

although they resemble those of a gentleman you never make the mistake of thinking him other than he is—a servant.

All barristers take on an expression like that of a judge in embryo, which seems exactly the thing to accompany wig and gown. It is a universally-held belief that if you place upon the shoulders of a rebel against things as they are the heavy robe of a Cabinet Minister you transform him into a dignified defender of the faith. And usually this happens. There is the case of John Burns, for instance, the sturdiest of democrats. His speeches to the men during the dock strike, years and years ago, were those of a revisionist. I don't remember at the moment whether he got into jail or not, but he certainly came mighty close to it. Now he is one of the most sane members of the Cabinet, a hard worker who cares nothing for the fame of an orator, yet always secures the intense attention of the House on those infrequent occasions when he addresses it.

The other day he sent up a bill to the Lords, who amended it here and there and returned it to him. He didn't bluster or threaten them with extinction, as other members of this Government have done, but said very

quietly that he had given a good deal of thought to this measure and regretted he could not accept their amendments; whereupon the Lords, with equal politeness, admitted that he probably knew more about the subject than they did, bowed to his decision and passed the bill, which has now become a law of the land. There was a time when the vociferous John would have spoken with vehemence, but the robe of office seems to have crushed all declamation out of him and, accordingly, what he wants done he gets done, while blusterers on the Ministerial benches around him have their work nullified by an adverse vote in the upper chamber.

I shall now endeavor to set down, in language as plain as I can command without going into technicalities, the extraordinary tangle into which British politics have become wound up, a tangle for which the Right Honorable David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is mainly responsible. The House of Commons, elected by the people for seven years, rarely lasts more than five or six. If a House holds over too long it is usually claimed, and is usually true, that it has got out of touch with public opinion. The right of ordering a new election technically belongs to the King, but it is a right he never

thinks of using. The actual ordering of a new election is done by the Prime Minister after consultation with his Cabinet; and one of the points in the present contest is denial that the House of Lords has anything whatever to say as to the time when a general election shall take place. The Lords, by the way, do not claim the privilege of dictating a dissolution; but events have so shaped themselves that their action in refusing assent to the Finance bill practically amounted to the ordering of a general election.

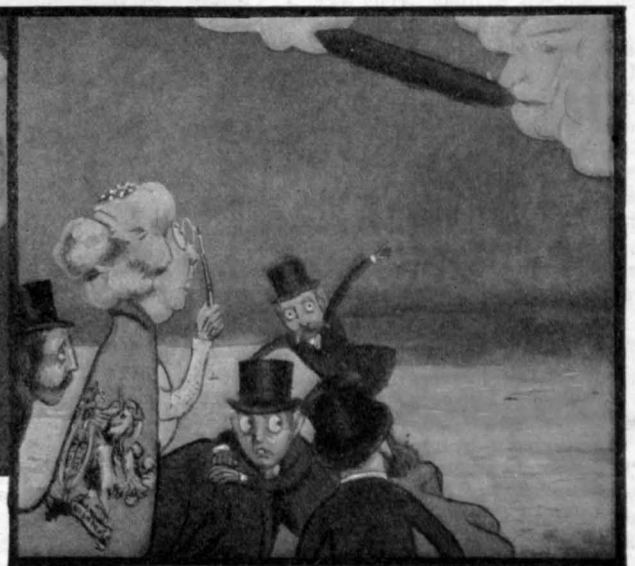
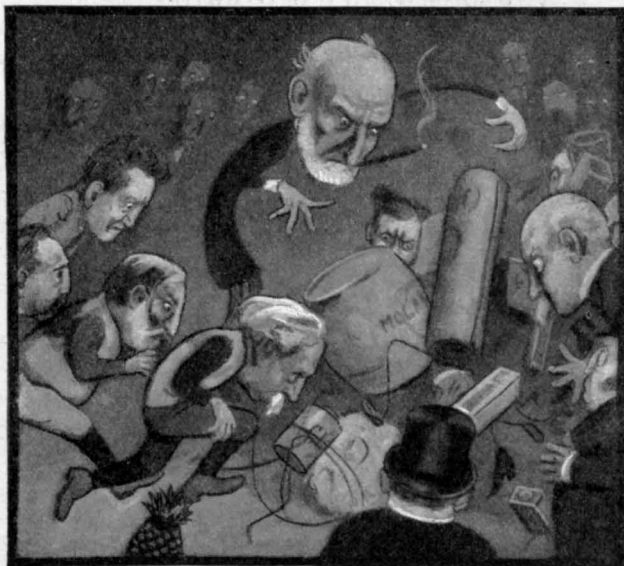
When a bill is introduced into the House of Commons, debated, and read three times it is sent up to the House of Lords and there again debated. If the Lords agree with its provisions they pass it, and it goes to the King for signature, a purely formal action. Whatever may be the technical powers of His Majesty, he would not dare veto a bill that had passed through the lower and upper Houses, as Mr. Taft might do. If the Lords disagree with any of the provisions of the bill they either reject or try to amend it. If amendments are attached to it, it is sent back to the House of Commons, and if the Government of the day accepts the interpolations the

(Continued on Page 38)

The World, the Flesh and 1909

A GALLOPING EPIC IN SIX CANTERS AND A "WHOA!"

DECORATIONS BY PETER NEWELL



By Wallace Irwin

CANTER I

ONE night rather recently, lying in bed,
I dreamed I was sauntering over the sky,
When a Whopping Big Fellow of ponderous tread
Came puffing and grunting and snorting on high.
As he rumbled through space
I observed that his face
Was marked off in Continents, Oceans and Seas;
By his longitudes solar,
His latitudes polar,
I knew him at once — 'twas the Earth, if you please!
"O Earth!" I made shriek
When he nearly was past,
"What, what do you seek
That you hurry so fast?"
The Earth, at my query
Looked suddenly leary,
Said "Hush!" then remarked with a mystical sign:
"This speed that I make
Is in trying to shake
That strenuous year, Nineteen Hundred and Nine."
"To shake it!" I cried, lip scornfully curled.
But the planet replied as his axis he twirled:
"Don't be peevish, my boy — it's the way of the World.
And the lesson I teach — for there's weight to my
text —
Is this: Drop the Dead Ones, and On with the Next!"
So saying, the Earth, in a manner condign,
Slipped into my mitten
A manuscript written
Quite plainly: "My Notes, Nineteen Hundred and
Nine."
Then, throwing high speed on, he rushed down his orbit.
His Journal here follows. Dear reader, absorb it!

CANTER II

When my annual spinning
Was barely beginning
That young feller Taft he was newly elected;
And Teddy the Loud
Was still raising a cloud
Of sparks, smoke and cinders at Congress directed.

While noun clashed with pronoun and verb smote on verb —
The Wolves of the Senate lay smashed on the curb,
'Twas tap Brother Tillman and jolt Uncle Joe,
And fill Cousin Foraker's goblet of woe —
Those letters from Archy
Still being quoted,
Whose terms smooth and starchy
Were frequently noted
Like this: "My dear Senator: Herewith we pungle" . . .
Then March 4th arrived and Ted blew to the Jungle.
While the Dove on her shaft
Cooed "Let Incidents cease!"
As they led in Bill Taft,
The Plump Brother of Peace.
But in Nations possessed by the Eagle and Crow
The Dove in her nest has a hard row to hoe,
And in modern America's scrap-ridden clime
The man who says "Peace" has one giddy old time!

When William was crowned came a speech from the
throne
Which journeyed from Washington farmward and
townward:
"The haggard Consumer must come to his own;
We'll sit on the Tariff and watch it go downward."
Then gee!
And O me!!
What a bird of a rumpus
From 49 separate points of the compass!
The Friends of Protection —
Each one for his section —
Sent hurry-up calls to the Money Connection;
And Friends of Revision
With equal decision
They hooked on their shields for an Awful Collision.

Soon the two Teams were lined up at the scratch,
Belching forth speeches both pungent and zephyry.
Out bounced the Tariff, prepared for the match —
Cannon was Umpire and Aldrich was Referee.
See, they are off! Ah, my tongue's beyond imaging
Such a mad orgy of swatting and scrimmaging,

Congressmen bucking through Wood Pulp and Hide lines —
Truth in the grandstand, the Trusts on the side lines —
"Rah for Payne,
'Rah for Hale!
Boost the good old Dinner-pail!"
Bellowed the sport-loving Trusts from the side lines,
While lovely Plutocracy shrieked in her fright:
"I'd die of despair if
You injured my Tariff —
Oh, promise his curfew shall not ring tonight!"
My! what a battle did thereat ensue!
Leather smote Pig Iron and Wool grappled Glue,
Tinware and Underwear, Footwear and Hosieries,
Piled on Molasses and other mixed Groceries,
Kicked to the altitudes, dragged to the latitudes,
Mangled and strangled in various attitudes.
Many a hero, head down, hit the hard line;
Bristow drop-kicked to the twenty-five-yard line,
Smoot raised his boot for an awful high-soaring one. . . .

Then the fine points of the Game began boring one.
For, to be frank,
The decisions were rank;
Friends of the People played startlingly small,
And, when the latter made progress at all,
Aldrich yelled "Foul!" and the Trusts got the ball.
Thus, when the Tariff to William was taken,
William the Tactful, with courage unshaken,
Tactfully signed it and tactfully said:
"It's the pleasantest Tariff that ever I read."
So the People were quite
Overcome with delight —
Except a few million Insurgents dyspeptic
Who lifted their plaint in this monotone skeptic:
"O Wm. Taft, O Wm. Taft,
What shall we think of you?
You said 'Revision downward,'
But that you didn't do.
And when pale Doubt o'ercame you
And made you fuss and fret,
Why did you send for Aldrich
Instead of La Follette?"

CANTER III

Let us turn to more Serious things, if we can,
And take up New Thought or the Progress of Man,
Or Doc Wiley's beans,
Or Flying Machines —
Aha, there's the stunt! Let us warble of Wrights,
Those syndicate, intricate, duplicate flights:
How Wilbur, one day, just blew in from Paris,
His brow high and hairless
With laurel wreaths careless
Entwined in a manner which seemed to embarrass.
So he took out his Flyer
Fresh bays to acquire —
Assisted by Orville — at bumpy Fort Myer.
Flying at first seemed a serious fizzle;
Now 'twas a hurricane, now 'twas a drizzle,
Now something busted —
The engine, long trusted,
Got off its feed, or a fly-wheel was rusted.
Folks grew impatient. Joe Cannon said: "My!
If the darn thing's a flyer, then why don't she fly?"
Others said "Pooh!"
And Minister Wu
Murmured: "Sing hi! well, I guess I won't sign a
Public request for an aero in China!"
When suddenly, "Whush!"
With a whirl and a rush
Orville shot upward as swift as an arrow,
Heavenward steered his mechanical sparrow,
Went up and stayed up and captured the pennant,
Bearing as Ballast an Army Lieutenant,
And Fame with a blare
The King of the Air
Judiciously handed, 'midst rapturous hollers,
The prize — thirty thousand American dollars.
And none seemed remotely inclined to complain,
Except a few Knockers who raised the refrain:
"O Wilbur Wright, O Orville Wright,
O tell us, if you please,
How useful is an airship
Which cannot ride a breeze?
In future Cloudland warfare
Will Captains, cautious grown,
Agree to fight their battles
On windless days alone?"

'Twas a glorious year for the Flying persuasion:
Blériot scored with a Channel invasion,
Latham's wild sky-floating,
Farman's mad high-boating,
Monoplanes classic and biplanes empirical,
Curtiss the cup-taking
Paths swiftly up-taking;
Then, when balloons had abandoned the spherical,
Enter Count Zep in his sausage-shaped miracle.
Matronly England looked up with a shriek,
Marveling much
At the high-flying Dutch,
Growing so nervous she scarcely could speak.
"Mercy!" she piped, "we'll be took in a week!"
Then what a drumming went over the Nation!
"War surely coming," the common persuasion.
Each London stripling
Learned verses from Kipling —
Tum-te-tum rhymes about "Armed for Occasion."
And at each empty rumor — though Germany said naught —
Mother Britannia gave birth to a Dreadnaught.
Just when affairs were most Militant getting
Emeline Pankhurst went forth Suffragetting,
Pouring live embers
On Parliament members,
Leading her Martyrs to glorious wetting.
Feminine Britain,
Once meek as a kitten,
Now went abroad with a brick in her mitten,
Sassing the laws for the good of the Cause,
Calling on Heaven and Asquith to judge it —
Asquith already smashed flat by the Budget!

CANTER IV

Speaking of Suffrage, the year Nineteen Nine
Was a very hard year in the Tyranny line.
Scarce was it Spring when the peevish Young Turk
Rose from his couch and salaamed,
Took down his shotgun and got in his work

On jolly old Abdul the Damned.
Abdul the Spender, of Faith the Defender,
Stripped of his gain,
But allowed to retain
Forty-six wives, seven rugs, one harmonica,
Beaten and jolted,
In a box car was bolted,
Ticketed: "Goods for Cold Storage, Salonika."
Sic transit Glory —
On with our story!
Mahmud the Broad being throned with agility,
Long may he sit in his Taftlike tranquillity!

When they had read in Arabian papers
What the Young Turks to their Tyrant had done,
Up the Young Persians cavorted with capers,
Knocked out their Sultan and put in his son.
Liberty thus, like a carrier pigeon'll
Speed with her message — the thought's not original.
Spain's haughty Don
Set his anger upon
Hafid the Muley,
The Moor who so coolly
Gathered in tourists for Mr. Raisuli.
So Spain packed her army and sailed forth to biff
The terrible, turbulent Riff-Raff of Riff.
Now Heathens attacked
By Christianity's swats
Oft rely on the fact
That they're wonderful shots.
So when Don got abusive
The Moors proved elusive.
They slept behind rocks without water or cooking
And peppered poor Don when poor Don wasn't looking.

But this wasn't all: for, meanwhile, in Spain
A red Revolution went crackling amain;
And old Barcelona, near put out of biz
By Anarchy's whelp,
For help gave a yelp
And Royalist forces arrived with a whiz,
Which to the revolt
Gave a death-dealing jolt;
Which was lucky, I guess — for the truth of it is
That Cute Little 'Fonzo, he nearly got his!

CANTER V

Now we'll back to America smiling with Taft,
Where the Friend of the people still paddles his craft
With only Insurgents referring to Graft.
No harsh word is spoken,
The calm only broken
By Pinchot's aspersions on Ballinger's Scoop —
A tactless remark!
And Discussion's wild spark
Burns slowly on subjects as old as the Ark,
Like Eliot Bookshelves and Wiley on Soup.

'Twas thus, while smooth sailing the State's stately ship,
That William the Tactful resolved on a trip
Of Star-Spangled splendor through forty-nine States
To fill a long list of Prosperity Dates
To tell how the Tariff, by many dispraised,
Was the finest darn Tariff that ever was raised.
O'er rivers, through valley, up mountain, down mine,
From Kennebunk, Maine, to the Mexican line,
Where Bill, the Great Peacer,
Addressed the Head Greaser
With garlands of Speech — though I really can't see as
He learned very much from Porfirio Diaz.
Then on with celerity,
Never austerity,
Rushed the Big Wave of Protected Prosperity,
Praising the crops,
Kissing the kiddies,
Thus pleasing Rachels and Dinahs and Biddies.
Speeches on speeches,
Some of 'em peaches!
North brought its blossoms,
South brought its 'possoms.
Six hundred dinners he ate of the latter,
Nine miles of edibles, platter on platter.

Surely that trip was a dream of beatitude —
And when some Insurgent
For Arguments urgent
Rose from the mob and inquired: "What's your Atti-
tude?"
William replied with a smile and a Platitude.

CANTER VI

Now let us pause, let us summon our skill
For the Champion Stunt of the Year — it's a thrill!
One day in September,
I clearly remember
The first Morning newspapers read like a book
And we stuttered: "Just look!
Are our senses mistook
By some hook or crook,
And if not, by the Powers, who the Devil is Cook?"
For it seems that a Brooklynite, thinly disguised,
Had dropped in for lunch with the good King of
Denmark,
And calmly announced without looking surprised,
"I've just found the Pole and on this left my pen-
mark."
"So ho!" cried the King,
Cried the Courtiers, "So ha!
Sure, we won't do a thing
To Our Hero — hurrah!"
So they gave him a shave and they showered him with
posies,
Asked him to banquets and wreathed him with roses,
Beseeching, "Go on with your story," when — Wow!
Great Scott! what a row!
For out of the cold and mysterious North
A yell and a squeal and a bellow came forth
Like the blood-curdling tongue
Of a wolf that is stung,
As it shrieked down the blasts of the Boreal line,
"Don't sit there so smugly,
You Short and you Ugly —
THE NORTH POLE IS MINE!!"

Then the Newspaper Boys,
Enthralled by the Noise,
They put on their hats in a spirit of rapture
And dashed to the North, the Great Story to capture.
Gee, what a mystery!
Never in history
Anything equaled the Polar dilemma.
Lecture-rooms filled with it,
Nurseries thrilled with it,
Many, grown tired of it, shouted: "Whoa, Emma!"
Newsboys yelled thinly:
"Who climbed Mount McKinley?"
Matt Henson, Hero,
Of Latitude Zero,
Went, like the rest, on a lecturing Circuit —
Cook doing likewise for all he could work it.
Newspaper humorists, palmists, geologists,
Royal geographers, journal photographers,
College professors and penny astrologists
Swellled the wild Babel
By wireless and cable
And arguments able, though founded on fable,
Were put by the Bore at the Boarding-House Table,
Until the World, weary of Cook and of Peary,
Sadly inquired in a monotone dreary:
"O Robert P., Commander P.,
You are a gallant soul.
We take your word — no doubt you have
A mortgage on the Pole.
And Dr. Cook, O Dr. Cook,
You have an honest air,
You say you've Proofs in Etah — Oh,
For Land's sake, leave 'em there!"

WHOA!

See! the New Year, full of Youth's ardent mania,
Coming, first cabin, on Time's Lusitania!
Bulky his baggage and radiant his robe —
"Make him pay duty!" cries Custom House Loeb.
So long, Old Year! may all blessings befall you;
Years that are gone don't come back to explain —
What human voice has the power to recall you?
("Knox has, you bet!" murmurs Charley R. Crane.)

