

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

A correspondent of a contemporary somewhat pertinently asks why it is that Liberal politicians, when in power, always hasten to condemn and censure their own Government in difficult and dangerous crises abroad. Certain it is that the present Administration, since it has been in office, has already secured a very dubious record with regard to its bearing to leading Civil Service officials. We recall the ungenerous treatment of Lord Milner whose great services, not only to his own country but also to South Africa at a very critical moment in the history of both, were completely ignored; and the fact that this great consul was exposed to the cheap sarcasm of self-satisfied politicians of the Winston Churchill order. Hardly less satisfactory has been the conduct of the Government in the matter of Sir A. Swettenham, the Governor of Jamaica. We hold no brief for the official in question, his letter to the American Admiral being singularly devoid of tact, and, if it was meant to be facetious, being an exceptionally poor joke, but the Government, at all events, are not to be congratulated on their method of dealing with the incident. No sooner had the correspondence been published in the Press than Lord Elgin at once cabled to Sir Alexander, peremptorily ordering him to withdraw "forthwith and unreservedly" his letter and to express his regret for having written it. There was no suggestion of any enquiry into the whole incident, although it is certainly within the bounds of possibility that Admiral Davis may have acted in a manner not especially distinguished by tact or forbearance at a time when the Governor was harassed, as he had never been before, in the face of the appalling calamity that had suddenly overwhelmed the island. Chagrin at the fact that British ships were conspicuous by their absence at a time when their help would have been particularly valuable, may have tended to increase Sir Alexander's acerbity, and at least there might have been some hint at an enquiry into the facts of a matter in which the honour of a long-trying Civil Servant was concerned. It may reasonably be doubted that, had the offending letter proceeded from the Admiral, the American Government would have treated their own countryman with such scant courtesy. The only official over whom the Government has chosen to throw its protecting aegis is Sir West Ridgeway. When he was Governor of Ceylon he had, of course, exceptional opportunities of acquainting himself with the profits to be made out of the pearl fishery in Cingalese waters, and no sooner had his term of office expired than he persuaded the Government to lease the fisheries to a company in which he was largely interested, Mr. Lyttleton agreeing to the deal with a complacency as remarkable as it was regrettable. But the present Government, when their attention was called to what a leading Liberal organ termed an "ugly job", entirely refused to regard it in that light, and showed that Sir West Ridgeway was a man they delighted to honour, by appointing him chief of the South African Commission sent out to enquire into the labour conditions in that country. But Sir West Ridgeway is a Radical.

G. WIRSING, American Dentist. Graduate of the Milwaukee Medical College (Dental Department).
Silesien Strasse 10b, corner Prager Strasse. Tel.: 9987.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and it is doubtless the now notoriously uncertain way in which the Government treats the nation's pro-consuls that has prompted the London correspondent of the Cairo nationalist organ *Al Lewa* to send to his paper what he terms the true story of Lord Cromer's resignation. This extraordinary narrative is to the effect that the resignation is due, not to illness, which is a mere pretext, but to the intervention of the British Cabinet, particularly Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who insisted on Lord Cromer altering his policy, with which the Prime Minister is said to have been profoundly dissatisfied, or resigning. Dissensions, he continues, prevailed between the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey, who finally, however, was prevailed upon to lay the choice before Lord Cromer, with what result *Al Lewa* knows. It furthermore appears that Sir Edward Grey first proposed Lord Milner as the Earl's successor; while the work of reform and the development of representative institutions are, says the correspondent, obligations laid upon Sir Eldon Gorst; though he prudently adds that the control of Egyptian finances will be kept in the hands of British administrators, and the army of occupation will continue to keep guard over the Nile.

There is no reason to believe that this story emanates from anything except the heated imagination of an irresponsible correspondent, but there can be little doubt that the story would never have been invented, had it not already been abundantly shown that the worst passport to the favour of the Government is to be an Englishman or to have done great service to the country.

RANDOM NOTES.

We have always, we confess, found something very alluring in full-blooded melodrama. The villain, with his eternal cigarette, and his constant habit of wearing a dress suit in and out of season—in many a melodrama the villain's wardrobe is limited apparently to a dress suit, and a coloured shirt and a pair of flannel trousers—has always imposed on us, even more than the gallant hero, with his deeds of derring-do and his unfortunate but none the less inevitable propensity for being put into gaol for someone else's offence. But there is always a comic side to these melodramas and we regret not having been present to hear the shouts of Homeric laughter caused by the new entertainment offered at the Scala theatre in London on Saturday evening last. Mr. Alfred Calmour, the author of the "Judgment of Pharaoh", the new play in question, achieved considerable success some years ago by providing Miss Ellen Terry with one of her best parts in a play entitled the "Amber Heart". The plot of his new lurid melodrama is a little difficult to follow, but after diligent perusal of the accounts of the play in several journals, we imagine it to be somewhat as follows: A wicked Assyrian enchantress—what an improvement on the modern adventuress!—by name Mione, is in love with a young Israelite Jevan, whose betrothed, Miriam, is desired by Pharus, the master of Mione. Jevan, a singularly unsophisticated youth, is induced to accompany Mione and Pharus to Egypt, for no particular reason apparently, and so ended Act I, complicated enough too in sooth. The scene of Act II was the Hall of the Concubines, and the audience tittered when it was scene that the pillars of the Hall were all awry! The action then proceeded fast and furiously; Jevan, whose head seems to have been as easily affected as his heart, is made violently intoxicated by Mione in 35 seconds and loses all his patrimony to Pharus by playing with loaded dice. Miriam appears on the scene, and resisting all Pharus' advances, prays for help and the Hall is instantly consumed by fire from heaven. As a reward for this pyrotechnic display Miriam and Jevan are to be thrown to the lions, but these fearsome animals—two obvious boar-hounds disguised—finding Jevan lying in the shadow of the Sphinx, give him a friendly nod and saunter off the stage again. Mione however, attracts them more apparently, for screams are heard without, one lion reappears licking his chops, and Mione is seen no more. Jevan and Miriam return to the valley of Rephaim, where the usual fatted calf is slain, and the lovers embrace to slow music until the curtain descends. As a farrago of preposterous nonsense, this latest addition to the London stage must transcend the worst thing yet attempted in that line, the "Sign of the Cross" so aptly described by a critic at the time as a combination of a salvation army meeting and a circus.

The International Pharmacy Reichs-Apotheke

Bismarck Platz 10, next the Main Railway Station. Phone 151.
Physician's Prescriptions accurately dispensed by qualified chemists only.
All foreign and native Patent Medicines, Mineral and aerated waters.
Soaps, Toilet-articles &c. Special-laboratory for urine analysis.
Free delivery to all parts of the town.

The incident, described above, of the "groggy" pillars in the Hall of the Concubines reminds us that unrehearsed effects in theatrical performances often win a more hearty mead of laughter than the wildest eccentricities of side-splitting comedians. There is a certain high-falutin drama entitled the "Lady of Lyons" which in less prosaic days than these enjoyed a large measure of popularity. Never was hero so romantic as the hero of this play. Youth, good-looks, courage, in short every virtue were his, and one felt at his every appearance that one had no right to breathe the same air as this transcendent being. And yet on one memorable occasion, when we saw the play, this same hero, Claude Melnotte his romantic name, was dragged down to the level of an ordinary mortal by a trifling incident that occurred at the commencement of the first act. When the play opens the gallant Claude's ancient mother is anxiously awaiting news of a shooting contest in which her son is taking part. We feel instinctively, of course, that her anxiety is assumed, for her son could never take ought but the first place. Our scepticism is justified, for in a few minutes who should pass the cottage window but the noble Claude, brandishing in triumph a new rifle, the prize of victory? But alas! on this occasion the fact that a stage door when set in a back cloth invariably has a small lintel across it at the bottom, had escaped Claude's memory, and he, the hero, the ever graceful one, tripped, fell upon the stage like a star-fish and the new gun went hurtling into the orchestra inflicting a severe blow on the head of the first trombone. Needless to say the whole house rocked with laughter, which was repeated when the hero later on, expatiating on the merits of his newly-won weapon was greeted

from the inexorable gallery with a cry of "Why don't you take more care of it?" For that evening at least, Claude's reputation as a "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" was gone and his every appearance was welcomed by an unforgetting and callous house with an audible titter.

Another occasion occurs to us, when a somewhat similar incident completely spoils the effect of one of the most striking scenes in a singularly blatant melodrama. The play was called the "Ring of Iron", or "The grasp of Fate" or "Alone in London" or something equally suggestive of much or nothing. The great scene of the play was in the penultimate act. The villain had lured the unfortunate heroine to some evil, cellar-like place at Wapping or some other equally notorious Thames-side resort. In the middle of the stage was a post, supporting nothing, but possibly erected by the said villain for his own nefarious purposes, and at the back a pair of gigantic wooden gates. To this post the heroine, in spite of her maiden-like screams, was duly tied by the villain, who then mounting a flight of steps proceeded to turn a windlass and the ponderous gates slowly opened. It was now that we realised his fell design, for through the open gates came rolling, in billowy waves, the waters of the Thames. It seemed that nothing could save the hapless maiden from a watery grave. Now in those primitive days, and still for ought we know, the effect of the waves was produced by stalwart scene-shifters on their hands and knees, jumping or galumphing up and down beneath the canvass surface of the water. Upon this occasion the foremost layer of canvass split, and there literally rolled upon the stage a hardy-handed son of toil, bathed in perspiration, who lay for a few seconds there panting in the full glare of the footlights. What wonder that the audience laughed to such an extent that the woes of the heroine were forgotten? that even the gallantry of the hero, who appeared in the nick of time and with a knife between his teeth, dived into the waves and severing her bonds effected a timely rescue passed almost unnoticed? The scene-shifter for once was the hero of the evening.

EVERY SHOP WHERE
ENGLISH IS SPOKEN
SHOULD TAKE IN AND ADVERTISE IN
THE DAILY RECORD
DRESDEN, STRUVE STRASSE 5, I.

It is not surprising that the Premiers now on a visit to England have struck. A delicate portion of their anatomy has, so to speak, gone back on them, and revolts at the endless series of banquets it is called upon to assimilate. The Premiers have accordingly jibbed and the Master and Wardens of the Mercers' Company have been obliged to intimate to the guests they had invited that the banquet is "off". One of the Colonial Premiers has confided to a reporter that he had at last managed to have a simple lunch off a sandwich and lemonade and enjoyed the change from the ponderous menus he has been wading through twice a day since he arrived in England. There is such a thing as killing with kindness, and it will be a serious thing for the Colonies if the Prime Ministers repair to their native shores with digestions hopelessly impaired. Dr. Jameson gave in early in the campaign and General Botha soon followed suit. Presumably a champagne diet has no charms for a South African constitution.

According to a statement in the *Evening Standard* Mr. Gladstone when he failed to find a seat in the House of Commons during a great debate made a virtue of necessity and sat upon the floor. His example in this respect was followed by Mr. Raphael, the millionaire member for South Derbyshire, during Mr. Asquith's budget oration. Mr. Raphael is quite rich enough to build a new House, and thus secure himself a seat and when he walked out of the House, upon Mr. Asquith announcing his intention of inflicting yet further burdens on rich men's estates, it was imagined that he retired, although more in sorrow than in anger, because he could not listen to eulogies of prospective taxation that touched him personally so closely. It now transpires that the House misjudged his motives; his exit was merely due to the fact that he found the floor an uncommonly hard seat. It is a curious fact that the Mother of Parliaments does not think it necessary to provide seats for all her Members. The House of Commons is only 75 ft. long by 45 ft. broad and yet has to accommodate over 600 members. Various Commissioners of Works have tried to increase the accommodation, but they cannot achieve the impossible, and nothing short of pulling down the present hall and rebuilding it, or erecting a new chamber in the great court-yard will remedy the evil.

It is e
Princess
May 3.

The Pr
Royal, th
and Prin
of Argyll
Duchess o
of Teck,
Augusta o
of Teck,
their pat
benefit o
Albert H
the Duke

Princes
inaugurat
house an
when Her
ing. She
and in ho
the poor
present.
furnishing

The Co
dinner by
Stafford
served in
large ro
daffodils
Those pr
Duke of
Lansdown
bury, Ea
the Earl
Crewe, E
Esher, Vi
Lord Stra

The Du
bordered
crown, a
guests ju
right an
mansion-
markable
which br
visitor to
reception
where so
been held
with art
one of th

The C
that they
landowne
only the
the Duke
from wh
about on
has also
English 1

The Ma
lor to th
Madrid
connectio
the Thro
few weel
London f
is Chamb

Lord I
land's yo
Stanhope
in the fo
who, wh
guished
first-class
Newdigat
land fan
Church.
some for
are mem
brother, I
son, Alge