

English Church Life and Social Reform

LONDON, July 31. (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—A service at St. Paul's cathedral must always be interesting because of the associations of that great historic pile, but to one service in particular, annually held there in the summer, an interest attaches which is altogether unusual from the fact that it is attended in state by his majesty's judges and that the preacher for the occasion has the rare opportunity of bringing the law and the gospel to bear upon a set of gentlemen who themselves often bring the law to bear upon their fellow creatures, but, as many think, do not temper law with Christian mercy quite so often as they should. Waiting under that mammoth dome in the company of some 5,000 other curious folk for the hour when this service should begin, I found a wish springing up which, could it only have been gratified, would have added to the occasion a new element, both of interest and liveliness. What I craved was that the pulpit for this occasion might have been occupied by some outspoken preacher like Dr. Parkhurst of New York, or, failing of that kind, by at least some versatile genius of the Tebague stripe. But they have no such men in the Church of England. Everything English is very likely to be conventional and as a matter of course that was what the sermon proved to be on an occasion into which a live Yankee preacher would have been sure to inject something that was striking, even if he did not go the full length of sensationalism.

But were spectacular effects wholly lacking in this service? On the contrary they were in the most affluent evidence. The pulpit did not make much show, but the occasion itself was decidedly a show. It is the one occasion in the year when there is a coming together of what might be called the three English graces—church, law and civic government. The bewigged, scarlet-robed judges are met at the entrance to St. Paul's by the even more fantastically arrayed city aldermen, headed by the lord mayor, and if the reader will imagine, in the central aisle of that great cathedral a long procession of such dignitaries, with some flunky carrying before each of them a golden mass or other shining emblem of his office, and will then watch this glittering pageant as it enters the chancel and there blends, in the process of seating itself, with the surpliced choir and the variously gowned clergy, he will be quite convinced that the occasion was indeed what I have called it, viz. a show, and, assuming fancy to have told him all its tale, he will further agree that it was a show well worth seeing.

Propriety and Its Reasons.

A pleasing feature of this church spectacle was that clergy, judges and city fathers alike all carried tastefully arranged bouquets of white and red flowers. This did not seem inappropriate. But before accepting the propriety of what one sees as a full explanation of why one sees it, one must remember that in England what people do is not half so likely to be done because it conforms to good taste as from regard to some ancient custom. Those bouquets carried me in thought to the sessions room of the Old Bailey. On the tables in front of the presiding judge and the attendant aldermen you will always see in that historic hall, when court is in session, bouquets which bear a suspicious resemblance to those which, on this particular Sunday, are so pleasantly in evidence at St. Paul's cathedral. Here, I thought, was perhaps a little clue which, if followed, might throw light upon this matter. And so it turned out. The white flowers typify the purity of English justice, and the whole bouquet, with its fringing of green, whether you see it in a judge's hand at church or on his table at the Old Bailey, commemorates, as one might have been sure it did from the first, a custom which stretches far back into antiquity.

In olden time the seats of English judges were strewn with scented herbs as a protection to their lordships against the plague, and at the Old Bailey, as a particular protection against jail fever; for Newgate prison was in close proximity, and from its foul atmosphere, as the iron doors were opened to bring prisoners into the

trial room, there was danger of infection. There is, of course, no such danger now; but what a pity it would be to ever give up doing what you used to do once! You might modify the custom a little, but to wholly give it up, what a slap in the face that would be to the shades of one's ancestors! So these English seem to argue in such cases. Hence the bouquets, carried alike by judges, aldermen and clergy, which formed so pleasing a feature of that special service for the judges. They were certainly ornamental, and it rather seemed that the preacher, from the tenacity with which he clung to his own specimen, was

to bring up. Still, this bachelor bishop was quite right in contending that if people do not learn obedience while they are young they will be likely to lack that which is vital to good citizenship.

Another point made by this bishop in his sermon before his majesty's judges was something like this: In a free country, he said, law must harmonize with liberty. It must never come into contact with the reasonable conscience of the people, otherwise it would be ineffectual and would necessarily fall into contempt. In making this point the preacher it seemed to me, brought into view as by a flash that feature

a sight only a little more appalling than the final day of judgment is likely to be. Many of the old-timers were rusty old scoundrels and some of them were holy terrors. These qualities were so common fifteen or twenty years ago as to be typical, and they naturally evoked a very stern type of judicial countenance. But today the type of face most frequently seen, barring that of Justice James, who in caricature would easily pass for a model of Uncle Sam, is of the John Bullish order—full, fair, rosy and good-natured.

How to Old Traditions.

The old traditions seem to have gotten their death blow when the kindly and beaming Lord Russell was made chief justice and if the queen sets the style for ladies as to the color of their hair what forbids that in the same country a chief justice should set the style for his associates as to the habitual expression of their official features. Something of this kind seems ready to have taken place. Lord Russell's successor is Lord Alverstone, of whom it is said that he has never been known to lose his temper and who certainly, on the bench, looks like a man who wouldn't take half the pleasure in sentencing you to be hanged and quartered as he would in doing you some other kind of a good turn. The jester of the English bench is Justice Darling, whose remarks, which are frequent, are listened to by counsel and others in the spirit of thoughtful expectancy with which theater-goers listen to the droll words of the funny comedian.

But what a mistake anyone would make who should imagine that even so defectible a justice as this didn't still have his roguish eye on the blindfolded figure who has his scales or that he couldn't on occasion follow a good joke with a staggering sentence! It was only the other day that Justice Darling, hearing some mention of an agreement between the plaintiff and defendant, asked to see the agreement. Forthwith it was read by plaintiff's counsel. But his lordship still insisted upon seeing it, and when it was handed to him the first thing he noticed was that no stamp had been used and the next thing that everybody else in the court noticed was that the plaintiff was up at the clerk's desk paying a fine of a little over \$50 for attempting to defraud the revenue.

This instance of spot justice is characteristic of English judges and of the swift and sure processes of the English courts. In some of the courts proceedings may drag, as, for instance, in that which a few days ago wound up a bankruptcy case which had been running forty-five years by turning over to the creditors a final dividend of something less than a penny in the pound! Cases of this kind show how certain it is that the English law when once set in motion will not cease to grind, though generations pass, until it has turned out the full measure of its own ideal of justice. But what chiefly impresses an American is that the English courts, particularly in criminal trials, move quickly and are so intolerant of captious appeals for delay.

Crime Sure of Punishment.

There is no danger here of a murderer outliving all the witnesses to his crime unless, by the way, he succeeds, as many do, in eluding arrest. One could hardly say that the English police are either very quick or very sure in ferreting out offenders, but there is certainly nothing slow about the English courts when once the culprit has been caught. Even Earl Russell must pay the penalty, despite the fact that he had the sympathy of his judges and almost the whole of his fellow-countrymen. He could not even secure what in our country would have been deemed a reasonable postponement. To delay the wheels of justice in England it isn't enough to plead that you want time to get evidence. You have to show clearly what evidence you expect to get and when you've done that the judge comes in with his little hatchet to determine first, what likelihood there is of your getting this particular evidence, and, secondly, whether the evidence, even if you should get it, would be likely to alter the result of the trial.

There has certainly, however, been a change in the way in which justice is administered over here and it is decidedly

in the direction of fairness and increased leniency. Not even yet is there much chance or even any for the guilty to escape. The English judges, too, are as keen as ever in detecting the sophistries of counsel and as quick as ever when pleaders try to hoodwink juries in politely telling them to shut up. And, speaking of juries, it is very evident that these are still as palpably as ever in this country the roofs of the man who sits on the bench. This, on the whole, perhaps, is not a bad thing, assuming the judge to be fair-minded, for the judge always knows better than juries what the law is. He is also better fitted to weigh evidence and less likely to allow judgment to be warped by sentiment. But some of the judges lash their juries, they are really snappish and overbearing toward them.

A juror who doesn't attend to what witnesses are saying or who even seems not to be doing so may expect from the judge a public reprimand. A few days ago a juror who fell in this way under judicial disapproval was banished from the box in disgrace. The juror must be careful, too, when he is permitted to ask the judge a question that he doesn't preface his question with any remarks. Otherwise he will never reach his question, for the judge will tell him, as one did the other day, that he doesn't want any suggestion from the jury box and that since the inquiring juror seems incapable of coming to the point, he'd better sit down.

Judges Takes a Hand.

One is surprised, too, to find how some judges over here still seem to brook no justice in the effort to bring them to attention. This very week the foreman of a jury told the justice that two of the twelve were holding out against the other ten. The judge's exact language I did not take down, but his tone was that of a man who had just heard one of the most monstrous things which judicial dignity was ever ruffled and in substance he said: "Don't come here with such stuff as that, go again and consider your verdict, and let me see your ugly faces again before you've agreed, if you dare."

Thus the English system is not perfect, even though it does have some features that are superior to those of our own. It is, however, surely improving. The guilty may stand no better chance than ever to escape severe punishment, but there is undoubtedly now a better chance for those whose guilt is not clearly established and a far greater likelihood than formerly that justice will be tempered with mercy. This improvement is due, in my judgment, to two things. Whatever modifications there may have been in the law itself one may pass over as of little consequence. It is the times and the men that have changed. With democracy so fully recognized elsewhere, how strange it would be if this spirit, which always at its best conduces to fairness and fraternity, did not find its way finally into the court of justice. Judges now are especially careful to give the poor their rights, and, if they were not, how strangely out of joint with the time they would be!

After all, though, the greatest change is in the personnel of the judges themselves. From top to bottom they are different from what they used to be—more considerate, more human and kind. So vital is this change in the temper of the English judges that, as I have hinted, it has brought into vogue a new and kinder type of judicial countenance. From Hawkins, who was known at the Old Bailey as the "hanging judge," it is a long and glad cry to the kindly-featured, pleasant-spoken and gentlemanly Grantham whom I saw dispensing justice at this court, and not dispensing with it, a few days ago. There were two acquittals in manslaughter cases the same afternoon. The prisoner in one of these cases I was sorry for, because he was without counsel and was pressed hard, and, as it seemed to me, unfairly, by the law officers of the crown. But one could soon see that Justice Grantham was getting hold of the case and the way he punctured the claims of that inflated prosecution was no only a delight to those listening, but it was the sure salvation of the unfortunate man in the dock. HENRY TUCKLEY.



NEW GUINEA BABY AND CRADLE. THIS GIRL IS A CHRISTIAN AND HENCE WEARS CLOTHES.

more than half persuaded that these floral successors of the ancient scented herbs might be useful as well. The preliminary services lasted about an hour and a half. Many in the audience were kept busy during that time in holding on to their patience, and so sleepy were some that they needed to hold on to their chairs to keep from falling over. But the bishop of Stepney still held on to his bouquet and seemed reluctant to lay it down even while he was preaching.

Young and Enthusiastic.

This bishop of Stepney is an interesting figure for more reasons than one. He has only recently been appointed and he is so young. Not quite 40, they say, and he doesn't look even that. Like his intimate friend, the new and youthful bishop of London, he is a bachelor. No wonder the country is lamenting a decline in the birth rate when unmarried men seem to be so much in vogue for high offices of church and state! One might almost have inferred that the bishop of Stepney was a bachelor from the stress he laid in his sermon on the proper training of children. No one is ever quite sure of the exact rules according to which children should be brought up as those who never had any

of the legislative system of his own country in which its chief strength lies and in so doing necessarily showed up without perhaps intending to do it what in our country is a chief element of weakness. Too often with us laws are enacted before there is any widespread demand for them. The English are more likely in their legislative enactments to be behind the public conscience than ahead of it and who can doubt that this is one reason why their laws when they are made are so generally respected and so strictly enforced?

Besides seeing the English judges at that spectacular service in St. Paul's I have seen many of them the last few weeks in the discharge of their ordinary duties. Out of dozens only two have been noted who depart so far from the ancient traditions of the bench as to leave the upper lip unshaven, and even in these cases, the mustache is so closely trimmed as to suggest that the august wearer of it is a little ashamed of such an adornment. In its general contour the judicial countenance seems to me to have undergone a pleasant change. It used to be more solemn and repellent than it is now. The impression I had long carried of the English judges was that to see one of them in all his glory, with the sword of justice above him, was

European Efforts to Colonize New Guinea

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of these club houses and that they are reserved exclusively for the men. The houses are often of great size. They look like immense haystacks, starting from the ground and going upward until they meet in the ridge of the roof. The entrance is a hole at the front. There are no windows and the houses are built so protected with mats that they keep out the mosquitoes.

Flat Life in New Guinea.

In other sections of the country the men and women live together on the apartment house plan. In some places there are houses 100 feet long and 50 feet wide, containing sixty families or more. Such a house would be divided by little partitions into stalls or pens running out to a central hall, so that going through it would be like passing through the stalls of a cow stable. In each stall a family has its quarters, the women doing their cooking inside and the smoke finding its way out as it can through the roof. These New

Guinea flats are very dark, for the walls extend almost to the floor on account of the mosquitoes and often there is not more than two feet of wall before the roof begins. The roof, however, may reach up as high as thirty feet above the floor. The material of the houses is usually poles and grass. First a framework of poles is made and then the thatch of grass or banana leaves is tied on.

New Guinea Bibles.

The New Guinea natives are fond of their children. They treat them well and are exceedingly affectionate. Mr. Danney told me that in his ten years' intercourse with the natives he had never seen a father strike his child and that mothers never whip their children.

A queer thing is the Papuan cradle. It is made of the fiber of the banana woven together in the shape of a bag. Into this the baby is dropped and the bag is then hung to one of the poles of the roof or to a tree and swung to sleep. If the mother goes out she merely unhooks or unties the string and slings the cradle on her back,

carrying her baby about as the Indian squaw does her papoose.

Fishermen and Farmers.

It is rather remarkable that the New Guinea savages have developed special trades. On the south coast there are some tribes which do nothing but fish and others which devote themselves to farming. The farmers never fish and the fishers do not farm. The two tribes live close to each other and exchange their respective products. The farming is largely done with sharp sticks, the men standing in a row and plunging their sticks into the ground simultaneously and thus prying up the soil. The fishermen make their own canoes. Some of them gather shells and pearls. Pottery and rope making are other principal industries. Not far from Port Moresby a tribe lives which makes cooking vessels of clay, drying them in the sun and baking them with fire. They then carry these vessels from place to place and sell them.

New Guinea has but few animals of note. The chief are wild pigs and small marsupials, including tree kangaroos. In birds,

the country is wonderfully rich. There are too different species of land birds and among them many of most gorgeous plumage.

There are parrots and cockatoos of all colors and pigeons more splendid than our peacocks. I have seen New Guinea pigeons as big as hen turkeys and as small as the tiniest dove. The koura pigeon is the largest. Its body is of a brilliant light blue and its neck has all the colors of the opal. It has a crest or egret of tiny slaty blue feathers running from the back of the head out to the front high above it, much like the curl on the head of a baby. When the sun catches this crest it shines as though it were set with jewels.

There are tiny birds here as small as the smallest humming bird and more beautiful than any humming bird we have. There are also cassowaries which have bodies almost as big as ostriches, but which look as though they were clad in feathers of frayed clotheslines rather than ostrich plumes. The cassowary is sometimes caught by the native when small and tamed. It is not a

safe pet to have about, for it will swallow anything in sight from a stray spoon or a pound of nails to a pup or a kitten. It is by no means certain that it may not attack the baby and when angry a kick from it will break the skull of a 10-year-old boy.

Birds of Paradise.

The king of all New Guinea birds, however, is the bird of paradise. There are forty species of this bird and most of these are found in New Guinea. The birds are comparatively small but their color is the most gorgeous known. Some of them are of the brightest red, with a luster like that of the opal, with yellow bills and velvet-like plumes encircling the base of the head. The feathers of the tail stand up like filigree wires. The golden bird of paradise has six long feathery tips extending from the back of its head and a great crest or crown rising out of the middle of its back somewhat like a canopy over it. It is only the male birds that are so gorgeous, but they are hunted everywhere for their feathers. FRANK G. CARPENTER.