

MISTAKEN FOR MR LLOYD GEORGE.

SUFFRAGETTE'S ERROR, MINISTER WHIPPING CASE AT JOINT STATION. AMUSING EXPLANATION.

Public interest in the militants has not been allowed to wane in Aberdeen, and yesterday morning, when another sequel to Mr Lloyd George's visit was to be heard in the Police Court, the somewhat limited accommodation there was taxed to its utmost. Many fashionably attired ladies were anxious to gain admission. Some endeavoured to secure entrance by other means than the door for the public, but they had to take their chance with the rest of the waiters. The "gallery" was again largely composed of members of the fair sex. In the corner allotted to the witnesses was the Rev. Forbes Jackson, who suffered physically for being, in the eyes of the Suffragette, too like the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There was a larger crowd outside than inside. Behind the dock a couple of stalwart 'tocs found a seat. Baillie Robertson was on the bench.

"Mary Browne, alias Emily Wilding Davidson," cried the bar officer, and accused entered with a snipe.

The Clerk—Do you still adhere to your plea of not guilty?

Accused asked that the charge against her might again be read.

The clerk then read the charge—to the effect that—

On 30th November, within the Joint Station, in a compartment of a railway carriage forming part of a Caledonian train, accused assaulted the Rev. Forbes Jackson, M.A., minister of Crown Terrace Baptist Church, residing in Great Western Road, by striking him on the head and shoulders with a whip and seizing him by the collar of the coat and shaking and jostling him about, and conducted herself in a lawless and disorderly manner, and committed a breach of the peace.

MINISTER'S STORY.

The Rev. Forbes Jackson was the first witness, and told how about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning he was in the corridor of a carriage at the station.

The Fiscal—Did anybody attack you?

Witness—The lady.

The Fiscal—Just tell the magistrate what happened.

Witness—I was in the corridor after the tickets had been checked. My wife was sitting in the corner of the carriage, and I was preparing myself to come out. Indeed, I had to, for it happened to be a ladies' compartment. Whilst standing in the corridor, this lady came along and I thought she was an ordinary passenger, and just voluntarily stepped back the least thing, thinking she might be going into the compartment where my wife was, so all at once, without any explanation except the words "You traitor, you traitor," there came quite a rain of blows, nothing serious in the sense of physical injury, the whip being quite a light thing, I suppose more a symbol than a weapon.

"You are Lloyd George."

They came over my head and my shoulders. Happily there was no chance of a side cut, because the corridor is so narrow, and then I said, "You are making a mistake, madam. Do you know who I am?" "Yes, I know you are Lloyd George. You have disguised yourself, but you cannot hide yourself." I went into the carriage naturally to escape trouble. She came after me holding on to my coat. There was a gentleman in the carriage who at once put kindly but rather rough hands, it may be, on her. My wife took the whip out of her hand, and eventually the stationmaster was called. He came into the corridor, and she was lifted bodily out on to the platform.

A little after that I came back. The police had taken her into a lobby. I went up to the office, and to my astonishment she landed me a very clever quick blow on the left jaw with her clenched fist. That was the conclusion of the whole matter so far as I was concerned.

It was her hand?—Yes, her left hand, I think.

I suppose it was not a severe blow?—Well, it was a woman's blow. (Laughter.)

She didn't hurt you with the whip—there were no marks?—Well, no.

How often did she strike you?—They came pretty rapidly, and I did not keep count, naturally.

Naturally. Were there half a dozen?—I think so, and more.

Then in the corridor she struck you again with her fist?—Yes. She still went on. Though people in the carriage told her—"You have made a mistake. This is a minister." She might have known that by my looks.

Cross-examined by Miss Browne—

You preached on Sunday in your church, morning and evening?—Yes.

Is it a fact that you preached without notes on Sunday morning?—It is.

How did you preach without them on Sunday?—It so happened that, owing to a little inadvertence of the previous day, I had overlooked my notes, and so had to make a virtue of necessity.

Did you not know before that you were so like Mr Lloyd George?—(laughter)—I never knew until that morning—I do not know yet, as a matter of fact.

Were you out walking in the afternoon—a rumour reached me that Mr Lloyd George had been seen in the afternoon?—I never heard that.

Were you out walking in the afternoon?—I do my pastoral work in the afternoon.

Then, Mr Jackson, on Saturday were you dressed as you are now?—Except that I had a muffler on.

I take it that you were not dressed as a minister of the Gospel?—As I say, I had my muffler on. (Laughter.)

What kind of hat were you wearing?—My ordinary tall hat.

Apology Declined.

You were given to understand that I regretted you had been assaulted instead of Lloyd George?—Yes.

Did you accept that apology?—No.

You are quite satisfied in your own mind that I had no personal bias against you?—I am quite satisfied that you had, and have still, a bias of a very evil kind against the man you thought I was.

But there was nothing to prevent you accepting the apology?—When the apology was offered to me by a lady friend of yours, I asked her if you were sorry for your misdeed.

Accused—Very interesting.

Mr Jackson (continuing)—When I asked her if you were sorry for the mistake she replied "Yes," and when I further asked her if she regretted her misdeed, she replied that she certainly was not. Therefore I refused the apology.

Do you think, as a minister of the Gospel, as a Christian, that you did right in refusing that apology?—Had the injury been intended for me, and the apology then presented, I would gladly have accepted it, but as, in my opinion, the apology was mere "cover" for something else, and at the least a piece of hypocrisy, I refused to accept it.

You could not imagine under any possible circumstances that I had a grudge against you personally?—Not a bit.

May I ask what were the subjects of your sermon on Sunday?—I object to the relevancy.

The Bailie—You have no right to ask a question of that kind.

Accused—Of course, I have a purpose for asking, and I protest if, for the purpose of my defence, I am not to be allowed to ask the question. You objected at first, and now when I protest you are to allow the question.

Accused—Once more, Mr Jackson, I want to ask you that question—Do you think that as a Christian it was right to refuse an apology when it was offered to you?

Mr Jackson—I refused the apology as a man with some sense in his head.

As a minister of the Gospel, do you know that your duty, even if you were smitten on the one cheek, is to accept an apology?

Mr Jackson—I object to the relevancy of the question.

NEVER HEARD OF RESEMBLANCE

Mrs Forbes Jackson said she was going to Glasgow on Saturday morning, and her husband was seeing her off, and was going through the corridor.

Accused gave her husband three or four strokes, and said he was Lloyd George.

Did he explain that she was under a misapprehension?—Yes, she struck him again. He held her hands, and he said "You are mistaken. I am well known in Aberdeen." She said—"Oh, you cannot hide your disguise."

She went on striking him until the officials came and stopped her?—Yes.

Accused—Before Saturday, had you ever met me before?—Not that I am aware of.

Had you ever heard any remark before Saturday that your husband had a resemblance

to Mr Lloyd George?—No. I never heard that before.

Mr Lamond, Caledonian passenger agent, described how on Saturday morning his attention was called to a disturbance in a carriage. A few people had collected, and there was great excitement amongst the passengers. He could not understand the cause until Mr Jackson told him that he had been taken for Mr Lloyd George by the accused, who was being restrained by one or two other passengers. They were trying to keep her away from Mr Jackson.

She seemed to be trying to get at him again?—Yes, she made repeated efforts.

In Disguise.

Witness said that when she made no sign of obeying his request to leave the compartment, he had to forcibly remove her. She gave no explanation, but he heard her say that he (Mr Jackson) was Mr Lloyd George disguising himself.

The traffic inspector of the Caledonian Railway Company was the next to enter the witness-box, and his evidence corroborated that of Mr Lamond. He stated that Miss Browne struggled repeatedly while Mr Lamond and he were holding her to get at Mr Jackson.

In cross-examination, Miss Browne questioned witness as to his official position in the station, and especially on his allegation that he saw her strike Mr Jackson while the latter was standing on the footboard of the carriage.

Are you a man who kind of imagines he sees things? (Laughter.)—No, I do not as a rule.

Because there is no mention by Mr Jackson of that?—I do not know about that.

Constable Anderson spoke to having been on duty in the Joint Station on the morning in question, and of effecting the arrest of the accused. Miss Browne had broken away from him while Mr Jackson was coming downstairs from the office after he had given his statement, and she had struck him with her fist.

Miss Fressell, organiser, Aberdeen branch, W.S.P.U., gave evidence as to calling on Mr Jackson and offering an apology which the minister would not accept.

COMPENSATIONS FOR MISTAKE.

Miss Browne declined to go into the witness-box and make her statement on oath. She made a long oration. At the outset she said she thought she should not have been charged with assaulting Mr Forbes Jackson, which she never intended to do, but that she intended to assault Mr Lloyd George, and had a reason for so doing. With regard to Mr Forbes Jackson, she was very sorry when she found out that she had made a mistake, because of course she had no quarrel with him. When she found out that the mistake had been made, she sincerely hoped that Mr Forbes Jackson himself would have been subjected to no great inconvenience by what had occurred, and that if in the circumstances he had suffered, such suffering would have been atoned for by the sympathy that would naturally be accorded to him afterwards, and, further, that he would gain a good deal of well-deserved advertisement. (Laughter.) She sincerely trusted that Mr Forbes Jackson had been somewhat compensated by having excellent congregations and collections. (Laughter.) In fact, she so sincerely hoped that her intention on Sunday was to have gone to his church to listen to his eloquence and satisfy herself that whatever inconvenience he had suffered would have been to some extent made up to him. She was very interested in the subjects of his sermons. In the morning it was "The possessions of a Christian," and in the evening "Faith's Vision." She noted that his text in the morning was "Approving ourselves as ministers of God—"

Baillie Robertson (interposing)—Excuse me, I don't think it has anything to do with the case at all.

A Vicarious Atonement.

Miss Browne, despite a warning to confine herself to the evidence, persisted in quoting the lengthy text in full, and went on to direct attention to the circumstances of the apology proffered to Mr Jackson. Mr Ronald M'Neill apologised to Mr Churchill for the assault in the House of Commons. That was a case of man to man. She had offered an apology as woman to man. She had offered a pure mistake on her part, and the apology was not accepted. The next point was the extraordinary likeness of Mr Jackson to Mr Lloyd George. It was common knowledge, because there was a rumour on Friday that Mr Lloyd George had been seen walking about the streets, and no doubt it was Mr Forbes Jackson. On that point Mrs Jackson and Mr Jackson both admitted that the clothes worn on that particular occasion were not such as to make her think that she was attacking a minister of the gospel rather than a Minister of the Cabinet. She thought, perhaps, that Mr Jackson would be further compensated by the fact that he had been able to make vicarious atonement for a person for whom she believed he had a great admiration, she meant Mr Lloyd George. She knew him well. As to the mistake, she was justified in thinking that Mr Forbes Jackson was Mr Lloyd George in disguise, because in the past Mr Lloyd George had assumed disguises to escape unpleasant consequences. (Laughter.)

The Bailie and the Fiscal both interposed at this stage, but

Miss Browne held on her way, with the remark that what she was saying was relevant to the case, and that what she had to say was even more important than many of the things she had been allowed to say.

The Fiscal—I believe that. (Laughter.)

Miss Browne went on to declare that, at Birmingham Mr Lloyd George escaped disguised as a policeman—(laughter)—and she submitted that it was very natural she should think that Mr Lloyd George was escaping from Aberdeen disguised as an ordinary citizen. At Nottingham the Prime Minister also escaped from the voice of conscience. (Laughter.)

The Fiscal—What have we got to do with the Prime Minister?

Miss Browne—As to the reason of the attack, may I just remind you of a case a short while back? At Shepherd's Bush—

The Fiscal—It may be very interesting, but it has absolutely nothing to do with it.

Miss Browne—I have the right.

The Bailie ruled that it was wholly irrelevant. There must be a limit to that sort of thing.

Miss Browne continued to say that at Kirkcaldy, when a woman asked Mr Lloyd George to do justice to the women, he said, "Don't be a fool and idiot"; whereas in Aberdeen, when a student said "Don't forget the ladies," he bowed and smiled. That was the different, unfair way in which women were treated over that question.

The Fiscal—That is no reason why you should strike Mr Jackson.

The Bailie ultimately declined to hear accused further. "You have no right," he said, "and you must be stopped." (Hear, hear.) He added that they did not want a political address.

Miss Browne was about to continue her harangue, and was making an appeal to the "men of England," when

The Fiscal interjected—There are no men of England here. We have nothing to do with the men of England. (Laughter.)

"NO SURRENDER."

Baillie Robertson, in passing sentence, said—I find the accused guilty of assaulting a well-known and respected citizen of Aberdeen, and I fine the accused 40s, or 10 days' imprisonment.

Accused, on hearing the sentence, reversed the order of procedure of her more unruly comrades, who created "scenes" before leaving the dock. She rose quietly, and with a quietly uttered—"I protest, sir," she walked out firmly. At the foot of the court she turned, and, raising her voice, shouted defiantly the well-known war-cry of the suffragant—"No surrender!" her outburst being applauded from the gallery, while another suffragant, standing beside several detectives, echoed the cry. She was immediately taken outside, while Miss Browne, with no further demonstration, was led quietly to the cells.

16 COMPLETE 16
STORIES
THE
XMAS NUMBER
OF THE
Aberdeen
Weekly
Journal
NOW ON SALE . NOW ON SALE
ONE PENNY
AS GOOD AS A
SHILLING MAGAZINE