

ernment would have to give way upon it. As the clause now stands, the Irish representation is reduced from 103 to 80, a reduction which led to a hostile amendment by Mr. Redmond, the leader of the nine Members who form the Parnellite group. He objected to the reduction so long as the land question, the appointment of judges, and the control of the Irish police were withheld from the Dublin Parliament. His contention was that Ireland's most vital interests were reserved; that the matters delegated to the Dublin Parliament were small in importance as compared with those which were withheld; and he therefore insisted that the present power of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament should remain undiminished. Mr. Redmond's amendment was defeated in a division which gave the Government a majority of fourteen—the smallest majority it has had in any of the numerous divisions on the bill.

The attack of Mr. Robert Wallace on the ninth clause, in so far as it retained the Irish Members at Westminster, was also expected. It had been heralded by review articles written by the brilliant ex-editor of the "Scotsman," and by columns of London correspondence in the daily press of the provinces. Mr. Wallace at one time had hoped to take Mr. Labouchere and several other fellow Radical Members into the division lobby with him against the Government proposal. As it was, Mr. Wallace's secession was the only one which occurred on the clause. Mr. Wallace is a man of extraordinary powers, and one of the most versatile and eloquent Members on the back benches of the House of Commons. His speech is regarded as one of the best made at any stage of the bill, and it pleased the Unionists so much that they are printing hundreds of thousands of copies of it for use as campaign literature for the approaching general election.

Apart from the bill itself, the proceedings in committee will make the Parliamentary session of 1893 memorable in several respects. There is no disputing the fact that the closure rules by which the bill has been accelerated are without precedent. There were special and extremely drastic closure rules in 1887, when Lord Salisbury's Government was forcing the Crimes Act for Ireland through the House of Commons; but there can be no real comparison between the two measures to which these rules have been applied. Crimes Acts for Ireland, unfortunately, have been numerous. Both Liberal and Conservative Governments have had to resort to them. The need for a Crimes Act, however, sooner or later disappears, while the circumstances which call for such legislation always demand an instant remedy. The Home Rule Bill, on the other hand, is a great constitutional measure, intended to make permanent changes in the government of both England and Ireland. Home Rule in one form or another will sooner or later have to be conceded; but it is doubtful if ever the final measure can be satisfactorily got through Parliament by the means which have been in use in the House of Commons since the end of June.

The acrimony and bitterness which have characterized the proceedings in committee are also likely to cause the session to stand out with somber prominence. Never before have "scenes" been so frequent in the House of Commons. Members of all political parties have shared in them, and Ministers and ex-Ministers on the Treasury and front Opposition benches have taken part in some of the heated personal interchanges. The Chairman of Committees has had a number of unpleasant experiences; personal explanations between Members have been common; and in three or four cases questions of privilege have been raised involving the conduct of editors of the London daily press. All this is evidence of an extreme irritability, new

in English politics, which it is to be hoped will not outlive the Home Rule epoch.

As to what will happen when the bill has met its fate in the Lords, all that need be said is that the Conservatives and the Unionists are already as hard at work in the constituencies as though the date of the next general election had been fixed. They are ostentatious in their activity and in the display of their preparedness for another electoral contest. The Home Rulers, on the other hand, are moving quietly, but there can be no doubt that they are as well prepared for any eventuality as their political opponents.



## Editorial Notes

The Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of the editorial staff of The Outlook, sailed for England on Wednesday of this week, in the Britannic. Dr. Bradford will fill a two months' engagement at Westminster Chapel, London, in connection with the Forward Movement of the London Congregational Union, of which we have already spoken.

The "Congregationalist" welcomes our recent remark that among the religious papers generous rivalry has taken the part of ill-tempered competition, and adds most truly: "A hot dispute between the editors of two family newspapers is as little relished by most of their readers as a quarrel between two neighbors at a family dinner party."

The London "Bookman" affirms that it has good authority for saying that four-fifths of the jokes accepted by "Punch" from outside contributors are sent by Scotchmen. This may or may not, it adds, be held to dispose of Sydney Smith's famous dictum. We hope (having a belief in Scotch wit) that the authority for the statement is better than that which leads the "Bookman" in the same number to report Mr. Walter Besant as being prevented from reaching Chicago because the "Etruria" was put into quarantine at New York.

Since we published (July 15 issue) the page of extracts from prominent religious and secular papers congratulating The Outlook on its change of name, on its past history, and on its future prospects, we have received many other similar "Echoes from the Press," as well as many letters from subscribers and friends, all expressing hearty good will, and nearly all acquiescing in the wisdom of the change. We heartily thank our friends, both those of our own family, so to speak, and those controlling other journals, for their pleasant and cordial words.

We learn from that excellent English paper, the London "Chronicle," that "in the United States the members of the Cabinet, *with the exception of the Vice-President* [italics ours], have no seats in either House of Congress." Since the Home Rule discussion has been up it is quite the fashion for English papers to refer, with an air of intimate knowledge, to the Constitution of the United States. A copy of that glorious document in each editorial room might save many such slips as that of making the Vice-President a member of the Cabinet.

A certain M. Faustin lately threatened to sue Edmund de Goncourt for damages if that author should dramatize one of his own novels under the title "La Faustin." M. Faustin did not claim that an attack was intended on him personally, but that it would bring the name into general derision. If this position were to be upheld by the courts, authors would, as the New York "Evening Post" suggests, be forced to go back to the practice of the morality plays and call their characters Chastity, Diligence, Good Sense, and the like. It has been settled here that an author who introduces real people under their own names into his work does so at his own risk; and even when fictitious names are used, damages may be gained when the design to injure or make ridiculous is clear, as was shown in the case of "Cape Cod Folks." Further than this the courts are not likely to go.

## That Extra Dividend

By Edward Everett Hale

AS Huldah or William—how should I know the name?—takes from its cover this number of The Outlook, reserved thus far for Sunday afternoon, that annoying question about the dividend, now eleven days old, comes up again. William or Huldah—how should I know the name?—reads The Outlook on the piazza. Two miles off is the ocean, in an exquisite purple color this time—it is never quite the same as before. Just this side of the horizon are two coasters crawling lazily along. Is the crew of one made up of Jabez and Nahum, the captain's sons, of Franklin his son-in-law, and is Camilla, Franklin's wife, on board with her mother, and are they all reading aloud from their last Outlook, under the shade of that great mainsail, as happy as we are on our shaded piazza? Let us hope so.

For this is a happy world. And people who know enough to take The Outlook know how to enjoy it. Certainly we will hope that the people on the coasters enjoy their holidays as we do ours.

But here—to Huldah or to William, or to "What's-his-name" or to "What's-her-name"—comes in this deferred question about that dividend.

For neither William nor Huldah, since the 20th of June, when they and so many others left town for the summer, has had more than one real duty which required effort and sacrifice.

This duty was to go to town, to go to the Safety Deposit Vaults, to take one's own special tin box from one's own little special cell, and to cut off the July coupons. Rain or shine, summer or winter, seed-time or harvest, one must cut off one's coupons. Else all men will know that papa did not train one well to business.

Then came this knotty question of the dividend. Yes, the times were hard just then, and the country was going to the dogs. But so it was ordered—dear Mr. Mahstef made our investments so well for us that our coupons this summer have footed up larger than they did last winter. We had so much Sugar and so little Cordage. And the Cattaraugus and Opelousas dividend was so extraordinary!

So William—or was it Huldah?—returned from town, with that difficult question, "What to do with these unexpected hundred and five dollars." How spend them so as to show one's gratitude that our ships are afloat when other ships worth a hundred million dollars are in the quicksands or have gone down?

It is for all the Huldahs and all the Williams in this doubt that I copy the following letter, which I have received yesterday. It is from my chief of staff, left in town on duty, while some of us take our holiday, while we sit on the piazza. It shows what one day of July brings to light among the people who are not sitting on piazzas and are not taking holidays.

### THE LETTER

"My dear Chief:

"It is my turn to write to you to-day, and should I tell you the whole of yesterday you would be wearied. It was one of those days when I went home, not discouraged, but utterly worn out because so many things had appealed to me and my sympathies had been so deeply touched all day.

"First was 'Noon-Day Rest.' Everything glides along beautifully. Each one seems interested in her own department, and bound to make the whole succeed."

[The Noon-Day Rest is a co-operative club of two hundred and fifty working-girls, who have their own dinners in their own club-rooms. If they choose, they carry their dinners. If they order them, they order them from their own Committee.] The letter continues:

—"A. B., Mrs. Winter's pretty protégée, whom I have placed in a position at Tenterdon, was my first caller, but

I had missed her. I found your letter, with the inclosure from F. H., about that dying boy, Will Grattan. I feel for him very much. He is only the age of my Frank, yet it seems as if we could do nothing." [The boy is a worthy lad of sixteen, fading away in consumption. The doctors want to send him away from the sea.] "It seems as if we could do nothing, for our outing money has failed us." [The "outing money" is a contribution of about three hundred dollars, which we generally receive from "several hands" as summer begins. This year, thanks to Cordage, and silver, and Chicago, and nervous depression generally, the three hundred dollars dwindled to seven.] "But this morning," so the letter goes on, "Mrs. C. D., of the Tintagel Club, comes in, and, having the sick boy in my mind, I talked to her. She gives me encouragement that her club will pay two weeks' board. So there is a ray of light.

"Miss Hargrave was my next caller. Mrs. E. F., of Clovelly, wants a nursery governess; the salary is small, but the surroundings are, so to speak, large. I have written Mrs. F. to make an appointment with Miss Hargrave, and I think there is the right person in the right place.

"Then came Mr. Oberlin. He had a dish-washer to provide for, if we wanted one; and he said that my poor deaf old Mrs. Segur should teach in the sewing-school this summer." [That means heaven to old Mrs. Segur.]

"Then I poured out to him my grief that the little children at the South End, under eight years old, should be left in the streets, because they have no vacation school there, as they had last year. He sympathizes, and really thinks that he can arrange a big kindergarten, which will take perhaps all those vacation school children in. But where will he get the money in these hard times? However, I gave him the name of a nice kindergartner, and he went his way.

"Now comes a girl from the Working-Girls' Club. She wants a vacation. The 'associates' are willing to pay her fare to P., but she cannot pay board. She said she should have to give it up, for she only earned two dollars and a half last week. Happy thought! I would (and did) write to Mr. Ross." [P. S.—Next day's report. Mr. Ross sent ten dollars for the girl's visit, with thanks.]

"Next a lady—name unknown—who wanted to talk 'charities of the city' for a story which she wished to write! Promptly referred her to the 'New Harry and Lucy.'

"Now comes Mrs. Marcelline, of the Young Travelers' Aid." [This is the organization which keeps a Visitor or Lady Welcomer at each railroad or steamboat station, to care for friendless girls.] "She brought with her a pretty, modest girl of sixteen. Mrs. M. also brought with her her monthly report. And, while she lamented that one report is so exactly like another, she told me incidents of the month that drew our tears. Here, for instance, is this girl—left an orphan, placed in an 'institution,' then taken from it by a lady, who made her 'one of the family.' Now the lady prefers to 'keep a servant,' and so, after five years, sends this girl to Boston, with five dollars in her pocket, to make her way! I have written to the lady for her version of the tale, and must see what can be done with the girl later on. Meanwhile I have sent her to the 'Temporary Home.'

"Then comes in Mrs. M. N. She is a sweet, delicate-looking woman, who married a 'foreigner.' He has been modern language teacher in a college, where they have now discharged him, because they have given up teaching the modern languages. He is all discouraged by a series of disappointments. What can you do with a discouraged man? Here is a family of five in all, living on seven dollars a week—the earnings of one of the boys. Clearly she is a lady—and it is a sad, sad case. . . . How would he do for your school in Oregon?

"She has pawned her silver—and everything else. I do