decent man objects to being made into a criminal by a few faddists who slyly pass laws directed against his normal actions. He consequently ignores the law completely, and relies solely on his conscience. This is all very well for the good man, but it encourages the bad man. "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," says he, and finds murder more profitable than spitting on the sidewalk.

THIS business of having two sets of laws on top of police regulations is Gilbert and Sullivan. When a burden is greater than a man may bear, he simply dumps it. It is already a curse in Great Britain that Scotland should have a separate law. If you rent a shooting lodge, your lawyers get a letter couched in a corruption of mediaeval French of which they cannot understand one word. You have to compear as a panel and grant warrandice, and you are never quite sure how this is to be done. But you do understand how necessary it was to let a Scots jury return a verdict of "Not Proven"!

Much of the trouble in Ireland comes from this same business of multiplying sets of laws. That is one reason why Home Rule will never work. The Federal power will always be interfering; a separation as completely as Australia's is the only practical solution, since an assimilation as complete as that of Wales is out of the question.

NOW America has this curse in forty-nine-fold measure. In one State you are an honest man; ten miles off you are liable to be boiled in oil. It is bad enough to mess up the civil law; that confuses business and makes it possible for all sorts of shysters to graft by setting boohy-traps for perfectly good citizens. But to play this joke in criminal law is to trifle inexcusably with the lives and liberties of the people. In prohibition States the first thought of every man is to offer his friends a drink. The minds of the inhabitants are completely obsessed by the Demon Rum. This applies to the men who themselves vote the Prohibition ticket. They drink themselves, but they think they are such fine fellows, and their neighbors such weak fools that they must have the law; oh, dear, yes!

A NY European visiting the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave is practically compelled to form the most extraordinary conclusions. For example, let him read the new law in West Virginia, constraining every able-bodied man to work thirty-six hours in every week. "Why," he exclaims, "this is stark, crude slavery, naked and unashamed." Of course it is nothing of the sort; but we shall be glad of some line of explanation that will convince the average Englishman.

Take again the little matter of the censorship. Congress refused to pass several laws on this matter. "Tut," said Secretary Baker, "Tut." And gave orders to establish exactly what Congress denied. Nobody seems to have cared very much, except the aforesaid average Englishman, whose mind flew instantly to the scene in the House of Commons two hundred odd years ago, when Cromwell marched in with his mus-

leteers, threw the Mace on the floor, and cleared the House with the simple remark: "Give place to honester men." To the English mind it seemed that the Administration had abolished the farce of representative government with a stroke. To that mind the incident was highly encouraging; the Englishman is always glad to see the strong silent men take hold, and get rid of the gaping mob of busybodies. But what does the American think? He doesn't think. The political game has long ceased to interest him, except so far as he can use it in his business,

It is because of this attitude that law after law is passed against the will of the majority, against common sense, against the most obvious principles of the Constitution. Nobody cares. Nobody is going to take any notice of the law, anyhow. And the result is that we have a practical anarchy.

I N East Saint Louis we hear that the sole regret of the white population is that their little ebullition of natural feeling should have attracted notice elsewhere. They meant the party to be quite private; no flowers. One hears the most appalling stories from private sources: One man stops flying negroes, promises them safety, takes them into a dark alley, and shoots them. A gang tosses them, men, women, and children, back into their burning houses. Young girls beat an old negress to death with her own shoes. The most conservative local estimate is 175 dead; many think 300 a nearer figure. Coming on top of the abominable torture and lynching in Memphis of a few weeks ago, this is a Sign. People are not acting according to law, but according to conscience. And the political term for this mode of government is Anarchy. The whole trouble lies with double legislation, complicated by crank legislation.

W HERE respect for law is inbred in a community, where the conscience of the solid elements of the community is expressed by the law, there is no trouble in the enforcement of the law. But where law grows rank and wild, where nobody cares about it, habitually, there may be grave trouble at just the moment when the most danger is. As things are in this country, an absolutely unpopular law may go through without notice; and if the authorities happen to be serious, for once, and attempt to enforce it, the spectre of Civil War may leap from the churchyard before any man is aware. Where the people are despised because of their longsuffering, ruthless repression of even mild and lawful protest is the first thing that occurs to the police. We noticed the other day some beautiful and timely pictures of the new automobile machine guns supplied to the New York Police. We suppose these are wanted in case of an invasion by the Republic of Andorra.

It is a splendid sign of our national efficiency that Talk is never permitted to interfere with business, except, of course, the legitimatized talk of Congressmen. The world must be kept safe for democracy, and the only way to do this is obviously by the exercise of autocracy. Otherwise, democracy degenerates into anarchy. One cannot find much sympathy for the people who, whatever their merits, had not the intelligence to come in when