

Skeletons In the Cabinet

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Mr. Asquith — A clever, plodding lawyer, driven by his wife to ambition and alcohol.

Mr. Bonar Law. — A merchant, with no talents of the statesman or even of the parliamentarian. Put into the leadership of the Opposition because the wolves who had pulled down Balfour would otherwise have sprung at each other's throats and completed the ruin of the Tories.

Mr. Balfour. — "Bloody Balfour," a weak, amiable dilettante; toyed with philosophy "so far as a gentleman could." Without a spark of sympathy or imagination; tried to govern Ireland by a system of organized murder: hence his nickname. An admirable parliamentarian, he got too old for his job, and was superseded some years ago. His appointment to the Admiralty must be due to jealousy of America's record in that direction!

Mr. Lloyd George. — Demagogue and attorney. The object of the bitterest hatred of any man in England; but knows so much of the graft of his colleagues that he cannot be shelved.

Sir G. Buchmaster. — An honest man of talent and ability, who owes his advancement to the quarrels of his colleagues.

Sir John Simon. — A clever nonentity.

Mr. Long. — Typical of the old-fashioned stupid, obstinate Tory.

Mr. Chamberlain. — Like Herbert Gladstone, the insignificant son of a brilliant father. Wears his father's eye-glass and orchid: but the resemblance stops there.

Arthur Henderson. — A nonentity made leader of the Labour Party to compose the violences of the real leaders. Outside Parliament, no one in England knows his name.

Lord Lansdowne. — Another pig-headed fossil. His family influence has kept him adrift on calm waters.

Lord Curzon. — The buffoon who made himself the laughing-stock of India, and lost it (as will shortly appear) for England.

Lord Kitchener. — Would be all right if left alone. The only man who is thoroughly trusted by the great mass of the people.

Lord Selbourne. — A cipher. Career due entirely to nepotism.

Mr. Birrell. — A "literary gent" with a turn of quiet humor. Turns awkward questions with a good-natured jest. Will be killed one day by somebody in earnest.

Mr. McKenna. — The most incompetent minister that ever held a portfolio. A creature of weak violence. Owes position to relatives, as usual.

Sir E. Grey. — One of the cleverest and least scrupulous diplomatists that ever lived. May have overreached himself.

Mr. McKinnon Wood. — A mere official, painstaking enough.

Mr. Churchill. — A theatrical genius. Will not remain long on the shelf.

Mr. Runciman. — A mediocrity, useful as a sound, steady make-weight.

Lord Crewe. — A good enough minister where no initiative is required.

Mr. Harcourt. — All collars and cuffs. A conceited puppy. A pitiful continuation of the great Harcourt serial.