

CARNEGIE OFFERED A DUKEDOM.

Ed. Seventh's Proposition to the Hero of Homestead.

ANNEXATION OF THE U.S.A. Extraordinary Facts Unearthed by An American Lady.

(Special to the "Daily Herald.")

"Yes. I was offered a Dukedom by the late King Edward. If I would bring about the annexation of the United States."

This is the text of the extraordinary statement attributed by one of the most reliable newspapers on the Pacific Coast, the "San Francisco Examiner," to one of the most prominent millionaires in a land of money-bugs.

His name?
Andrew Carnegie.
The Laird of Sligo—and the hero of Homestead. The man who made his money out of steel—or rather out of the steelworkers. Who thugged his workers by proxy and found salvation through the bullets of hired gunmen, from the destroying monster of Trade Unionism.

The pacifist and patriot, anxious to see swords replaced by ploughshares—made in Pittsburg?—and equally anxious to shoulder a rifle against the Japanese. At least, so he says.

A great man, Andrew Carnegie.
So great that he turned down the late Ned's offer of the strawberry leaves. This is what he says about it:—

"I replied that I was an American citizen, and that every citizen of the United States is a King."
Whether his late Maj. made the traditional

reply of "the crowd," or fainted on the spot, or beat his fancy vest and wept briny tears into his plug hat, deponent sayeth not.

Carnegie refused. That's all we can tell you at present.

Of course, when a man is a king—and every browbeaten slave who sweats out his life before the furnaces in the Pittsburg foundries has a crown in pawn somewhere, if Andrew is correct—he would naturally sniff at a mere dukedom.

Still, it's a pity. Andrew should have thought again. After all—Duke of Homestead! It hath a pleasant sound.

Besides, his late Maj. wasn't asking for much! He might have asked Carnegie to arrange for the annexation of Europe, whilst he was about it, to say nothing of Asia. What's worth doing at all—

We hope to give further details of this delectable business later. It appears that Miss Lillian Scott Troy, whose name will doubtless be familiar to many of our readers in connection with the recent imprisonment of Miss Zelle Emerson, the American Suffragist, has written a long letter to Senator O'Gorman on the subject. Therein she states that not only Carnegie, but several other prominent Americans are involved in the alleged annexation scandal.

THE PENNY POLL.

Two thousand five hundred readers have already voted on the Penny Proposition.

We won't divulge the state of the poll for a day or two.

But we would like to urge upon every reader who is keen to stick a halfpenny stamp on an envelope and let us know by the sign of the cross what he or she thinks about the idea.

Some predict utter ruin if we raise the price. Well, the ruin can't be more utter than having the balliff making a home of the editor's office.

The strongest argument against the penny is that the workers can't pay the extra price, and thus the very object of the paper would be defeated.

That's an argument that will be difficult to defeat.

But the cold and uncomfoting fact is that a daily paper cannot pay the cost of paper, printing and publishing on circulation alone.

It must rely upon (1) advertisements, (2) subsidies from rich people, or (3) small contributions from thousands of poorer folk.

Neither of these is satisfactory.

Put your cross below, and let us know what you are going to do about it.

Meanwhile send along all the ready cash you can spare. You notice that we are careful not to ask you for it. This is your business; it will be your funeral if there isn't enough money forthcoming to make up the loss on the halfpenny proposition.

A parson friend sends promise of two hundred pounds. Bully for the parson. Two people have sent cheques for ten pounds in answer to the challenge of one ten-pounder to make up ten tens.

Will you, therefore, put a X in the form below, "for" or "against," clip the form out, slip it into an envelope, stamped with a halfpenny stamp, and unsealed, and addressed

Referendum,
"Daily Herald" Office,
Tudor-street,
London, E.C.

THE PENNY PROPOSITION.

FOR	.	.	.
AGAINST	.	.	.

Every reader should vote. This is THE universal equal manhood and womanhood suffrage. You never in your lives took part in a more important ballot.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

Chesterton on the First Stride to Slavery.

REBELS AND THE POLL TAX.

A great gathering of people, euphemistically described by the chairman as the tamest men and women the world had ever seen, filled the Battersea Town Hall last night to object to the rare and refreshing fruit provided for them by Lloyd George.

Miss Margaret Douglas, who presided, provoked a great gasp of appreciation by protesting against the workers being forced to put their money in such a bad investment as the Insurance benefits while Cabinet Ministers retained and reserved to themselves the right to put their money in good investments.

Not an inconsiderable portion of the platform was occupied by Gilbert K. Chesterton, who came to say delightful but damning things concerning the Great Fraud. At the outset he referred to the family function, called by Godfrey Isaacs, in which he had been engaged for some days. It was, he opined at last, a characteristic of the people who opposed the Insurance Act that they were of all kinds and creeds. In fact, they on the platform could get up a very good free fight on their own, with the audience looking on.

The Introduction of Slavery.

He had never had anything to say about the Insurance Act except one broad and simple thing—that it was the introduction of slavery. The essence and definition of slavery was this: That those direct relations which they and he had had towards the police, the State, and the King were resolved into relations between themselves and their masters.

If they saw and fancied a particular apple on a tree, their subsequent actions, as free citizens, would doubtless be guided by their estimate of the running powers of the nearest policeman; whereas under slavery they would depend upon their relations with their employer. He looked upon the Insurance Act as the most important stride towards slavery that had been made in his time. (Cheers.)

Out To Undermine It.

It drew a definite distinction between two kinds of people—people who are employed and people who are employers. If there was going to be work of this kind of legislation that made the employer a king or god—then all he could say was that if there was any way of undermining it he was right there. (Cheers.)

John McCallum said more very luminous things about the Great Fraud, and some very libellous things about certain Profit-Mongering Pirates who sail under an alliterative name and collar the contributions. There must be no question of amending Part II. of the Poll Tax—it must be abolished. (Cheers.) And one Trade Union could do it in a week-end. (More cheers.)

"What Price Marconi?"

Ben Tillett wanted them to take the economic view that the Act was a bad measure, and promoted by the capitalists of this country independent of party. It was true that Lloyd George had been used by them as a tool. L. G. certainly knew nothing of economics. (A dubious person in the gallery here inquired "What Price Marconi?")

This measure had been thrust upon the country by organised capitalism, and even if the Liberal Party downed it at the next election, the Tory Party would adopt it and stand by it. It would be vain of them to deny that there were benefits under the Act, but the benefits given to them as slaves were worse than the gift of the Greeks.

The Real Agitation.

George Lansbury had a few straight words to say to the rich women present, and suggested that if they wanted the conditions of life altered they had better fight together with the poor against poverty. (Cheers.) He wanted to see all the agitation over the Insurance Act focussed on the right thing, and that was that the people who worked should get all that they earned. (Cheers.)

A resolution was carried with acclamation, demanding, among other things, that the principal of compulsion be eliminated from the Poll Tax, and that the Prudential and other companies be excluded from the scheme.

Yesterday Harry Waller was killed by a fall of stone at Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan and Co.'s Dean and Chapter Colliery, Co. Durham.

STRIKES UP AND DOWN COUNTRY.

Six hundred and fifty men are out at Huddersfield, as the result of a carters' dispute at the chemical works of Messrs. Read, Holliday, and Sons, and owing to lack of coal the firm have had to close down temporarily.

In the Hanley district about 1,000 workmen in the marl trade have been on strike for over six weeks. They are asking for a minimum of 6d. an hour.

Seven hundred joiners are on strike in the districts of Rochdale, Littleborough, Heywood, Bury, Radcliffe, and Ramsbottom.

OVERDUE VESSEL ARRIVES.

The four-masted ship "Aliso A. Leigh," of Liverpool, has arrived at Falmouth after a very long passage from Iquique. Considerable anxiety had been felt as to the whereabouts of the vessel, and over 30 guineas insurance was paid on her. She took 159 days to complete the passage, which generally occupies 120 days.

OUR GERMAN BROTHERS.

BERLIN, Friday.—A telegram from Breslau states that a mass meeting of unemployed took place there yesterday in a factory, and that a demonstration was subsequently held in front of the town hall. A workman fired a shot at a police officer, and many arrests were made.—Central News.

A dispute has arisen among the Liverpool marine engineers engaged on the Moss liners, who threaten to strike for shipping Federation rates.

Messrs. Vickers deny the statement that the firm had taken over the Marine Engineering Works of the Thames Ironworks Company at Greenwich.

The Canadian Senate has rejected the Borden Naval Bill by 51 votes to 27 by adopting the amendment moved by Sir G. Ross, Leader of the Opposition, that, before becoming effective, the Bill shall be submitted to the people.

The steamer "Kerry," of Dublin, bound to Liverpool, collided with the "Day Lily," of Brixham, off Anglesey, yesterday. The latter is supposed to have been sunk, and the "Kerry" took off the crew of four.

Editor. (May 31, 1913). CARNEGIE OFFERED A DUKEDOM, [King] Edward VI's Proposition to the Hero of Homestead, ANNEXATION OF THE U.S.A., Extraordinary Facts Unearthed by An American Lady [Lillian Scott Troy]. Daily Herald (London).

TRANSCRIPTION

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OUR PROTEST AGAINST ANARCHY.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

When Mr. Asquith said "Wait and see," it was, to most rational people, only one of those Westminster jokes which are so mysteriously senseless; and which are said a thousand times, because they were not worth saying once. It is on about the same level as "What Ho! She bumps!" in clear relevance and refinement; and inferior to that interjection in energy and joy of life. It is but part of a mean, modern fashion, forced on intelligent men like the Premier, as on the most gasping bore of an after-dinner speaker, that they must substitute jokes, and weak jokes, for the art of speaking, which (like that of stained glass) was known to our ancestors. And yet there is another aspect in which the remark was intelligent. This will naturally be called a paradox. Yet I must carry it further, and say that the phrase was in a sense not only intelligent, but sinister: I do not suppose that when that sparkling epigram was flashed forth, and followed by "loud laughter," anyone in the House heard the seas moan about our coasts or saw the star of England grow dim. But it did.

For those words are, indeed, the very succinct expression of a certain political spirit, to which the governing class of Britain is tending more and more before our eyes. "Never you mind what we are going to do; we are not only going to do what we like, but we are going to tell Parliament as little as we like about it. You just see what happens. You'll know all about it when it is too late." This lively prospect is sometimes called "opportunism," but the word is far too sympathetic. Opportunism implies, at least, that the opportunist recognises a certain scheme of circumstance around him; and watches for an opening to win by the rules of the game. Buy by the new oligarchic methods there are no rules, no rules of sport, no rules of law, let alone rules of morality. When they find they have broken the rules, they simply alter the rules: and this is not allowed in the lowest sort of game. The name of the thing we chiefly attack, and the Government chiefly stands for, is Anarchy.

THE LAWLESSNESS OF LAWYERS.

The thing can only be explained by examples. Thus, it is not in the intellectual sense anarchic to break the law, if you recognise it in the act of breaking it. I would never treat a Court of Justice with disrespect; it seems to me a trick fit for a barbarian or a monkey. But it is not treating it with disrespect to say, under certain abnormal circumstances, that you have broken the law on higher grounds. But I expect the Court of Justice to treat itself with respect. And when a prosecuting counsel at Bow-street loudly affirms that he can stop a thing, while his own official employer in Parliament as loudly affirms that he can't stop it—I call that Anarchy. It is the loss of all form and function in human things. It is not even bad law; it is simply lawlessness conducted by lawyers.

Or again, it is not necessarily anarchy if a man has a privilege, if it be an admitted and respected privilege. Suppose they told us that Sir Stuart Samuel was a Knight: and therefore could only be tried by the Grand Master and Chapter of his Order. By the way, has he got an Order, I wonder! I hope it is St. Michael and Sir George. Suppose, I say, they said that Samuel could only be punished by the loss of one spur, exclusion from all tournaments for a year (here the prisoner would be removed protesting passionately) and the defacement of his arms by a chevron inverted with three shekels argent. That would strike us as fantasy; but it is not anarchy. It is keeping the rules of the game. But when the Government allows the law to be broken persistently by Samuel on the genial plea that it can always be repealed by Isaacs—that is anarchy. It is anarchy far more godless and shameless than the random anarchy of dynamite. An alien financier indolently pulls the statute of Edmund Burke to light his cigar with; and all the stewards of the national dignity can do is to ask another alien to sweep away the pieces with a broom. This is truly anarchic; because it is infinite. We all know the tale in "Punch" of the nurse saying to the child, "Go and see what your brother is doing and tell him he mustn't." But it is equally illogical when the Government practically says to its Postmaster-General, "Go and see what your brother is doing and tell him he may." I suppose if a Samuel absent-mindedly found himself in someone else's strong-room with a lantern and a jemmy, it would be found that the law about burglary had long wanted looking into. I suppose if a millionaire developed a taste in murder, the

great progressive modern mind would feel that the precedent of Cain and Abel was very old.

It is not anarchy to proclaim that one of the Thirty-nine Articles, which runs (I think) "It is lawful for a Christian to bear arms at the command of the magistrate," shall henceforth be imposed on all men, as we impose the dogma of the decency of clothes. It is that perfectly rational thing we call persecution. Even if we burn the Pacifist at Smithfield, it is not irrational and not anarchic. But it is anarchic if we allow Pacifism to be preached everywhere by every kind of person, from magnificent people like Tolstoy to microscopic people like Norman Angell; if we allow it to pour like cataracts of oil out of every Quaker newspaper, and resound like blank charges of cannon from every ethical platform—and then imprison Mr. Mann for saying something of the sort when he is leading the dock strike and defying the Insurance Act. It is arresting a man for one thing and punishing him for another; and that is anarchy.

THE SECRET SOCIETY OF PLUTOCRATS.

It is not anarchy to abolish the House of Lords, and so prevent it from rejecting any Bills. It is democracy. It is not anarchy to preserve the House of Lords and allow it really to reject Bills. It is aristocracy. But it is anarchy to do what has actually been done by the secret society of plutocrats that governs England—to let the Lords reject bills from the Commons, but not to let either Lords or Commons, as such, know whether the rejection will have any effect. Only the secret society is to know that.

Therefore, when our official mentors talk about the forces of disorder, we are only disposed to answer: "You are the forces of disorder." We can break the law, if absolutely necessary, more lawfully than you seem able to enforce it. It is we who stand for reason and order; it is we who speak for clarity and a comprehensible scheme. Whether we defend it from an editor's chair, or a Trafalgar pedestal, or a pulpit, or a dock, or a prison, depends on you and not us. Our attitude is a defence of order, and even of tidiness. We want to know why a Minister said one thing in one month and quite the opposite a month after. We want to know why any one should say that a thing was hidden because it was not important. It troubles us; it bothers our simple orderly minds. And we should like to know, in our tidy and timid way, how much more there is going to be of this sort of thing; and what other monsters may show their half-made shapes out of the darkness. But I suppose we must wait and see.

REBELLION IN DOWNING STREET.

We often call ourselves rebels on this paper, as the best romantic phrase for fighting men when they have evil on top of them. But, indeed, it is the Government that is one great gigantic rebel; in the old religious sense in which Satan was a rebel. It is a rebel against the nature of things. The Devil is he who says he is God. That is, he is one who says that his functions are infinite and cannot be judged. Our present rulers are exactly marked by this secret omnipotence—this almost cosmic caprice. The schemes of modern plutocratic politics are at once gigantic and hidden: the two quite personal marks of the plans of hell.

Take one more practical case in conclusion. There are two kinds of Anarchists, or men so described; we are the first kind, and the plutocrats are the second kind. The first kind wants to draw the line somewhere. What he likes, in fact, is "The Limit." A man of this clear and courageous sort, Plimsoll, managed even in the full midnight of our mad industrialism to draw the line somewhere: It was called the Plimsoll Line: and has saved hundreds of sailors from the fishes. In order to do this he had to do all those things that Lansbury or Belloc have been blamed for doing: to deal abusively with men's names, to shake his fist in men's faces. But he was not an Anarchist: he was fighting for the limit. The great shipowners he denounced were Anarchists, for they were fighting for a mere lawless tendency. The Government has not disregarded the rules of debate as poor Plimsoll did; it has not disregarded the tone or style of the Victorian politics and good manners. It has simply disregarded the Plimsoll Line. It has calmly wiped it off the side of the ship with a great and damp silent sponge. Consider that practical parable of comparison, and you will see that if we are mutineers on shipboard, they are mere wreckers of the ships.

Theatres & Amusements.

"A West-End Theatre of Perfect Appointment at POPULAR CINEMA PRICES."

NEW MIDDLESEX THEATRE OF VARIETIES, Drury-lane. TWICE NIGHTLY, 8.30 and 9.10. Mme. B. RASIMI presents the REVUE from the BA-TALAN THEATRE, Paris.

"J'ADORE CA" (I Love It).

Direct from its record run of over 260 nights in Paris. Prices, 6d. to 2s. 6d. A few Fanteuils at 5s. Boxes 15s. and 25s. Phone, Gerrard 1399.

PALLADIUM. 6.20 and 9.10. Mon., Wed., and Sat., 2.30, 6.20, and 9.10. VESTA TILLEY (evenings only). LITTLE TICH, GEO. BEVAN and CO., GRAPHOPHONE GIRL, REGLA, FRANK POWELL, &c.

In reference to the recent dockyard wages concessions, the Portsmouth Liberal Executive has unanimously passed a resolution calling upon the Admiralty to meet at once the reasonable demands of the men in the lower paid ratings, and condemning the present treatment as neither just nor creditable.

"DAILY HERALD" FUND.

C. J. Hoggett (W.C.), 10s. "F.R.C.S." 418: F. Street (Surrey), 5s.; J. W. Inger (Hulwell), 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 1s.; Government Official, 2s.; J. A. Povah, 2s. 6d.; Miss Hemsley (Norwich), 2s.; W. G. (Watford), 2s. 6d.; Miss A. M. Buchan (Norfolk), 210; A. J. Treherne, 2s.; per E. Dickinson (Wimbledon), 18s. 6d.; Miss M. Morgan-Brown (Surrey), 22 2s.; M. S. B. (Brixton), 2s. 6d.; "Wee Mac" (Huddersfield), 1s.; G. V. Bower (Hendon), 2s.; Sheffeld Anarchist, 1s.; G. Johnson, 6d.; Two Working Women, 5s.; Guillermo Azor, Rebel, 2s.; "A. Weil" Wisler, 10s.; Collected by E. V. Fusell (W.B.P.U. Newcastle-on-Tyne), 16s. 6d.; Lewisham W.S.P.U., 10s.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; Douglas, 10s.; H. H. Dawson (Salington), 18s. 6d.; Anonymous, 2s.; W. E. W. (Leeds), 2s.; J. Neil (Salford), 3s.; W. Jones (Warrington), 2s.; "Empire Builders" (per Leicester Rebel), 6s. 6d.; Miss W. R. Aitken (W.C.), 2s.

GODFREY ISAACS ON THE GRILL.

Admits His "Misfortunes" in Mining Ventures.

MARCONI THE ONLY SUCCESS.

The Curious Metamorphosis of a Gold Mine.

Godfrey Isaacs was the only witness at yesterday's hearing of the libel action against Cecil Chesterton.

When obliged to admit that practically all the financial ventures he was engaged in before the Marconi Company was started proved complete failures, he referred to such incidents in his career as "misfortunes." The Marconi venture had proved his only success.

After Godfrey had gone into details respecting each of the companies with which he had been associated, Carson read to him the following passage from the "Eye-Witness":—

"This is the man who is now managing director of the Marconi Companies, the brother of the Attorney-General, whose duty it is to see that promoters of companies of the class we have described are put out of harm's way, to whom are committed extreme powers for the protection of investors who are exploited by means of bogus ventures incorporated under the provisions of the Companies Act.

"The files at Somerset House of the Isaacs companies to which we have drawn attention cry out for vengeance on the man who created them, who manipulated them, who filled them with his creatures, and who worked them solely for his own ends, and sought to get rid of some of them when they had served his purpose by casting the expense of burying them upon the public service.

"We call the Attorney-General, irrespective of blood relationship, to do his duty in regard to this man Godfrey Charles Isaacs."

Isaacs said that he had never heard of any complaint, either from his fellow-directors or from any shareholders, of his conduct.

Counsel read another passage in which occurred the words, "We deal elsewhere in the abominable business of Samuel Isaacs and the Marconi Company." "Is there anything you know of," he asked, "that you think was abominable in reference to the Marconi contract?"—Certainly not.

Sir Edward (reading): "It seems that it is not quite so certain that the fraud will go through."—I know of no fraud.

"This particular piece of public plunder may just possibly be averted." Do you know any reason for calling it "public plunder"?—None at all.

Sir Edward then produced two posters of the "New Witness" which ran: "Godfrey Isaacs' Ghastly Record," and "More of Godfrey Isaacs' Ghastly Record." From January 2 to January 9, said the prosecutor, the first placard was paraded outside his office, the Houses of Parliament, and in every busy thoroughfare that he passed through.

Mr. Wild, cross-examining, divided the articles complained of into two classes, those before December, 1912, and those which appeared afterwards. He said, "The attack from August to December, 1912, was mainly a political attack or an attack on politicians. The others are rather personal attacks on Mr. Godfrey Isaacs."

Prosecutor: I rather gather that the first attacks were attacks on me jointly with other people, and subsequently they became attacks on me alone. You are not a politician in that sense, are you?—I am not.

A Public Duty.

You are not a public man?—No. He added that he would not object to strong criticisms of the contract or the method of the negotiators. While the attacks were of this character, and did not directly refer to him, he took no action. Then the style of the attacks changed, and his solicitor wrote to defendant asking him to desist from libelling the prosecutor until the evidence of both had been taken by the Marconi Committee. The defendant replied that he was pleased to hear that prosecutor was taking proceedings against him.

Counsel: In fact, I think we might almost say he invited that?—He did. He took up the position that he was performing a public duty?—I don't know anything about that. You were forced either to resign your position or to prosecute?—I think it really came to that. I do not think I could have continued to remain managing director of a com-

pany with 8,000 shareholders. He admitted that if the alleged libels were to any extent true he was not a fit man to remain managing director of a large company.

The first group of companies to which Mr. Wild directed witness's attention were three Welsh mines, in all of which it had been expected to find gold in paying quantities.

Isaacs admitted that the companies failed.

"Inflating the Shares."

Mr. Wild: Was the Voel Mine a gold mine in 1900, a lead mine in 1902, and a stone quarry in 1903?—Witness did not agree with this description. He agreed that the St. Davids mine was the only Welsh mine with which he had been connected which was financially successful.

Counsel suggested that the shares in the St. Davids gold mine once rose to £3 4s. per share. He asked Isaacs: "You had considerable dealings in those shares?"—Witness: No. I had some. I suggest you were buying and selling for a long period of time?—No. I do not agree. And the case we seek to make against you is that as a matter of fact you ran this company, not for the purpose of simply working it as an ordinary business concern, but for the purpose of inflating the shares?—That is not true. At one time these shares rose as high as £5 10s. I was offered a cheque for £11,000 for 2,000 shares, and I refused.

The Judge drew attention to a statement among the alleged libels, which stated that in July, 1909, while Isaacs was still a member of the board, a prospectus was issued, offering 400,000 five per cent. first mortgage debentures at 97 on the representation that the company had earned during the preceding six months profits at the rate of £204,000 per annum. To Isaacs, the Judge said: "Do you know whether those representations were correct or incorrect?"—Witness: They are absolutely correct.

Counsel questioned Isaacs as to the number of syndicates in which he lost money, and the witness replied: "If it were not for men who are disposed to put money into ventures of that kind, there would be no chance for anything new at all to ever see daylight." Counsel suggested that rich people were persuaded to put their money into these syndicates, and that witness and others profited.—Witness: No. We put our money in too.

One of those who lost most money in the St. Davids Gold Mine was Mr. Keswick, said witness, and counsel suggested that this gentleman was one of the rich men who had been exploited by Mr. Isaacs.

Replying to the judge, Mr. Wild said he suggested that Mr. Isaacs got rich people to put money into these things, that he was living out of them, and that they were all failures. The Judge: How can you get rich people if you are not a promoter?

Counsel said witness was in most of the companies from the start. The Judge: That is not being a promoter.—I joined them myself, as one of those who put money into somebody else's company.

Counsel: Here is case after case where you are concerned, and they are all failures.—Witness: That is my misfortune.

Can you point to one success except the Marconi in the whole of your career?—In companies complete successes, no. He added that these concerns were started to develop something new, and not one new thing in twenty was a success.

Counsel then read extracts from the passages complained of. One ran, "The only possible asset such a man could have would be his influence with his brother, the Attorney-General, who might be of use in procuring from the Cabinet such an agreement as is now being negotiated in Westminster."

Counsel asked: "Have you a considerable interest in the Marconi Company?"—Witness: Yes. And you are paid a very large salary?—Yes. Of course, you agree that the contract would be a very fine thing for the company?—Certainly.

Godfrey was still going through the mill when the hearing was adjourned.

GODFREY AND THE PRESS.

Godfrey Isaacs obtained in the King's Bench Division yesterday a rule nisi for alleged contempt of court against the editors of the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Globe" newspapers.

F. E. Smith, in introducing the motion, said the matter in regard to which the alleged contempt had been committed was a prosecution now proceeding at the Old Bailey of Cecil Chesterton on a charge of alleged criminal libel, and it was submitted that the contempt had been committed in relation to certain proceedings that had been commenced by shareholders against Godfrey Isaacs and others.

RED FLAG OF REVOLT.

Black Outlook for the Bosses in the Black Country.

THE PROFITS LOST FOR EVER!

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BIRMINGHAM, Friday Night.

There is joy in Heaven and fear in the hearts of the Fat Men controlling the Black Country. After years of suffering and repression the workers have unfurled the red flag of revolt.

Thousands of men have been working for a pound a week, or less, but now they are going to end all that. As a start they are out for a minimum of 23 shillings, and from Brum to Wolverhampton, and from Walsall all round the Black Country, down tools is the order of the day.

At the present moment interest centres in the dispute in the tube trade, one of the most important Black Country industries. Over 20,000 are out, and before the week-end is out the whole trade will be held up.

Fat Men and Fireless Furnaces.

Already bosses employing as many as 30,000 men have been forced to pay increased wages, and still over 50,000 workers demand a minimum wage, which the Fat Man declares he cannot and will not pay. Accordingly the rebels have declared war. Thirty thousand men have come out and left the Fat Men to gaze upon fireless furnaces. By tomorrow over 50,000 men will have downed tools, and works will all be idle at a time when orders are pressing in.

Besides the tube trade, the following industries are affected: boiler makers, hardware workers, carriage-wagon builders. The men out in the respective districts are: Salfley, 300; Smethwick, unknown; West Bromwich, 1,230; Coombs Wood, 5,000; Netherton, 1,250; Dudley, 200; Wednesbury, 5,000; Haddsworth and Oldbury, 5,000; Goatbridge, 1,500; Walsall, 3,000; Wolverhampton, 1,000; Willenhall, 1,000.

Better Starve Than Be Beaten.

The men are determined to compel every firm within fifty miles of Birmingham to pay the minimum demand. "We are out to win, and we mean to win," declared the strikers, and a potent factor in the struggle is the support being given by the strikers' wives. "We are ready to starve before we will let them be beaten" was a statement made yesterday by one of the women. A Fat Man, to frighten the strikers, declared yesterday that "the trade will leave the district for ever, and we shall be ruined." "What of the workers?" he was asked. "It is their fault, and these blank Trade Unionists want too much liberty, and want to run the show. I will shut my works before I pay, and so will others," he declared.

THE STRIKE IN BRADFORD.

The strike of the Bradford carters, the brickbats at the heads of the police, the instant juggling of the offenders, and the weeping and gnashing of teeth among the forces of Fat and Loranorder, all continue.

In Sheffield the strike is over, and the men resumed work yesterday, having gained an increase of a shilling a week all round.

For kicking a police-inspector's horse and assaulting an officer, a Bradford-striker has been sent to quod for six weeks, and another for four weeks for striking a policeman in the face.

JOURNALISTS AND BODKIN.

At a meeting of the Central London Branch of the National Union of Journalists yesterday a resolution was adopted protesting against the Bodkinian doctrine that newspapers may be suppressed before publication, an account of the supposed character of their anticipated contents; and declaring that any attempt to intimidate printers from printing a newspaper not yet published on account of its anticipated contents is illegal.

SELF-RAISING!

[The customary allegations of sabotage are being made against the bakers now on strike in the East End.]

How doth the soulless "sabber" sob?

He dumpeth in the dough

A dinky dab of dynamite,

And, lo! up goes the show.

CAROLUS.

Daily Herald

"GENTLEMEN" AS REBELS!

Poor old British Constitution! Is it falling on evil days, sinking down into a dishonoured old age? Has it any real friends at all? In avowedly loyal quarters is it really regarded as a farce, not—as we thought—a superstition?

The "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Globe" are now charged with contempt of court over a Marconi matter. What is the world coming to? These are respectable organs, papers of position. It is known to the utmost bounds of the Seven Seas that they are written by gentlemen for gentlemen. We can picture each of them saying, in the words of the old play, "Receives not thy nose court odour from me?" The sanctity and beauty of British law, and of everything truly British, are matters of faith with them. Yet we have lived to see the day when even *they* are suspect.

Of course it may be all a horrible mistake. The Devil may be out of sorts with our good and glorious Empire, and he it may be who caused the illusion and instigated the charge in order to embarrass the faithful. Yes, we really feel that there must be uncanny or supernatural causes behind such a startling manifestation. The notion of capitalist papers being accused of contempt for the capitalist Court whose mission is to keep capitalist law up to the mark is simply brain-stunning, worse than the heat-wave.

If the "Herald" were the accused or suspected organ nobody would wonder, certainly not our regular readers at any rate. We are under no illusions regarding the Courts or any other parts of the capitalist system. We see the class-law and the class-lawyers just as they are. They have no glamour, no dignity, no sacred authority for us. Our most unscrupulous enemy would not accuse us of respect for them.

We know them to be the cruel and obedient ministers of the master-class, and we want the wage-slave to be man enough to stand up to them, or rather to look down upon them, at every possible opportunity. They are far and away his inferiors, far below him in honesty and humanity.

It may be laid down as a general rule that there can be little real progress in Britain till the wealth-creating, burden-bearing Briton gets rid of his idiotic awe and veneration for all the shams, idols, and fetishes set up for him by his rulers and oppressors. If he develops a healthy contempt for them we shall not complain—provided always that he goes on fighting for the better order. Most things legislative, legal, and conventional in this blind slave-market of Britain are provocative of contempt.

But we certainly did not expect that "gentlemanly" papers, written for members and hangers-on of the master-class, would put themselves in the way of being suspected

of anything approaching contempt for any phase of one of our "great" institutions. We would deem it their desperate business to keep up traditional illusions at all costs. If "respectable" papers fall in the ancient faith, what "limit" can be set to the wicked heresy of the penmen of the proletariat?

Non-partisan people now will naturally begin to talk; they will inevitably conclude that there must be something happening, something very peculiar indeed in the background, when even the gentlemanly papers cannot restrain themselves. The mordant-minded will aver that truth will out even in capitalist leading articles and news summaries.

Others will put it that the Government is getting squeamish, and is giving itself away. It is hitting out testily and recklessly. Things have got upon its nerves, poor thing. Criminals betray themselves in various ways.

It will be noted that in the move against the gentlemanly "Pall Mall" and "Globe" the champion of the law and the Liberal Cabinet is Mr. F. E. Smith, as eager at his task as Carson in another arena. There are times when you get a wonderful insight into what all the pretended party warfare really means. It means just nothing when anything capitalistic is threatened or accused. The Tory lawyer and the Liberal lawyer then are brothers-in-arms, thick as Triplets.

We hope that the "P.M.G." and the "Globe" will not be upset over the legal and Liberal attentions. They may take it in different ways. It brings them into the fashion, so to say, for one thing. The Government is desirous of setting up its own School for Journalists. It has very pronounced notions as to the sort of Press that Britain wants, what pressmen should say and what they should not say. Mr. Lloyd George tried a special lesson in the days of the Kebley-Fletcher episode. It was not quite a success, but the Chancellor and his colleagues are men of resources and perseverance.

Bodkin's mighty line, the "suppression" of the "Suffragette," the prosecution of daring printers, and the experiment in "Herald" censorship ensued. None of those Liberal experiments in the way of creating a New Journalism, entirely harmless to the powers that be, have been at all distinguished. The material with which the Ministers and censors had to deal was difficult and obdurate. It is really very hard to "school" ourselves and the Suffragists. There is a devilish obduracy about us. Possibly they think in Downing-street that gentlemanly organs will be more delicate and pliable.

It is an ironical position anyway. For whatever may be the avowed political differences, whatever may be the technical legal position, the Ministers, the judges, the lawyers, the "P.M.G.," and the "Globe" are all part and parcel of the capitalist system. So we venture to prophesy that whatever happens our dignified contemporaries will not be punished with undue severity.

All the same the affair altogether is one of life's little ironies. The Comic Spirit must find Britain a delectable haunt.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

"Our" Dyson, who draws the most artistic and the most biting political cartoons in the world, sums up the Arle case precisely in our present issue. Sir Edward Grey is handing over this man, guilty of organising Trade Unions—which may not always, in such semi-barbarous countries as Russia, be gagged, chained and stifled by kindly Liberal regulations as our Unions are—to Russia. Russia will gratefully remember this whenever our anti-militarists, Suffragists, or practisers of sabotage take refuge in their country. Sir Edward Grey's official excuse about capitulations and consulates is all official nonsense. The judges in Egypt, who are practically under the control of Lord Kitchener, could refuse to extradite Arle until his "crime" had been made clear to them.

Those who like uniting in a solid squad in order to push other people will doubtless go to park Suffrage meetings to-morrow. The utmost licence is at present allowed. Roughs can safely punch feeble old ladies in the face and harry any helpless isolated man or woman who display Women's Suffrage colours. We believe no anti-Suffragists have ever been prosecuted by the police. (In case Bodkin does not know—he is not supposed to have overmuch judgment—this is our nasty sarcasm.)

Politicians no longer express the feelings of bird, beast, or fish. Thus, when the result of the Altrincham election was declared at the Manchester Stock Exchange, the members cried out "Marconi," but only a few Tories and no Labour Members have dared to express a cleansing contempt for the humbug and the gambling on inside information involved in the Marconi business. Solemn platform

rubbish not intended to lead to performance is the only stuff the politicians are at home with.

Mr. Garvin on Mrs. Meynell and her poetry—"With an exquisite singleness of genius, she stands apart and escapes the categories. She has few affinities, and none of this day. She is grave, yet fervent; sacrificial yet composed. She is classic by acceptance of law in thought and form, yet as unexpected in 'the many movements of her mind' as if, like the questing romantics of the new paganism, she pursued freedom for its own sake. She is, we say it again, greatly obedient and yet for ever uncaptured. Her reserve is rich in surprises as though the Tenth Muse not moving with the Nine were met alone by dawn or moonlight on the hill. She is not to be anticipated." Nor granted the right to vote—eh?

This would seem to be the favourable time for the boiler makers to come to the point. Much constructional work is in progress, including a super-Dreadnought. Other orders are being hurried on, including a Portuguese contract. The masters are hurrying in order that less work may be in hand when the crisis comes. The present is the time when the bosses could least afford a struggle. They are likely to be more reasonable than later on. The men can get their due if they will.

Last night's meeting at Battersea should help the revolt against the Insurance Act. That revolt must make itself clearly visible because not one of the three political parties is earnestly trying to destroy the hateful Act. "Thrift," enforced according to rich men's ideas on those whose wages are insufficient, is odious. If employers are anxious about the health of the wage-earners, let them pay for a medical service out of an income-tax. Compulsory "insurance" is an entirely bad thing.