupid of rae!" he exclaimed.
"I had almost forgotten." He took from the pocket of his overcoat a rather bulky package and handed it to young Mr. Sydenham. "They'll explain themselves," he said, smiling. The coach rolled away.

"The missing letters from V. S.," said Indiman, in answer to my look of inquiry. "An average of two a day, and all addressed to him at the Utinam. Well, what was the poor girl to do? The young fool had changed his lodgings and obliterated every possible trace of his whereabouts. All Miss Sandford had to go on was the bare intimation that he could be addressed at the Utinam ciub. She might as well have posted her communications in the North river."

"I don't follow you."

"Two days ago I put a dummy letter addressed to Sydenham in lite private."

"I don't follow you."

"Two days ago I put a dummy letter addressed to Sydenham in his private lock box at the Utinam. I had promised, you know, to send him on his mail if he would keep away from the club, and accordingly I had the key of the letter box in my possession. Ten minutes later I went again to the box and it was empty—that is, you could see it was empty—that is, you could see distinctly from one end of the box to the other, and it was absolutely bare."

"A duplicate key, of course."
"Not at all. It is only a stupid person who descends to crime—except as

"Did you ever attend any of the exhibitions at the old Egyptian hall? One of the favorite filusions was the rick cabinet in which the performer seated himself in full view of the spectators. The doors would be closed for tators. The doors would be closed for an instant, and then, when reopened, the man had disappeared. The full interior of the cabinet was plainly visible; it stood on legs, which precluded the idea of a trap door, and it was incontestably shown that egress from the back, top, or sides was impossible."

"Yet the performer was gone?"

"I said that the cabinet appeared to be empty—quite another thing."

"Go on."

"It was a simple arrangement of

"It was a simple arrangement of plate glass mirrors fitting closely at the sides and backed by the distinctive pattern of wall paper with which the rest of the cabinet was covered. Immediately that the doors were closed, the performer drew these false sides outward, so that they met the center post of the doors at an acute angle. post of the doors at an acute angle. The true side walls thereby exposed, and, of course, they were papered to correspond with the rest of the interior. Their reflection was doubled in the mirrors, making it appear to the observer that the whole cabinet was the mirrors, making it appear to the observer that the whole cabinet was open to his vision. The truth was that he saw only half of it, the performer being concealed behind the mirrors. The only possible point at which the illusion could be detected was the angle where the mirrors joined, and this was masked by the center post at which the double doors met. To conclude the trick, the doors were again clude the trick, the doors were again closed, the performer swung the mir-rors back into place, and, presto! he was back in the cabinet, smiling gen-ially at the gaping crowd."

"I know. Lock box No. 82 was constructed on the same principle in miniature, the letter slit being placed in such a position that anything deposited in the box fell behind the mirrors, the and opened. Almost at the bottom lay a long, brown Manila envelope fastened with three red rubber bands. It contained fifty \$1,000 bills.

'I noticed that envelope several times," explained Mr. Sandford, "but supposed it contained some mining stock. You see here is another envelope identical in appearance and lying directly beneath it. Mr. Sydenham never suggested even that he might have left the missing money in my safe deposit vault."

"It never occurred to me that I could in the box fell behind the mirrors, the whole interior remaining apparently visible through the glass front, and presumably empty. The owner of the box would naturally glance into it before actually using his pass key. Obviously, it were a waste of time to go through the form of opening an empty box, and so poor Sydenham never got any of the letters that were daily deposited there, for the receptacle is a large one, and the Secret place behind the mirrors was almost full. The action of unlocking the box operated

have done so," said Sydenham. "I re- upon an interior mechanism swung back the mirrors at the same instant that the door was pulled open. After seeing my dummy disappear, I tried the experiment, and was amply as an rewarded.

it from the moment that Alden brought it back from the bank and laid it on my desk."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Sandford, "I knew that it was all right so far as the girl was concerned. I had only to acquaint Miss Sandford with the circumstances in the case to secure her further co-operation, for, of course, she had never ceased to believe in her lover. She prepared and sent the message which you saw delivered to Sydenham in Sandford's office this afternoon.

"But it was not the same as the one received by him on the actual Jan. 9th. That contained a word, 'yes,' and was signed by her initials; this second one consisted simply of a sprig of hellotrope."

consisted simply of a sprig of heliotrope."

"Do you understand the language of flowers? The heliotrope means, 'Je t'adore,' and Sydenham understood it instantly, as you saw."

"Yes; but why—"

"To repeat the original message would not have impressed him as I wished; it would simply have seemed part of the illusion which he knew perfectly well we were endeavoring to create. The problem was to suddenly startle him by a real communication from V. S., and, above all, to have it of such a nature as to convince him that the cloud between them had finally lifted. Now, without trust and confidence, true love is impossible. The message of the sprig of heliotrope told him all that he had been hungering and longing to hear throughout these terrible two months; the shock was sufficient to drive the normal consciousness from its seat and permit the subliminal self to take control. In other words, it practically put him back in the identical mood of the afternoon of Jan. 9th, and that was the crucial point of the whole experiment. Anything

Jan. 9th, and that was the crucial point of the whole experiment. Anything more?" "Who sent the false telegrams?"
"Of course, you would ask that. I don't know."
"Such a monstrous wickedness! It is inconceivable."

"Yes, unless we admit the existence of a spirit of pure malevolence seeking to drive an innocent man to self-destruction for no other motive than that of doing evil for evil's sake. That such an intelligence has been active in this case is certain; or how explain the cheat of the letter box, a necessary factor in the problem, as you will ad-

"But you don't know." "Not yet," answered my friend India.

man. We dined down town that evening, and it was about 9 o'clock when we called a hackney coach and started homeward. As we drove up the Bowery an illuminated transparency caught our eves.

"'Fair and Bazaar,' " read Indiman. "Fair and Bazaar," read Indiman.
"Benefit of the United Housesmiths'
Benevolent Association.' What is a
housesmith, Thorp? Evidently we will
have to go and find out for ourselves."
He pulled the check cord and gave the
driver the new direction. Pure foolishness, of course, but Indiman was
not to be put out of his humor.

Up one flight of stairs to a large,
low-ceilinged hall that was jammed to
suffocation. A score of gayly trimmed
booths wherein fallals and cheap brica-brac, each presided over by a lady.

booths wherein fallals and cheap brica-brac, each presided over by a lady-housesmith. "Or should it be house-smithess?"

Behind a long counter covered with red paper muslin sat a dozen young women of more or less pronounced personal charms, and a huge placard announced that kisses were on sale at the uniform price of 5 cents. "Take your own choice." Smaller cards bore the various cognomens assumed for the occasion by the fair venders of osculatory delights. "Cleopatra," "The Fair One with Golden Locks," Kathleen Mavourneen," "Pocahontas," or more simply, albeit not less mysteriamore simply alb more simply, albeit not less mysteriously, "Miss A. B.," or "Mademoiselle X." Of course, each had dressed the part as nearly as might be, and the part as nearly as might be, and the exhibition was certainly attractive to the masculine eye. In questionable taste, no doubt, but one does not stand upon trifles when it is all for sweet charity's sake.

"My dear Thorp," said Indiman, with the utmost gravity "have you half a

the utmost gravity, "have you half a dollar in your pocket? Then come with me," and forthwith we jammed and corkscrewed our way through the crowd until we reached the long counter covered with red paper muslin ter covered with red paper muslin.

(To be continued.)

SEUMAS MacMANUS ON IRISH REFORM

REMARKABLE sign of the times, and of the Gaelicizing of our Protestant fellow countrymen, showed itself on last St. Patrick's day, when the service in St. Kevin's, a fashionable Protestant church in Dublin, was entirely conducted in the Irish language. Our Protestant bound them. In their ecclesiastical organ the Church of Ireland Gazette, a sign of the times, and addressed in Irish all whom he met on the road; but, whenever he had occasion to speak to the horse, the dad occasion to speak to the horse, the church in Dublin, was entirely conducted in the Irish language. Our Protestant bound them. In their ecclesiastical organ the Church of Ireland Gazette, a what you'd be wanting me to waste our what you'd be wanting me to waste our elegant tongue upon the baste. Isn't English good enough for horses?"

gan, the Church of Ireland Gazette, a controversy between the nationally progressive and conservative element is now, for a long time, being waged. Those of them who would move forward with the It is deeply to be regretted that, present-It is deeply to be egretted that, present-ly, there seems to be a recrudescence of bigotry growing up here and there over Ireland. We, in Ireland, alas, suffered too long from this curse, and it is time we had done with it entirely. It is all the more lamentable when we consider that in many recent cases the offenders are people of authority and high position, whose words are apt to carry weight for good or evil. There has just been a bit of a storm raging over an address delivered by Dr Elliot a Professant hishon in the Dr. Elliot, a Protestant bishop in the West, in the course of which he accused Catholies of being liars and deceivers. A prominent servant of Christ, as Dr. Elliot is, should realize that this kind of speaking, in a country like Ireland, is hardly in accordance with the spirit of his Master's teaching.

The Irish Temperance association is

trying a very interesting experiment—and an amusing one—they are going to have a an amusing one—they are going to have a series of lectures delivered within the walls of the jails in Ireland. It would seem to some hardly fair to the poor prisoners to take advantage of them, when they find them under the weather, and that they have them in a cul-de-sac; but. to the credit of the association it must be said, they only ask for voluntary at-tendance at the lectures. At least it was so in Dundalk prison, it was so in Dundalk prison, where they have tried the first experiment. We read that although only a portion of the prisoners turned up, the lecture was attended by the full visiting committee, the chaplain, the governor, and all the warders. Consequently it may

do much good after all. ---There has been no political move in Ireland in recent years which has caused so much confusion and division of opinion capital little story. Being driven on a in all political camps, as that of the Irish Jaunting car through a portion of the remote mountains, he found that his jarvey have expressed themselves in favor of it;

Belfast Conservative association hurl against it thundering resolutions that they expect will demolish it. Redmond, of course, long ago, welcomed it; Davitt is denouncing it with all his might and main; and William O'Brien is expected very soon to act the part of father-in-law to it.

Healy has not yet spoken on the subject, but his very near relative and po-litical alley, the genfal poet, T. D. Sulli-van, has written a very earnest poetical appeal to his countrymen, asking them to welcome and to encourage those of our countrymen who, formerly estranged from us, are now too pleased, through the medium of the new association at last to line up. He entitles the poem "For Erin's It is well worth quoting, so I give it here:

I cannot deem it good or grand To thrust aside a friendly hand Stretched forth to help our native land; I cannot think it just or wise To welcome long desired allies With bitter words and scowling eye

We asked their help, we woo'd them long, To ald in righting Ireland's wrong; We spoke them fair in speech and song. If from their wavering ranks today Whole groups seem fain to come our Shall we arise and say them nay?

And on the path they wish to tread No soft green turf in kindness spread; But scatter flints and spikes instead? Not on those lines, "Young Ireland" wrought, Not such the creed "The Nation" taught. Not such was Butt's or Parnell's thought,

Not so would Thomas Davis do—A faithful guide, a leader true, A patriot, but a statesman, too. "'Twas thus their noble message ran: We spurn no class or creed or clan; We cannot spare a single man; "Our country needs the help of all, And be their prowess great or small God prosper those who heed her cal

That prayer we echo; thus we say To friends who doubt and make del "Fear not, we'll show and clear the w

Be not deterred by scoffs and jeers, Or taunts that sting like poisoned spears; These things come down from woeful

The scene will brighten as we go; A nobler pride our lives will know; Now love shall set our hearts aglow.

And if at first your sole design Is but to dwell in shade or shine At some small siding on the line Well, haste you there; for sure were we, Your stopping place can never be The station next to Liberty!

We thought that we needed a compul-We thought that we needed a compulsory education act in Ireland. Perhaps we did. But there is always consolation in the knowledge that there are others as badly off as ourselves. A report in the Manchester Guardian contains the following tit-bit of English literature, taken from the agenda paper of one of the Manchester boards of guardians:

"That there be a special committee from this board to inquire into the matter with regards to the interment of ter with regards to the interment of H—H—, also with regards to the conduct of our relieving officers with regards to the removal of Mr. G— and Mr. W—, and why our officers should go into the house of Mr. G— and walk upstairs and unlock the drawer and take out the money; and in the other case we take the money and bank books and are retaining them? The English here is not Baconian, nor is it Addisonian, nor yet has it the De Foe flavor. It belongs to a school that has not yet been exploited—but which should be exploited, for there is much individuality and originality about it as should ality and originality about it as shown make Kipling busk and look to blaurels.

—Seumas MacManus.

Donegal, Ireland. GIRL ONLY EIGHTEEN PROVES A BIGAMIST

Indicted at Terre Haute, Ind., for Wedding Too Often

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 22.-Mrs. Goldie Dingman was arraigned today on an indictment for bigamy. She is only eighteen years of age, and was married to Bert Dingman, of Sullivan county, three years ago. She left him last year, and, coming to Terre Haute, was married to Walter Brownfield last December. When Brownfield learned of her deception when Brownian tried to persuade he left her. Dingman tried to persuade her to return to him, and when she re-fused he submitted the evidence he had obtained to the grand jury.

HOME RULE FOR BRITONS

BY HUBERT M. SKINNER

Y the recent decision of the British lords, twenty-four of the least progressive, least representative arches of Scotland are made to outchurches of Scotland are made to outweigh the 900 churches constituting the great body of the Christian people of that country, and are given the control of millions in property and revenues for church purposes. It was a

purely Scottish question. The Scottish courts, representing the almost unanimous sentiment of the people, decided for the nine hundred and against the twenty-four. But in the United Kingdom there is an appeal to the house of lords as a sort of supreme court, and that house, made up of Episcopalians and dissenters of all kinds, with not a few Roman Catholics, freethinkers and agnostics, decided finally upon this ecclesiastical and Scottish matter.

"It will have this inevitable effect," a distinguished Scottish educator and journalist remarked recently; "it will precipitate a demand for home rule in Scotland." It would seem that every agitation for home rule is based upon some instance or allegation of gross injustice to one or more of the grand divisions of the kingdom. To an Amer-tean it does not seem clear why this should be. Passing over the disgraceful manner in which the Irish parliament was abolished, a century ago, and waiving all question as to the rightfulness of the recent decision relative to the Scottish churches, it would seem to an onlooker from this side of the water that a system of home rule for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales would be a most desirable modification of the present form of government of

the kingdom.

Superficial thinkers and writers in this country often point out what they deem the great superiority of the Eritish government to our own. Certainly the British government may respond more rapidly to public sentiment than does our own, for we have fixed periods of administration and fixed terms of membership in our national legislature. A president might retain in office throughout his term of four years a cabizet which had become very distasteful to the people—indeed, a cabitation of the present system. It is astonishing that the central government of the greatest sumpire known to human history—more than three times the size of the Roman empire in population—should attempt to do all the lawmaking for such capable peoples as the Scotch, the Irish, the Weish, to say nothing of the English.

A local legislature for each of these grand divisions of the kingdom need not weaken it in the least. The limits of the legislative powers granted to each might be clearly and conservatively drawn, and the old American heresy of the right of secession would

between the two governments leave out of consideration the very important fact of the state governments in America. Here the great mass of the legislation is not performed by congress at all, but by the legislators of the variant

all, but by the legislators of the various states.

The average citizen seldom sees a federal officer except some one connected with the postoffice. The great body of the laws, civil and criminal, which govern his interests from the cradle to the grave are state laws. In no other great nation of the world, perhaps, is the national government left so free to devote its time and energies to international and to great national affairs. Suppose we had no legislative body in this country except our congress, and all the laws under which we live had to be passed by its chambers and signed by the president. Could the government possibly give them adequate time and attention? Would not measures of pressing need be delayed for years to await their turn in the great accumulation of work turn in the great accumulation of work to be done?

to be done?

This is precisely what happens in the United Kingdom, Mr. Gladstone gave his great soul to the tardy relief of the people at home, by passing great reform measures. But in so doing he neglected the interests of the vast British empire, in the judgment of the Britons of today. Lord Beaconsfield built up the empire with amazing ability and power, but he neglected the suffering interests at home. It is no reproach to either of these great statesmen that he failed to accomplish the impossible. One interest or the other must of necessity suffer, under the present system. It is astonishing that the central government of the greatest

not have to wait for slow reforms which are urgently needed. They would be better satisfied to manage their own affairs in their own way. And the splendid system of the British governnent in national affairs could go on as

Perhaps there should be proposed Perhaps there should be proposed five local legislatures instead of four. There are really two Irelands, rather than one. When home rule is proposed for Ireland the Scotch-Irish of Ulster are alarmed. They would be at the mirry of Irish Ireland. The people of Ulster are of Scottish blood, and of the Protestant faith. The rest of Ireland is Irish and Catholic, if we except the Pale. The latter contains many who are English and Episcopalian. It has been the center of English power in Ireland for centuries. Ulster and the Pale would be outvoted in a legislature for all Ireland, and the bitter feuds of centuries would find expression in par-

Pale would be outvoted in a legislature for all Ireland, and the bitter feuds of centuries would find expression in partial legislation. Let the two Irelands be recognized in any plan for home rule, and this difficulty disappears. Let Ulster and the Pale, joined by the northeastern coast, constitute one legislative entity and the rest of the Emerald Isle another.

Thus there would be essential unity in each of the bodies politic. The Weish, the Irish and the Scotch were all there before the Saxons came to England. They represent the original peoples. It would gratify their natural pride to possess autonomy, while abating none of the glory which they share in being at the head of the world's greatest empire. Such a scheme would strengthen, not weaken, the central power of the empire. Shall we ever see it? Time only will tell. But to an American the idea seems feasible and probable.

His Ambition
"Hogan,phwat would yez do if yez won

Shure, O'id hov allarum clocks strung

all over me bedroom."

"But, bedad! they'd wake yez up!"

"Thot's phwat Ol'd like. Thin Oi cud shake me fist ut thim awn say: "Tut!

Tut! Oi kin take another nap in peace!"