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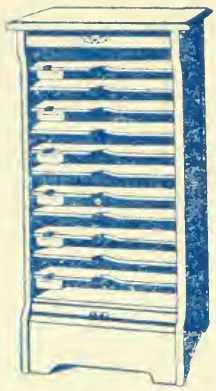

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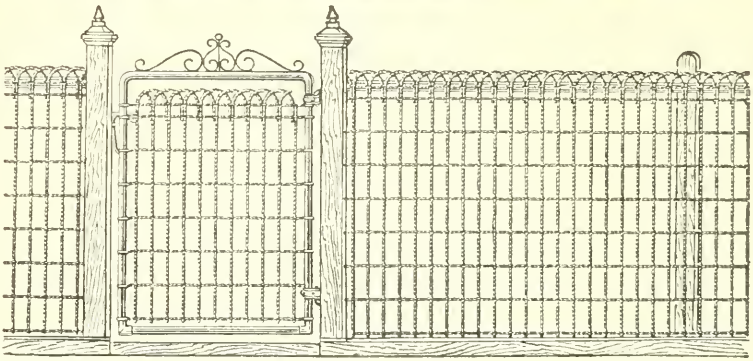

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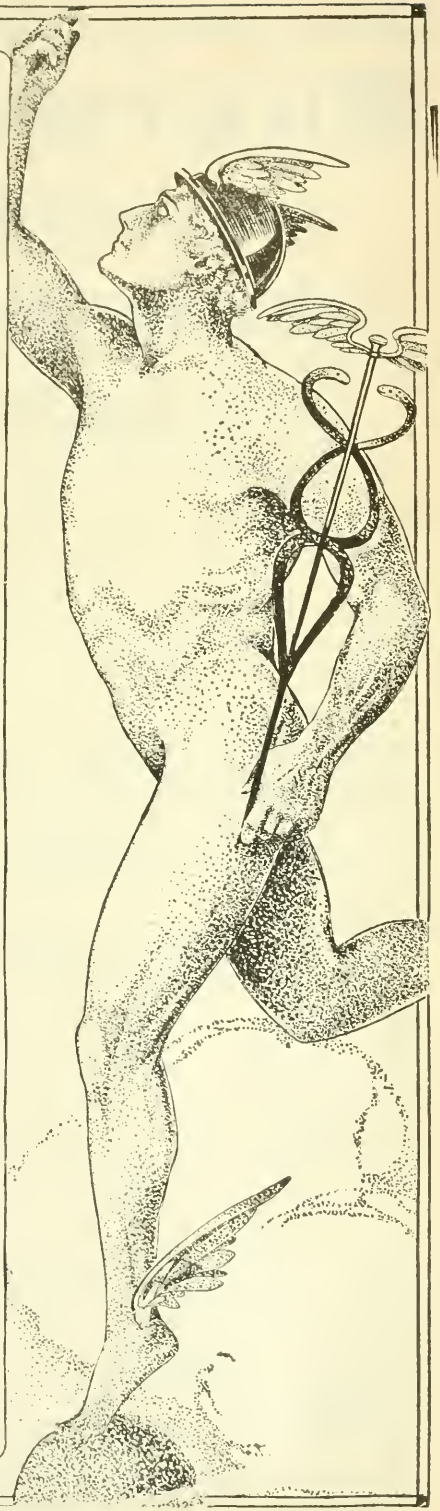

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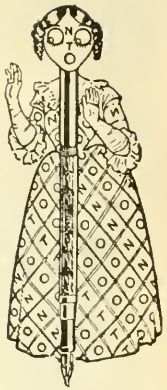

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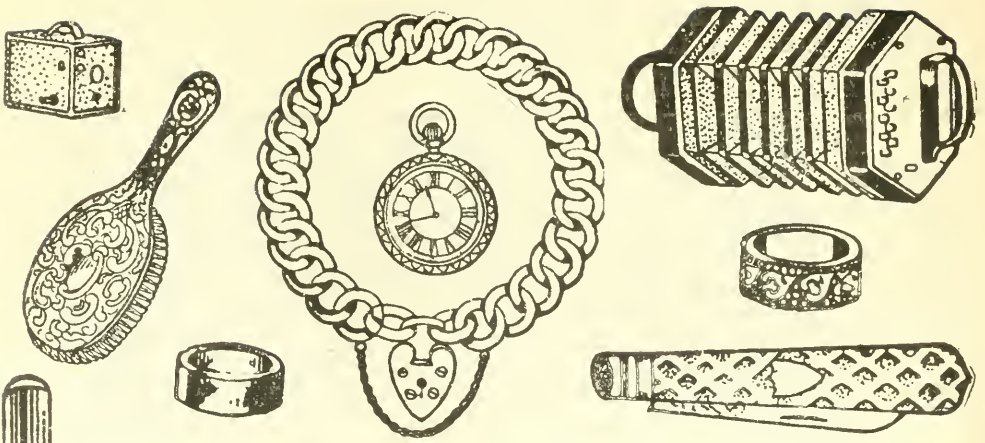

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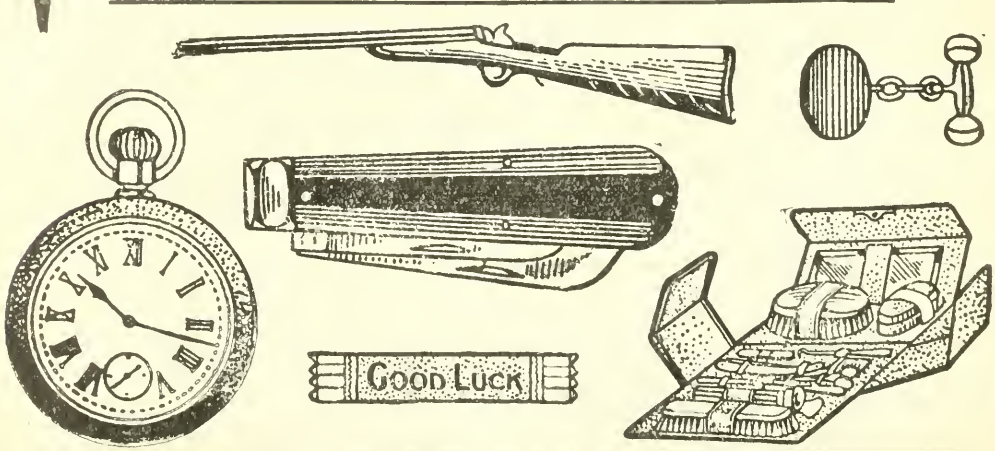

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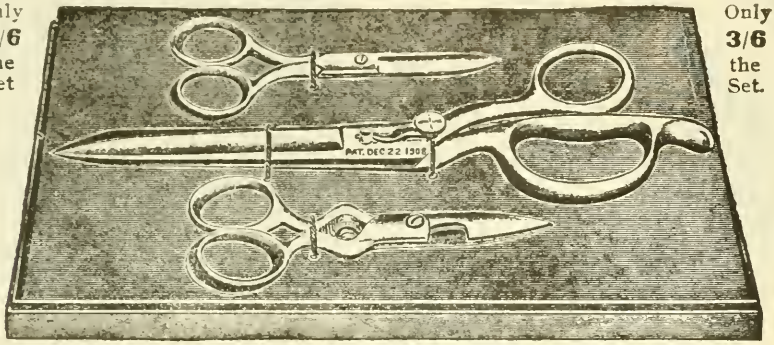

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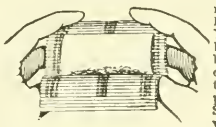

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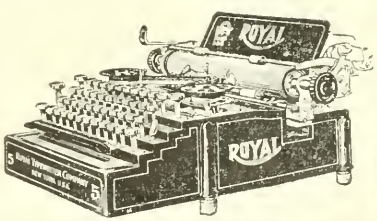

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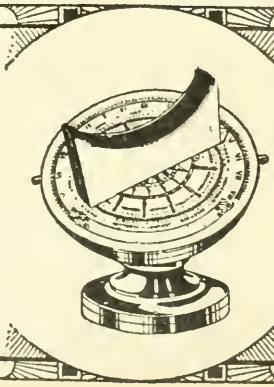

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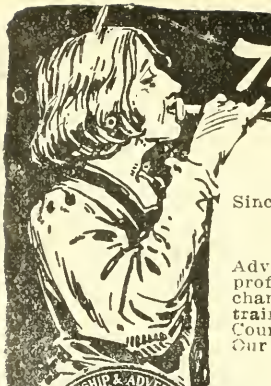

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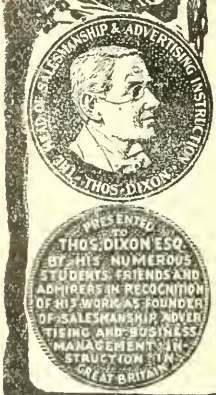

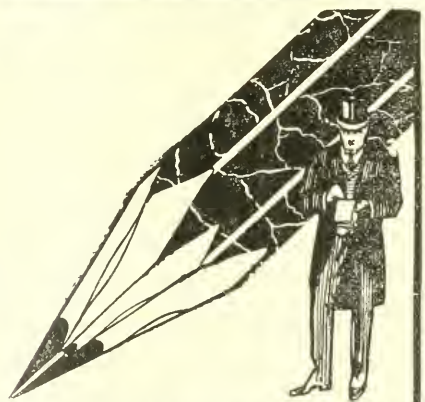

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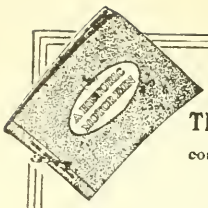

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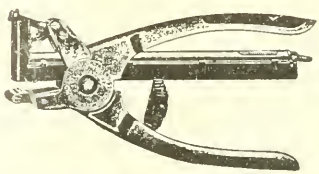

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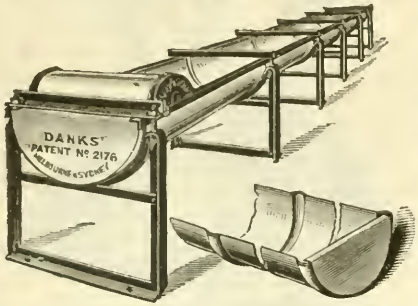

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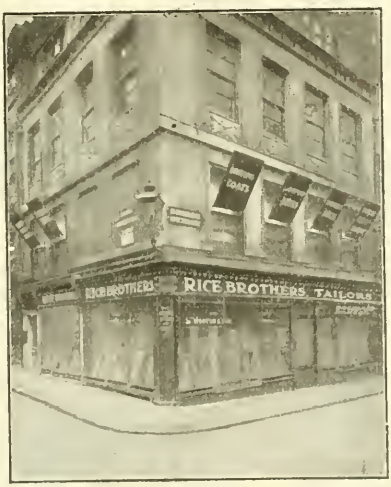

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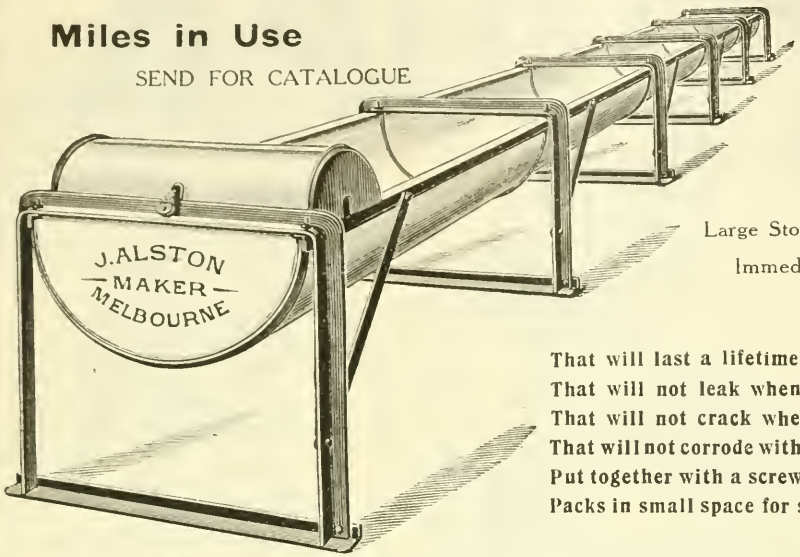

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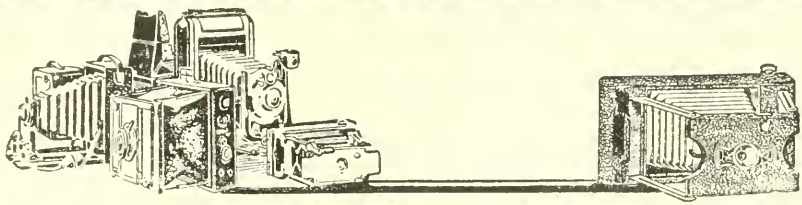

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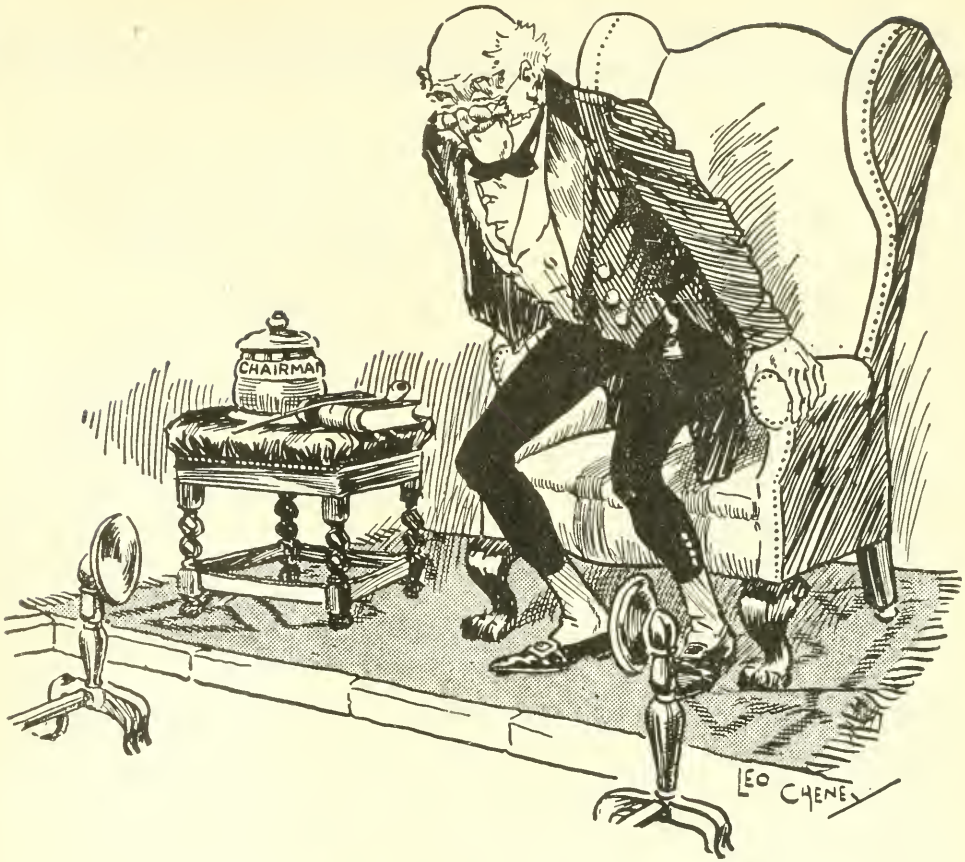

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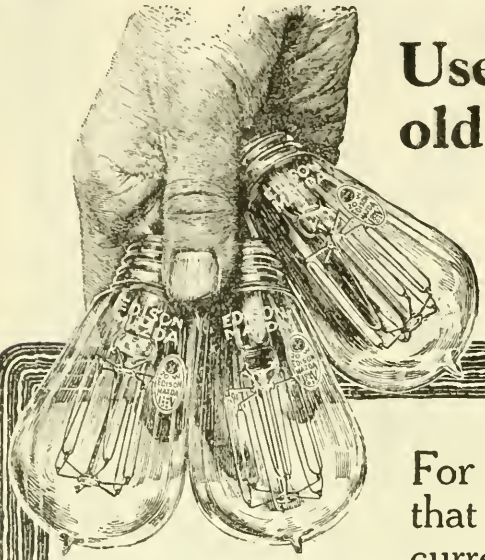

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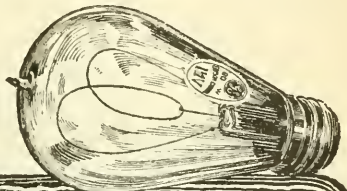

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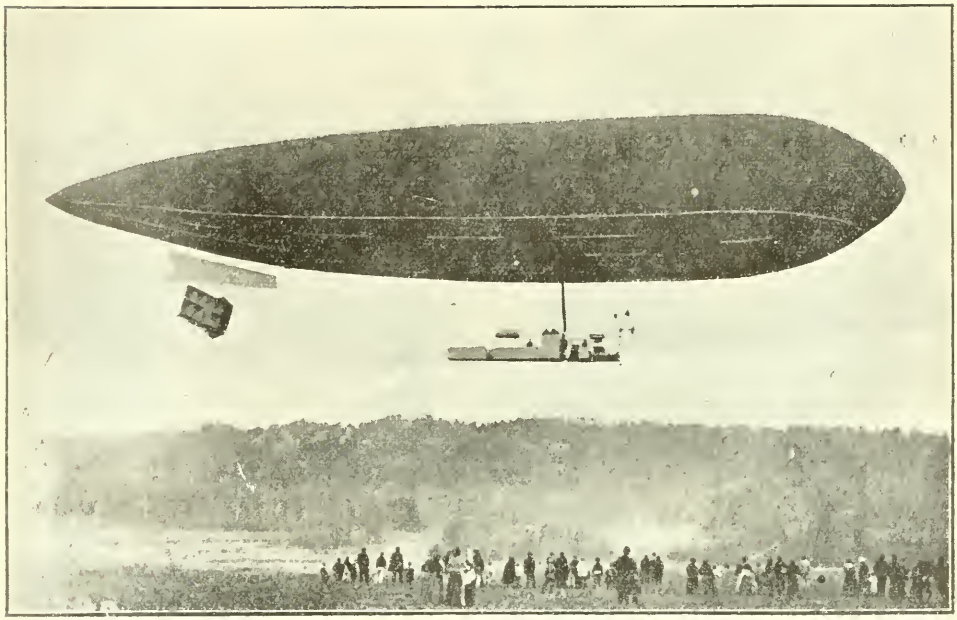

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AUGUST, 1913.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

The Bulgarian Debacle.

War broke out between the Allies in July. Servia, Greece and Montenegro refusing to abide by the terms of the pre-war treaty, flung themselves upon Bulgaria, and forced her armies back from the wide territory they were occupying. Caught at a disadvantage, the Bulgarians appear to have been outflanked everywhere, and fled a demoralised rabble back to their own country. It has not been long before Bulgaria has had to go through the experience she gave Turkey. When the Bulgarians, armed with Creusot guns, manufactured in France, crushed the Turks, who had placed their reliance on Krupp's German cannon, European critics were loud in their assertion that the French ordnance was largely responsible. These experts are now as dumb as the abandoned guns of the Bulgarians. Why is it that the invincible Bulgars, the "Japs. of the Balkans," have fled in headlong rout before their quondam allies? It is difficult yet to judge, but it must be borne in mind that the army of Tsar Ferdinand, which has been held up as a bright and shining example by every man who has been preaching conscription in England, consists of practically all the able-bodied men of Bulgaria. The long war has ruined the majority of them; they have been clamouring for months to be sent home, and obviously the whole army is in a state of ferment. After countless sacrifices the soldiers have come through victorious. To have to fight all over again was more than human nature could stand. The Servians and Greeks on the other hand did not have to bear the brunt of the fighting with Turkey. Their troops were less exhausted, and, above all, neither Greece nor Servia had been obliged, like Bulgaria, to put the last man in the field.

Roumania in Control.

We have as yet no very definite data to go upon, but obviously the Bulgarian plan of campaign was so bad that the great Generalissimo Savoff refused to take charge and resigned. Caught between Greeks and Servians, spread over a long frontier, the Bulgarians once defeated seem to have lost heart, and to have been kept on the run almost to the gates of Sofia. That Austria is largely responsible for the present conflict is certain. It is to her

interest in every way to bring about the end of a Slav alliance. At all costs she wants to avoid the creation of a strong Balkan Federation. It is all to her interest to drive Bulgaria into the arms of Roumania, and thus cleave the Balkans into two camps. Servia and Greece on the one side, Bulgaria and Roumania on the other. Such a division gives Turkey a chance of asserting herself, and once more gives Austria a dominant voice in Balkan affairs. There is little doubt that King Charles of Roumania, will range himself on the side of Ferdinand, providing the considerations the latter gives are sufficiently large. Under present circumstances Bulgaria has little choice. Supported by Roumania, she is certain to secure a large portion of the territory she originally conquered from Turkey, even to getting a port on the Aegean. She can afford, therefore, to give Roumania a very adequate bribe in land elsewhere. The present arrangement is a peace conference at Bucharest, the capital of Roumania. The Servians and Greeks refuse to stop their advance meantime, but will, no doubt, do so when they find to press on means a struggle with the soldiers of King Charles, admittedly the finest and best organised fighters in the Balkans.

The Turks' Chance.

The most difficult problem in a mass of intricate questions is Turkey's position. Taking advantage of the war between her late adversaries, her troops, marching over the stricken fields of Lule Burgas and Kirk Kilisse, have occupied Adrianople unopposed. A few short weeks after that fortress fell in the midst of fearful slaughter and flaming death to the triumphant Allies, Turkey peacefully finds herself in possession once more. In this history repeats itself, for time and again the Turk suffered defeat in the Balkans only to win unostentatiously in the end. The Powers have ordered the Turks to evacuate Adrianople, but the Sultan suggests a rectification of the frontier before that is done. Unless his advisers have entirely lost their cunning, a hard bargain is no doubt being driven between the Sublime Porte and Servia and Greece, or Bulgaria and Roumania. Turkey stands to win back much she has lost, for the Powers will never risk a war in order to hand Adrianople back to its late conquerors. It is highly improbable that Russia will be permitted to occupy Armenia until Turkey complies with the commands of the Powers. Neither Austria nor Germany would tolerate that. The alternative is to use Roumania as a catspaw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Powers, but Roumania, having once tried that game, will never attempt it again. It would not be surprising to find Turkey emerge from the struggle with a frontier marching with the River Maritza, a boundary which would give her Adrianople. Whichever of the Balkan combatants would agree to this could probably count upon her assistance. Meanwhile, alas! neither Austria nor Russia will be anxious to prevent the Balkan States weakening themselves, being bled, to use Bismarck's phrase, as white as veal.

Atrocities in the Balkans.

When I travelled through the Balkans some years ago, the general opinion expressed was that the vexed and intricate Macedonian question would be settled by all the inhabitants of that Tom Tiddler's land being killed out by the Turks. One shudders to think what has happened to these ill-fated wretches during the last few months! After all, the races in conflict have not got anything like so far along the road of

[Topical.

BULGARIAN DELEGATES LEAVING ST. JAMES' PALACE AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE BALKAN PEACE TREATY. DR. DANEFF, WITH A BEARD, IN THE CENTRE.

civilisation as the Western Europeans. What appears murderous and horrible to us is legitimate warfare in their eyes. I saw the blood stains on the wooden bridge at Constantinople a few weeks after cartloads of slaughtered Armenians had been taken across it to be flung into a common grave outside the city, where for years they had dwelt secure. I spoke to newspaper correspondents fresh from the scene of the brutal murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga. In the Balkans, story after story of the atrocities of the Bulgarian guerilla bands was told me, some at any rate well authenticated. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in the furious clash of war which makes men act as elemental brutes, the Turks, Bulgars, Serbs and Greeks have perpetrated deeds of ghastly horror on one another, and also upon the defenceless villagers in their path. Little reliance can be placed on information on this—or, indeed, any—subject sent officially from Sofia, Athens or Belgrade, but European correspondents will soon tell us what has taken place. The mixed population of Macedonia and Thrace was always the cause of quarrelling between the Balkan States when any scheme of division was put forward. It looks now as if the quondam allies would arrange the partition of an uninhabited land, which, no doubt, would simplify matters from their point of view!

Chaos in Mexico.

Events in Mexico demonstrate the need for a dictator of the Diaz type if the country is to be pacified. The situation is full of anxiety to President Wilson, who is strongly averse to intervention, despite the pressure being brought to bear on him to take a hand in terminating the present state of anarchy in the unhappy Republic. Perhaps the most significant thing which has happened in Mexico is the demonstration of welcome which marked the arrival of the Japanese Ambassador. The mob tore down the British and American flags, and trampled upon them, then, hoisting the banner of the rising sun, it paraded the streets, giving cheers for Japan. Nothing strikes a visitor to Mexico more than the remarkably close similarity there is between the native Indians and the Japanese. It is now generally assumed that both have a common origin, although neither have any likeness to the Spanish-Indian mixture which has finally produced the Mexican of to-day. If Japan is invited by one party or another to assist in restoring order, Dr. Wilson will be in an awkward predicament. He would probably intervene at once, although for Japanese troops to land in Mexico—not to conquer the country, but to assist a faction to create a stable Government—is not a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. If the report is correct that Didier Masson, the aviator operating with the rebel forces, actually succeeded in destroying a Federal gunboat by dropping bombs on her from his aeroplane, it should cause the British Government "furiously to think," and, let us hope, to try and make good a hopeless deficiency in the "fourth arm."

Columbia and U.S.A.

The recent action of the Columbian Minister in Washington recalls the incidents of the Panama revolution in 1903. As President Roosevelt has himself admitted, he "took" the fifty mile strip where the canal was to be dug—took it, too, on his own responsibility, without the Senate's instructions—and considered himself amply justified in so doing. "It must," he said, "be a matter of pride to every honest American proud of the good name of his country that the acquisition of the canal, in all its details, was as free from scandal as the public acts of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln." Not a Columbian but is positive that the uprising in Panama was engineered from Washington, that the new "Republic" of Panama was guaranteed in advance by the States on condition that the canal zone should become theirs. The Government at Washington has steadily refused to arbitrate the matter, but Columbia perseveres, and has now submitted a statement of the case to President Wilson. He will be in an awkward dilemma, because either he will have to refuse arbitration or, if the statements freely published by Columbians are correct, run the very dangerous risk of Columbia proving her case. He will probably take the former course, despite the tacit admission of complicity it will convey. The method of the loss of Panama has created so bitter a feeling in Columbia that Secretary of State Knox was obliged to omit Bogota altogether from his progress through South America last year. Obviously the United States had to acquire the canal zone, but the revolution came rather too opportunely, allowing escape from a hard bargain with Columbia, to be regarded by the rest of the world as merely a coincidence. Since Columbia presented her statement, President Wilson has decided to institute protection and supervision over Nicaragua. This project of his

has been favourably received by the Senate, and is, therefore, likely to go through. If it does, it will make the South American Republics more bitter than ever against Uncle Sam.

Civil War in China.

As forecasted in these pages last month, civil war has broken out in China. Victory is certain to rest at first with Yuan-Shi-Kai. He has now ample funds at command, can pay his soldiers, and has already bribed the fleet to abandon the side of the Revolting South with which its officers had at first thrown in their lot. Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen appears to be the moving spirit in the new revolution. An independent Southern Republic may result. The greatest danger, though, is that, owing to this internal strife, China may find it impossible to pay the interest on the 5-Power loan. A failure to do this would mean that the five Powers who guaranteed it would have to take action. It is not impossible that precisely this contingency was kept in view when the loan was negotiated. Once a Power gets a foothold in China she can seldom withdraw. For instance, Great Britain leased Wei-hai-wei in 1897; the tenancy was supposed to terminate whenever the Russians gave up Port Arthur. They were forced to do so some time ago, but we seem still to be holding Wei-hai-wei!

The Future of the Pacific.

We have come to regard the possibility of a Japanese invasion of Australia as a highly probable thing. It is this fear which is primarily responsible for our demand for a local navy, and it is also responsible for the introduction of the thin end of the wedge of conscription here. Whether such a force of warships and such a citizens' army would be of any avail if Japan really wanted to come to Australia, denounced her treaty with England, and secured command of the sea, is another matter altogether. Looking at the question from the point of view of Imperial statesmen at home the present treaty with Japan protects Australia far more thoroughly than ships and men quartered here. If the treaty ceases to operate, Japan would be a potential enemy, and a redistribution of the Imperial fleet would secure us against any fear of a Japanese onslaught. It is convenient to regard a Japanese invasion as a real danger, but actually the chance of such an attack is so remote as to be almost outside the realm of probability.

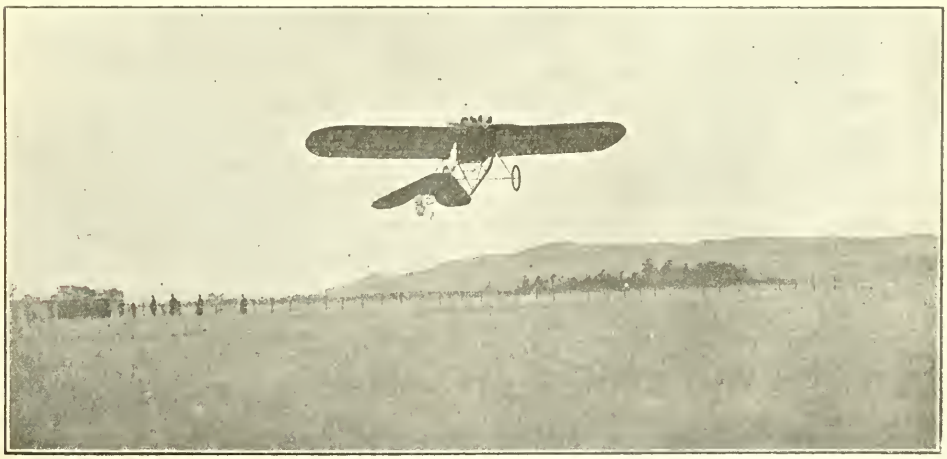


Photo.] THE FIRST HOME-MADE AEROPLANE TO FLY IN NEW ZEALAND. [*Shankland.*
Built by D. P. Fisher, and flown by R. H. White, both of Wellington.

Fear of the Unknown Quantity.

The fear of Japan is by no means confined to Australia. It is strong in Canada, in the United States, in the Republics of South America. It is the fear of the unknown quantity. Japan has sprung suddenly from nothing into the first rank of great Powers. China can still be coerced by the European nations, Japan must be treated as one of themselves. But, in winning her way to a place in the ranks of the great Powers, Japan has impoverished herself. Her statesmen are bound to shun expansion by conquest, and are forced to work rather for new avenues of trade than for the acquisition of new territory. The present trouble with the United States is not over the right of Japanese to enter California—that immigration has been stopped long ago—but is because the recent legislation with regard to "Mongolians" challenges Japan's position as a first-class Power. The menace of Japan is not to be feared in Canada, the United States or Australasia. Japan is far more likely to covet those lands adjacent to her at present in the hands of Europeans. The United States in the Philippines, the Dutch in the East Indies, the French in Cochin China. The Dutch appear to realise this, and the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the defence of their possessions in the East recommends the construction of no less than nine dreadnoughts and many destroyers and submarines.

An English-Speaking Alliance.

Supposing, though, that all this is wrong, and that Japan, as many Australians think, is only waiting a favourable opportunity to pounce upon our vast unoccupied territories; or, as is thought in Canada, is but longing for some European complication which will give her a chance to force her way into the Dominion; or, hopes, by force of arms, to compel the United States to permit her subjects to live and multiply beneath the Stars and Stripes, as is believed in America. Assuming that this is so, surely the obvious thing to do is for the English-speaking nations to have an alliance which would mean the control of the Pacific. They and the Japanese are the most vitally interested in its future. With Great Britain, the United States, Australia, New Zealand and Canada in agreement with regard to joint action in case of need, there would be no cause for dreaming o' nights of the tramping legions which may invade our fair land. Ultimate union of the English-speaking world must some day come about. It is a natural thing for it to start in the Pacific. Actually, the power of the Japanese fleet should not be measured by the number of dreadnoughts flying the flag of the rising sun. Several of these—for purposes of economy—have been built in Japan, and the stories about the troubles their crews have experienced with them are pretty well authenticated.

A Hundred Years of Peace.

The British Committee for celebrating the 100th anniversary of Peace among English-speaking peoples, proposes that an American memorial shall be erected in Westminster Abbey, that Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family, shall be purchased, and maintained as a place of pilgrimage for Americans visiting England, and that a permanent Chair of Anglo-American History shall be founded. It will cost some £60,000 to carry out this programme, and it is to be hoped that the amount will be raised before the centenary celebrations take place. Obviously the proper Memorial in the Abbey should be a statue of

A CENTURY OF PEACE.

New York welcomes Lord Weardale's Committee to The International Peace Conference held to suggest plans for celebrating the Centenary of the Anglo-American treaty of peace signed at Ghent in 1814.

George Washington. England owes him almost as much as America. Mr. Bryce would be the ideal occupant of the suggested Chair.

Troubles on the Rand and at Bendigo.

The papers to hand from South Africa show that the fighting in Johannesburg last month was much more serious than at first appeared. A large number of the rioters were shot, not so much by volley firing as by individual shooting at groups of men. The mob did not appear to think rifles would be resorted to, although, when they were, revolvers were freely used against the soldiers. Further trouble is imminent, as the Federation of Trades has rejected the Union Cabinet's proposals for the settlement of the dispute. The Government insist that union funds shall not be used for political purposes. If the miners go on strike the railwaymen will probably come out as well. The Government has arranged to send back 250,000 natives to their homes in batches of 1000 should a crisis occur. This will mean the paralysation of the gold-mining industry, for at least a year. The shortage of gold is already being felt, and the situation will rapidly become serious. Even if the men win in the long run they will be out of work for some considerable time until native labourers can again be collected. The Bendigo strike continues, but the leaders must realise now that they made a mistake in making a test case about the employment of non-union men in an industry like gold-mining, which can be easily suspended without grievous harm

to anybody but the workers themselves.

Ulster and Home Rule.

Much is being said and written about the determination of Ulster to resist Home Rule, if need be, by force of arms. Those who are in a position to know laugh at the idea. What has Ulster to fight against? Not an army of occupation; that is unthinkable. Half Ulster, it may be remembered, is for Home Rule, so resistance by the other half would result, maybe, in riots, which would be suppressed by the police, assisted possibly by the military. There is no prospect of organised armed resistance. The tales of weapons consigned to Belfast are no sooner reported than they are contradicted and discredited. Even Sir Edward Carson now doesn't say that Ulster will fight. He is, he announced, responsible for everything. Why was he not arrested? The Bill has again been rejected, this time by a majority of 238, by the House of Lords, and demands for an appeal to the country on Home Rule are insistently made by Unionists. No one, however, has given the slightest guarantee that Ulster would acquiesce in the creation of a self-governing Ireland if the Liberals once more swept the country. The demands for a general election to test the people on this measure are not sincere. It is merely a move on the part of the "outs" who want to be the "ins." So far as Ulster is concerned, the feeling of the Orange minority there cannot change whatever orders England, Scotland and Wales may give through the ballot box.

The Suffragettes and the Franchise.

Miss Davidson, who died from the injuries sustained when she threw herself in front of the King's horse at the Derby, was accorded an imposing funeral. Thousands of women, dressed in white, going in solemn procession before the coffin through the streets of

[Photo.] THE FINISH OF THE DERBY [Topical.

Left to right: Nimrod, Great Sport, Craganour, Aboyeur, Sun Yat, Louvois and Shogun. Miss Davidson threw herself in front of the King's horse during the race. She died from her injuries. Craganour finished first, but was disqualified, and the race awarded to Aboyeur.

London, over which was borne a banner inscribed, "Give Me Liberty, or Give Me Death." Mrs. Pankhurst appears to be getting weaker and weaker as time and again she is reincarcerated in prison, where she refuses to take food. Mrs. Pethwick Lawrence, Lady Sybil Smith and Miss Sharp and others managed to force their way into St. Stephen's Hall, at the entrance to the House of Commons, and were arrested. Mrs. Lawrence separated from Mrs. Pankhurst last year because of the latter's too militant methods. The three ladies were released after a few days' imprisonment, during which time they hunger-struck as a protest against male disturbers of the proceedings in the House of Commons being allowed to go unpunished. Many other "incidents" are reported, but there does not appear to be much prospect of any Bill being introduced to confer the franchise on women. The Bill abolishing plural voting has again been rejected by the House of Lords—as was only to be expected. At least 25 Unionists hold their seats in England purely by virtue of the plural vote. Tariff "reform" and conscription alone are enough to defeat any party, but this would be made doubly sure if over 500,000 men who at present can exercise their vote at least twice were limited to one vote only.

The Maltese for Australia.

The industrious Maltese are just the sort of people who would make a success of colonising the Northern Territory. They are accustomed to work in great heat, and the small area available for cultivation in Malta has forced them to develop the best form of intensive culture. Grain, clover and vegetables are the chief products of the overcrowded island in the Mediterranean. Whether the Maltese are permitted under the Immigration Restriction Acts to enter the Commonwealth or not is a matter for anthropologists and philologists to decide. It is worth noting, though, that until the early eighties Maltese were allowed to serve in the British Navy, and were only debarred from that exclusive preserve of the white Britisher because they spoke a language the officers could not understand. Hindoos and other Indians are not allowed in the navy at all. Malta was originally settled by the Phoenicians, who planted their colonies all about the Mediterranean sea-board, founding some also in Cornwall and other places in the South of England. The Phoenicians have no racial connection whatever with the African descendants of Ham. Malta was owned by many different nations, but its rulers never displaced the old inhabitants. In fact, Malta generally appears to have shared the same fate as Sicily in early centuries, having been in the hands of Carthaginians, Byzantines, Arabs and Normans at different times. There is no question about the admission of Italians or Sicilians into the Commonwealth, nor ought there to be about the Maltese. The Maltese Islands cover some 111 square miles, and support a population of over 200,000. That is just under 2000 people per square mile. In the Northern Territory, where at present we have about one man to 150 square miles, there is ample room for this industrious race!

Murray Waters.

The Inter-State Committee of Experts, representing New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, has presented its report on the vexed question of the use of the water of the Murray. On the whole—looking at it from a

Commonwealth point of view—it contains sensible recommendations. It has been violently attacked in Victoria because it suggests the surrender of the control of the Goulburn, the Ovens and the Mitta. Rather than concur in this Victoria is urged to go to law in the matter. The example of a fight in the Courts, instead of an agreement by consent, given by States in America is hardy a cheerful one to follow. The expense is enormous, and even yet, although Kansas and Colorado have been indulging in litigation for years, no satisfactory decision has been arrived at. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him," is good sound advice which may be commended to the ultra State-righters. The chief difficulty is with regard to South Australia's claim that permanent navigation should be provided between the mouth of the Murray and Wentworth. It would be interesting to know the actual value of the trade on the river. Is it worth the expenditure on the locks, which would be required to provide permanent navigation? Would a railway be able to effectively carry everything which now goes by water? The cost of a railway would not be too much to pay to secure amicable settlement of the Murray problem. The question at issue is really whether this river and its tributaries are more valuable as suppliers of water to a thirsty land or as commerce highways. The amount of water flowing in them during most of the year does not make it possible for them to fulfil both functions.

The Victorian Crisis.

Mr. Watt returned from his visit to England, in fine form, and with a considerably broadened outlook on things Imperial. He met our greatest statesmen at home, and what he learned from them will not be wasted. They, too, were considerably impressed with this young Australian leader, who, by his unaided qualities, has won his way to the first place in Victoria. Mr. Watt had his hands full the moment he landed. Mr. McLeod, the Chairman of the Country Party, brought in a motion of censure on the Government, apparently without first consulting his colleagues. As the debate went on, it became clear that he had an understanding with the Labour Party. Mr. McLeod desired reconstruction, and this was his way of forcing Mr. Watt's hand. An alliance between the Conservative wing of the Ministerialists and the Labour Party in order to smash Mr. Watt's Ministry, was not a wise effort, as Mr. McLeod speedily found. In a fighting speech, Mr. Watt pulverised the arguments the revolting members had set up. He was not afraid of a dissolution, seemed even to welcome it, and refused absolutely to be coerced into any promise of reconstruction. His strong line was justified by the collapse of the censure motion, so far as the Country Party was concerned, although Mr. Elmslie insisted on the motion going to the vote. All the Liberal members, except those in the Ministry, privately adopted a resolution urging that the Premier should reconstruct the Government. This looks very like a vote of censure on present Ministers, and it is improbable that Mr. Watt can ignore it. Some alteration in the personnel of his Ministry is therefore likely to take place.

Congress on Union of Churches.

There is a remarkable movement for closer working arrangements between the churches throughout the world. This has been especially noticeable in Canada and the United States, where actual Union for certain purposes has

already taken place. But the outstanding achievement in Union is the agreement arrived at in Edinburgh last May, when, in the two Assemblies of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church respectively, it was unanimously decided to go forward with arrangements for organic union. A constitution for a united Church is now being drawn up, and within a few years the seeming impossible will have happened, and there will be but one Church in Scotland. It is as if the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Clifford had got together and arranged an organic union between the Established and Nonconformist Churches in England! In Victoria the time is ripe for Union, and efforts are being made to bring it about. Three Commissions have been sitting for some time, and have arrived at agreement so far as the Union control of Home Missions and the possibility of combined theological education are concerned. These Commissions will present their reports to a Congress which is to be held in the Collins-street Independent Church from September 1—4. This Congress has been arranged by a Council, drawing its members from the Anglicans, Baptists, Brethren, Church of Christ, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Society of Friends. The leading men in each of these churches are taking an active part in the movement, and the prospect of the Congress achieving something tangible is very bright.

Reforming the Legislative Council in New Zealand.

Reconstruction of Second Chambers is in the air. Mr. Asquith has promised that a measure providing for the reform of the House of Lords will shortly be introduced. The danger, from the Liberal point of view, of altering the present Upper Chamber is that any reform is bound to strengthen it, but is unlikely to make it much less conservative than it is at present. In New Zealand Mr. Bell, leader of the Government in the Legislative Council, in introducing a Reform Bill, stated that all sections of the community desired the Upper House to be made elective. At present it consists of 45 members nominated by the Crown. The Bill, which the Government is determined to carry through provides for a system of proportional representation, the best in the opinion of Mr. Massey and his friends to secure a reflex of the opinions of the country. In Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia there is continual agitation for the alteration of the Upper Houses, and —since the decisive victory of Labour in the Senate—Liberals consider that there should be radical changes in the method of electing Commonwealth Senators. We have not yet evolved any satisfactory arrangement for an Upper Chamber, but the inate conservatism dormant in even the most radical community hesitates to do away with what cannot but be regarded as a brake on advanced legislation. Our politicians might with advantage study the methods of working two Chambers in Norway, the youngest kingdom in Europe.

The Invasion of the Deadly Microbe.

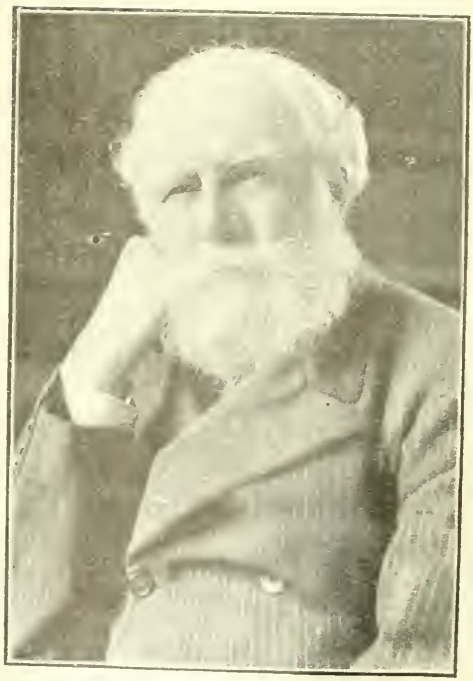
The small-pox scare which took hold of Sydney early in the month has made all Australia uneasy. We lead such a happy-go-lucky life that invasion, whether from a foreign army or an army of deadly foreign microbes never suggests itself as possible. How easily an invasion of the latter denomination at least might overwhelm us has been proved in the case of the small-pox epidemic. Happily the visitation has

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON.
The greatest Shakespearian actor of our time, who was recently knighted by the King.

been mild; but it has brought its lessons. It has served to give the medical profession a little useful practice, and a large return in hard cash. It has also resulted in a large number of people being vaccinated, some from choice, others from compulsion. It has been a strange sight to see the Sydney Town Hall basement crowded day after day with three or four thousand men, women and children, their sleeves rolled up, waiting for the doctor to apply the magic vaccine. Most of the large business houses commanded their employees to be vaccinated, and in most cases engaged a doctor to visit the establishment, and operate on all and sundry, from the manager down to the smallest errand boy. The New South Wales Government have announced the preparation of a Bill to make vaccination for children compulsory. Of course, those who are conscientiously opposed to vaccination have not been idle. From platform and press they have protested against the whole business; but the great majority of the people have readily and cheerfully presented themselves for vaccination in the belief that it was in the interests of public health.

Speaker Willis Has Resigned.

Mr. Willis has vacated the office of Speakership in New South Wales, with as little sense of dignity as when he first essayed to occupy the position. It would have been better for his political reputation if he had never seen the Chair; but his vanity has been his undoing. He has failed to please anybody, and he goes out into the political wilderness like any Ishmaelite. Under happier circumstances, Mr. Willis might have adorned a position which he has only succeeded in belittling. He posed as a strong man, but elected to employ the methods of a small man. Yet he has kept a whole nation merry and



THE LATE LORD AVEBURY.

Photo.] [*Record Press.*

MISS DUNCAN.
The First London Lady J.P.

laughing at his burlesqued dignity. Had he lived in the days of Charles Dickens, Mr. Willis would have figured as the presiding judge in Bardell v. Pickwick. His lectures from the Chair on Parliamentary proprieties; his efforts to flatten out innocent and unoffending officers of the House with the steam-roller of assumed authority, will be quoted among the humours of Parliament to succeeding generations. Just what his resignation will mean to the Holman Government for the rest of the session cannot yet be determined. He may assume a fighting attitude, and vote to turn out a Government which he has declared no longer enjoys the confidence of the electors. He may ally himself with the Independents; but in his present mood he is more likely to form a new party and elect himself leader over a rank and file that has no existence outside Mr. Willis.

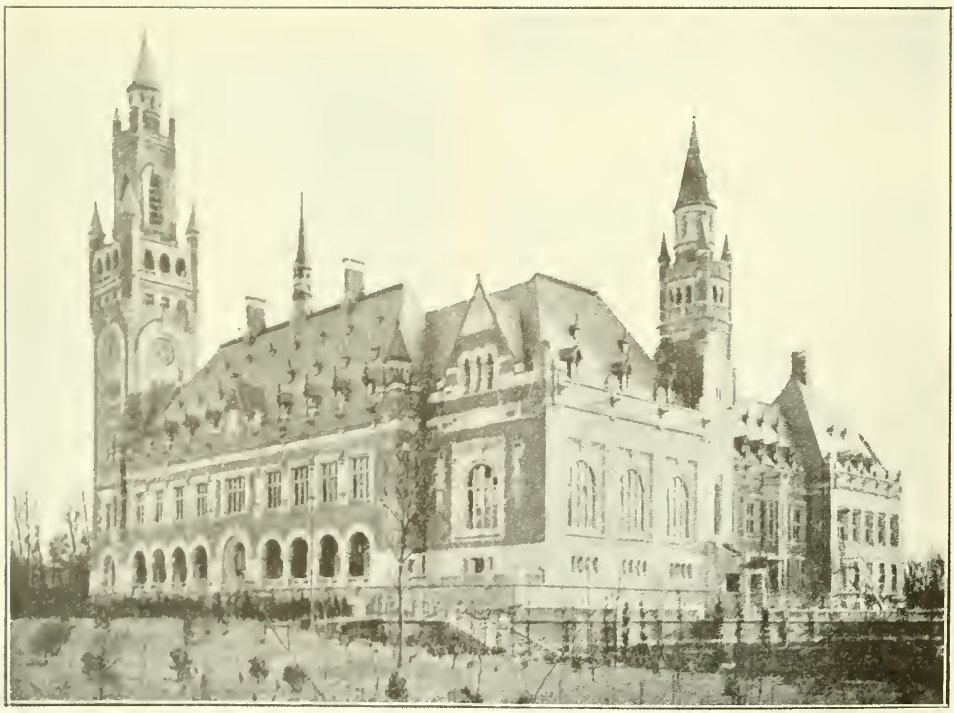
A Strong Man Armed.

People who admire a strong man, with sufficient moral courage in his nature to insist on having his own way, have much to admire in Mr. Tom Johnson, the Chief Commissioner for New South Wales Railways. The New South Wales public had never known what it was to have a railway system completely beyond political control until Mr. Johnson took command. There was an Act of Parliament which declared that the management of the railways was to be outside of political influence, but no previous Commissioner had had the temerity to test the strength of that Act. When Mr. Johnson arrived he put on the whole armour, clothed himself with the full

Photo.] [*Topical Press.*

JUDGE MARY M. BARTELME.
First Woman Judge of the United States.

powers of the Act, and started in to treat the railways as a business proposition and make them pay. His worst enemies would not deny that he has grappled with a great problem in a statesmanlike way, and has achieved great results. That he has not done even greater things has been due to the limitations of his power, which places him at the mercy of whatever Government is in office, either to refuse reasonable demands for money or to exploit his defeat in the matter of new works for political purposes. Mr. Johnson has had a most difficult and unenviable task, and few men would have stood the strain of unfair tactics employed against him, or have won out against such odds. For some time a campaign of misrepresentation and mud-throwing has been waged against him for political and even baser purposes, but Mr. Johnson pursues his policy apparently undismayed, and most certainly deaf to all threats and dumb to all his accusers. Mr. Johnson's term of office is fast running out. If the present Government remain in office he is not likely to be asked to accept a second term. If the next elections bring about a change of Government he most certainly will. In any case, he has served the State to the best of his outstanding abilities, and, above all, has shown himself to be a strong man. The great majority of the people of the State sympathise with Mr. Johnson against all his enemies, and chiefly because they admire his strength of character.



THE WORLD'S TEMPLE OF PEACE AND ARBITRATION, AT THE HAGUE.

(Soon after the International Court of Arbitration, known as The Hague Tribunal, was established, in 1899, a number of the world's public-spirited men, among them Mr. Andrew Carnegie, conceived the idea of erecting a building as the seat of the august tribunal, to mark for ever at the Dutch capital the establishment of the world's court of fraternal goodwill. Mr. Carnegie contributed £300,000 towards its cost.)

AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

The Review of Reviews has now appeared as a separate publication for twenty-one years in Australasia. With this number we begin our twenty-second year. During these long years it has had many vicissitudes, but has always upheld those ideals for the realisation of which it was founded. Looking through some old papers this week, I happened across the manuscript my father wrote twenty-one years ago when he started the magazine here. It is a fitting document to quote from on the occasion of our coming of age, for it states why he wanted to have a third Review of Reviews in being, instead of trying to meet Australasian requirements with the English edition. He followed the announcement of his intention by a definite statement of the policy of welding together the English-speaking nations, for which cause the Review of Reviews came into existence.

To the English-Speaking Folk under the Southern Cross.

London, June, 1892.

It is nearly forty years since I was roused in the early hours of the morning by the blare of brazen music and the cheering of many voices. I clambered out of my crib, and peered timidly out of the windows into the cold, fresh outer world. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the trumpets, and presently a small procession, marching irregularly with a band playing "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and accompanied by many women and children, crossed the line of sight. For a moment or two I saw them before me, and then they passed; the music slowly died away in the distance, and all was still once more.

At breakfast, we were told that it was a party of emigrants off for the diggings in the then newly-discovered gold field of Ballarat. Their departure was the great event in our small village. Australia was then almost as unknown to us as the land of the golden fleece to the ancient Argonauts. Forth they fared into the dim darkness of the unknown, full of high hopes and lusty life, for they were the pick of our village manhood, adventurous and sanguine, leaving behind them empty seats in the familiar pew, great gaps in the circle by the fireside, where mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts waited with aching hearts wondering if they would ever hear again from those who had departed to the underside of the world.

I was a very small child in those days, and, between that early morning of the departure of the emigrants and to-day, what a turmoil there has been in this old world. Great wars have come and gone, material civilisation has been recast, the newspaper and the telephone and the torpedo boat have revolutionised most things, new worlds have come into being, Empires have risen and have crashed into ruin, but not all the tramp of the marching myriads across the dusty plain of contemporary history has ever for one moment dulled in my ears the strain of that "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," or dimmed to my eye the vision of those venturous ones who were off for the diggings in the first rush of the gold fever. To me, as probably to many millions, Charles Mackay's verse was as the cradle song of the new-born Commonwealth—

"Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on the way!
Hope pants before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
Cheer, boys, cheer, for England, Mother England!
Cheer, boys, cheer, the willing, strong right hand!
Cheer boys, cheer, there's work for honest labour!
Cheer, boys, cheer, in the new and happy land!"

Thus, from earliest infancy, Australia has been to me a land not of old romance, but of new romance, the el dorado of the Victorian age. It has been the new and hopeful continent where the brave and adventurous men of my native village went to make their fortunes, and from whom the ocean post brought us, from time to time, the precious bulletins of good news. I remember, as if it were to-day, the sensation occasioned by the arrival of the first nugget from the virgin quartz, which came to our village, and after being reverently passed from hand to hand, ultimately was stowed away in a secret place in the minister's study. Not all the yield of all the mines of Australia could produce to-day the awe-inspiring effect of this small junk of quartz.

First impressions are lasting. Australia remains to me the wonderland of my infancy, the land of immeasurable promise, the new, vast, boundless continent, in which our race is to renew its youth like the eagle's, and confer upon the world beneath the Southern Cross the culture, the language, and the law which have long been the heritage of the United States, and the United Kingdom.

Hence from the first inception of the Review of Reviews, I aspired after establishing an Australian edition. First in order of time came the American edition, which has now taken good root. Thanks to the energy and sagacity of its editor, Dr. Albert Shaw, it has now a position of influence second to none in the American Republic. The American edition being established, the Australian edition comes next, and, although there is not as yet the population at the Antipodes to render possible such circulations as those in England and America, it may well be suggested that, fifty years hence, the Australian edition may be the most important of the three, and the Review of Reviews may be chiefly useful in the evolution of our race by the influence it may secure among its Australian readers.

Of all the products of land or sea, the richest and the rarest is the genius of man. Literary genius does not grow on every bush. It needs to be searched for as hidden treasures, and when found to be cherished as the pearl of great price. In the development of genius, different institutions at different periods play a great part. At one time, the theatre was the great foster-mother of the genius of man. Sometimes, the chief place was occupied by the wealthy patron, but in a democratic age, the publisher is the chief mainstay of young and rising man of letters. The newspapers, daily and weekly, fill a great role in this respect, but the daily and weekly press but occupy part of the field. The monthly periodical has become more and more the arena for the serious discussion of the problems of life. The monthly magazine and Review represents the higher thought of our time, and, hence, a good monthly magazine is as indispensable for the culture of a democracy as a well endowed University, or a good common school. Australia at the present moment has no monthly magazine of the first class. But it is a continent of such vast area that it can only be covered by a monthly. Dailies have a range limited by twenty-four hours, weeklies by seven days, but as the experience of the Review in America has proved, if you want to create an organ that will have a Continental circulation it must be a monthly. The Australian colonies, New Zealand and Tasmania are dealing independently with many problems which are practically identical. But hitherto there has existed no recognised publication in which the citizen of each could keep themselves informed as to the experience of all.

This need is nowhere so imperative as in Australia, whose children

"Called to so live
On the rough edges of society
Problems long sacred to the chosen few
And improvise what elsewhere men receive
As gifts of Deity."

It is in the beginning of things that such information is so important. Afterwards, when society has stiffened, it does not matter so much. A timely hint to the founder of a State may do more than subsequently can be achieved by a whole Apocalypse backed by the propagandic zeal of an entire generation.

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

OUR TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Congratulations From Readers.

Our twenty-first anniversary of independent publication in Australasia has brought us many kind congratulations from our readers, to whom I render my heartfelt thanks.

Space prevents our publishing many of the numerous letters of congratulation we have to acknowledge, but though they do not appear in our pages, they are no less welcome than those which do.

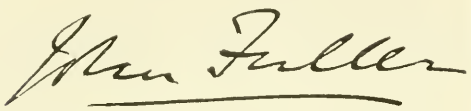
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I have much pleasure in congratulating the Australian Review of Reviews on its "coming of age," and in extending my best wishes for its future. As far as I have seen, it serves a most useful purpose in Australia by its excellent articles, and in the judgment it uses as to what to bring before the public. It has worthily maintained the traditions of the parent Review at home, and I trust that its success is assured.—Yours very truly,

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.

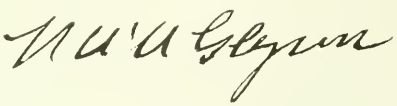
Dear Mr. Stead,—Let me congratulate you on the coming of age of the Review of Reviews. It has done a great work in knitting the English-speaking world more closely together, and has undoubtedly helped Australians and Britons to understand and appreciate one another better. Your consistent efforts to do this have my heartiest approval. In the far-away homes of the Commonwealth it must indeed be a boon, giving as it does so comprehensive a record of what is going on in the dis-

tant parts of the world. I hope it may have the continued success it so well deserves.—Yours, sincerely,



THE HON. P. M'M. GLYNN, M.H.R.,
Minister of External Affairs for the Commonwealth.

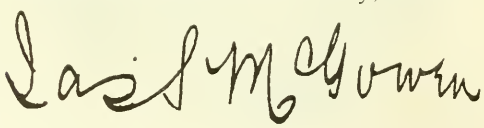
Dear Mr. Stead,—As a reader of the Review of Reviews from, I think, the opening number, I may claim the privilege of an intimate, and, on the occasion of the Review's majority, be permitted to send a few words of greeting and God-speed. In matters of sympathy, one, perhaps, had better act on the first impulse; and I confess I was inclined to write you a word or two when you lost your good father, in the very plenitude of his service, and readers throughout our world-wide Empire lost, in many matters, a guide, philosopher and friend. But I had never seen him, and had not yet met you. After all, why should the conventions, that keep so many lives apart, make one hesitate to write, as a friend would, to the son of one whom for twenty years and more—for I used to read the *Pall Mall Gazette*—I had known, from his writings, to be a man of a nature and disposition as frank and generous as his style and purpose were direct and sincere, and who never feared to speak, when the occasion called for the wholesome, though unpalatable truth. With hearty congratulations on the Review's "coming of age," I am, sincerely yours,



HON. JAS. S. McGOWEN, M.L.A.
Minister of Labour and Industry, N.S.W.

My dear Review of Reviews,—Let me tender you my heartiest congratulations on "coming of age." You have my best wishes for a continuance of your

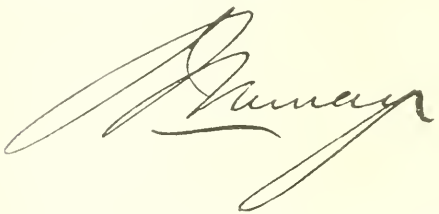
success, which your merits should put you in a position not only to deserve but to command.—Yours sincerely,



THE HON. JOHN MURRAY, M.L.A.
Chief Secretary for Victoria.

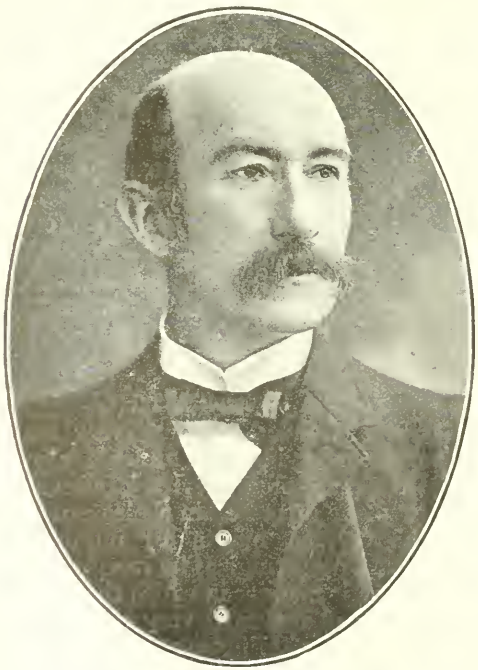
Ever since its first appearance, I have been a constant reader of the Review of Reviews, and, although not always in agreement with the views of your late father, no one held a higher opinion of his extraordinary ability and the versatility of his genius than I did, and, when, in the gloom of the awful "Titanic" disaster, the world was deprived of his services, I felt, as everyone knowing his work must have felt, that a great gap had been left in the ranks of those who work for the good of the human race. It is said that any one unit withdrawn from the sum of human existence can be replaced; but this is not so in your father's case, for he, with his exceptional qualifications, his

vigour, his honesty, his single-mindedness of purpose, his tenacity in pursuing the course of what he believed to be right, has left a void that never can and never will be filled. He stood alone among journalists, towering above all his compatriots; nor were any gifted like him, and I feel certain of this, that the present conductors of the magazine, if they humbly follow in his footsteps, will continue to make it one of the most valuable publications that we have in the English-speaking race.

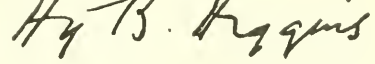


THE HON. JUSTICE HIGGINS.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I have been a reader of your father's Review for many years, and I value it most highly. It is a busy man's world-telescope. I know nothing,

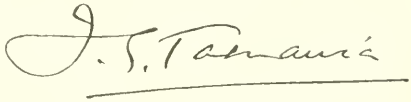


in its way, so good as the "Progress of the World" part, which your father handled with such a light and illuminating touch. The people of Australia are sadly in need of better foreign intelligence, as the cablegram service is so unsatisfactory. I congratulate you on the excellent form and matter of the Australasian issue on approaching the 21st birthday.—Yours, with best wishes,



RT REV. BISHOP MERCER, OF TASMANIA.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Allow me to send you a word of special greeting. I do not like to reckon up the years since the English Review of Reviews came to my rescue in my spasmodic efforts to keep abreast of the times. I am now in Australia, and the big world is hurrying on at a quicker pace than ever—a pace which, if a little dazing, is greatly invigorating—and I find my old friend, duly adapted to its changed environment, still constant to my needs. I appreciate more particularly its sturdy avoidance of sensationalism, and its well-proportioned presentation of thinkings and doings that claim the attention of citizens of the world. I cordially wish the Review a growing circulation and a solid popularity.—Yours very truly,



THE HON. ALFRED DEAKIN.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I hope you will allow me as a regular reader of the Review of Reviews since its foundation, and having had the pleasure of meeting its founder, Mr. W. T. Stead, in London, to congratulate you heartily upon its majority, and wish it all success under your management in its new form.—Yours very truly,

ALFRED DEAKIN.

THE HON. THE MAYOR OF ADELAIDE.

You have my warmest congratulations on the attainment by the Australasian edition of the Review of Reviews of its twenty-first year of publication. I have always read it, and always enter-

tained for it the greatest admiration. I see no reason why the success of the past should not be more than repeated in the future, especially under the new management, which has already fully justified itself. The Review of Reviews is the thoughtful man's magazine, and every issue contains articles of outstanding importance and special interest.

J. B. Boyce Thom

MR. HENRY GYLES TURNER.
Historian of Victoria.

Dear Mr. Stead,—In looking at the file of the Review of Reviews, I see that the Australian edition is just attaining its majority, and I desire to offer you my hearty congratulations on the vigorous and progressive policy which is noticeable since you have assumed the personal control. The Review came into being in Australia in the most calamitous period of our colonial existence. A financial cyclone had shattered the visions of our inflated prosperity, and men's minds were too intent on striving to keep out of the Insolvency Court to pay any heed to the call of literature. The only "books" which commanded attention from all hands then were labelled "Ledger" on the back. Yet the Review managed somehow to strike its roots even into this stony soil, and while many of the contemporaries of its infantile days have gone under, it is now completing its 21st year as an honoured member of the Fourth Estate, illuminative, entertaining, and, above all, useful. Apart from its literary merits, it is in the last aspect that I have most appreciated it. As a busy man and always a voluminous reader, I have found its monthly summary of the world's progress most valuable for reviving and fixing the scattered daily records of the morning papers. And it has struck me that the great mass of information thus presented, political, social and international, has been eminently fair and impartial. In another aspect I think it has been a great boon to be able, without effort, to follow the opinions expressed by the leading writers of the day, in that great volume of contemporary thought which finds expression in the standard reviews and magazines of the old world. I sincerely hope that you may realise the highest success you can desire in carrying out the admirable design which emanated from your father's fertile brain. Believe me, very truly yours,

Henry Gyles Turner

DR. J. W. BARRETT.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I have very much pleasure in saying how much I appreciate the Australian Review of Reviews. It keeps one informed in a pleasant way of the various events of importance which are occurring. The receptive and sympathetic manner in which the Review is conducted makes it very easy to appreciate the significance of the great events which are daily taking place.—Sincerely yours,

James W Barrett

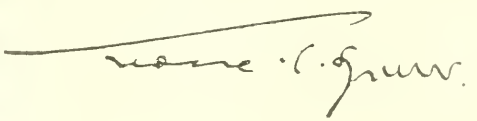
SIR CHARLES GOODE.

My Dear Sir,—I heartily congratulate you on the "coming of age" of the Review of Reviews, which I think I have read from the start, and hope to continue doing so during my earthly career. The sketch of your good father's life is very interesting, and I hope and trust that his useful life and tragic death may be commemorated in some good form. With very kind regards and best wishes, I remain, yours faithfully,

REV. FREDERIC SPURR,

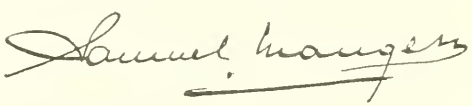
Collins Street Baptist Church.

Dear Mr. Stead,—Permit me to congratulate you upon the Review of Reviews as it appears under the new management in Australasia. I have subscribed to the Review from its first number (in England). It does more to put a man in living touch with the thought of the world than any other magazine with which I am acquainted. I should not like to be without it. The new form in which it appears in Australasia is, in my judgment, a decided improvement upon the old. You give us just what we need to know, and that in the most acceptable way. I wish you every success. Australians, who, geographically, are cut off from the life of the old world, need a magazine like yours to enlarge their vision, and to bring them into a real rapport with the fuller life of the world. —Yours sincerely,



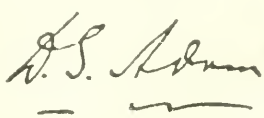
THE HON. SAMUEL MAUGER.

Accept my hearty congratulations on having reached your twenty-first birthday. I have to my profit and pleasure read the Review of Reviews from its first issue till now. I know of its chequered career, its difficulties and trials. I trust, however, that the future has nothing but good things in store for it—as good as it deserves. For reference purposes, high ideals and the maintenance of civic rights it has no compeer. I trust Australians will soon come to apprise it at its true value.



PROFESSOR ADAM.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I can remember the beginning of the Review of Reviews in the old country, and the interest with which, as a young minister in the North of Scotland, I used to look forward to its monthly appearance at my manse. I was a regular reader for many years, and found the magazine fresh, and interesting, and helpful in many ways.



HON. JAMES BALFOUR, M.L.C.

Dear Sir,—I congratulate you on your reaching your majority in the publication of the Australian edition of the Review of Reviews. I remember when the English edition was first published, and how it filled a place hitherto vacant, and filled it well. The review of the most interesting papers in the magazines of the month was an original and happy idea. To Australians, the record of the chief events of the month in the mother country and here, and the story in caricature make instructive reading.—I am, yours faithfully,

James Balfour

MR. EVELYN WRENCH

Of the Over Seas Club.

Dear Mr. Stead,—Very many happy returns. I cannot understand why Australians are so ready to buy European and American monthlies when for the sum of sixpence they can purchase your excellent Review. What has struck me during my wanderings in Australasia has been the fact that for sixpence I have been able to buy the Review of Reviews in the most remote parts of Queensland, New Zealand, etc. Sixpence a month to be kept in touch with the happenings of two worlds is little enough. While travelling I have found your summary of the best current thought invaluable. When I return to Europe I am anxious to keep in touch with Australasian affairs and enclose subscription.—Yours sincerely,

EVELYN WRENCH.

VEN. ARCHDEACON HINDLEY

Dear Mr. Stead,—I congratulate you on the 21st anniversary of the birthday of the Review of Reviews, which is the busy man's handy epitome of current periodical literature. Without your monthly summary of the reviews of the day, I fear many of us would soon be

left without knowledge of what is being done and thought in the rest of the world.—Yours, sincerely,

William Hindley

THE SITE WHERE THE FEDERAL CAPITAL IS TO BE BUILT.

The Federal Government invited Australian artists to submit paintings of Canberra. This was a happy idea, as the appearance of the spot from whence in time to come Australia will be governed will be speedily altered. It is well to have a permanent record of what it looked like before the final choice of our legislators selected it for the headquarters of government. The picture chosen was the work of the well-known Sydney artist, Mr. Lister Lister, who obviously took immense pains with the painting. It has been purchased for £250. The second picture, reproduced below, was painted by Mr. Penley Boyd, a young Melbourne artist of 23, who has evidently a future before him. It has been purchased for £150. The reproductions show that there is little resemblance between the two paintings. The colouring, too, is entirely different, and no one seeing them unlabelled would think they were of the same place. The canvases are to be hung in the Federal Parliament House, when it is built, at Canberra.

MY FATHER: W. T. STEAD.—IV.

BY HENRY STEAD.

Father owed the foundation of his education to the instruction he received at home. His father taught him Latin, and inculcated into a willing mind a great desire to learn things. As a boy, though, at school, he was not considered particularly bright. He taught himself French and German, the latter travelling in the train to and from Newcastle. Had he had the opportunity he gave his children, he would have been a fine linguist. He read French easily, could pick up a French newspaper and read it out *in English* as rapidly and accurately as if it had been an English one. As, however, he pronounced French as if it were Latin it was never any use to him conversationally.

HIS "FLUENT" GERMAN.

He talked German with a total disregard for grammar—at a great rate. It was an extraordinary sight to watch him tell a thrilling ghost story to some deeply interested German diplomatists; and hear their exclamations of astonishment not only at the tale but at the marvellous way in which he conveyed it.

MARK TWAIN'S JOKE.

When he and I were in Vienna, we spent an evening with Mark Twain, and the great American humorist explained how much easier it was for his German washerwoman to learn English than for him to learn German. "You see," he said, "she does not require many words to express herself in her own language, so has not many to learn in mine, but I need such a lot of words to adequately convey my meaning in English that it would be hopeless for me to try and learn their equivalent in German!" Father had a wonderful command of English, and the extraordinary thing was that he had almost an equal command of French and German words, however quaintly he put them together. He had no time at all to study, but he only needed to see a word once to remember it.

When we went to Russia in 1898, he suddenly remembered enough words to get along with, although the few he had picked up on his first visit had never been thought of for ten years.

INTERVIEWING LEOPOLD II.

During the last twenty years of his life he was constantly on the Continent, but his first trip to interview a monarch was when he visited Brussels to see the king of the Belgians about General Gordon. The interview was a curious one. Leopold did not want to see him, and was furious about the share he had had in taking Gordon away from his service. Having some time to spare before the appointment, he wandered about in the city and lost his way. When he got on the right track he found he would be late. In a way thoroughly characteristic of him, he made good by sprinting energetically for about a mile, arriving breathless, but on time, at the palace, to the joy of his cicerone, Baron de Laveleye. The king kept them waiting a few minutes, and then limped in with the help of his stick. He did not ask father to be seated. The only monarch he interviewed who never did, nor did he sit down himself, evidently intending to cut the interview short. They were soon hard at it, for father never minced matters, and continued talking for an hour. "That man Stead," said Leopold afterwards to de Laveleye "made me perspire."

RED RUBBER.

He impressed father as an able, untrustworthy, irascible, but resolute man, who did not like to be contradicted or even argued with. In those days—it was in 1884—everyone accepted Leopold II. at his own valuation. There was no talk of dividends from the Congo. It was years later that the cloven hoof appeared, and the king's enterprise in Central Africa, originally projected on idealist lines, became transformed into a sordid and ruthless engine for the creation of a new slavery, in order to extract gigantic dividends from hapless negroes, with a cruelty that cried aloud to heaven for vengeance.

RHODES, LEOPOLD AND THE KAISER.

Rhodes told father some years later, after he had interviewed the Belgian ruler, that he was the hardest man to deal with he had ever met. "He is a regular Jew," said the Empire builder. "You could easier get blood from a stone than any concession from King Leopold." Rhodes, on the other hand, found the Kaiser as generous and gracious as Leopold was the reverse. That is why the North to South African railway does not go through what with hollow mockery was called the Congo "Free" State.

A "GOOD, SQUARE TALK" WITH THE TSAR.

Ever since his boyhood days, when at the office of a merchant in Newcastle, who acted as Russian Consul there, father had been deeply interested in Russia. His was often the only pen urging in the Press a better understanding between Russia and England. It was in 1888 that he thought it possible and advisable to have what he called "a good, square talk" with the Tsar. He was then still editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and by the vigorous method in which he had championed the Russian cause during the Penjdeh dispute and afterwards, had succeeded in establishing for himself a more or less recognised position as a Russian organ. He was abused as a Russian agent, was said to be in the pay of the Russian Embassy, and, in short, enjoyed the distinction of being pelted by all the vituperative brickbats which came handiest to those gentlemen who were not of his way of thinking. It is hardly necessary to say that these ridiculous assertions were absolutely false. He worked resolutely for an Anglo-Russian *entente*—and saw it brought about in his lifetime. In working for this, he became fast friends with men of such opposing thought and personality as Tolstoy and Pobyedonostzeff, Prince Koropotkin and M. Lessar, whilst he was trusted implicitly by many Nihilists, as well as by the Tsar himself.

Seeing that the British public, without any ground for doing so, insisted upon looking to him as the man who gave authoritative expression to the views of the Russian Government, he thought it highly desirable to ascertain directly from the Emperor what his policy actually was. So to Russia he went, and Mme. Novikoff, with whom he had worked for many years to bring about better relations between the two countries, arranged an interview with Alexander III. at Gatschina.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

When, he said, I met the Tsar, I put the case frankly before him, pointing out the danger of having accorded to me a position to which I had no claim, and suggesting that as I could not, despite my disclaimers, rid myself of the reputation of being his English organ, it would at least be safer if he could give me more or less definite information as to what were his ideas upon the questions which were involved in the relations between England and Russia. The Emperor thought a little and then said he thought the suggestion was reasonable. "What," he asked, "did I want to know?" "Everything," I replied at which he smiled and said, "Ask what questions you like, and I will answer them if I can." I availed myself of the opportunity to the full, and the Emperor was as good as his word. I asked, he answered, and by the time that the interview was over I had received a comprehensive and definite exposition direct from the Emperor's own lips of the policy he intended to pursue in relation to all the questions in which England was interested.

Sir Robert Morier, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, speaking of this interview, said that no Russian Emperor had ever spoken so freely and fully upon all questions of foreign policy to any Englishman, and he added that he could not conceive of any circumstances better calculated to secure absolute candour on the part of the Tsar than those in which our interview took place.

Much that the Emperor told me was a good deal questioned at the time. I was ridiculed for my credulity. One eminent statesman told me flatly that he did not believe what the Emperor had said, and he laughed me to scorn for my simplicity in accepting his word. But time passed, and the result proved that in every single item the Tsar had stated exactly the course which he actually

pursued. So signal a confirmation of the trustworthiness of the communications made to me on that occasion was afforded by the subsequent events of his reign that when it came to a close that same statesman who had derided me for my credulity told me in the handsomest manner that he had been entirely wrong, and that I had been absolutely right.

THE ONLY MAN TO DISMISS THE TSAR.

I must confess that I look back to that episode in my career with considerable satisfaction. There was no undertaking expressed or implied that I would support the policy of the Emperor. He asked nothing from me, and I only asked from him the exact truth in order that I might avoid misleading my countrymen. He told me the exact truth, and as a result, during all the rest of his reign, I was able to speak with absolute certainty where all the rest of my colleagues were compelled to rely upon inference and conjecture.

The interview was for some reason kept absolutely secret, and until the day the Tsar died father never permitted himself to state in print that he had even so much as spoken to him. Curiously enough the story of the visit was first spoken about when the Kaiser visited St. Petersburg. Alexander III. was much amused at the termination of the interview, and, in telling his German visitors of father's unwitting breach of Court etiquette, said that the English journalist was the only man who had ever dismissed him.

HIS THREE AMBASSADORS.

Father found a very true and loyal friend in the late Sir Robert Morier, and the two spent much time together. Father never again found a British Ambassador there so much in sympathy with his ideals. Fortunately, though, when he visited St. Petersburg in later years, he met American Ambassadors after his own heart. He always said that he had a great advantage over most Englishmen who travelled in Europe. They had only one Ambassador; he had three in every capital—the British, the American (whom he always regarded as his own), and the Russian. It is an interesting fact to recall that it was almost always either the American or the Russian Ambassadors who were most helpful to him. I think, perhaps, the British were a little afraid of him. When I toured Europe with him, it was Mr. Tower, the American representative in St. Petersburg, he relied on most. It was the Russian Charge d' Affaires at Constantinople, who took us without trouble through the customs. It was the Russian representative at the Vatican he found most useful. In Vienna it was Baron de Bildt, the Scandinavian Minister, and in Berlin Mr. White, the historian and philosopher, who had charge of American interests, proved his best friend. But everywhere it was the *Times* correspondents who rejoiced to meet him, and give him most information. It was astonishing to find how many of them had either been trained under him on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or had been helped by him at different times during their careers. But to get back to the interview.

A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE.

I shall never forget, said father, the expression of mingled horror and amusement on Sir Robert's face when, on returning from Gatschina to the British Embassy, I told him how the interview had terminated. "You don't mean to say you dismissed the Emperor?" he exclaimed, "it's perfectly monstrous!" "Well," I said, "I don't know about that, but I knew the Empress had been kept waiting for her lunch for half-an-hour or more. As I had got through all the questions I wished to put to the Tsar, I got up, thanked him for his patience and kindness, and said I would not detain him any longer." "You did, did you?" said Sir Robert. "Don't you know that it is an unpardonable breach of etiquette even to stir from your seat until the sovereign gives you the signal to rise?" "I know nothing about that," I replied, "I only knew that when I saw the Emperor smile as he got up, I had been an idiot for my considerateness. If I had only sat still he might have gone on talking for another half-an-hour, and one does not talk to an Emperor every day."

RESCUING TOLSTOY.

From St. Petersburg and the Tsar, father went straight to Moscow and Tolstoy, and stayed for some days with

the Russian sage at Yasnaya Poliana. The two had great talks, the substance of which can be found in father's writings. He was very sorry for the Countess, who had managed to hold the home together, and keep a roof over the philosopher's head. He himself would have given away everything he had. She also prevented him bringing his children up as peasants amongst the rather low type on his estate. Walking through a small village one day they came upon a house in flames, and hearing that there was supposed to be a boy still within, Tolstoy dashed into the house to save him. As he did not reappear, father followed, and dragged the Count out just before the roof fell in. The boy, it turned out, was not there at all. The two had a long argument upon the right to use force, if necessary, to defend one's life and property. Tolstoy would have none of it. But if, said father, a man was going to kill your daughter, and you could save her by striking him down, ought you not to do so? Tolstoy, after a moment, admitted that under these circumstances force might perhaps be used. During the night, though, having evidently reflected on the subject, he came into father's room, and waked him up to say that he was wrong, and that even in such an extreme case force should not be used!

From Moscow, father went to Rome, where he remained for some time, and wrote his book, "The Truth About Russia." Although he never saw the Pope, Leo XIII., he got to know many cardinals and princes of the Church, and, of course, hosts of political folk. I have forgotten the name of the cardinal, long since dead, with whom he consorted most, but I was considerably impressed to hear father say that this was the only man he had ever met who had shown concern about his soul's salvation. He met many Russian friends in Rome, and was always very fond of the city. In his case at any rate the legend came true, for he drank of the fountain of Trève, and saw again several times that marvellous collection of modern buildings, mediæval churches and ancient ruins which makes up what was once Imperial Rome.

In a later number I hope to tell about father's Pilgrimage of Peace round Europe, on which I accompanied him, when he visited almost every capital on the Continent, and met all the leading men in international politics.

THE KING AND PRINCESS MARY AT ALDERSHOT. [*Topical.*

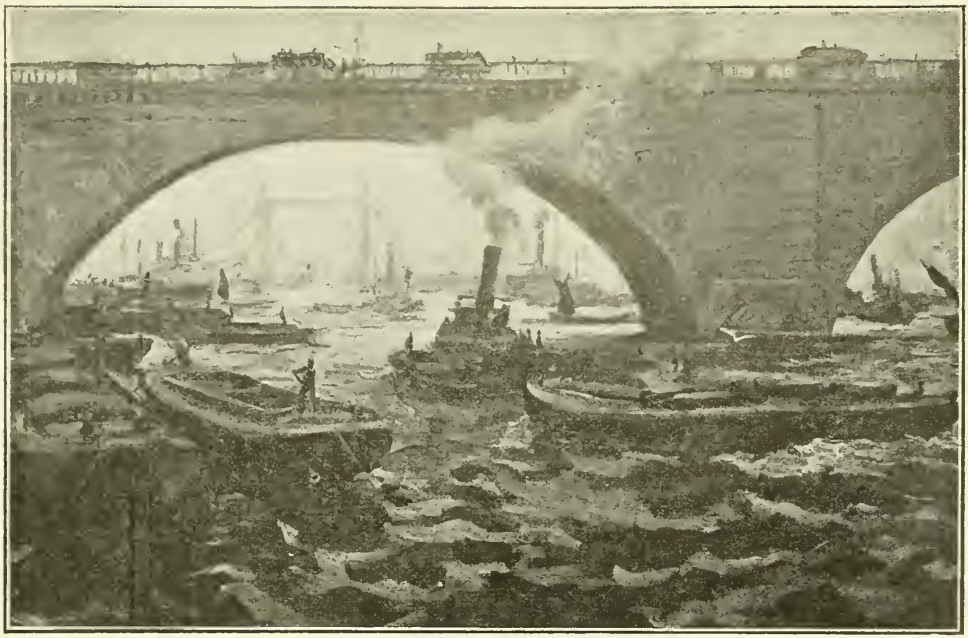
THE TARANTELLA. By George Coates.

THE POPPY FANTASY.
An overmantel design in water colour, by Dora Meeson.

PICTURES BY AUSTRALIAN ARTISTS.

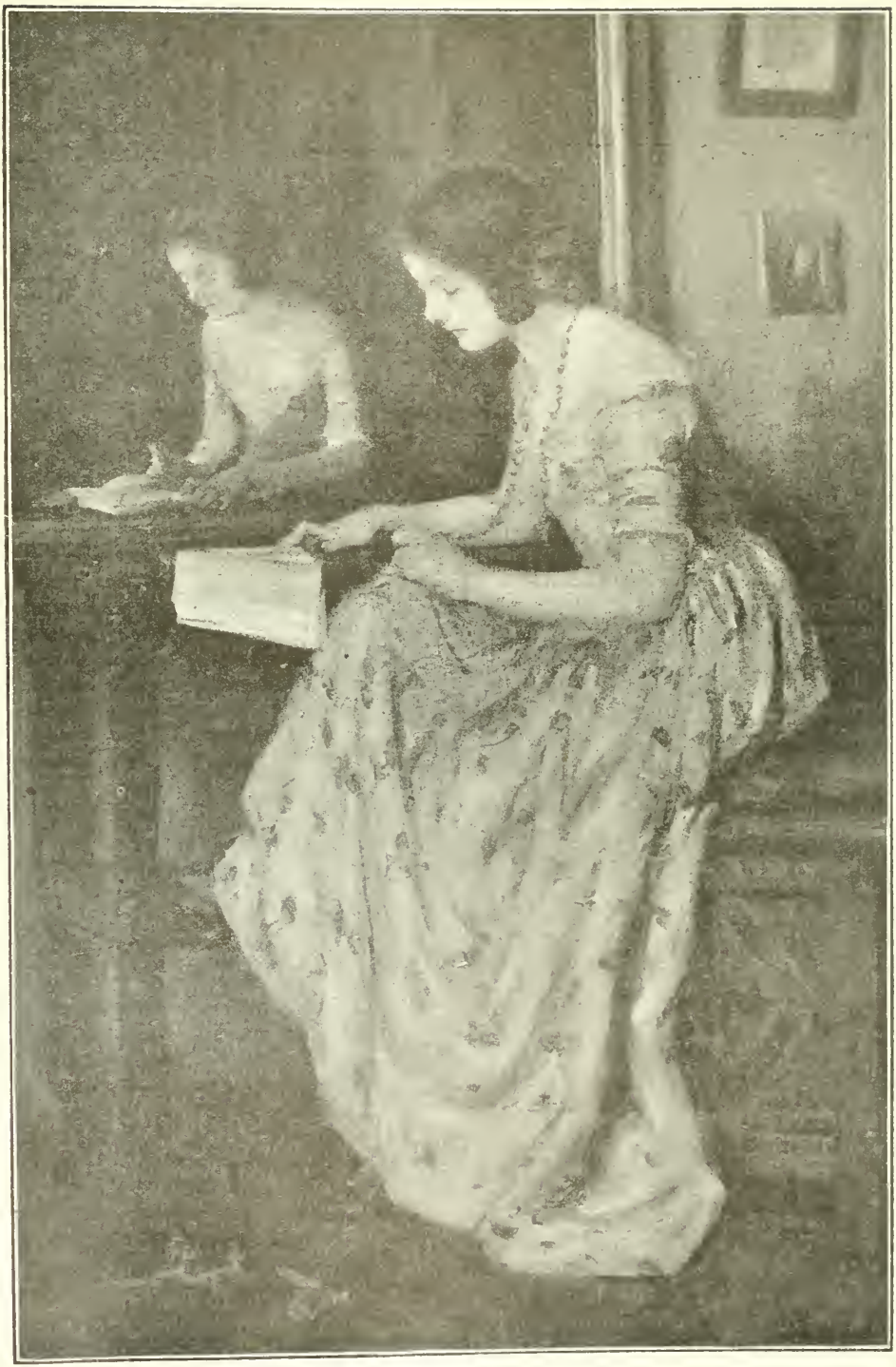
DORA MEESON'S EXHIBITION.

Many talented Australian artists have been showing their pictures here during the last few weeks. Mr. Power, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Coates and Dora Meeson have all drawn large numbers of people to their different exhibitions. It is sixteen years since Dora Meeson and her husband, George Coates, left Australia for England, and all their work has been done there and in France. Mr. Coates won the Travelling Scholarship at the Melbourne National Gallery, his wife coming second to him in the competition. Press of work prevented Mr. Coates from accompanying his wife on this return visit to her native land. She brings with her some twenty canvases of his and some hundred and twenty of her own, but she will certainly not take that number back with her, for many have already been purchased for Public Galleries and private collections. Mr. Coates, who has a genius for portrait painting, has specialised almost entirely on that branch of art, in which he has achieved great success. "The Spanish Dancer" and the "Mother and Child" reproduced herewith, are wonderfully fine portraits of the models who posed for him. He has recently received a commission from the Federal Government to paint a portrait of Lord Northcote, a former Governor-General, and amongst the many prominent people who have sat for him are Lord and Lady Courtney of Penrith, Mrs. Colthurst, Miss Cecily Hamilton the dramatist, Russell the Irish poet. Both artists have had pictures hung in the Royal Academy, the Salon and other galleries. Dora Meeson has devoted herself to an entirely different style of art. Some of her decorative work is especially fine, the "Poppy Fantasy" being a real gem, to which the reproduction here does no justice. Her pictures of Rye bring to life again that quaint old spot, which before the restless sea had choked its harbour with sand and gravel, was like Winchelsea, a great Sussex seaport. Her paintings of the Thames gives life like glimpses of that wonderful highway to the most mighty city in the world. Mrs. Coates will probably exhibit her pictures in Adelaide, but goes "home" in September, meeting her husband in Italy. Over four thousand people visited the Gallery whilst her pictures hung there, and everyone who saw them will hope that it will not be long before she pays another visit to the land of her birth.



LONDON BRIDGE. By Dora Meeson.

MOTHER AND CHILD.
By George Coates.—Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1912.



THE LAST CHAPTER. By Dora Meeson.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

XII.—IRRIGATION IN VICTORIA.

Recently comparisons have been drawn between the progress of irrigation in India and in Australia, very much to the detriment of the latter. For instance, the great Chenab Canal, the largest in India, waters some two million acres of hitherto barren country, and provides for an immigrant colony of over 800,000 souls. The vast Triple Canal project irrigates an equal area, and many other schemes are working, or are about to be started, throughout the whole country. Altogether British enterprise has spent over £40,000,000 on irrigation in India. The undertakings there are paying well, too, and have provided a livelihood for more people than there are in the whole of Australia!

Compared with India's huge efforts, little would appear to have been done here. In New South Wales the only big irrigation scheme is that of the Murrumbidgee, which is planned to water 200,000 acres of first-class, and 360,000 acres of second-class land. In Victoria, irrigation has recently been brought under the control of the State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, which has done much to co-ordinate plans and develop irrigable areas. Altogether Victoria has spent about £5,000,000 on irrigation schemes, and has only 215,333 acres under irrigated culture.

SETTLERS AND WATER.

No real comparison can possibly be made between the two countries. Indian irrigation provided land for a practically starving peasantry, to whom an acre or two of well-watered, even poor, soil, meant affluence. The settlers were waiting to pour into the opened up areas the moment they were available. Here the whole case is entirely different. No doubt the Water Supply Commission could at very short notice bring many thousands of acres under irrigation, but until the areas now available are all taken up what is the use of throwing open more? In India the problem is to provide water for clamouring settlers, here it is to provide settlers for clamouring acres. Mr. Elwood Mead, than whom there is no more able irrigation expert, instead of concentrating his energies solely on bringing water to the land, has to devote most of his time to finding and looking after settlers. That he and his associates have been so successful during the last year or two speaks volumes for their energy and administrative ability.

THE CASH VALUE OF A CITIZEN.

Obviously to take up small areas for intensive cultivation does not appeal greatly to the Australian who thinks in square miles, but it is just what the British and European farmer likes and what, after instruction, he is eminently suited for. It would speedily pay the State to bring out settlers, set them up with stock, and not demand rent for a couple of years, were it not for human nature. Experience has proved over and over again that the spoon-fed settler is generally a failure. It is interesting to remember, though, that each and every inhabitant in Australia has an average tax-paying value of £13 10s. 7d. a year, £9 0s. 8d. of this going to the State, and £4 9s. 11d. to the Commonwealth.

A WEEDING OUT PROCESS.

Irrigation settlement in Australia is still very largely in the experimental stage. Many men took up land without having the most elementary knowledge of irrigation farming. They neither knew the right crops to grow nor the right way to use the water. It is not surprising that some of these have failed and abandoned their land in despair. The officials of the Water Commission direct, advise and help settlers. They send full reports to headquarters, and, acting on this information, the Commissioners are able to decide where credit can be allowed, and where it is obviously useless to permit a settler to get further

and further in arrears. Recently the Commissioners have been weeding out those who, showing no aptitude for irrigation farming, have fallen grievously behind in their payments. Those who show signs of ultimately "making good," are dealt with most leniently.

A SETTLER'S BALANCE-SHEET.

At first the blocks taken up were too large. Australian settlers would not look at less than 200 acres. It was speedily found, though, that the failures were almost always in cases where a man had taken up more than he could manage. The blocks are now much smaller, from 20 to 50 acres. This a man can cultivate and see to himself. Experience has shown, too, the best way he should farm these acres. Much of the irrigated land is devoted to dairying. The Commission charges 6 per cent. on the value of the land. This purchases the land in 31½ years. Five shillings per acre is charged for water per annum, whether it is used or not. Houses are paid for in instalments extending over twenty years, with interest at 5 per cent.

A settler taking up, say, to 30 acres, would, therefore, have the following charges to meet:—

6 per cent. on the value of 30 acres at £10 per acre ...	£18	0	0
6 per cent. on house, valued at £100	6	0	0
Irrigation charge of 5/- per acre	7	10	0
Total annual charge ...	£31	10	0

To stock the land he would require ten cows, costing £80, a pair of draught horses, costing £50, pigs, fowls, implements and other expenses would probably bring the expenditure up to about £200 before a fair start could be made.

A cow is reckoned to bring in £10 a year	£100	0	0
The pigs should bring in at least	20	0	0
Total gross revenue ...	120	0	0
Annual charges for rent, etc.	31	10	0
	£89	10	0

This means that a man taking 30 acres and working them entirely himself must have a capital of about £200 to start with and would clear a matter of £90 per annum. On this he would have to live. But with milk, butter and eggs costing him nothing, his housekeeping bills would be small, nor would his tailor trouble him greatly.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR THE WORKER.

A net income of £90 a year is not likely to prove very attractive to the young Australian of experience. He looks, if he decides to go on the land, to broad acres and large returns from stock, grain or fruit. That is to say, he is not an irrigation farmer. But the proposition is an eminently good one from the point of view of the man in the old country, or, indeed, in Australia who may get only 25/- to 35/- a week, out of which he has to pay rent, and buy all the food that his family needs. Such a man can hardly hope to save anything at all, whereas, with thirty irrigated acres, he was actually purchasing, he might save anything from £25 to £50 a year. Any man with the right stuff in him would speedily get larger areas as he gained experience, and with, say, 200 acres of irrigated land, and knowledge, he would do well.

DEPOPULATING THE COUNTRY?

It has been freely stated that instead of bringing about closer settlement the Commission is actually depopulating the country. This is certainly not borne out by the figures. In all, the State has purchased 145 holdings, consisting of 77,600 acres, which are now controlled by the Water Commission. At the time of purchase there were only 103 families on the land; there are now 1157. This does not look like depopulation! The real trouble is that irrigation farming is at about the opposite pole from farming as it has been practised here. We have been accustomed to do things on a large scale. The intensive cultivator has to do them on a small one, and that, too, by very different methods. It takes time to train up people who will make a success of irrigated lands, but that it can be done there is no manner of doubt. Look at Mildura!

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.

THE GREAT LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Built by Oscar Hammerstein on Kingsway for the home of Grand Opera in London. Here Felice Lyne, who is coming to Australia, made her début and achieved instant success. London did not want grand opera, and Mr. Hammerstein sold the building, in which various shows are now given.

NOTABLE ARTISTIC VISITORS.

A GREAT PRIMA DONNA.

Mme. Nordica is still one of the greatest dramatic sopranos the world has ever known. It is many years since I heard her in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, but I still carry the recollection of the wonderful impression she made, and the ease with which her magnificent voice filled the vast house, crowded with spell-bound listeners. Last year her appearance in London, after a long absence, was made the occasion of a wonderful demonstration.

She is giving concerts in the chief Australian cities, although confining herself to three or four appearances in each. Peoplehere will no doubt seize the opportunity of hearing the great American prima donna, whose name is little known in the antipodes. Besides being the greatest exponent of Wagnerian opera in the world, Mme. Nordica, is a stalwart supporter of woman suffrage in America, and shows a practical sympathy with those who are striving for equal rights for women everywhere Melbourne women, in order to show their appreciation of her activities in this respect, have requested her to give a special women's concert. This will take place at the Auditorium on August 14, immediately following her season of four concerts in Victoria's capital. It is to be hoped that the great hall will be crowded that night.

Mme. Nordica was born at Farmington, in Maine, U.S.A., where her ancestors, the Nortons, had lived for nearly 300 years. She is the wife of Mr. Young, a well known American banker. Having during her long career come across many girls with voices of fine promise who cannot afford to pay for tuition, she founded for their benefit a girls' club in New York, where musical training is given free. In the midst of her many and great personal triumphs she forgets herself in serving others, for her life has been full of unostentatious good deeds.

FELICE LYNE.

Felice Lyne, like Mme. Nordica, is an American, though, unlike her, she has all her career before her. She will be

heard in Australia in many of those Wagnerian parts the great prima donna has made her own. Miss Lyne lacks the splendid presence of her great compatriot, but she has a fine voice and dramatic ability of a high order. Oscar Hammerstein, when he opened his ill-fated season of Grand Opera in London, introduced two entirely unknown artists to the English public; one was Mr. Harold, the other Miss Lyne. Her success was remarkable, as also was his, and, if her physique will stand it, she has a great future before her. Many of the other members of the Quinlan Opera Company are already well known in Australia, and the advance booking for their season, which begins in Melbourne on August 16, proves their immense popularity. The company is giving a large number of operas in addition to Wagner's Ring.

EDWARD GOLL.

Herr Edward Goll has been delighting large Melbourne audiences with his wonderful playing. This Bohemian pianist gives remarkable renderings of Chopin and Schumann especially, his playing pulsating with emotion and vitality. Since Paderewski visited these shores, no such playing has been heard in Australia. Herr Goll studied in the Conservatoire at Prague under Anton Dovräk. Then he went to Vienna and continued his studies under Emil Sauer, a great pianist, who, however, lacks the wonderful expression of his pupil. Herr Goll toured Europe with Kubelik, and has given many recitals in England and on the Continent.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Mr. Julius Knight and Miss Irene Browne are giving "Bella Donna" in Melbourne during the first two weeks in August. This remarkable play was staged in London by Sir George Alexander, where it met with great success. Mr. Knight should certainly find Robert Hichens' creation—"Dr. Isaacson"—a far more suitable part than he did Bernard Shaw's John Tanner.

"Within the Law" has proved most popular in Melbourne, where it has run for no less than twelve and a-half weeks. The play is being produced by Sir Herbert Tree in London, and draws crowded houses at the Haymarket. It is altered there, so that the plot is laid in England instead of in America.

Mdlle. Genée and the members of the Russian Imperial Ballet, have achieved a remarkable triumph in Melbourne, where their wonderful dancing has come as a revelation. The company visits Adelaide on August 2, and opens in Sydney on August 16.

A NEW THEATRE.

The death of Mr. J. C. Williamson makes little or no difference to the company which bears his name. He had ceased to take any active control for some time past, and had indeed disposed of most of his shares to the present directors, of whom Mr. Tallis is chairman. The management announce that it has been decided to erect a new theatre in Melbourne opposite Her Majesty's, which will be known as the Williamson Theatre. It will be built specially for the production of comedy, the other houses in Melbourne being all too large for the purpose. It is planned on a most luxurious scale, and will cost £45,000.

NOTABLE ANNIVERSARIES OF THE MONTH.

Bonaparte, full of dreams of Eastern conquest, landed in Egypt in 1798. He won several brilliant victories, but Nelson, who had been eluded by the French fleet, found it at last in Aboukir Bay. He promptly attacked it, and in the "Battle of the Nile," on August 1, destroyed it utterly. This victory isolated the French army, and, together with Sir Sidney Smith's defence of Acre, frustrated Napoleon's schemes. On August 2, 1810, William Rufus, second Norman king of England, was shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, whether by accident or design is not known, in the New Forest. A stone now marks the spot. It is encased in an iron frame, as oversea visitors were rapidly chipping the stone away! Richard Arkwright, the famous inventor of cotton spinning machinery, died on August 3, 1792. To him England owes her vast cotton trade. Other notable men who died in August were:—Lord North, August 5, 1792, the puppet of George III., who was largely responsible for the loss of the American colonies; Ben Jonson, August 6, 1636, a dramatist, ranking second only to Shakespeare; Admiral Blake, August 7, 1657, the great Parliamentarian naval commander. He did not go to sea until he was fifty; his victories were chiefly over the Dutch under Tromp. George Canning, August 8, 1827, was Minister of Foreign Affairs during the later Napoleonic wars. Colin Campbell, August 14, 1863, was the commander who ultimately crushed the great Indian mutiny; Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, after being defeated by Edward I. at Falkirk, was betrayed into the hands of the English and executed, drawn and quartered in London on August 23, 1305. Jean Victor Moreau, the French general, who defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden, was born August 11, 1763. Robert Southey, made Poet Laureate in 1813, was born August 12, 1774. He is remembered rather for his "Life of Nelson" than for his verses. On August 15, 1771, Sir Walter Scott, the great singer and novelist of the North, was born. He finally killed himself through overwork in an attempt to pay off the £100,000 debts of a firm of publishers in which he had an interest. Richard III., when Duke of Gloucester, murdered the little princes, Edward V. and his brother, in the Tower of London, on August 17, 1483. The mystery surrounding their disappearance was solved in the reign of Charles II., when their bones were discovered beneath the steps of the White Tower. Henry V. of England, the victor of Agincourt, died in Paris on August 31, 1422.

THE FIRST ENGLISH PARLIAMENT AND THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM.

During the years 1264-5, the struggle in England known as the Barons' Wars took place. Simon de Montfort, leader of the Barons, won the battle of Lewes, and arranged that in future all disputes were to be referred to Parliament. The first Parliament met in 1265. King Henry III., helped by many jealous noblemen, collected an army, and attacked Montfort at Evesham on August 4, 1265. Simon and his son were defeated and slain. Present-day England owes much to the struggle he made for freedom.

Two other epoch-making battles took place during August. The Duke of Marlborough won his greatest victory at Blenheim, crushing the French there under Marshal Tallard on August 13, 1714. The battle of Bosworth Field brought the Wars of the Roses to an end. They raged for thirty years, and were useful in breaking the power of the Barons, who held England under thrall. King Richard III. was killed, and Henry VII. was crowned on the field of battle. He was the first king of the Tudor line, whose greatest monarch was Queen Elizabeth.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, AUGUST 24, 1572.

Peace had been arranged between the Protestants and Catholics in France, after many years of fierce struggle. Many of the Protestant leaders were induced to come to Paris, where, on August 24, a general massacre of the Huguenots took place. It was sanctioned by Charles IX., but was no doubt due to his mother, the fierce and fanatical Catherine de Medici. Over 40,000 Huguenots were slain, and Protestantism was crushed in France. Many of the persecuted families fled to England, and had an immense influence in raising the general standard of life there.

The English Education Act, August 9, 1870.

The first real attempt at a system of national education received the Queen's assent on this day. When it was passed only 1,000,000 children were receiving education, in 1885 there were 3,000,000; to-day there are 7,000,000.

Dickens well describes in "Nicholas Nickleby," the awful state of affairs before the Act.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?" "Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlour window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class. "So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb, active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globe. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice. "To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun, substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?" "It's a very *useful* one at anyrate," answered Nicholas. "I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy: What is a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers, "as you are perfect in that, go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down; the rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

Battle of Crecy, August 26, 1346.

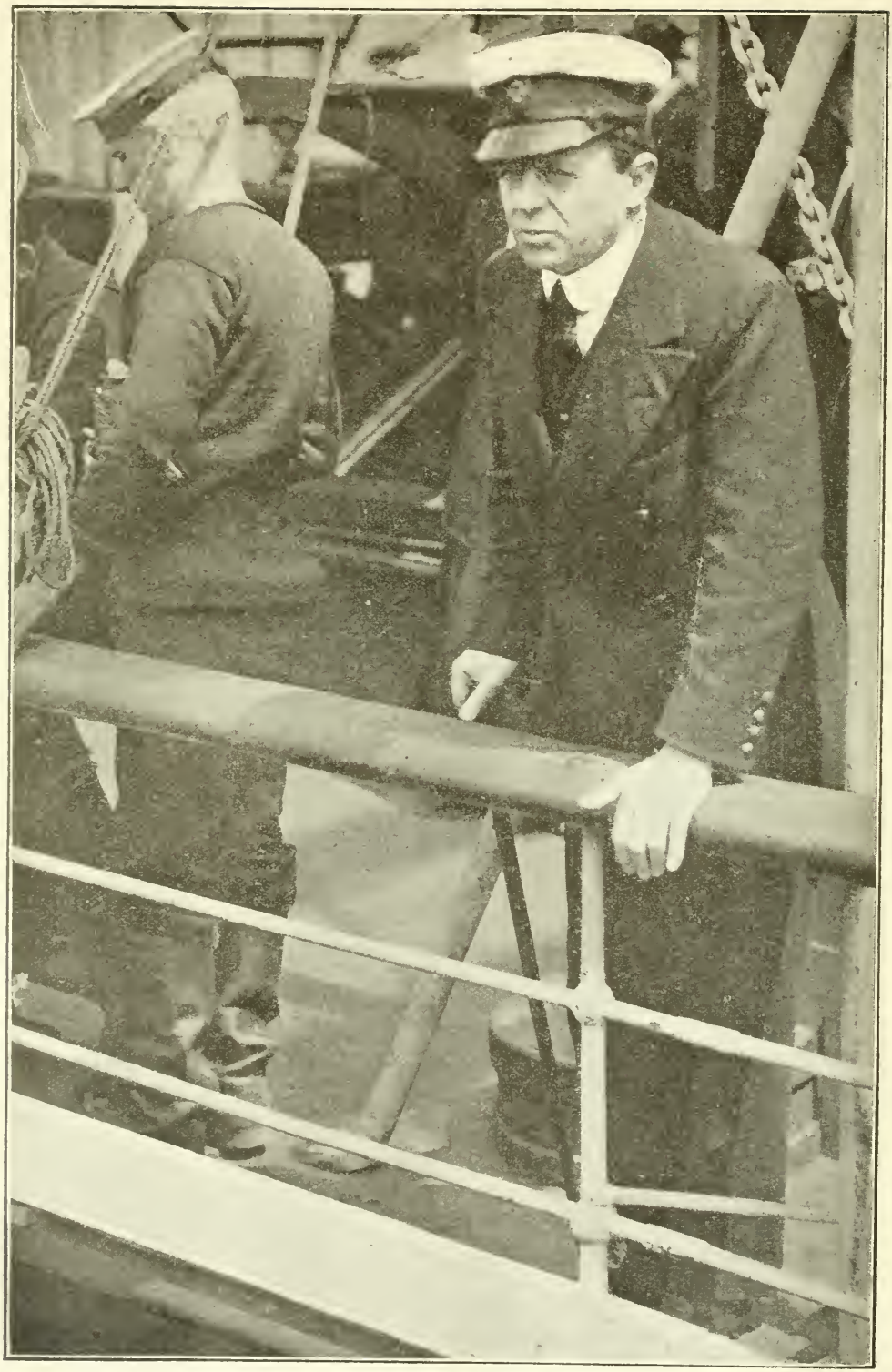
Edward III. laid claim to the throne of France, and began the long struggle known as the Hundred Years' War by invading France. His small army was soon retreating before the French, and finally made a stand at Crecy. The battle resulted in a great victory for the English arms, and gave the overlordship of great tracts of France to the British throne for nearly a hundred years. Froissart thus describes the fight in his chronicles.

Early in the day some French, Germans and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the Prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon this the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time they did so, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight off in great haste to the king of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said: "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord

Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you will come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if numbers should increase against him, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied: "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, sir, return to those who sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, so long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of the day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them.

SCHOOL BOYS BUILD A SCHOOL. (*Topical.*

The greatest task yet undertaken by schoolboys in London is now taking place at the Northern Polytechnic Institute. The boys are building another wing on to the school, and are taught the whole rudiments, from digging the foundations out to placing the window-panes. The boys are enthusiastic workers.



THE LATE CAPTAIN SCOTT ON THE "TERRA NOVA." [*Underwood*.

The Undying Story of Captain Scott.

FROM HIS DIARIES.

The eagerly-awaited diary of Captain Scott is now appearing, and we in Australia will certainly have every opportunity of reading it. The first magazine to reach our shores, which has it as a chief feature, is *Everybody's* from America. This will be quickly followed by the *Strand* from England, and a month later the first portion of the diary given in these two magazines will appear in an Australian journal.

The story of this terrible journey and its tragic termination will appear in some six numbers of *Everybody's* and the *Strand*. It is accompanied by splendid photographs, which these two periodicals, the finest printed in the world, reproduce magnificently. They are worth getting for this alone. Captain Scott himself and Mr. Ponting—whose exquisite photographs of Japanese life delighted London a few years ago—took the pictures, which show every phase of the activities of the expedition and of the bleak solitudes it travelled through. The *Strand*—which is now sold throughout Australia for 6d.—has done many enterprising things, but to secure the serial rights of this thrilling story for the British Empire is probably its greatest effort.

A TRAGIC STORY.

In a way, the first portion of the diary given is disappointing. True, it contains much of stirring interest, but owing to its being Scott's diary only, does not convey the general knowledge about the doings of the expedition so happily given in Shackleton's book, for instance. Still every line has a tragic significance, for we see before us as we read that tent where for eight months the frozen bodies of the gallant leader and his five brave companions lay when the indomitable spirits, after conquering innumerable difficulties, had given up the unequal fight.

The loss of every pony, the death of every dog, the immense number of mishaps which are chronicled all seem to have a special bearing on the tragedy reached when the diary must cease.

THE JOURNEY SOUTH.

Captain Scott tells of a terrible trip in the "Terra Nova." Four days after she left Lyttelton Harbour, a heavy storm came on, and soon she was pitching heavily. Cases of petrol, forage and the like broke loose, but the coal bags on deck gave most trouble. The ponies had an awful time, and kept Oates and Atkinson fully occupied. Finally the pumps choked, and the water began to rise rapidly in the hold. With the seas sweeping in over the lee rail and covering the deck again and again with a solid sheet of curling water, all hands went to work with buckets and kept the ship from sinking by practically bailing her out. By this means the water was kept at bay, and finally a steam pump was rigged up after superhuman efforts, and the vessel was saved.

THE FIRST LOSS.

Arrived at Cape Evans, in McCurdo Sound, situated between Cape Royds, where Shackleton had his headquarters in 1907-1909, to the north, and Hut Point to the south, where Scott had his chief camp in 1901-1904, the party disembarked. This took eight days, during which time the hut was erected and stocked by Bowers, who appears to have been the organising genius of the expedition. The first catastrophe occurred here, one of the three motor sledges breaking through the ice and going to the bottom. These sledges gave fair satisfaction, but engine troubles ere long made them useless.

THE KILLER WHALES.

Captain Scott tells an extraordinary story of some killer whales, "with their

small glistening eyes and their terrible array of teeth, by far the most terrifying and longest in the world." These beasts run to twenty feet and more in length. Some of them, seeing a couple of dogs and Ponting, the photographer, on a floe, actually dived beneath it, and heaved it up, splitting it into fragments. As it was 2½ ft. thick, this gives some idea of their strength. Man and dogs had a narrow squeak. These gruesome denizens of the Antarctic Seas appear to have been always at hand to snap up a dog falling into a crack in the ice, or to devour a hapless pony lost amid the floes

"WEARY WILLY'S" SNOWSHOES.

From Captain Scott's narrative, it would appear that dogs get along much more rapidly than the ponies. The great drawback of these was the ease with which they sank into the soft snow. Horse shoes were tried on the quietest pony, called "Weary Willy," with such success that others were sent for from the headquarters at Cape Evans, twenty miles away. The ice had broken up, though, and none could be got, as Cape Evans could not be reached. This was a severe handicap on the journey to establish a depot thirteen days south of the main camp. The party travelled at night, and slept during the day. The pony section went first, the dog teams started an hour later, but caught up the ponies at the half-march rest.

"TEARING, FIGHTING DEVILS."

The dogs, directly food was in their thoughts, fought furiously on the slightest provocation, "a quiet, peaceable team, with wagging tails one moment, and the next a set of raging, tearing, fighting devils." Hunger and fear are the only realities in dog life, and an empty stomach makes a fierce dog. One day, near the end of the outward march, the pony, "Weary Willy," had lagged behind; and, being tired, slipped and fell. A dog team was just coming up. The instant they saw him fall, they dashed at him, regardless of control. "Weary Willy" made a gallant fight for it, biting and shaking some of the dogs with his teeth, but getting much bitten himself, though by good hap not seriously. At last the men beat them off, breaking ski sticks and steering-stick, yet the dogs were so tough that they got off uninjured.

SCOTT LEARNS OF AMUNDSEN.

On the return from laying the farthest depot, one of the dog teams fell into a crevasse, and was only rescued after tremendous efforts, Captain Scott having to be lowered some sixty-five feet down it to bring up the last two. When the party reached Safety Camp they learned that two ponies had died, and also got news that Amundsen had been found established in the Bay of Whales —126 miles nearer to the Pole than Scott's station, with many dogs, ready to start his dash for the South Pole at an earlier date than ponies could set out. "This knowledge," says Mr. Leonard Huxley, in *Everybody's*, "might have hurried a smaller man into staking success upon a rival dash with dogs only; but Scott resolved to adhere to the plans he had so carefully thought out, and proceed exactly as if this had not happened." This should dispel any lingering doubts that the disaster which overwhelmed Scott and his companions was in any way due to an attempt to reach the Pole earlier than originally arranged before Amundsen came on the scene.

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

Misfortune crowded thick and fast on the devoted men. "Weary Willy" collapsed and died, ice broke up, and ponies, men, and dogs drifted towards the sea. The men were saved, but two more ponies were lost. The weather seemed to have conspired against them, and it was soon evident that ponies lose condition badly in a blizzard. "This," runs a fatal entry, "makes a late start necessary for next year."

The next instalment, which the *Strand* has already published in England, deals chiefly with the winter quarters at Cape Evans, with Dr. Wilson's terrible journey, and with the start on the fateful march to the Pole. Every reference to Oates reminds one of that self-sacrificing act when the "gallant gentleman" walked out into the night to die; when Wilson is mentioned, or Bowers, we cannot but think of them buried amid the ice and the snow. To read these manly lines of Scott is indeed a rather trying experience.

RACIAL WAR IN THE PACIFIC.

Mr. Archibald Hurd, a well-known authority on naval matters, has some strong things to say, in the *Fortnightly Review*, against the policy of local navies. What, he asks, is the explanation of the defence policy adopted by Australia and New Zealand, and of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's bid for the votes of the electors of British Columbia?

Since the anti-Japanese riots occurred in British Columbia, and the movement against this ambitious race gathered strength in Australasia, the British peoples under the Southern Cross have been rapidly reaching the conviction that the enemy which they have to fear is not Germany, or any other European Power, but Japan. They are ignorant of the political and strategic principles which govern the defences of a vast, world-wide organisation like the British Empire, and, brooding over their future, their fears increase in exact proportion as the intensity of their determination to maintain their "all-white" policy strengthens. They are dominated to-day by the dread of Japan, and they believe—wrongly believe—that they are defenceless.

A "HEDGEROW" POLICY.

This fear has resulted in the negation of the fine Imperial spirit which found expression in some of the Dominions during the naval crisis of 1909. Australians, New Zealanders, and many Canadians, says Mr. Hurd, are obsessed with the thought of a local peril, they are adopting a "hedgerow" policy of defence, and are looking to the United States in increasing friendship.

They are unfamiliar with those broad principles of naval policy which to the people of the British Isles are now the commonplaces of every-day thought. There is not an effective warship at any point of the western coast of the British Isles, and yet every town and village is defended. Years ago, in our innocence of the truth, we used to have coast and port guardships dotted round the British Isles. They have long since been banished in recognition of the fundamental principle that navies do not directly defend territory; their aim is to prevent the enemy securing the sea highways—that is the real invasion to be feared.

AN EMPIRE WITHIN AN EMPIRE.

Mr. Hurd seems to be in dread of the consolidation of an Empire within the greater Empire. He deplores the way in which the vast experience of the British navy is being set on one side by the Dominions, but admits:

There is no idea of disloyalty to the Imperial ideal in these local navies; there is no recognition of the waste in men and money which the attainment of the measures proposed represent; there is no understanding of the negation of true strategic principles involved. There is, however, a growing appreciation of danger, and these scattered peoples are therefore co-operating for their own safety, thrusting on one side all the strategical lore which history has consecrated and which British naval officers to-day hold as fundamental to Imperial safety. It is no long step from an Empire within an Empire to a cleavage into two empires. This might well be the work of a moment—the result of some sudden ebullition of feeling. It is not a development which we need fear to-day when the white peoples of the Pacific are few and scattered and dependent upon us for the money required for development purposes, but the time is not far distant when they will be many and united by powerful mutual interests.

A SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge is emphatic in his retort to those who demand that ships be so stationed that they will generally, except when actually cruising, be stationed within sight of the inhabitants of the country owning them.

"Nothing," says Sir Cyprian, "justifies it, except the honest ignorance of those who make it; nothing explains compliance with it but the deplorable weakness of authorities who yield to it." It was not, as this officer records, by hanging about the coast of England, when there was no enemy near it, with his fleet, that Hawke or Nelson saved the country from invasion. And he adds as a former commander-in-chief of the Australian station that "the condition insisted upon by the Australian Government in the agreement formerly made with the Home Government that a certain number of ships in return for an annual contribution of money, should always remain in Australian waters, was in reality greatly against the interests of that part of the Empire. The Australian taxpayer was, in fact, made to insist upon being injured in return for his money.

OUR FRONTIERS THE COASTS OF THE ENEMY.

Maritime defence should not begin at home, but in the probable enemy's sea frontier. Admiral Lord Fisher well said the frontiers of the Empire are the coasts of the enemy. Says Mr. Hurd:—

The localisation of naval defence is a peril to every Dominion interest, because if these small communities, who are weak, adopt this policy, there is a danger that the British taxpayer, who pays £46,000,000 for the navy, will copy it. As matters are, and have

always been, the Admiralty distribute the fleet which is the Empire's shield so that it may most readily defeat the Empire's probable enemy, without consulting the interested views of this or that community. During the whole of the nineteenth century the main guard of every Imperial interest cruised 2000 or 3000 miles from the British Isles, and their inhabitants acquiesced; it may be that events will be so shaped that strategy will require great British squadrons to be sent into the Pacific to the depletion of European waters. If such an eventuality occurs, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom will readily agree to such a movement unless, under the tuition of Colonial statesmen like Sir Wilfrid Laurier they have come to hold the selfish and anti-Imperial doctrine that "defence, like charity, begins at home."

Mr. Hurd deplores the fact that Dominion statesmen are showing an increasing disinclination to assist the mother country to maintain the effective defence of Imperial interest where they are imperilled, and are intent on developing local navies, which are intended to defend their territories. Against the navy of Japan, no combined force, such as Canada, Australia, and New Zealand could equip and *man*, could have any chance of success in war.

Coming fresh to defence problems, they do not realise that armies defend land and navies seas, and that the seas are one, as the land is not, and can never be. Hence the policy of military dispersion and naval concentration, practised by all the Great Powers, and to none more essential than to us, who are essentially maritime.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance will preserve the peace in the Pacific far more securely than any local navies. Before the ally of to-day should become the enemy of to-morrow, the present dispositions of the British fleet will, of course, be altered.

WHITE AND COLOURED.

"THE WHITE PERIL."

We have received the anniversary number of the *Japan Magazine*, and find it a most excellent production, equalling in interest many of its older rivals. The outstanding feature is an article under the above title by Professor Ryutaro Nagai, of Waseda University. There is no beating about the bush, and the Professor turns the tables with a vengeance:—

The extent of territory taken by the white races in this way during the nineteenth century totals nearly 10,000,000 square miles, embracing a population of about 135,000,000. And it will be seen that even within the comparatively short space of time since 1860 the white races have taken nearly 10,000,000 square miles of land and enforced their rule over many millions of the darker skinned races!

In the face of all this we have been treated by the white races in recent years to tracts, treatises and newspaper articles galore on what they are pleased to call "The Yellow Peril." Surely, in comparison with the white races, there is no indication of any peril of yellow aggression, at least.

The writer proceeds to give a list of the crimes of civilised Europeans against native races in all parts of the world, and draws attention to the restrictions against Chinese and Japanese immigration at present operating in British Dominions, and says, with some show of reason:—

Now from the point of view of the yellow races all this seems most arrogant and unfair. To seize the greater part of the earth, and refuse to share it with the races who are hardly pressed for territorial space at home, even when the privilege is highly paid for by hard labour, is so manifestly unjust that it cannot continue.

As nations the yellow people have never waged war of any kind on the white races, nor in any manner provoked them to jealousy or resentment. When we fight it is always in self-defence. The white races preach to us, "Peace, peace," and the futility and waste of armamental expansion; while all the time they are expending vast sums on armies and navies, and enforcing discrimination against us. Now, if the white races truly love peace, and wish to deserve the name of Christian nations, they will practise what they preach, and will soon restore to us the rights so long withheld. They will rise to the generosity of welcoming our citizens among them as heartily as we do theirs amongst us. To cry "Peace, peace," without rendering us justice, is surely the hollowest of hypocrisy. Any suggestion that we must forever be content to remain inferior races will not abide. Such an attitude is absolutely inconsistent with our honour as a nation and our sovereign rights as independent States. We therefore appeal to the white races to put aside their race-prejudice and meet us on equal terms in brotherly co-operation. This will convince us of their sincerity more quickly than a thousand proclamations of peace and goodwill, while denying us sympathy and fair play. Words and attitudes without charity are "as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

COLOURED RACES IN THE EMPIRE.

Our treatment of the coloured races arouses the ire of Mrs. Annie Besant, and in the brilliant and eloquent lecture reprinted in the *Indian Review* she says some scathing but truthful things anent this complicated problem.

The difficulty in dealing with these people is largely in the fact that the Empire is governed by a Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that, of that body, only a few members know practically anything about the vast Empire they are called upon to govern. Most of them know practically nothing beyond the needs of the nation to which they belong—some of them hardly even as much as that. "Let us," she pleads, "take the coloured races one by one and try to understand them. Britain has a great future before it in that work, if the whole of our social system is to be remodelled and reorganised on a new basis of human happiness instead of on the basis of struggle. I believe we can modify the whole social system in England, as well as elsewhere, and that in the future we shall build up a number of self-governing States, each ruling its own State affairs, and one great Parliament of the whole Empire, in which every country in the Empire will be represented, its voice heard, its wisdom brought to the guiding of the whole. That is what I believe our Empire will be in the future; and in order that it may be so, we must first of all set our house in order at home. We must substitute comfort, happiness, and security for the horrible unrest which is eating the heart out of England to-day. And thus, with the help of our Colonies and the help of the Indian Empire, we shall be able to make our community one in which wisdom and character will rule. In that Imperial Parliament there will be found the wisest, the best, the noblest, and the most self sacrificing; and these are not to be found only among the white race. The coloured races will send their best also to Britain's Imperial Parliament, and we shall find that they, too, are no whit behind the children of the English motherland."

INDIA'S VALUE TO THE EMPIRE.

In an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, quoted elsewhere, Mr. Archibald Hurd points out that both in the value of her products and the amount she purchases in Britain, India is worth more to the Empire than all the Dominions put together.

In the last thirty years the people of India have increased by 61,000,000, against an increase of 5,000,000 in the self-governing Dominions, and 12,500,000 in the British Isles. There are 250,000,000 acres under crop in India to-day, while Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, all told, have less than 50,000,000 of acres. In one crop—wheat—India produces 64,000,000 bushels more than the whole of the rest of the British Empire put together; that is to say, 426,000,000 bushels of wheat are produced in India every year, to say nothing of rice and the rest. The sea-borne trade of India has increased in ten years by far more than one-half, and now amounts to £260,000,000, or £60,000,000 more than the trade of Russia. India does not come begging to the rest of the Empire to buy her exports. In Great Britain she buys, I think, something like 70 per cent. of all she buys abroad, but she sells about 70 per cent. of what she produces to other nations outside the British Empire."

ASIATIC IMMIGRATION AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Danvers Osborn, in the *Empire Review*, produces some startling information regarding the hold which Asiatics have upon the trade of Canada and British Columbia. One Province is stated to harbour 15,000 Japanese, and the author candidly confesses that he and the other whites are afraid of them:

The extreme denunciation of the Asiatics that calls so loudly in British Columbia to-day is gradually resolving itself into a strong anti-Japanese feeling. Our leading citizens and public men have voiced themselves, and many pertinent queries put to us to state our case deserve attention and explanation, in order that Great Britain and the Eastern Provinces may realise that our reasonable protests are by no means the hasty ebullition of any frantic sentiment, worked up to a fury, such as characterised events and coloured history in the Western States of America in the days of the buffalo and the redskin. In this connection, it is necessary to emphasise the fact that two decades ago it was only the white labourer who had to submit to Asiatic competition. The Asiatic worked on the Canadian Pacific Railway track; he used the pick and shovel in the Dunsmuir collieries; the shingle mills and canneries were glad to employ him in the unskilled labour class. The under-dog section of the white population raised feeble protests, but little heed was paid to these outpourings.

because commercial interests remained unaffected. The advent of the Japanese in large numbers, however, gradually altered the economic situation. They speedily accustomed themselves to our conditions; they hastened to acquire a hearing knowledge of our language; and in every direction prepared themselves to measure their abilities in the future with the best of our own people in every branch of trade. In a word, the ugly goad which is pricking our raw to-day is the conscious fact that the Japanese have long ago abandoned the labour stage, and are entering into competition with the commercial classes, whom they threaten to outstrip. They own mines, sawmills, fishing-craft, ranches, and business establishments, and render every enterprise which they undertake a profitable venture.

CALIFORNIA—AND JAPAN.

The *Oriental Review* contains an outspoken leader on the question which is causing so much concern on the Pacific coast:—

The *Asahi* (the "Morning Sun"), the leading independent newspaper of Japan, in a recent editorial in which it discusses the newest attempt of certain people in California to make that State ridiculous, said, *and should not have said:*—"This anti-Japanese agitation will impress us with a keen sense of humiliation which will require many years to efface. *Americans* must be prepared for a cool reception when they come to Japan as tourists or settlers." What nonsense! The Japanese are neither children nor fools, as the *Asahi* very well knows. Because some people in California attempt to do a stupid thing the really sensible Japanese will certainly not emulate them either directly or indirectly. Sane Americans regard this Californian agitation with disgust. There can be no doubt that sane Japanese do also, and have an equal comprehension of the underlying motive. The California Legislature may pass the Bill objected to, and Governor Johnson may sign it, but the Supreme Court will have the last say. By this time Japan should understand that outbreaks of demagogy in Sacramento against her subjects are not to be taken tragically. That is the sum and substance of the matter, and the *Asahi* surely should recognise that there is no tragedy in it at all—only farce.

WHAT THE JAPANESE DO IN CALIFORNIA?

A straightforward statement of the number and occupation of the Japanese in California—particularly useful at the present moment—appears in the *Japan Magazine*. The writer, who does not sign his name, is frankly a Japanese, but he writes fairly and temperately.

A STEADY DECLINE.

Speaking of the immigration of Japanese to the Golden State, he says:

The first Japanese immigrants to America, some 40 in all, set out for California in 1869, not long after Japan herself was opened to the foreigner. From that time onward there has been a steady stream of immigration from year to year, culminating at last in numbers that tended to cause alarm among the labouring population of the west. At first the stream was naturally thin. In 1878 there were only 120 Japanese in California. During the next ten years the number had increased to 1000; and the ensuing decade saw it swell to 13,000; and by 1907 there were no less than 57,000 Japanese in the Golden State. Thus in a populatiaon of 2,377,569 the Japanese numbered 56,769, or about one-fortieth of the total inhabitants, comprising 44,368 males; 7202 women; 2703 boys and 2487 girls. In 1908 the Japanese population of California had risen to 60,780, the largest figure in the history of the country. The new immigration regulations, restricting the movement of Japanese to the United States, came into force shortly afterwards, and from that time the stream has grown smaller and smaller, and is still on the decline.

WHAT THE JAPS. DO.

Most of the Japanese who come to California are engaged in agriculture. As to their number and influence, this writer says:—

In 1911 the acreage under cultivation by Japanese in California was 239,720, mostly given up to potatoes, vineyards, orchards, berries and various vegetables; the total value of products amounting to no less than £2,500,000 annually. As the total agricultural products of the state amounted to about £11,600,000, it will be seen that the Japanese farmers produced nearly 20 per cent. of the whole. This takes no account of the amount of labour performed by Japanese on land over which they have no control. If this be reckoned, it might be said that the Japanese produce at least 90 per cent. of the total results of agriculture in California. More than 50 per cent. of the vineyard labour is in the hands of Japanese, and the same may be said of vegetable cultivation. Indeed it is not too much to say that the Japanese are the life of agricultural California.

A POOR LOOKOUT WITHOUT THEM.

What the land would do without them is a question no one, not even their severest critics, has ever dared to answer.

In the districts surrounding the Bay of San Francisco the Japanese are an invaluable portion of the community. In the Alameda agricultural district the American

population is about 26,000, while the Japanese is about 1200, rising in the summer season to over 2000. Some 200 are engaged in the salt fields; but the rest give their time to market gardening, orcharding and general agriculture; and without their assistance the orchards of the district could never place the fruit on the market in proper time and condition. It is their deft fingers that handle the millions of cherries, tomatoes and apricots that swell the market in season, and they also take an important place in the immense wheat harvest of the vast fertile valleys of the State.

In the northern portion of the great State there are some 16,500 Japanese, nearly all of whom are devoted to the tilling of the soil. Perhaps the most successful and important Japanese farmers of the State are in this northern district. Around Sacramento they are among the greatest fruit growers, vineyardists and vegetable producers the country knows.

The low-lying district along the river is tabooed by the native population, and given up almost wholly to the men from the rice fields of Nippon. Without the Japanese this whole fertile district would probably be idle and useless. Near Stockton alone there are about 4000 Japanese farmers, all doing a brisk and productive business. I have seen a good deal of these; have lived near them and bought from them, and have always found them a practical, honest and enterprising set of men.

ONE JAP. EQUAL TO FOUR ITALIANS.

Describing the agricultural and horticultural beauties of the San Joaquin Valley, this writer says they could not have been developed without the Japanese labourers.

This vast harvest of fruit and grain could hardly be gathered in but for the help of Japanese hands. During the time of the anti-Asiatic agitation the number of Japanese in this district became somewhat reduced. Indians, Greeks, Mexicans and Italians took their places; but these were soon found to be inferior to the Japanese as practical orchardists and harvesters. The American managers freely admit that one Japanese proves equal to at least three or four of these other nationalities, when it comes to agriculture. It is now, I think, admitted that middle California cannot be fully developed without the assistance of Japanese labour.

SOBER AND HARD-WORKING.

As to the character of the Japanese workers the writer of this article is very explicit. He evidently speaks from an intimate knowledge of the country and his countrymen there. He says:—

Round about Los Angeles the Japanese are the chief agriculturists and market gardeners. They form the most influential and enterprising of the greengrocers in the markets of the southern city, always outdoing natives and Chinese. The same is true of them along the coast towns. The Japanese farmer, as in his native land, is a sober, hard-working man, always trying to have his own little hut and his wife and family, when he is permitted to have a wife. He does not hang around the saloons and questionable places, wasting his savings. It will indeed be a sad day for agriculture in California when the Japanese abandon it.

AN UPHILL FIGHT.

The Japanese in America are not all agrarian workers, however; they engage also in commerce and the professions, and in this respect are no less successful than the other immigrants settling down in the United States.

In trade the Japanese have an uphill fight; for the native population is likely to deal chiefly with its own tradesmen, so that the Japanese are left to cater to their own countrymen for the most part. As importers and exporters the Japanese are, however, coming more and more to occupy a position of importance in the trade of California. As hotel keepers, provisioners, laundrymen, and cooks they are unexcelled, and are doing a very flourishing business. The income from each of the branches of enterprise mentioned was, last year, over £200,000; while other arts and crafts are followed with varying degrees of success by large numbers of other Japanese. The most prosperous of this class are in San Francisco, where the Japanese population is now over 7000. When one thinks of the handicaps they have had to contend with there, the marvel is that they have succeeded so well. In such trades as laundry business, tailoring, dyeing and shoemaking, the competition is extremely keen, and jealously prevails to a great degree; but the Japanese are well holding their own. In Fresno, in middle California, the Japanese were at first separated from the commercial centre of the native merchants; but the Japanese have now opened shops supplying natives and Japanese alike, and are doing well. The Japanese report that at least 70 per cent. of their customers in Fresno are white people, or *pink* people, to speak with due respect for truth.

FISHERIES.

The Japanese in California also take a considerable share in the fisheries of the State. On this point we quote again:—

First beginning at Monterey and Los Angeles, they are to be seen engaged in

the fisheries of almost every town along the coast, in many of which they almost monopolise this occupation. The Japanese fishermen not only supply a large part of the domestic market, but their canneries supply a further demand in Hawaii. In Los Angeles alone some seven-tenths of the fishery business is taken by the Japanese.

EDUCATION.

Considering the amount of discussion that has been caused by Japanese immigration to California, it may be taken for granted, says this writer, that "questions of social ethics and religion are among the most important that have to be faced by the immigrants in making good their right to live in America."

It will be admitted at the outset that the Japanese are as anxious for education, both for themselves and their children, as any people in the world. This is quite a characteristic of the Japanese in California, no less than among their fellow-countrymen at home. When it is understood that the Japanese in California have a birth-rate of about 1000 a year, the problem of education becomes a pressing one. In 1911 there were found to be some 2426 Japanese children of school age, that is, from 5 to 20 years of age. Of these, 582 attend American primary schools, and 532 go to Japanese primary schools, in addition to which there are a number of Japanese children at various schools here and there through the State. There are also a number of Japanese at higher institutions of learning in California. Of these some 186 are at high schools, and at the various universities there are usually from 20 to 30 Japanese students. The Japanese in California spend about £3600 annually on their primary schools, including 11 kindergartens connected with the said schools. They also have established schools for the teaching of language, cooking and crafts. In fact, they are doing all within their ability to fit themselves to take an intelligent part in the great civilisation in which they find themselves placed.

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS.

The Japanese have not lost all their home ways and traditions.

As to religion, the immigrants are either Buddhists or Christians. The impetus is in favour of Christianity, and most of the Japanese incline that way. They have their churches and their clergy, and the American Christians maintain missions for them; while at the various Christian meetings and conventions there is always a fair sprinkling of Japanese. Of Japanese churches there are at least 48 now in the State, with 42 pastors or missionaries, and the membership is about 2600. Last year the members contributed some £4700 for the support of Christian work.

The Buddhist cause among the Japanese in California is under the auspices of Hongwanji sect, whose priests are labouring for the spreading of the faith among their countrymen. There are now about 14 places of worship, with an equal number of priests, and the amount annually contributed for the support of the religion is £3300, with a membership of some 4663.

Summing up, this writer says:

It will be seen that on the whole the Japanese in California are in a prosperous condition; and that compared with the rest of the population they are no less morally and spiritually inclined than the Americans. Considering the prejudice with which they have had to contend, they have entered to a marvellous extent into the life and activity of the country, and have taken a very important part in its development. There is no doubt that as the spirit of true humanity and civilisation prevails, racial prejudice will give way to genuine neighbourliness and sociality, and the Japanese will be as welcome in California as the immigrants of Europe.

NOTABLE MEN AND WOMEN.

LORD STRATHCONA.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* study in personality, from the pen of T. P. O'Connor, M.P., has for its subject this month the distinguished ex-High Commissioner of Canada.

Lord Strathcona is a man on whom Nature has written in legible letters, for all to see, the remarkable and versatile gifts which have made one of the most varied, most brilliant, and most beneficent careers of our time. The massive head, the eyes at once keen and humorous, the patriarchal white beard—not soft and silken, but strong and rugged—the eyebrows snow-white and bristling and protuberant, the firm mouth, and the robust frame, all proclaim one of the born leaders of men. The quickness and alertness of the mind of this nonagenarian, the rapidity with which he goes right straight to the heart of any subject, his judgment so well balanced, all afford some explanation of his marvellous life. Another first impression of him is the softness and even sweetness

of the voice and the manner; and that also is illuminating as to the career, for the greatness of Lord Strathcona's achievements have been won by a singular combination of strength of will, tenacity of purpose and an indulgent and sympathetic attitude to all men, to all creeds, and to all situations. Like Carlyle's wife, he has been invincible because he has so often been gentle; it was gentleness concealing strength, as many people ultimately found out.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

The *Treasury* opens with a character sketch, by Mr. John Garrett Leigh, of the President of the United States.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson's presidency of Princeton was remarkable for the very characteristic which he is introducing into politics, remarks the writer. That is to say, he fought for making university life a training in moral discipline and in the acceptance of responsibilities. Under him education "drew out" the very best of the character of the students. Again, as Governor of New Jersey, he showed the urgent need for higher ideals and cleaner methods. A remarkably strong man, with a singular tenderness of heart, his speeches have merely given the world to understand that he is determined to cleanse American public life of influences which have been disastrous to politics. That he has no party behind him is claimed by one of his friends to be an advantage, for at this time the American nation is in need of a deepening of the spirit which is hardly possible under a close party system.

President Wilson stands for something of the old austerity of New England. He combines the sweetness of his old Virginia with the hardness of old Massachusetts. The writer suggests that the austerity which Mr. Wilson will introduce into public life, at a time when all that is best in English life is looking for a revival of austerity, will tend to make a spiritual bond between the United States and England. Already the President has declared himself in favour of the closest understanding between the English peoples, and if the Americans can claim Mr. Bryce as a child of both nations, England may claim Mr. Wilson as another sympathetic bond. In America there are many acute social problems to be faced, and no doubt the new President will face them with the real Christian temper. At the present moment there is a fierce agitation against the low wages paid to girls and the consequent moral dangers. One of the President's daughters has thrown herself with enthusiasm into this agitation.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Rumour is a lying jade, and the rancour with which "patriotic" Germans attacked the Princess Royal during her life has recently been revived by the veteran poet, Gustav Freytag. The poet was for many years in high favour at Court, and has published his own love letters, which contain many astounding references to the Emperor Frederick and his Consort. This has moved Professor Leinhaas to write an article in the *Nineteenth Century*. From the extracts quoted by the Professor it is pretty evident that the poet Freytag is inclined to picturesque phrasing and innendo which suggest many interpretations. The Professor does not mince his words, and straightly charges Freytag with ignorance, ingratitude and general malevolence. The circumstances which gave foundation to the misunderstandings are set forth very plainly:—

> Anyone who wishes to judge the Empress Frederick fairly must always keep in view that she was an Englishwoman, if not by her parents, still by her training and all her impressions from her cradle onwards. The English never lose their nationality, and conserve their English minds into old age; national pride requires this. Germans are very different in this respect, and easily ape any other nationality. It would be wrong to deny to an English princess what we presume as obvious in our German princesses; on a foreign throne they are expected to remain absolutely German. Why should we then be so hostile to an English princess? Surely enough German princesses have sat on foreign thrones, and still do; also English princesses on German thrones. The Empress Frederick was English, and remained such to her death. I must, however, expressly insist on this that she loved her new country with a full heart, and always strove to work for it. I admit at once that in Germany she often gave the impression of preferring England to her new home, but those who stood nearer knew that this idea was false. The contradiction is explained by the fact and I lay great

weight on the point and insist on it that the Empress in conversation was always on the side of persons or parties absent. In Germany she had not words enough in laudation of England; in England she exalted everything German in every way, and as a model for all things. Her great innate feeling for justice, coupled with contradictoriness, gave the key to her peculiar manner of calling for justice to the absent, and often exaggeratedly defending them; and this implied a rare nobility of heart and mind.

The writer impresses the reader with his straightforward defence of the woman who filled a difficult position with dignity and restraint, and his concluding remarks indicate that his article may be of timely assistance at this particular moment:—

Amongst the many straws, however, which blow the way of a better understanding between Englishmen and Germans, this consideration counts: that there should be an end of the besmirching, even beyond the grave, of the Princess Royal, whom England honours. And be it not forgotten that behind the Empress Frederick there stand the people of England, who accept the insults levied against her as against themselves.

And to us Germans the Crown Prince and Crown Princess in healthier days were a symbol of freer thinking and the spirit of progress; and hence gave hope to all their friends of a growth of freedom.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK—PHILOSOPHER, PUGILIST.

One would hardly imagine it possible for any ordinary man to combine two such entirely opposite things as philosophy and boxing, but, according to Ralph W. Maude in the June *Pearson's*, Maurice Maeterlinck is not only a great philosopher and poet, as everybody knows, but a first-class "pug." as well. But then Maeterlinck can scarcely be called an ordinary man.

In a bright, interesting article, the writer describes how almost impossible it is to obtain an interview with the great poet-philosopher-pugilist, and how, by means of a well-coached valet, a cook who has "no fear of the ultimate consequences of a lie," and a seemingly savage bulldog, he keeps even the "cutest" newspaper reporter who ever left America, outside his padlocked gates.

INTERVIEWED VIA KID M'COY.

Apparently the easiest, and, perhaps, the only way by which an interview can be obtained is to arrange a boxing-match, invite M. Maeterlinck, and lo! the seemingly impossible is accomplished. For it was at a fight between Kid McCoy and an "English champion" at Nice that Mr. Maude made the acquaintance of the philosopher, although the encounter had not been arranged specially for his benefit.

And here I was at last with the great poet-dramatist-philosopher, hard at work discussing pugilism, while Kid McCoy in his ring dress stood by listening—understanding, I fear, but little of a conversation of necessity carried on in French; for Maeterlinck, earnest student as he is of the best that literary England has produced, talks an English of which he has in all conscience no reason to be proud.

Then the fight began, and, if the skill of the boxers was great and the contest thrilling, there was more interest in the study of the poet's face. Immovable he sat, his eyes fixed on the combatants, his face drawn and white with the excitement of it all. And only as the watch-holder called time did the muscles of that face relax and a word come to the set lips.

"*Comme c'est beau!*" he kept muttering. "*Comme c'est beau!*"

HIS "PUNCH" TO BE DREADED.

But Maeterlinck's knowledge of the noble art is not merely theoretical, far from it.

I had heard that he occasionally punched the ball to keep himself in training, but I had no idea that he took the sport so seriously as to have regular lessons twice or three times a week from a professional pugilist—serious lessons by which the poet has learnt so much of the "noble art" that his punch is now a thing to be dreaded, even by his instructor! I was present at one of these lessons, and it was then I realised how seriously Maeterlinck took the whole thing.

He would let me photograph him in the act of punching or of knocking his instructor out; but when it came to dragging him away to picture him, as he put it, as a "*nouveau marié*" it was quite another story.

HE LOSES 3000 FRANCS.

He has no love of "society," unless it be the society of champions of the roped square, as the following incident shows:

Some time ago he stayed with Israel Zangwill at Mentone, and a Monte Carlo hostess in search of lions managed to persuade the two men of letters to accept an invitation to lunch at Ciro's. A large and a "smart" party was asked to meet them, and duly assembled, dressed in its best.

"How delightful," said one of the guests as they waited for Maeterlinck, "at last we shall hear something different from the usual Monte gossip."

The wait was a long one. At last Maeterlinck appeared, dressed in knickerbockers and covered with dust after a mountain ramble. And his whole conversation throughout luncheon centred round roulette systems. He had played one, which in its turn had played him false, and the eternal question of how to beat the bank absorbed him. (He had just lost three thousand francs!)

Monte Carlo society has long forgiven him the disappointment of his conversation, but I doubt whether it will ever pardon his knickerbockers and his dust!

Dogs have a great attraction for him, and he even prefers their company to that of a boxer. Golaud, his bulldog, is very like his master, for he hides a gentle, retiring disposition beneath a stern and forbidding exterior. Unlike his master, however, he dearly loves to pose for the camera.

MADAME MAETERLINCK.

Madame Maeterlinck is even more versatile than her famous husband, and, in addition to being a charming actress, she is a fine opera singer, and is the author of "La Choix de la Vie," which has received much praise.

Her pride in her famous husband is immense. I shall never forget the tone of her voice when, while showing me her home for the first time, she opened the door of Maeterlinck's study and announced: "*Le cabinet de travail de Maeterlinck*," or how with reverence she unlocked his precious desk that I might photograph it. And when I begged her to pose, she protested:

"They won't want my picture. Ah, but it is true, I am the wife of Maeterlinck."

It is thanks to Madame Maeterlinck that the poet is occasionally persuaded to make a semi-official appearance. She has even succeeded in getting him to attend a dinner given in his honour. I was not present that night, but some who were told me that Maeterlinck's face throughout the meal was a study in the art of looking bored.

BEES AND BOXING.

In conclusion, Mr. Maude says:—

And this is how he who would know Maeterlinck must take him—as among the most human, the most natural, the most simple of men. All that is natural has beauty for him. He loves bees, he adores his dog, he apologises to his boxing instructor if his punch is too hard, and he reveres his wife.

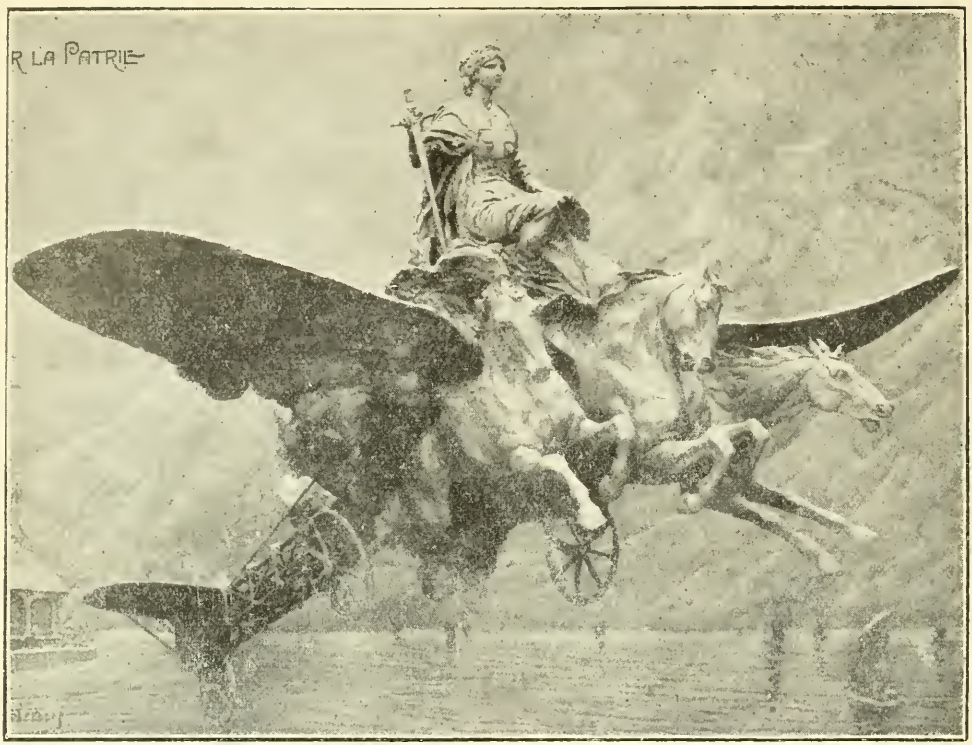
FIGHTING MEN AND THINGS.

HOW TO SAVE THE TERRITORIALS.

The present state of the Territorial Army is discussed by Arthur J. Ireland in the *London Magazine*. He tells us, amongst other startling things, that there were 14,166 more officers and men serving in the old Volunteers and Yeomanry at the time of their absorption—which is the polite official word for abolition—than have been raised since for service in the new force.

To save the Territorials he urges that all large employers of labour should do everything in their power to encourage and help their employees to join. They are the men who have most to lose should war break out—for everybody knows that even apart from the unthinkable horrors of an invasion from every point of view, war is a paralysing thing so far as commerce is concerned—and so, from purely selfish motives alone, they should be only too willing to make slight concessions in the present in order to avert as far as possible the likelihood of serious difficulty and perhaps total ruin in the future.

Regular pay should be given to every officer and man in the Territorial Army throughout the year while he continues to serve. The scale rate ought to allow of a shilling a week being paid to the men, an average of 4s. 3d. a week to the N.C.O.'s, and an average of £50 a year to the officers, which would entail an outlay of about £1,553,025 a year. But this cost would be more than justified by the results obtained. In the first place, men would gladly join the Force in order to earn this pocket-money, from which deductions would have to be made for non attendance at drills or absence from repetition courses, as well as for offences. The Service would thus be-



THE PICTORIAL POSTCARD ISSUED FOR SALE ON BEHALF OF THE SWISS NATIONAL AVIATION FUND.

come popular and efficiency should be attained; and the first step towards the establishment of a really national citizen army would have been taken, for the seeds of family service tradition would have been sown. The total estimated cost of this citizen army of 333,000 officers and men would be:—

Field Training Courses ...	£1,984,975
Labour, Armament, Administration	1,200,000
Pay	1,553,625
Total	£4,738,600

Amongst other special inducements offered to men serving in the Territorials Mr. Ireland advises:—The exemption of the men from the Insurance Act, the benefits of which they would enjoy without payment; the giving of an annual bonus of, say, £1 10s. to compensate for loss of holiday; and the provision of special travelling facilities. Extra service and proficiency pay might with advantage be added, so that the Territorial soldier could, if he chose, earn a sum in his spare time as an efficient signaller, engineer, scout, or ambulance man, which would represent an appreciable and important addition to his present income.

THE TRADE IN ARMAMENTS.

There can be little question that the exposure of the "armour-ring" in Germany will have due effect in all countries which support the ever-increasing weight of competition in arms. In the *Contemporary Review*, J. Fischer Williams makes the sensible suggestion that the manufacture of all war material should be the sole concern of the State. The writer suggests that the present firms should be bought out and private enterprise eliminated, and concludes:—

> No Government would build ships for another Government. Ambassadors need not compete for "orders." Thus every international unit would have the charge and responsibility of the equipment of its own armaments, and clever salesmen would no longer deftly force on the younger civilisations articles which are only thought to be necessaries because they have been already bought by a neighbour. In fact, the business of the

State would be under State control, and a nation would no more think of buying ships from abroad than we now think of buying soldiers or sailors. The world would live in a clearer and cleaner international atmosphere; and its wars and preparations for wars would at any rate be determined by what appeared to be national necessities without the intervention of the motives and the agencies of private advantage.

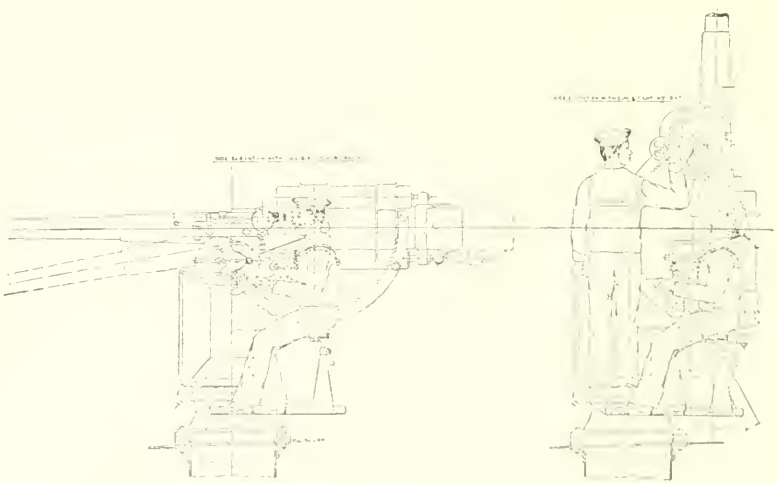
AVIATION AND PROGRESS.

In *La Revue* there is the first part of a symposium, edited by M. Maurice Wolff and M. Henri Regnault, on Aviation and the Humanity of To-morrow.

The questions to be replied to were: (1) Do you think aviation will serve to advance humanity, or do you think that the conquest of the air may in certain cases become a danger to civilisation? and (2) Do you think aerial sport will develop the qualities of energy at the expense of sensibility, or, exalting in the human being all the highest faculties, will it make men accessible to the most elevated sentiments of which perfected human nature is capable? In the present issue of *La Revue* we have the replies of a number of aviators.

Mr. Ernest Archdeacon believes that all scientific progress, whatever it be, must help forward the march of humanity, and that the conquest of the air will be one of the most effective agents in bringing about the complete interpretation of nations and universal peace, which is a consequence of it.

Several other aviators agree that the aeroplane may become a formidable engine of war, but the evil brings with it its own remedy, and the devastating power of the aeroplane may make it a powerful auxiliary in the cause of peace. M. Santos-Dumont is of opinion it will soon make war impossible. M. Jules Védrines says the practice of aviation completely modifies the character of a man. The most impatient becomes gentle and patient, and the sentiments are purified. It is, in fact, the best school of philosophy, a philosophy of a high and strong order.



THE ANTI-AIRSHIP GUN.

(Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "Brassey's Naval Annual.")

THE BLINDFOLD GAME.

The destroyer is doomed shortly to disappear, or, if you like, she will in future be invested with the power to dive. The types, at any rate, will be amalgamated. It is a matter of perfecting the internal-combustion engine for marine purposes. Afterwards—who knows?—the submarine may attain the power of flying as well, and we shall have a ship possessing all the qualities of the wild duck, except that of sitting on eggs and reproducing herself. Gerard Fiennes writes thrillingly of the work of the submarine in the June *Pall Mall Magazine*, a magazine which, since it was taken over by Messrs. Iliffe, has been wonderfully improved, for he draws the following picture of what an attack by submarine may be like:—

THE ATTACK.

It is the darkest hour, the hour before the dawn. The hostile fleet lies in its harbour, behind the boom and under the shelter of the forts. It has suffered damage in an encounter with a superior force, but is still "in being." The beams of the searchlights wheel and cross and see-saw up and down; the guarding destroyers prowl hither and thither in the outer harbour. Of a sudden there is a rush from seaward of black hulls and flaming funnels. No concealment is attempted; it would be useless. The attackers crept, unperceived, near enough to make their rush. In an instant the scene is ablaze with quick-firing guns, hurling shell on friend and foe alike. The assailants hold on. One boat after another sinks, but ever fresh squadrons rush in to the attack. A dozen, twenty, thirty boats will be well lost if the attempt succeed

THE BOOM BREAKS.

The boom which protects the harbour mouth is made of huge baulks of timber, wound and bound with stout steel hawsers. From its lower edge hang torpedo nets. It would be vain to charge it as the "Polyphemus" years ago charged the boom at Portsmouth for an experiment, and got over. It must be blown up. A rending crash, followed by another, proclaims the failure of the trusted defence. The boom is in splinters; the destroyers which wrecked it actually make their way to safety amid the smoke and confusion caused by the explosions.

Now the fast-breaking dawn discloses a number of slim poles cutting the surface of the water. Again the crash of the fire breaks out. It is futile, but the nerves of the gunners will not stand inaction. The defending destroyers charge the submarines, trying to knock away their periscopes and to explode mines close to their hulls. Here and there they succeed. A whale-like snout is thrown out of the water, and sinks again for ever.

AEROPLANES AT WORK.

There is a whirr of wings overhead. The aeroplanes are up. Soon fountains of water are spouting from where their dropped bombs explode. But, above all the din, there arises a dull muffled roar—a second, a third. Some of the battleships are hit. One torpedo which missed its mark destroys the caisson of the dock in which the flagship is lying for repairs.

Worst of all, the fleet has lost its sense of security. It must go out and fight at any cost. What the fireships were designed to do in the old wars, and seldom did, the submarine can accomplish—at least, if she justifies the hopes of those who believe in her.

A REVOLUTION IN WARFARE.

The submarine has revolutionised naval warfare. The French and Americans produced the first practicable craft, but British assimilativeness and sea-sense has demonstrated its larger possibilities. Great Britain has now gone far ahead of other countries. The newest type exceed in displacement and almost match in speed the destroyer of ten years ago.

They carry twelve-pounder guns and are fitted with wireless telegraphy. They can make voyages of 2000 miles or more "on their own," and fear dirty weather less than a destroyer. English boats make the voyage from Sheerness to Cromarty Firth continually, and some of the smaller and older craft have gone, under convoy, of course, to the Mediterranean and to China.

THE LAST BLOCKADE.

Never again will a hostile fleet blockade any port. The submarine has killed that idea altogether.

Togo's fleet off Port Arthur was the last which will ever "observe" a port as Nelson observed Toulon, or blockade as Cornwallis blockaded Brest. In future the battleships will be kept at a "certain place," which will be frequently changed. It is not necessary that their exact whereabouts should be known even to their own light craft, for the word of the wireless runs in all directions at once.

THE NEED OF DREADNOUGHTS.

Mr. Fiennes certainly draws a picture of the submarine as an all-conquering craft. But to the question whether those are not right who say that the day of the battleship is past, and that the millions spent in Dreadnoughts is wasted money, he answers:—

They are wrong. Without a battle-fleet to back them, submarines are, in the long-run, useless. A battle-fleet which can keep the sea has nothing to fear from them, and the only thing which can prevent a battle-fleet from keeping the sea is a superior battle-fleet. The submarine is a weapon of the battleship as truly as the 12-inch gun; a weapon of largely increased range, though of more doubtful accuracy.

DEATH-TRAPS.

Even if the periscope of a submarine be observed by a battleship, she can do little to destroy her. The light cruiser is more likely to succeed. In conclusion, Mr. Fiennes says: —

Whether she is formidable or not to her enemy, she is fatal to her crew. The risks in peace-time are serious enough. In war-time one can only estimate that the man who volunteered for the breach of Badajoz had a better chance than the crews of submarines will have. But that will not prevent men from volunteering for the service. Indeed, it is the most popular in the Navy.

WILL THERE BE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY?

Will there be war? This question, writes M. Pierre Albin in the *Revue de Paris*, is, in present circumstances, a familiar and anxious one to the majority of the French people. By way of reply the diplomatist smiles and says nothing.

However much France may be disposed to be and to remain peaceful, there are occasions when it may not be possible to avoid war. With Germany, France desires to remain on good terms, peaceful, courteous, and of "high loyalty." But this by no means eliminates all profound causes of conflict. Although France no longer raises the question of Alsace-Lorraine, that question raises itself against the will of the Governments. A proof that profound possible causes of war exist is that there is no proper treaty of arbitration between France and Germany. It is not only questions touching the honour and the essential interests of the two countries which are reserved for the sovereign appreciation of their Governments; there are also the differences which may be born of the "interpretation of existing treaties between the two Parties." Violence may be forgotten, but France still suffers from mutilation, physical and moral; the loss of Alsace Lorraine has destroyed the internal physiological equilibrium of France.

DIFFERENCES OF TEMPERAMENT.

On the other hand, the Constitution of the German Empire and the military successes of which it is born has given German opinion an exaggerated notion, intolerable to France, of the *rôle* of Germany in Europe. The difference between the mentalities of the two nations is not sufficiently taken into account by politicians, but it is a difference which makes geographical contiguity particularly dangerous. It would be impossible to limit the risks of a Franco-German war by a Franco-German Entente. The conclusion is that the two countries must persist in their

Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

ON THE WRONG ROAD.

M. POINCARÉ: "Sacre bleu, where are you going to?"

DRIVER CHAUVIN: "À Berlin!"

M. POINCARÉ: "But that road leads us to Sedan!"

mutual reserve. France renounces nothing, but expects the reparation due to her. She is peaceful and will never attack Germany. The question of questions, therefore, is: Will Germany attack France?

Germany has every need of peace in Europe, not only to consolidate her international position but to assimilate the particularist elements by which she is surrounded—Alsace-Lorrainers in the West, Danes in the North, Poles in the East, and Catholics in the South. New territories would only create new difficulties without bringing appreciable elements of strength. Yet, after all, these things are only relatively true. Matters have changed somewhat in the last twenty years. The effects of German development and the desire for expansion have already begun to weigh heavily on Franco-German relations even in Europe, so that new ambitions arising out of new needs may create new motives, and conflicts may result.

A serious problem is the number of Germans in France. In Paris alone there are 150,000. What would happen should France adopt, with regard to Germans, in her frontier regions police measures analogous to those which the Empire has frequently adopted towards the French in the annexed provinces? Everyone knows that Germany does not produce all the minerals she requires, and that at a not very distant date she will probably have exhausted her own supply. Several parts of France are capable of assuring for almost an unlimited period all that Germany needs for her industries, one of the richest being in Meurthe-et-Moselle, where numerous German industries have concessions. It must be borne in mind that while Germany is continuing to develop her powers of production and expansion, the birth-rate in France is decreasing.

THE WISDOM OF THE FOOLISH.

Writing at the time when there appeared good prospect of an amicable settlement of the Balkan difficulties, Mr. Spencer Campbell showed great knowledge of the situation, and forecasted the present position with great accuracy. His article in the *Fortnightly Review* makes particularly interesting reading just now. He points out that the decision of the Young Turks to resume hostilities was regarded by Europe as a fatal error of judgment. Although it resulted in the loss of Adrianople, Scutari and Janina, Mr. Campbell points out that time, and time only, can cast up the full balance-sheet with the complete tale of the profit and loss which a campaign has entailed, and it is possible that, when the Balkan war can be judged by the impartial verdict of posterity, its continuation may have proved a wiser step than the reasoned submission which would have earned the approval of the Powers.

If Enver or his friends had deliberately tried to emulate the Hamidian diplomacy and play off one people against the other, they could not have succeeded more admirably than by their determination to go on fighting. The glass of the future is dark and clouded.

Mr. Campbell emphasises the fact that the kingdom of Servia is too often regarded as a negligible quantity compared with Bulgaria.

Mr. Gladstone's championship of the latter state, her material prosperity, the public ignorance of the diabolical methods of the comitadji on the one side, and the sinister tragedies which stained the fued between Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch on the other have all combined to make a very one-sided picture of the two countries. As a matter of fact, during the next decade Servia will have more direct influence on European politics than any Balkan country except Roumania. She is a purely Slav state in the first place, and should Russia have one day to choose between Servia or Bulgaria in a second interneeine struggle, she would infallibly throw in her weight with Servia. Bulgaria's frontier will not march with those of any great Power, now that Turkey is in decline, whereas Servia is not only conterminous with Austria-Hungary, but in the Dual Monarchy there are more Serbs than in the Kingdom; indeed, the destinies of the Serbo-Croats are one of the great problems of the immediate future. Therefore, should the two disputants be obliged to call in external advice for the settlement of their claims, Austria will be in a serious dilemma. She has worked up excellent relations with Bulgaria, but if she thwarts Servia once again, especially an enlarged or victorious Servia, she will be laying up the seeds of grave trouble in her own body.

FIELD, HIVE AND ORCHARD.

A RAINLESS WHEAT.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. William Macdonald gives an enthusiastic account of the work done by the South African Union Department of Agriculture, of which he is chief. The problem of securing a suitable wheat which can be successfully grown on the dry veldts has been satisfactorily solved by the cultivation of the durum wheats. The writer gives the following interesting details:

Ripe durum wheat in the fields looks like barley, and one is apt, on seeing it for the first time to confuse it with the latter cereal. It is usually fairly tall, with broad, smooth leaves, the heads are heavily headed, the kernels large and very hard, having less starch than the common types, and varying in colour from a light to a reddish yellow. The grain of the finest durum wheat is large, very hard, whitish, and slightly transparent. Durum wheats are grown both as spring and winter wheats. To ensure success they should be sown on moisture saving fallows, and the growing wheat should be lightly harrowed to renew the soil-blanket and so retain the soil-moisture until harvest time.

The work carried on at the Lichtenburg Experimental Farm is of the greatest value to South Africa and other Dominions. The most notable results which have been accomplished are in the direction of dry-farming, and Dr. Macdonald says: "We have shown:—

(1) That by our system of tillage we are able to keep the soil seed-bed moist for a whole year. This means that, so far as moisture is concerned, we can plant a crop at any season—a most important matter in South Africa. This result has been attained by the use of moisture-saving fallows, deeply ploughed, constantly harrowed, and kept covered with a dry-soil blanket, which checks evaporation.

(2) That it is possible to grow dry-land winter wheat and to harvest it before the season of rust.

(3) That drilling, as might be expected, is far better than broad-casting, saves seed, places the grain in the moist seed-bed, and gives a more even growth.

(4) That thin seeding, for wheat 30 to 45 lb. per acre, gives larger returns than more lavish sowing. This is due to the fact that each individual plant has more moisture, sunlight, and food if given ample space.

(5) That the durum wheats have given the best results. They are the wheats which have extended the wheat belt into the most arid regions of Western America.

(6) That the durum wheat—*Aplulia*—has been grown under our dry-farming system without a drop of rain falling upon it from seed time until harvest, which proves the efficacy of the moisture-saving fallow, and is a record in modern agriculture.

THE HONEY FLOW IN BEE LAND.

S. L. Bensusan has a simply delightful nature article in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Year after year, he says, I sit by my hives and watch the stream of workers pouring out and in, the company on the alighting-board waiting to help the heavy-laden; the resin-gatherers coming in from the chestnut trees by the river-side with their store of reddish propolis that serves a dozen purposes of the hive. There are others that return bearing nectar, to deposit in one of the hexagonal cells, which must not only be filled, but properly evaporated, tinctured with formic acid, and finally sealed down before it is ready to serve its economic purpose. Yet it is not the nectar-gatherers, nor the bearers of propolis, nor the burly, lazy, happy drones that hold the watcher; it is the pollen-gatherers alone that can do this. They fly slowly, as though the labour of collecting and carrying the store were almost as much as their frail frames can endure; sometimes they come to rest on a branch of the old apple tree.

You cannot mistake the source of some of the treasure, for the blossoms have their own story to tell, not in words, but in colour. The pollen bags stand prominently on the hind legs of the bee. Apple pollen is of delicate yellow. Blackberry is grey green, the dandelion "fringing the dusty road with harmless gold" yields a gay orange-coloured burden to the bees' market baskets.

EXPERIMENTAL FRUIT CULTURE.

Spencer Pickering contributes to *Science Progress* his third article on the work done at Woburn Fruit Farm, England.

The article deals with the experiments conducted to find out the action of grass on fruit trees. Though opinion differed on this point among growers, the experiments show that in practically every case grass has a very deleterious and sometimes fatal effect. "The only case in which, in our particular soil, the action of grass seems to be modified is when

the grass is allowed to establish itself gradually during the course of several years."

The reason for this deleterious action of grass is difficult to discover. It has been shown by experiments that it is not due to the abstraction by the grass from the soil of moisture and other food materials required by the tree. "Other possible explanations have been sought in the direction of alterations produced by the grass in the physical condition of the soil, of alterations in aeration or the accumulation of carbondioxide, of alterations in the temperature or alkalinity and also of alterations in bacterial contents. But without success."

The effect of grass is probably due to some toxic effect. "A toxic action, however, does not mean that the grass-roots excrete some substance which is poisonous to the tree: there is a considerable amount of *debris* from the roots of grass while it is growing, which on decomposition might form substances poisonous to the tree-roots; or the poisonous effect might be due to an alteration in the bacterial contents of the soil."

THE LAST PASSENGER PIGEON.

The magazine, *Bird Lore*, is largely devoted to the pathetic story, we were about to say tragedy, of the passenger pigeon. There are articles by leading authorities on the history and habits of this once-familiar American bird, and the causes which brought about its extinction. The articles are illustrated by a remarkable series of photographs of living birds made in 1898, but never before published.

Mr. E. H. Forbush, the naturalist, characterises the passenger pigeon as one of the greatest zoological wonders of the world. It was formerly the most abundant gregarious species ever known in any land, ranging over the greater part of North America, but apparently it has disappeared to the last bird. The offering of prizes for three years in succession did not succeed in producing so much as a feather of the bird, yet there are many people now living who have seen the sky literally darkened by clouds of pigeons and the markets overcrowded with dead birds. Mr. Forbush declares that the destruction of the passenger pigeon began within forty years after the first settler entered New England, and that until about the year 1895 the netting of the passenger pigeon in North America never ceased. Finally, in 1878, the pigeons, having been driven by persecution from many States, concentrated in a few localities in Michigan, where a great slaughter took place. The Michigan nesting-grounds were the last of great extent to be recorded. Smaller nestings were known for ten years afterward, and many pigeons were seen and killed. But after 1890 the pigeons grew fewer in number, until 1898. Since that year there have been only two apparently authentic instances of the capture of the passenger pigeon.

Now for the last living passenger pigeon of which we have any information. David Whittaker, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, procured a pair of young birds from an Indian in north-eastern Wisconsin in 1888. During the eight succeeding years, fifteen birds were bred from this pair, six males and nine females. A part of this flock finally went to Professor C. O. Whitman, of Chicago University. In 1904, Professor Whitman had ten birds, but his flock, weakened by confinement and inbreeding, gradually decreased in number. The original Whittaker flock decreased also, and in 1908 there were but seven left. All of these died but one female, who was sent to the Cincinnati Zoological Society. At that time the society had a male about twenty-four years of age, which has died since. The female in Cincinnati, so far as I know, is living still, and in all probability is the last passenger pigeon in existence.

Protected and fostered by the hand of man, she probably has outlived all the wild birds, and remains the last of a doomed race.

In the opinion of Mr. Forbush, all theories that are brought forward to account for the destruction of the birds by other causes than man's agency are absolutely inadequate.

There was but one cause for the diminution of the birds, which was widespread, annual, perennial, continuous, and enormously destructive—their persecution by mankind.

Every great nesting-ground known was besieged by a host of people as soon as it was discovered, many of them professional pigeoners, armed with all the most effective engines of slaughter known. Many times the birds were so persecuted that they finally left their young to the mercies of the pigeoners, and even when they remained most of the young were killed and sent to the market and the adults were decimated. The average life of a pigeon in nature is possibly not over five years. The destruction of most of the young birds for a series of years would bring about such a diminution of the species as occurred soon after 1878. One egg was the complement for each nest. Before the country was settled, while the birds were unmolested, except by Indians and other natural enemies, they bred in large colonies. This, in itself, was a means of protection, and they probably doubled their numbers every year by changing their nesting places two or three times yearly, and rearing two or three young birds to each pair. Later, when all the resources of civilised man were brought to bear against them, their very gregariousness, which formerly protected them, now insured their destruction; and when at last they were driven to the far North to breed, and scattered far and wide, the death rate rapidly outran the birth rate. Wherever they settled to roost or to nest, winter or summer, spring or fall, they were followed and destroyed until, unable to raise young, they scattered over the country pursued everywhere, forming targets for millions of shotguns, with no hope of safety save in the vast northern wilderness, where the rigors of nature forbade them to procreate. Thus they gradually succumbed to the inevitable and passed into the unknown. Were it possible to obtain an accurate record of the receipts of pigeon shipments in the markets of the larger cities only from 1870 to 1895, the enormous numbers sold and the gradual decrease in the sales would exhibit, in the most graphic and convincing manner possible, the chief cause of the passing of the passenger pigeon.

While we have been wondering why the pigeons disappear, the markets have been reaching out for something to take their place, and we have witnessed also the rapid disappearance of the Eskimo Curlew, the Upland Plover, the Bluff-breasted Sandpiper, and the Golden Plover, from the same cause. Shall we awake in time to save any of these birds, or the many others that are still menaced with extinction by this great market demand? No hope can be held out for the future of these birds until our markets are closed to the sale of native wild game.

In Australia we have no such birds to protect, but the slaughter of the aigrette which has taken place here is deplorable.

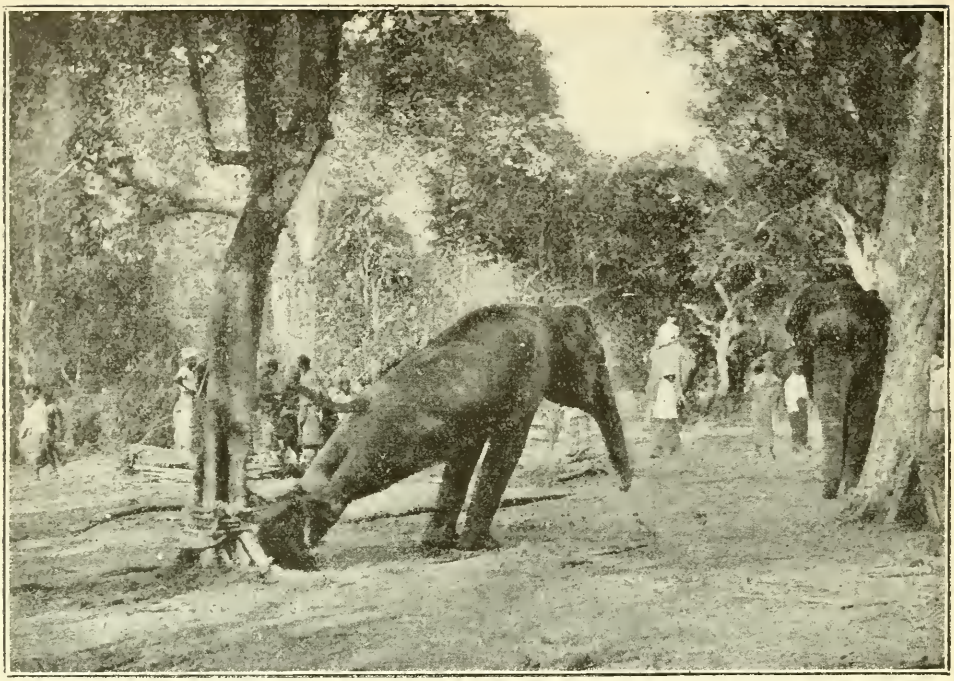
CONSERVATION OF FUR SEALS.

Russia, England, Japan and America have agreed to suspend sealing in the open sea for fifteen years and sealing on land for five years. The need for this close season is explained in the *North American Review* by George Archibald Clark:—

Pelagic sealing proved very destructive to the herd. It respected neither sex nor condition of the animals found, and the catch fell principally upon the gravid and nursing females, the latter taken upon the summer feeding-grounds in Behring Sea; for when the migration route of the seals had been covered the sealers entered Behring Sea and lay in wait for the mother seals as they visited the fishing-banks one or two hundred miles distant from the islands for the purpose of feeding. As a result of the death of the mother the dependent young starved to death on the rookeries. In the fall of 1896 sixteen thousand fur-seal pups died of starvation on the rookeries of St. Paul and St. George Islands.

WANTON SLAUGHTER.

As pelagic sealing developed through the increasing number of ships, its catch grew from 8000 at the beginning to a maximum of 140,000 in 1894; but this could not last, and with the declining herd the pelagic catch also began to decline. In the season of 1911, the last of the industry, the catch numbered about 15,000 skins. From the known catch of the sealing fleets and from conservative estimates as to animals killed but not recovered, it is apparent that more than a million breeding female fur seals and a like number of unborn and dependent young were destroyed during the thirty odd years of the pelagic industry has been in operation. The result is the depleted condition in which we find the herd to-day. Our best information places the number of animals in the herd at the time we took it over from Russia in 1867 at between two and three millions. It numbers to-day about 215,000.



"HE SCREAMED, FROTHED AND LUNGED AGAINST HIS FETTERS."
[*Courtesy of the "Century Magazine."*

NOOSING WILD ELEPHANTS.

Two interesting accounts of capturing and breaking in wild elephants appear in the *Century Magazine*. The first by D. P. B. Conkling describes how 213 wild elephants were forced into a great kraal 400 ft. square, made of teak-wood logs. These beasts had been collected in a general round-up about the old capital of Siam.

Thirty trained mounts, each with his two mahouts, together with hundreds of natives on foot, had been at work for two or more weeks getting this herd together, and safely into the kraal. The driving of this huge mass of beasts day after day until finally the last rush is made and the herd is well inside the fan requires more nerve, patience and skill than perhaps any other form of capture in the world. It is not unusual that many men are killed in this work, for if once the herd gets scent of danger, nothing can withstand their fearful charge.

The first signs of the approaching herd were a great cloud of dust and a dull roar like a heavy freight-train, making the ground fairly tremble; and then out of the mist came the huge beasts, pushing and fighting as they were packed closer in the converging fan, and making the air ring with their shrill trumpetings.

The large swinging beams at the entrance were pulled aside, and in they came with a rush, by twos and threes, stopping suddenly, and looking about in a dazed way at the yelling crowd of natives perched out of danger high on the walls beyond the stockade. When the whole herd was in and the paddock closed, they were left to themselves for a time before the real work of the day, from a spectator's point of view at least, began.

Amongst the whole 213 only 8 were found which were deemed worth training. These eight were "cut out" by powerful tame tuskers and the rest of the herd was driven away into the jungle to seek again its old haunts.

THE CEYLONESE METHOD.

Mr. Charles Moser's description of a round-up in Ceylon is far more exciting.

The plan and strategy of an elephant kraal is very simple. A wooded country, over which elephants rove and through which a suitable stream flows, is selected. A stockade from twelve to sixteen feet in height, and inclosing part of the stream, and from four to six acres of jungle, is constructed of stout logs lashed together with rattan withes. At

one side of the inclosure is a gate, with a V-shaped approach leading to it. When the stockade has been completed, the villagers arm themselves with guns, spears, tom-toms, old pots, horns—anything that will make a noise—and pour into the jungle to beat up the wild herds. They spread out in a circle, sometimes twenty-five miles long, but gradually lessening as the herds are driven nearer the stockade. The main object is to keep the elephants from reaching water except by entering the inclosure, and sometimes this is very difficult. Fires are kept alight at distances of a few feet; and sometimes at night, when the huge beasts charge in a body, the din of the drums, bells, shouts, and horns is enough to daunt bolder spirits than the jungle denizens. Frequently a herd succeeds in breaking through and making its escape, occasionally not without a heavy loss to the enemy; but usually after being kept from water for three or four days their terrible thirst drives the poor creatures to the water within the stockade, and the gate closes for ever between them and the dear free life of their native jungle.

THE STOCKADE.

The natives, says Mr. Moser, are Buddhists, but their real god is the snowy-bearded old Rate Mahatmeya, who is also their father, lord of their lands, and of every grain of rice that goes into their mouths. He said this was the 14th kraal he had had, and that 2500 villagers had been out for many days. He hoped to catch 30 or 40 elephants, but some might escape through the line of beaters that night, as the elephants were desperate, and the men nearly exhausted.

The stockade itself was worth a fortune, could it have been brought to market. It was constructed of peeled ebony and satinwood logs, many from twenty to thirty feet long, and as thick as a man's body. Seven hundred and fifty coolies had spent three weeks in building it, sinking the upright logs ten feet into the earth with rattan thongs lashing to the horizontal logs, at three-foot intervals. It looked enormously strong and resistant.

AN ELEPHANT'S CHARGE.

Ten elephants, led by a furious old cow, were trapped, but during the night those outside the kraal broke through the beaters' line and escaped. The captured elephants charged the stockade furiously, rocking the piles in their sockets, and making the earth tremble. Spearmen and beaters drove them back with spear thrusts.

I had often heard of the speed of an elephant's charge, and had marvelled without enlightenment. I had even scoffed, because those who told of it never were able to explain it. Their descriptions seemed to me the result of "nerves," justifying effect by cause. Now that I have seen it for myself, I marvel no more, but am simply dazed. You cannot explain the charge because you do not really see him make it. One instant he is standing over there, a hundred yards away, as motionless as the tree-trunks; at the end of the same instant he is upon you, overwhelming, monstrous, like a mountain falling upon you. And you did not even see him start!

I have a theory about it. An elephant's loose skin is a sort of bag that conceals the most flexible and finely articulated set of muscles in the animal kingdom. He has no bulge of muscles anywhere. They are all as smooth and flat as ribbons, as elastic as rubber, tempered like steel wire? Wherefore he can wheel that vast bulk of his instantly and in a space the size of a tea-table. He can hurl the whole four or five tons of him into action with a single impulse and strike his top speed in a single stride. Place an enemy in front of him, and I believe he can run ten yards or two hundred from a standing start faster than any other creature on legs.

THE WORK OF THE DECOYS.

Seven gigantic beasts, absolutely under the control of their riders—although they had all been wild ten years before—entered the kraal as decoys.

Suddenly we heard the sharp crackle of voices—Kalawane's and the mahouts'—shouting, "*Yunga! Yunga! Yunga!*" ("Charge! Charge! Charge!") and saw the decoys swiftly looming through the underbrush. The wild ones saw them at the same time, and for just a moment the whole herd, trunks uplifted in welcome, swung forward to meet them. The next instant they realised their mistake, turned tail, and went crashing down the slope in a panic. After them came the whole band of decoys, spearmen, and noosers barking a staccato chorus that set the blood tingling all over me. I never have had such a feeling. It was a little like the first shock of a shower-bath on a frosty morning. I found myself plunging knee-deep through the stream in the wake of the rushing animals, with Ricalton, sixty-six years old, and as white as Mount Hood, not a foot behind me.

THE FIRST CAPTURE.

The decoys speedily overlook their quarry, and two of them quickly separated one of the yearlings from his mother, giving

Just time enough for a noser to drop off behind and slip the loop around his right hind leg. He suddenly found himself being dragged backward on his fore legs and belly, and such squalling never was heard. At first his frantic mother fought furiously to reach him, but two powerful bulls so unceremoniously butted her about that she gave up and rushed off for help; for I never will be-

lieve she deserted him. The little fellow was dragged and butted to a convenient tree, to which he was securely tied by both ankles, while a decoy on each side alternately bullied and cozened him. The moment he was tied, just as he was on the point of thinking his new-found friends not such bad fellows after all, and was preparing to console himself for the loss of his mother, they heartlessly left him. Oh, how angry he was! He screamed, frothed, lunged and lunged against his fetters, bit the earth, and broke off the point of his embryonic tusk trying to demolish a stone he had dug up in his frenzy. But it was all in vain; and at last the poor little baby, just like other babies, broke down and cried. I saw him, and later I saw his mother, the terrible old cow, crying, and they shed real tears.

THE FIGHT OF THE OLD COW.

The old cow was so furious that it was finally decided to rope her so that the rest could be subjugated more easily. She was a tactician of the highest order though, and her gifts as a fighter amounted to positive genius. Several times they had her cornered, but she smashed her way through.

I was in time to see the defeat of the old empress. After many vain and furious struggles she was noosed around the left ankle with the rope attached to the biggest of all the decoys. At the word, this magnificent, six-ton brute picked out a tree, and without even a pause dragged the old lady off her feet. To make her humiliation more complete, he actually "wiped up the earth with her" when she spread herself out on the ground in protest, dragging her along with no more effort than if she had been a baby-carriage. But madam had not done with them yet. Arrived at the tree, she put up a glorious fight, even breaking two ropes, and she might have won a brief liberty had not two of the decoys shown marvellous intelligence in blocking her flight, butting her into place, and firmly lashing her there by winding their powerful trunks around her neck from each side. Then, while the ropes that for ever withheld her from her liberty were being securely knotted about her legs, these two gigantic old frauds, looking all the while wonderfully benignant and solemn, alternately bullied and flattered her.

Mr. Moser gives several instances of the almost uncanny reasoning powers of elephants. Those trained by man have the finest intelligence and a majesty of port rarely, if ever, observed in the wild ones. They impress one as having become grand under servitude. He concludes:—

I have always been fond of big-game shooting, and I have longed to include this mightiest of beasts in my huntsman's bag; but I came away from the kraal with one clear idea in my mind, dominating all others: I never shall willingly kill an elephant.

THE LAND OF SPLENDOUR.

The Maharajah of Mysore is a potentate who combines the magnificence of the East with the progress of the West. Saint Nihal Singh pictures the splendours of his rule in a contribution to the June number of the *London*.

On the occasion of the Maharajah's birthday, about a week following his marriage, in 1900, to the twelve-year-old daughter of the Rana Saheb of Vana, the city of Mysore, lavishly decorated with gay-hued flags and bunting, bathed under a soft flood of light, resembling a dream city, witnessed a wondrous triumphal procession. It was headed by two gaily-decorated camels and eight elephants, with fantastically painted faces and jingling ornaments, bearing superb howdahs on their backs.

There followed detachments of native regiments, both cavalry and infantry, brass bands, drum and fife bands, and native bands, torch bearers, and nautch girls.

In the middle of the procession walked an enormous elephant with gilded tusks, wearing a garland of flowers around its huge neck, a heavy gold flap falling over his forehead and trunk, gold anklets, gold ornaments on his tail, and a beautiful saddle-cloth of gold tissue; while jewelled gold chains hung down from his head to his feet. On his back he bore a howdah of solid gold, covered with a canopy of the same precious metal, in which sat the Maharajah and the Maharani, both aflame with jewels, that scintillated all the more radiantly in the flare of the red, green, and blue lights whose rays were thrown in a never-ending stream upon their persons as the procession wended its way through the streets of the city.

Behind their Highnesses, on another elephant, in a gold howdah only slightly inferior to that of the ruler, rode his younger sister and her bridegroom. Four more sets of nautch girls followed, each with its own band, and singing its own songs, irrespective of the others.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

WAGNER IN 1913.

In connection with the centenary of the birth of Wagner, we have several articles on Wagner and the Bayreuth Idea.

Mr. Ernest Newman has written two articles. In the *Contemporary Review* he points out that Wagner is still by far the most striking and most talked-about person in the world of music. No man who ever wrote music had a personality so complex, or managed to fill the stage so effectively both during and after his lifetime. He had the faith in himself that moves mountains; he believed in himself both as a man and an artist. He was an almost incomprehensible paradox. Persistently he refused to earn a living like other men, on the ground that it was not good for him to waste himself in the rough and tumble of the world, and he put this theory into practice with courage and thoroughness. After the Dresden catastrophe of 1849, when he was apparently a ruined man, he regarded his exile and the consequent cessation of income merely as a great stroke of luck; his inner harmony would no longer be disturbed by any concern for livelihood. And some thirteen years later, when he was at the end of his resources, he turned a deaf ear to the hint that he should try to re-establish himself by accepting a Kapellmeister's post. "I am differently organised; I must have beauty, light, brilliance. The world owes me what I need," he said. Crowning paradox of all, this musician, who will live by virtue only of the eloquence of his music, set almost the least store by that. What lay nearer to his heart was the regeneration of modern civilisation, or the raising of drama to a potency hitherto undreamt of, with music not as the end but one of the means.

WAGNER AND BEETHOVEN.

Writing in the *Musical Times*, Mr. Newman notes that no one in this centenary year has thought of bringing out a popular working edition of the best of his prose works. The volume, "Opera and Drama," he suggests would be all the better if the essential argument was compressed into about half its present bulk. But since two excellent translations of this volume now exist, Mr. Newman thinks a publisher would do the world a real service by issuing a readable translation of some of the shorter prose writings. Wagner had a striking insight into the soul of Beethoven's music. With a slight change in his original make-up he would have been, says Mr. Newman, a composer of the stamp of Beethoven, content to work within the limits of a purely orchestral form. But his musical sense had a more definite poetic turn than Beethoven's. Music meant little or nothing to him unless it spoke directly of humanity and to humanity. No theme must be invented for mere invention's sake; it must spring into being as the expression of an overwhelming human need, and must answer in all its changes to the changing life of the man or mood it painted.

ADVICE TO THE SINGER.

An article in the *Musical Times* deals with Albert Visetti, the well-known teacher of singing.

Without health, he says, it is impossible to become a singer. Besides health, a certain kind of throat is needed. The Italian throat and the German throat can stand more than the English throat. Every singer should begin study in his own country and with his own language. He should have the best masters and not dream of going abroad till he has acquired the language of the foreign country he wishes to go to, and knows a little about its history and atmosphere. Further, he advises everyone thinking of a musical career to study in London. If you go to France you get only French music, if you go to Germany only German music, but in London you get the music of every nation, for London is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Mr. Visetti agrees that there is a crowd of unemployed vocalists, but he considers it may be due to improper training. If the public were determined to be satisfied with nothing less than cultured singers, he is of opinion that overcrowding would cease, and that real art would prevail. Mr. Visetti is an ardent

believer in the idea that music can assist the recovery of health, and he thinks it not at all impossible that one day music will be known as the great Healer, in addition to the many other uses of the Art. He is a staunch advocate of British music, and through his efforts the works of many of our composers have been performed in Italy.

RAGTIME OR RINGTIME?

The editor of the *Vineyard*, Maude Egerton King, contributes to her magazine an idea entitled "Ragtime and Ringtime." She describes a visit to a ragtime performance, which occupied the greater part of an afternoon, and contrasts it with a lecture, illustrated by sword, morris, and country dances, given by Mr. Cecil Sharp and the dancers of the Folk-Dance Society.

The witticisms of the ragtime performance, she says, played recurrently round a subject least belonging in that sterile world—the baby, while the dancing was characterised by its cynical inversion of all normal feeling for love, beauty, or pleasure. Nor did leaving the music hall mean immediate escape, for the ragtime had the power to taint one's outlook on everything. Everything seemed to be jerking, grovelling to the discords and broken measure of ragtime. How different Mr. Cecil Sharp's band of young people! Delightful as health and pleasantness and living art could make them, these dancers and their dances are magical in their effects. Where did these bringers-in of springtime and ringtime get their dances from? From the country, from the wholesome life of open earth and sky, where the best of them originated in pagan worship, passing into and through mediæval life, not without modification of time and place in the ritual of its holy days, answers the writer. Ragtime, on the other hand, came from the pavement, and is the ritual of a life that has ransacked, not reverenced, the passions, and, finding them all vanity, turned upon them with mockery and denial. One need but look round the audience of a ragtime show to realise the truth of Blake's words: "They become what they behold." To *some* sort of measure all life must move, the writer concludes. It is for such companies as the young Maybringers to rout ragtime and whatever other fashion runs counter to the cosmic rhythm and the beating of the human heart.

MISTRESSES AND MAIDS.

AMAZONS IN ARMS.

Marie Corelli writes in *Nash's* on "The Why and Wherefore of the Revolt of Women," and, apart from her severe admonishment of Abraham for his lack of chivalry to the sex, will find many supporters of her amiable protest against militancy. If Miss Corelli extended her Biblical criticism it would indeed make pretty reading, but we must be content with the present instalment, which she excuses with the explanation:—

I have purposely gone over this episode of ancient and sacred history to remind men generally of the notable example set them by the patriarch beloved of heaven, so that they may realise how closely and persistently, in small as well as in great things, they have followed and still follow his "lead" with regard to women. In the laws they have laid down for the weaker sex, and in their mode of applying those laws, they have chiefly studied their own pleasure, suitableness and convenience, even as Abraham studied *his* own pleasure, suitableness and convenience. Abraham has repeated himself and is still repeating himself with monotonous sameness in various forms of the old story all over the world to-day, and women are pretty equally divided into Sarais and Hagars.

To the militants Miss Corelli is quite motherly, in an austere kind of way:—

No, my dear sisters all!—I cannot condone the meanness of slinking about under cover of the night and injuring the property of innocent people, or damaging national treasures of art, which are yours as much as any one else's to guard and to cherish. Such actions are like those of naughty children who smash father's watch and break mother's china simply because they cannot have their own wilful way. Believe me or discredit me as you will, there is no one that has the true Cause of your "Rights" more at heart than I—but I deprecate and deplore every rough and evil deed which makes you resemble uncivilised man at his worst. Violence is man's prerogative; woman's province is to gain by gentleness what *he* snatches by brute strength. The "militant Suffragette" is unwomanly; and therein lies her worse disgrace.

. . . The Suffragists seem to think that the "Vote" will ensure consideration for women from men on a broader and more intelligent basis, but I venture to doubt this. Certainly it will do no good if it has to be obtained by such methods of depredation and violence as place women on a much lower level of shame than any of the wrongs and injuries of which they complain. And in any case, it is to be feared that it can only end in estranging man altogether from every cherished ideal he has formed of womanhood, and quenching within him every spark of tenderness and chivalry. To gain the Suffrage and to lose Love? Is it worth while? Love begets faith, and faith begets love—they are the equal swing of the pendulum, and without either faith or love a woman's nature is deformed and becomes a mere abortion of sex.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Annie Winsor Allan gives a *resumé* of the problem affecting every housewife.

The fact is that both mistress and maid occupy a sphere where honour and trust and disinterested hard work must be present, or discontent will abound. But honour and trust do not rule in most people, and overcoming difficulties is not now in fashion. This is the season of our discontent. Our shield of discussion is not golden on one side and silver on the other, but dull lead here and rusty iron there; on both sides dissatisfaction.

Mistresses say: Housekeeping is wearisome and disheartening. There are many maids ready to draw good pay, and few ready to do good work. Many do not know how to work well, and most do not want to work well. They all want to get much and give little.

Maids say: Housework is tiresome and discouraging. There are lots of mistresses ready to ask for good work, and very few ready to give good conditions. Lots of them do not know how to manage well, and most of them do not want to deal fairly. They all want to get much and give little.

REMOVE THE STIGMA.

To-day many steady, refined, sensible girls appreciate the advantage of working in other people's homes, but they make four definite objections to the occupation as it is now arranged. These are: (1) The difficulty of securing a pleasant, quiet place in which to enjoy leisure and to receive their callers; that is, its discomforts. (2) The difficulty of finding out beforehand how the mistress of any particular house is going to treat you; that is, its uncertainty. (3) The difficulty of being sure of pleasant fellow workers; that is, its intimacy. (4) A dislike of helping without sharing in a private home life; that is, its aloofness. Of course, also, the social "stigma" is urged as the chief reason why it is hard to secure good help in the household. This is the reason which many girls believe they have for not entering domestic service. But a general sentiment of this kind follows the conditions which create it. A feeling is always a consequence before it is a cause. If the conditions were altered, the sentiment would disappear. We cannot work to efface sentiment, but only to efface what causes the sentiment.

SOCIETY BORROWERS.

Lady Angela Forbes, in an article entitled "How the Well-to-do-Poor Live" in the *Lady's Realm*, gives a startling account of the way in which to enjoy life on nothing a year. This is achieved comfortably and pleasantly by the simple method of borrowing all one requires, from a furnished house to a box at the opera. The only thing, it appears, that the society borrower does not borrow is money, but of this the really scientific borrower has no need. A story is told of a very charming borrower who last season succeeded in borrowing the whole London establishment, lock, stock and barrel, including a couple of motor cars and a well-trained staff of servants, of a wealthy merchant. But occasionally the biter is bit. At a dinner party another of these charming borrowers asked point blank for the loan of a yacht for Cowes week. There was a painful silence for a couple of minutes, and then the owner spoke:—

"Well," he said, speaking very clearly and deliberately, "my yacht is only built to carry four hundred persons, and I have already promised to lend her for Cowes week to let me see—" and he took a little roll of papers out of his pocket upon which was written a long string of names—"four hundred and eighty-three persons," he continued. "Will you let me add your name to this list?" he said to his hostess; "I don't really think she will sink."

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

Geoffrey Cookston's "Nocturne" (the *English Review*) reaches a very high level of poetic imagery, expressed in unequivocal language. Here is an extract of the poet's description of a turbid pool of the blind sea:—

On its broad surface filth
And splendour glittered; chastity and spilth
Of lewdness; all compassion, all disdain,
All beauty, all disgust, all pride, all pain,
Swept indistinguishably; as if some power,
Which is the cosmic spirit of the hour
And of all time, that neither seeks, nor spares,
Nor pardons, nor rewards, but all man dares
Or suffers, prompts, absorbs and supersedes,
Wrought visibly; compelling to its needs
Those strenuous atoms, by the Hand that flung
The stars through space, fish through the deep, and stung
To life the warm earth-slime The human stream
Swarmed, yeasty nothings focussed in the beam
Illumining a microscopic slide
And tyrannous frauds that kept the world tongue-tied,
Serene and sanguine prophecies, and bright
Hallucinations sank; and infinite
Abysses wailed; and deities august
Cried, like the voice that whispers in the dust
And darkened windows glimmered in the naves
Of lampless sanctuaries; and silent graves
Seemed cenotaphs of faiths whose light is spent;
And a new voice beat down the argument
Of childish creeds. But beyond love and hate,
Remorseless still, and still dispassionate,
Helpless and irresistible as doom
Heaved the unfathomable sea, whose womb
Brings forth her mighty children, and whose maw
Devoureth her own brood

An interesting feature of a recent number of the *Open Court* is a series of translations, by Arthur Lloyd, of Japanese songs, written by Madame Saisho Absuko.

The following poem is entitled "Human Happiness":—

Ah! deem not human happiness to lie
In Fortune's singling thee above thy mates
To special privilege.
Yon grasshopper,
Whom Fate elected to his high estate,
And placed to sing in yonder gilded cage,
Think'st thou he's happy? Nay, although thou bid
Him sing his native song in that strange place,
He can't forget his freedom, and be sure
He's yearning all the time for those lost fields
Wherein, a humble citizen, he took the air
And chirruped as he leaped for want of thought.

An interesting article, by Mr. J. D. Logan, on the martial verse of Canadian poetesses appears in the *Canadian Magazine*.

After references to the poems of Mrs. Susanna Moodie, Miss Isabella Crawford, and Miss Agnes Machar, the writer speaks of Mrs. Annie Rothwell-Christie, whose martial verse he says attains to the dignity and beauty of pure poetry. In the following lines from "The Woman's Part," the poet solaces the mother or wife whose son or husband has died on the battlefield:—

O, woman-heart be strong,
Too full for words—too humble for a prayer—
Too faithful to be fearful—offer here
Your sacrifice of patience. Not for long
The darkness. When the dawn of peace breaks bright
Blessed she who welcomes whom her God shall save,
But honoured in her God's and country's sight,
She who lifts empty arms to cry, "I Gave."

In the *British Review*, J. C. Squire strikes a happy reminiscent string, somewhat to the note of "Forty Years After." The poem is entitled "Back at School," and we quote the last lines:—

There are fags coming back from the farms with their freight,
There's a gang strolling round by the little chapel gate,
There's a crowd in the tuckshop, and people playing fives
In the court where two rabbits played the game of their lives.
Do they wonder as they glance at the strangers in the quad,
If men who had been here could look quite so odd?
The slackers in the tuckshop and the people playing fives,
You can see they do not know they have stolen our lives.

Not a change, not a change, here the old things endure,
Smooth were our brows here, our anger was pure,
But these now who walk here, confident and free,
Envy our manhood, and even so did we.
Sad sings an inner voice, "Merry 'twas then,
Truth once we knew here before we were men!"
But these whom we see now, confident and free,
Will grow old before their hearts do, and even so have we.

THE CONVICT.

By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mercer, of Tasmania.

"Those irons you show, prospector,
Are surely convict brand."
"You're right," replied the bushman,
They've fettered hand to hand.

"But guess you where I found them—
Ah! that's the strangest hap!
Aloft upon a shoulder,
Of famous Frenchman's Cap.

"I left Macquarie Harbour,
And forced my tortuous way
Through densest scrub, and waded
The swamps that interlay.

"And after weeks of toiling,
I gained the Frenchman's flank,
And climbed for wider prospect—
And found these links I clank."

"How weird!" I cried. "Some bushman—
A wanderer like you—
Had carried them far inland,
And did not bring them through."

The leading of the possible,
My hasty guess condones;
But startling came correction—
"I found them on the bones."

The story stirred emotion.
Man's witless cruelty
Must cause the fiends to wonder,
The devil's self to sigh.

Perchance an untrained passion,
Had failed its bounds to keep.
More likely he, a-hungered,
Had stol'n a lordling's sheep.

The waste of it! A hero
With thews of tempered steel,
With hope that blazed till Nature
Had quenched its lone appeal.

A heart that yearned for freedom,
A heart that could rebel,
Though gaolers strove to crush it,
And caged it in a hell.

Just picture it! The planning—
The leg-irons somehow stripped—
Too strong to smash, those wrist-links,
Too narrow to be slipped.

The dash to gain the cover—
The strenuous onward push—
The trackless, foodless wanderings—
The silence of the bush

But why ascend the mountain,
When near his struggle's end—
When sinking strength would warn him
He never could descend?

Perhaps I understand him—
A dazed desire to die,
Above the barrier tree-tops,
Beneath the open sky.

And there his bones lay bleaching,
Up, free, on skyward bed;
Though manacles still bound him,
Their hated power was dead.

Ah, Britain, learn the lesson!
And guard the force sublime,
That mightier is than riches
To speed the better time.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—*Burns.*

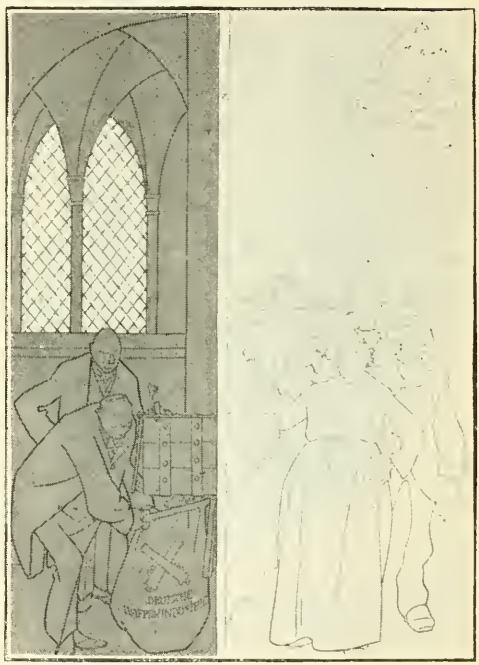
Norman Lindsay cruelly sets forth in the *Bulletin* what many an arm-aching or bed-ridden vaccinated man is thinking to-day—however unjustly. The newspapers have certainly manufactured an unnecessary scare by which the doctors have naturally benefited, but, unlike the great armament firms at home who are behind the war scaremongers of the newspapers, the medicos are certainly innocent in the matter.

European cartoonists are very busy with the revelations of the direct connection between the makers of war material, the press, and the Governments. *Simplicissimus*, than which there is no cleverer or more satirical paper anywhere, not excepting Australia, shows the people cheerfully giving their last farthing for what they believe is the Fatherland's needs, which coin goes direct into the coffers of the armament firms. *Der Wahre Jacob* depicts Herr Liebknecht as a white lady suddenly disturbing the armament contractors as they count up their ill-gotten gains. *The Daily News and Leader* has put the Empire under an obligation of gratitude by the articles it has published,

Der Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

THE WHITE LADY.

The German Armament contractors were in the midst of calculating the profits which would accrue to them from the new programme, when suddenly a light appeared and the White Lady passed through the room.

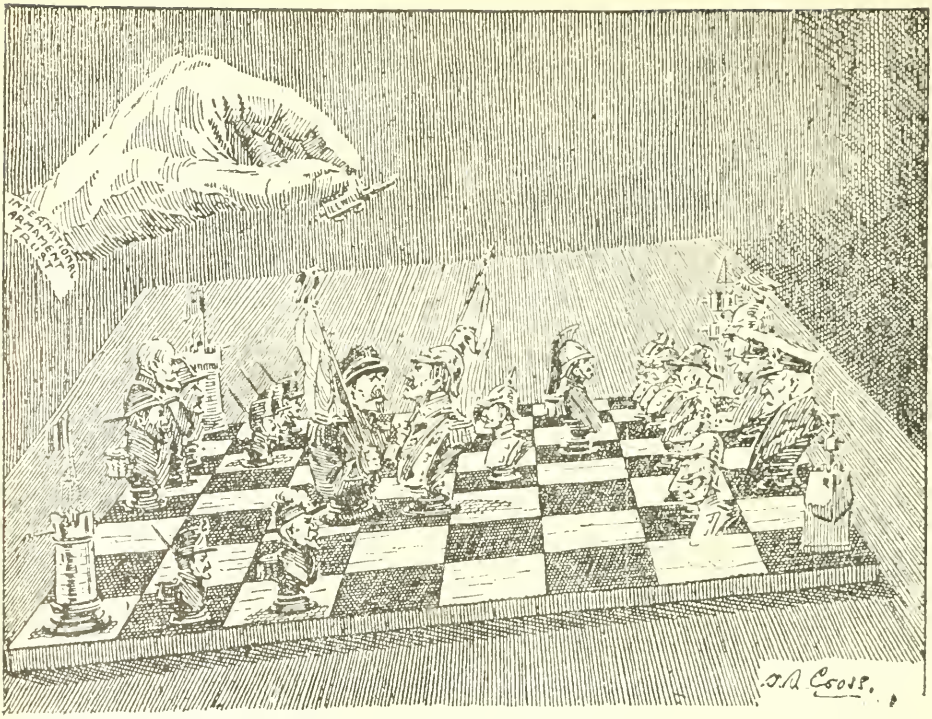


Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

THE TEMPLE OF PATRIOTISM.

THE PEOPLE: "The last pfennig for the Fatherland."

THE CONTRACTORS: "We are the Fatherland."



Daily News and Leader.] DIVIDENDS (CHESS).

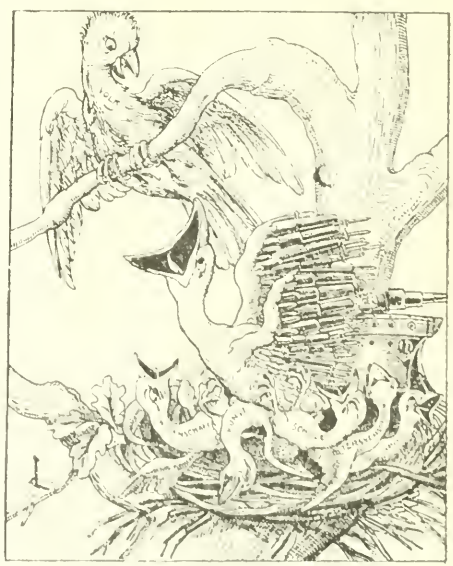
"'Tis all a Chequer board of Nights and Days,
Where Dividends with men for pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays."

[With apologies to Omar Khayyam.

Bulletin.] Sydney

THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

A religious revival for which the medical profession of N.S.W. is mainly responsible



Glühlichter.] [Vienna.

THE ARMAMENT CUCKOO

The Cuckoo of Armaments is represented as killing the true offspring of the People—Science, Art, Schools, Hospitals, etc.

Bulletin.] [Sydney.

THE COOK AND THE CRAB.

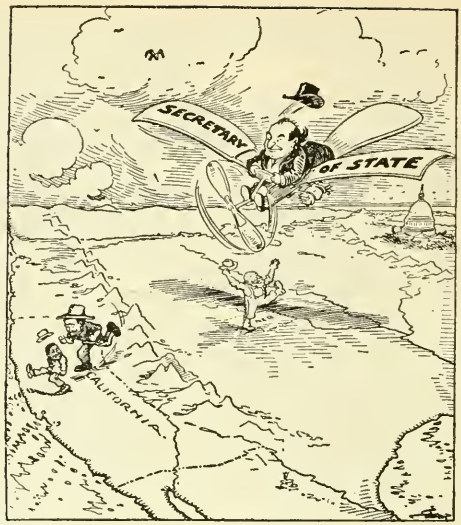
NEW PRIME MINISTER: "Confound you, you brute, I wish you had my job! I can't go forward, because I've said for years that the Labour people go too far forward. I can't go backward because the Senate won't let me. And you—dash you!—can make a good living by going sideways!"

showing the direct relation between war scares and the need for certain war material contractors forcing up dividends. The artist shows the International Armament Trust using the countries of the world as pawns in its game to get orders, orders no matter what the cost.

The Glühlichter—an Austrian paper—hits the truth when it shows the Cuckoo of Armaments killing all true progress.

Mucha.] [Warsaw.

THE ROCKY PATH OF PEACE.

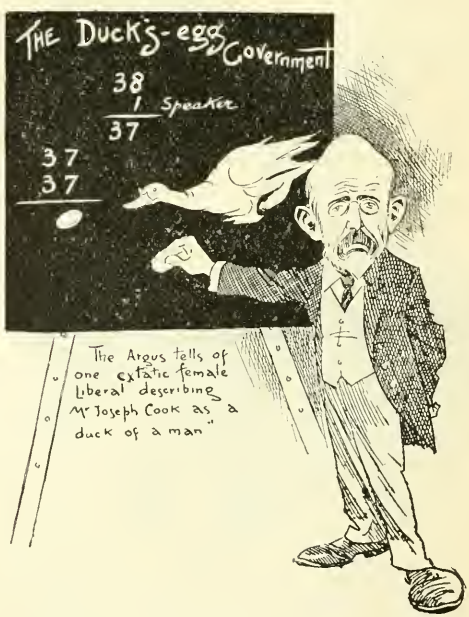


Minneapolis Journal.]

MR. BRYAN, AS AN UP-TO-DATE DOVE OF PEACE.

With the cessation of the Balko-Turkish war a month ago, the cartoon papers of Europe had to find other topics *Pasquino* cleverly shows the "agreement" of the Powers over the Adriatic.

The Polish paper, *Mucha*, shows Mars rejoicing over the blaze in Europe; it might well have put the great weapon



Bulletin.] [Sydney.

Daily News and Leader.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE.

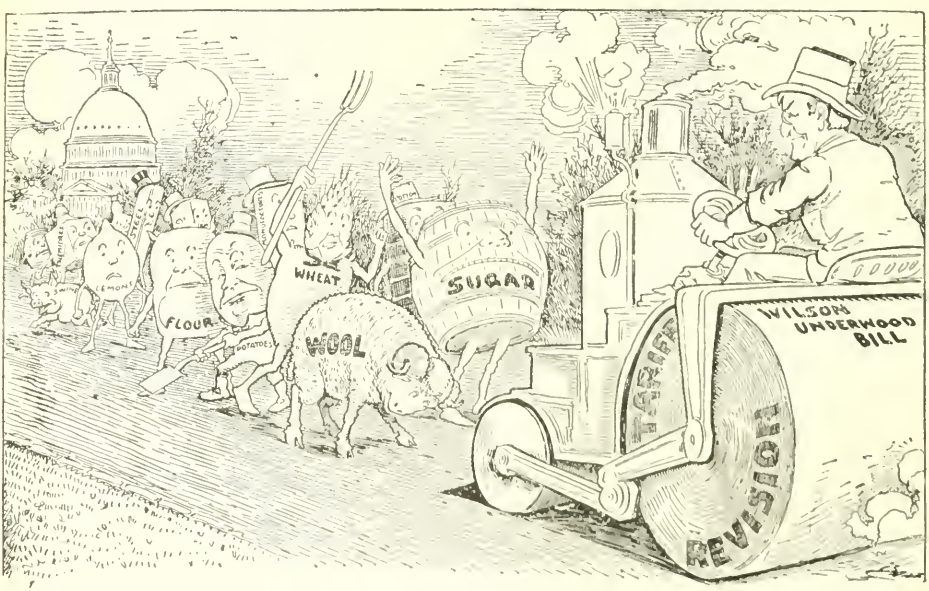
Washing the soiled linen of misunderstanding with the soap of goodwill.

Minneapolis Journal.]

JOHN BULL'S LAST WORD!

contractors beside him! The same journal indicates the somewhat rocky progress of Peace in the Balkans.

In home politics, the *Daily News* makes use of the well-known poster, and shows a fine liberal bloom with petals of Reform, Insurance, Education, etc., on the one hand, and Mr. Bonar Law's vain attempts on the other to induce the sickly Tory sprigs of Tariff Reform and Conscription to grow. The Labour paper, the *Daily Herald*, has developed a special style of cartoon rather like an impressionist poster. Sir Edward Carson is shown breaking the law



Minneapolis Journal.]

THE NEW STEAM ROLLER.

Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

THE KAISER: "Well, my son, it is gratifying that your children free you from some of the income tax."

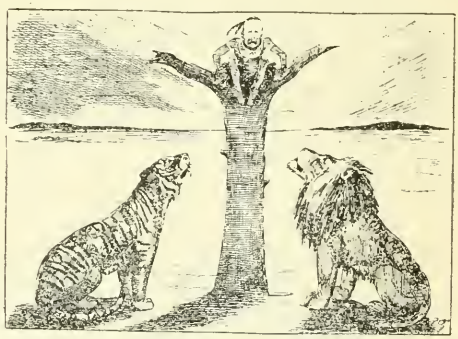
Daily Herald.] [London.

MEETING A DELICATE SITUATION WITH DIGNITY.

The Samson of Liberalism, whose locks some unnamed Delilah has lately shorn (manfully pretending that nothing is happening in Ulster): "Ah, if this were only a woman, to what sublime heights of retaliation I should soar."

Minneapolis Journal.]

PADDY: "I have come so far, I shall get over it somehow."



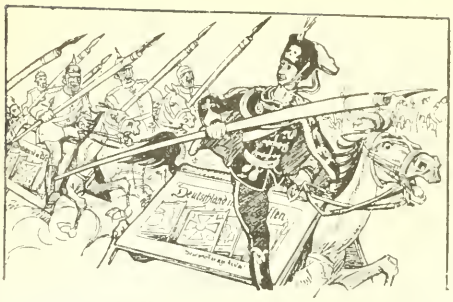
Westminster Gazette.]

MR. BONAR LAW'S PREDICAMENT.

Mucha.] [Warsaw.

EUROPE ABLAZE.

Mars rejoices to see the camp fires alight.

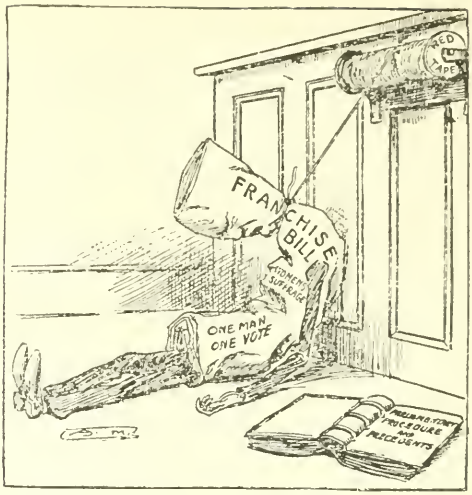


Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

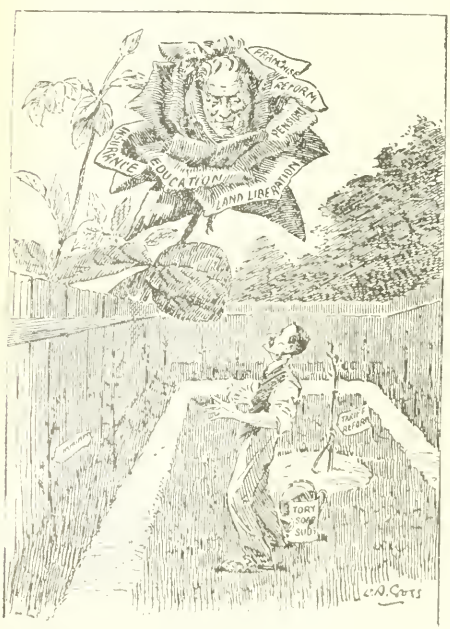
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY IS COMING OUT AS AN AUTHOR.

as he likes without the Liberal Party taking any notice. F.C.G. indicates how uncomfortable is Bonar Law's position. He does not move for fear of being caught by one or other of the lions in the path of his party.

The cartoon showing the fate of the Franchise Bill is old but quite applicable to the present situation. The second attempt of Home Rule to scale the wall of the House of Lords has failed, but Pat is not discouraged! *Lustiger Blatter*, making merry over the Princes' tax in Germany, shows that the Crown Prince enjoys considerable exemption because he has four fine boys!



THE FRANCHISE BILL HAS AGAIN BEEN REJECTED BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Daily News and Leader.]

A LIBERAL BLOOM.

(With acknowledgments to the "Plantoid" poster)

Pasquino.] [Turin.

THE UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE POWERS OVER THE ADRIATIC.

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE.

Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life. By Lady Macdonell. (Black.)

Sir Hugh Macdonell's career in the diplomatic service took him to Madrid, Berlin, Constantinople, Rio de Janeiro, Munich, Copenhagen, and Lisbon. Hence Lady Macdonell suffers from no lack of material in her book of reminiscences of people and wanderings. All the same, she has by no means given us a full book. This in spite of the fact that she draws even upon the history of her father and her husband's father for her stories. Some of the most interesting pages in the book, indeed, are those which describe the life and manners of the people of the Argentine when her father first went out there in his youth.

Further, among all the diplomatic adventures chronicled in the book, none other is so exciting as the experience of Sir Hugh Macdonell's father when, as head of the British legation in Algiers, he was thrown into prison by the Dey along with the other foreign residents.

When the Dey insulted all the foreign representatives and took them prisoners, Macdonell was placed in a cage next to a lion. Every day fresh tortures were practised on these unfortunate captives. Macdonell's beard was torn out, he saw his friend and colleague the Danish representative tortured before his eyes, and even witnessed an added horror when the barbarians placed the cloak of a man who had died of the plague in the cage where his unfortunate colleague lay more dead than alive. The Dane succumbed to the ill-treatment.

Sir Hugh himself began his career in the Army.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BODY.

While a young officer, he formed one of the guard who watched by the Duke of Wellington's body when it was lying in state, and a curious reminiscence comes down from that time.

Hugh had the honour of being on guard during the lying in state of the Iron Duke at Walmer Castle, where he died in 1852. The senior officer cut off a small quantity of the Duke of Wellington's hair and gave it as a memento to the officers on duty. Hugh religiously kept his share, and I have the few silver threads still in my possession.

While Macdonell was at the Embassy in Constantinople, he served under the clever but eccentric Sir Henry Bulwer, of whom a ludicrous picture is given:—

He was a very little man, with extraordinarily small feet and hands, and very eccentric. Hugh used to tell a tale of how one day he had to take a dispatch in to him for signature, but could not see him anywhere. Presently a very weak voice came from a sort of nest arranged on a shelf high up in one corner of the room, to which he ascended by a rope ladder. He explained that the room was so uncomfortable, and it was the only place where he could avoid the draughts.

But, eccentric though he was, Bulwer is by no means the most eccentric figure in Lady Macdonell's book. Her residence with her husband at Munich naturally leads her to talk about Ludwig, the mad King of Bavaria:—

First, as everyone knows, he was devoted to Wagner, and built him a house exactly like a ship. He would have performances of the Wagner operas given with himself as sole audience, and had the house kept in total darkness during the performance. He also had a private entrance into the theatre. On the top of the Palace he had a lake with black swans on it, and a small boat, in which he would imagine himself one of the heroes of the Wagnerian operas, preferably Lohengrin. He became rapidly more eccentric, and I am glad now that I waited two hours in the deep snow at the back entrance of the Palace to see him, wrapped in sables, start out on one of his weird excursions in a covered sleigh. Once out of the Palace the two black horses were made to gallop at full speed.

It is not surprising that the peasants, seeing him fly by, used to cross themselves, thinking he was a supernatural spirit.

THE KAISER'S FUN.

The most interesting story in the book relates to the present Kaiser, whom Lady Macdonell knew when, still Crown Prince, he was full of fun and a tease. She is, we imagine, the only Englishwoman living who can boast that she has boxed the Kaiser's ears:—

He liked our English teas, and afterwards used to claim me for a game of draughts. In the salon there was a big window with a deep seat that he especially favoured, to this

a small table was drawn up, and fine battles ensued over the board.

I shall never forget one occasion when he accused me of cheating. He was so apparently serious that I became infuriated, and, unmindful of his high estate or my duty as hostess, I impulsively leant across the table and boxed his ears! His sense of humour and the satisfaction of having been so successful in working upon my feelings saved the situation. I received full punishment later, for ever afterwards when he met me he used to cry, "I know a lady who cheats at draughts."

The author's life in Portugal left her with the highest opinion of King Ferdinand, though her defence of his policy is too general to be convincing. In regard to the Portuguese people, she has some interesting things to say—especially in the matter of their looks:—

Conway Thornton, who was with us as First Secretary both at Copenhagen and Lisbon, said with some truth that all the Portuguese had one pair of eyes. They certainly have beautiful eyes, but they are all exactly the same, and they have no other noticeable feature; for they are not good-looking as a race, and are very dark and of a distinctly Jewish type. An anecdote is told of King Joseph I. and his celebrated Minister, Marquis Pombal. The King consulted Pombal how they could distinguish the Jews from the Christians. "Ah," said the King, "I know. We will make it obligatory for all Jews to wear a white hat." The next day Pombal appeared carrying two white hats. When the King inquired the reason, Pombal replied, "Your Majesty and your humble servant must wear them first."

As was to be expected, perhaps, we get few glimpses of English life and its leading figures in this book. Gladstone and Queen Victoria appear for a moment, but nothing new is told of them. Ruskin, again, comes in, but, though the author met him and talked to him, she has nothing more exciting to tell us about him than this:

Among others I had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Ruskin, with his heavy brow and piercing eyes. His niece, Mrs. Arthur Severn, was devoted to him, and full of consideration for his fads—commencing with an apple and tea at 4 a.m. every day.

Lady Macdonell's book, it will be guessed, is rather slight. None the less, it is quite lively and entertaining.

A KING'S BOSWELL.

What I know. By C. W. Stamper. (Mills and Boon.)

In May, 1905, it was arranged that King Edward's motor-cars should be driven by Metropolitan police constables, and this necessitated a motor expert whose duty it was to always sit by the chauffeur to be prepared to act in case of accident. Mr. W. Stamper, who had been manager of the Lacre Car Co., was chosen for this office, and during the last five years of the King's life travelled continually with him, sitting by the driver, responsible not only for the car, but often for all the arrangements as to route, etc. Hence we get details of the King's journeys in England and abroad, a vivid idea of his popularity with all classes, and a confirmation of the opinion that King Edward was a great hearted gentleman. Naturally the account is largely of the gossipy kind and the stories rather of the titbits style, so that now and again we are brought up short with an ungratified desire to know what happened afterwards

The King detested delay, and was always put out if he were kept waiting. He would also drive at top speed whenever it was possible. Now and again difficulties were caused by the police on duty, as once near Brighton when a policeman stopped the car (for the King's car never carried a number) and could not be persuaded to let it pass until suddenly he caught sight of the face within the carriage. Mr. Stamper seems to have been rather gratified to find how pale the officer turned!

An old woman was the cause of another stoppage when King Edward was on his way to Navarta:—

On the way there, shortly after passing St. Jean-de-Luz, we came to a level crossing, . . . where an old woman was in the act of closing the iron gates. I jumped off the car, and, running up to her, begged her to allow His Majesty's car to pass; but she would not be entreated, and swung the gates into position. An express, she explained, had been signalled, and, as it was long overdue, was sure to appear any moment. Five minutes later the train roared by. . . . The old dame leaned comfortably against one of the barriers, and, half-closing her eyes,

plainly made ready to fall into a reverie. We watched her open-mouthed. His Majesty was the first to recover the power of speech.

"Why can't we go by now, Stamper?"

"I will see, Your Majesty."

Indignantly I approached the woman, and asked why on earth she did not open the gates. With a frown she replied that she was awaiting a train which was going the opposite way to that which had just gone by. . . . Smothering my anger, I pointed out that one could see the line for a mile or more, and there was nothing in sight. Her answer was that the train had been signalled. Had I not seen this with my own eyes? . . .

"I am afraid we shall have to wait, Sir."

In another five minutes the train steamed up to a little wayside station which stood a few yards from the crossing. There, to our dismay, it stopped, its engine coming to rest only a few feet from the gates barring our way. . . . In all we were delayed twenty minutes.

Mr. Stamper, of course, has plenty of characteristic remarks about the various personages with whom his duties brought him in contact, such as the Princess Victoria, whose grace and charm are pictured as is their rightful due.

Of course, in a story of tours there must be something of repetition, and now and again a very banal account of what happened. For instance, the King was driving through Lewes, and Cæsar was one of the company, as usual, "and," continues Mr. Stamper, "as we were going along His Majesty said, 'Cæsar, you shall have a run and chase the cats. Cats! Cats! Cats! Meow!' Cæsar became very excited and barked."

Mr. Stamper was absolutely certain that the King was very well the time of his last stay in Biarritz. King Edward's words to him, as he stepped out of the car to get into the train at La Barre, were, "Well, Stamper, it has been a most successful time, and I hope you will have a pleasant trip home." This was the last time Mr. Stamper saw him.

MASEFIELD'S DAFFODIL FIELDS.

"The Daffodil Fields" (MacMillan), a versified novel by John Masefield, shines with a steady glimmer among the poetical reapings for the month. It is filled with Masefield's own peculiar literary beauties that mark his passionate gift of simple utterance; the art to tell a simple tale and yet reflect all of heaven and earth within it as a pool of water reflects the sky.

"The Daffodil Fields" tells of the love of two men for a girl. Nicholas Grey, an English farmer, when he knows that he is near death gives the guardianship of his son Michael, a wild boy at school in Paris, to his closest friends, Charles Occleve and Rowland Keir. Occleve has a son, Lion, and Keir has a daughter, Mary. The two boys and the girl have been playmates since childhood. Lion is a quiet, grave young man, with features that give "promise of a brilliant mind." He is devoted to Mary, but Mary loves Michael. In his own light-hearted way, Michael too loves Mary, but his desire for a broader life calls him to the cattle ranches of America, where he says "land is for the asking." Before he goes away to be gone three years, he swears constancy to his beloved in the "daffodil fields." For a time he writes to Mary, then there is silence between the lovers.

"Spring came again greening the hawthorn buds;
The shaking flowers new-blossomed seemed the same
And April put her riot in young bloods;
The jays flapped in the larch clump like blue flame.
She did not care; his letter never came.
Silent she went nursing the grief that kills
And Lion watched her pass among the daffodils."

When Lion, tender of heart, can no longer endure the grief of the deserted girl, he goes to America to bring Michael back, but he will not come. The free life of the plains suits him, and a dark beauty with "eyes that burned" holds his fancy. When Lion returns and tells Mary the truth about Michael, her resistance to his suit breaks down, and she consents to marry Lion. A newspaper clipping announcing Mary's marriage reaches Michael, who is already weary of the dark beauty and longing

for his lost love. He goes back, like Enoch Arden, comes to her house and looks in the window. He does not see Mary there, so he creeps inside the house by stealth and leaves a scarf, an old keepsake, in Mary's room, so that she will know he has returned, and then goes to await her at the trysting place in the "daffodil fields." She finds the scarf and comes to meet him; they renew their love, and Mary goes to live with Michael. They are happy at first, then Michael, in a mood of weakness and remorse, goes to Lion to offer to give him back his wife. Lion, in a fit of anger, torn by passion and outraged honour, fights with Michael, and they kill each other in the "daffodil fields." The tragedy ends with stanzas that bring Mary to her dead and in mercy grant her release from sorrow.

"They left her with her dead; they could not choose
But grant the spirit burning in her face
Rights that their pity urged them to refuse.
They did her sorrow and her dead a grace.
All night they heard her passing footsteps trace
Down to the garden from the room of death.
They heard her singing there, lowly, with gentle breath,

To the cool darkness full of sleeping flowers,
Then back, still singing soft, with quiet tread,
But at the dawn her singing gathered powers
Like to the dying swan who lifts his head
On Eastnor, lifts it singing, dabbled red,
Singing the Glory in his tumbling mind,
Before the doors burst in, before death strikes him blind.

So triumphing her song of love began
Ringing across the meadows like old woe,
Sweetened by poets to the help of man
Unconquered in the eternal overthrow;
Like a great trumpet from the long ago
Her singing towered; all the valley heard,
Men jingling down to meadow stopped their teams and stirred.

And they, the Occleves, hurried to the door
And burst it fearing; there the singer lay
Drooped at her lover's bedside on the floor,
Singing her passionate last of life away.
White flowers had fallen from a blackthorn spray
Over her loosened hair. Pale flowers of spring
Filled the white room of death; they covered everything.

Primroses, daffodils, and cuckoo flowers.
She bowed her singing head on Michael's breast.
'Oh, it was sweet,' she cried, 'that love of ours.
You were the dearest, sweet; I loved you best.
Beloved, my beloved, let me rest
By you forever, little Michael mine,
Now the great hour is stricken and the bread and wine

'Broken and split; and now the homing birds
Draw to a covert, Michael; I to you.
Bury us two together,' came her words.
The dropping petals fell about the two.
Her heart had broken; she was dead.
They drew
Her gentle head aside; they found it pressed
Against the broidered 'kerchief spread on Michael's breast.

The one that bore her name in Michael's hair,
Given so long before. They let her lie.
When the dim moon died out upon the air,
And happy sunlight coloured all the sky.
The last cock crowed for morning; carts went by;
Smoke rose from cottage chimneys; from the byre
The yokes went clanking by, to dairy, through the mire."

ALFRED NOYES' LATEST POEMS.

Following close upon the publication of Alfred Noyes' "Drake," that master-epic of the sea, comes "The Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," the famous gathering place of the Elizabethan wits, among them Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and Kit Marlowe. The "Tales" are stories that the author imagines to have been told at the Mermaid Tavern over the pipes and wine. The lyrics are but loosely strung together by the narrative verse, and there are places where the rough energy of the poesy does not cover the creaking mechanism, but the animation and high-spiritedness of the whole carries the reader along with a fine zest.

Noyes' work is composite, a mixture of Tennyson and Swinburne, with a dash of Stevenson and a flavouring of Cavalier lyricism. At times it seems artificial, but at least it is good artificiality. "The Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" is a processional, a pageant of the Elizabethans splendidly tricked out in rich attire and flying banners with burgeoning of crimson and gold. It does not pause for a moment; it marches on and on, and after it passes there is a little mist and glamour in one's eyes.

The *Times* declares that "this is the best work Noyes has done so far." In unity and evenness of poetical expression, it hardly rivals "Drake," although there are fragments of the "Tales" that are truly the finest things Noyes has written.

"The Sign of the Golden Shoe," tells the story of the life and death of Kit Marlowe, the son of a Canterbury cobbler.

This fine poem rises with simplicity and great power up to the scene where Nash comes to the Mermaid in his bloodied coat and cries out:—

"Come, come and see Kit Marlowe lying dead,
Draw back the sheet, ah, tenderly lay bare
The splendour of that Apollonian head;

The gloriole of his flame coloured hair,
The lean, athletic body deftly planned
To carry that swift soul of fire and air;
The long thin, flanks, the broad breast and the grand
Heroic shoulders! Look what lost dreams lie
Cold in the fingers of that delicate hand;

And shut within those lyric lips what cry
Of unborn beauty sunk in utter night,
Lost world of song sealed in an unknown sky,

Never to be brought forth clothed on with light,
Was this, then, this the secret of his song—
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Then follows the scene of the brawl on the deck of the "Golden Hind," and the description of Marlowe's death, which Nash ends with the words: "Here on my breast, with one great sob he burst his heart and died."

"The Burial of a Queen" is the burial of Mary, Queen of Scots, at dead of night at Peterborough. The old sexton tells of the ghostly shadows in the vault, of the foreigner with the olive face and soft French words, who begs once more to look upon her face; of the dark catafalque with its inscription, "In my defence, God me defend," and of the voices of the host of heaven that bear her soul away. Aside from some few lyrics, this scene in the nave of Peterborough Cathedral, with its ghosts, shadows, and angels, is the finest poesy Noyes has written. The book closes with a tale of Raleigh, and here, as in "Drake," there is no cunning appeal to patriotism, or trick of stirring the blood that he has hesitated to use. It is—"Englande, Englande, Glory everlasting" and lordship of the sea, that moves the soul of this maker of ballads and chanteys, who stirs us with the tread of armed men, with clanking of hoofs and horns blowing, and at last brings us to the more peaceful delight of a pipe and a cup of wine at the Mermaid Tavern where huge projects and mighty dreams go skittering in the blue smoke.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Lore of Proserpine. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan, 3/6 net.)

Mr. Hewlett believes in fairies, and perhaps by virtue of the fervour of his faith has been permitted to see many, and, as he claims, to touch and talk with a few. In this book, which is cast in autobiographical form, he has set down some of his experiences with fairies who have materialised themselves to him, and they make very fascinating reading. When he was twelve years old he saw a spirit boy of the woods impersonally torturing a rabbit, and a year or two afterwards a Dryad appeared to him, irradiate and quivering with life and joy of life, although invisible to his companion. In later years came an amazing experience in Hyde Park with a fairy man who took the shape of a telegraph-boy and answered people's prayers by telegram, and he has also seen and known of fairy-wives who have become completely materialised, and have married mortals. The stories are told with an actuality, and in some cases an insistence on details, which leave one gasping. It is a little doubtful whether or not Mr. Hewlett expects us to believe in the literal accuracy of his stories, or that he has actually seen the marvels of which he tells with his own eyes; indeed, it would seem from his preface and his last chapter, in which he collates and sums up his own and others' experiences, that he is himself not quite sure. But, after all, it is not of the first importance. Whether we believe wholly, or in part, or not at all, "The Lore of Proserpine" will give keen pleasure to all who can enjoy enchanting prose, and the most hardened sceptic can read it with the certainty that he will be charmed, and the possibility that he will put the book down with the robustness of his scepticism severely shaken.

The Tichborne Tragedy. By Maurice E. Kenealy. (Griffiths.)

Mr. Kenealy, son of the famous lawyer who defended the Tichborne Claimant, tells here the strange story of that longest, most remarkable, and universally discussed trial. The author thinks that readers will not fail to find in his pages justification for his father and those others who were, and still are, of opinion that the claimant was the veritable Roger Tichborne himself. Dr. Edward Vaughan Kenealy believed so thoroughly in his client that he sacrificed money, business, and reputation in his attempt to save him. The book would scarcely turn the opinion either way of those who are living and were interested in the famous trial. Most will agree that if the claimant were Roger Tichborne he deserved punishment for a shameful attack upon the reputation of a lady he professed to love, and so rough, if not logical, justice was done on him. If he were not Roger Tichborne, his punishment was not adequate. Mr. Maurice Kenealy was not yet thirteen when the trial began; besides he was so much with his father, and so often a messenger between him and his client, that it is no wonder his prejudice in favour of the claimant is so strong. The book may be considered as a son's tribute to a father's memory.

August Strindberg. By Miss L. Lind-af-Hageby. (Paul.)

Miss Lind-af-Hageby's life of Strindberg is a biographical masterpiece. She gives in a telling manner the whole drama of the tempest-torn life of her famous countryman. The story of Strindberg's life from his unhappy childhood to an honoured old age is here put before us clearly with reasoned judgment and in a convenient sequence. Reading Miss Lind-af-Hageby's book we get a better view of a man who himself realised that his nature could only be explained by the suggestion that his was one of those cases of multiple personality, which can but bring sorrow and trouble to all connected with them. His alternations of morality—for it was said of him that he had been a pietist and remained so still at times—of sensuality, of passionate affection and insensate coldness, are so put before us that we can appreciate what was good in him, and sorrow for the evil wrought by his powerful brain, vivid imagination and lack of faith. It has been said of him that he was like a man digging deep for the straggling roots of a large tree. Sometimes he found one, but could never put his foot on all at the same time. Those who wish to learn about him and his works will find the fullest information here. A uniform edition of his many works is shortly to be published by Herr Albert Bonnier, of Stockholm.

Cubism. By Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzanger. (Unwin.)

A description, with illustrations, of the movement in painting known as Cubism. Unfortunately the letterpress seems to have been intended for Cubists themselves, and therefore the unlearned reader is still left much in the dark as to what Cubism means beyond that it is an attempt by artists to free themselves from the servitude inherent in their task. We are told also that only he can evoke Beauty who is chosen by Taste; but to most of us who study the pictures here presented the difficulty is to find Beauty and to understand of what Taste is supposed to consist. One feels it is hardly wise to scoff at what may develop into the beautiful in the future, but the reproduction of Cubist pictures which are given in the book certainly do not make us wish to possess them.

The Battlefields of Scotland. By T. C. F. Brotchie. (Jack.)

A volume, the material of which has been drawn from the best and latest authorities, and which is charged with memories fascinating not only to the Scotsman, but to all who love that which appertains to past history. The author has enriched his book with sixty drawings, illustrating every phase of the various battles which took place in Scotland, from the first recorded battle of Mons Grampius, described by Tacitus, to Culloden, which left Prince Charlie homeless and a fugitive. Renfrew, Largs, Stirling, Brigg, Bannockburn, Flodden, are names graven deep on the heart of the Scottish nation, and it only remains here to say that they are so described as to fascinate readers who do not call themselves by the proud name of Scot.

A Londoner's London. By Wilfred Whitten. (Methuen, 6s.)

Readers of this book will wish that they could take their journeys through London with Mr. Whitten as guide. Recollections, anecdotes, historical records, are here poured out unstintedly. If one did not know that Mr. Whitten came to London from the north country, one would almost guess it, for it has passed into a proverb that no born Londoner knows his London well. The book is enriched by plates of many of the buildings, such as Clare Market, Booksellers' Row, and so on, of which only the remembrance remains. The delightful anecdotes are so many that it is impossible to produce them here, but one which has an especial reference to Mr. W. T. Stead refers to Mowbray House, the old offices of The Review of Reviews, and also of *T.P.'s Weekly*, which Mr. Whitten supposes were built on the site of the residence of Albany Wallace, who raised the monument of Garrick in the Abbey. In the same street it was that Mrs. Lirriper waged warfare with lodgers and servant girls. In those days Norfolk Street ran right down to the Embankment. One leaves the book with a sense of loss, on account of the many houses of which Mr. Whitten speaks that have already vanished.

A Modern History of the English People. By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

This second volume carries on our history in all its phases. It is as brilliant as the first, and its vivacity is as telling. The opening chapter deals with the Boer War, the authorities continually referred to being *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Times*, consequently, from the point of view of the few men who had the courage to stand up against the war, it is somewhat biassed. The story of the Coronation year, with its hopeful beginning, and the great shock of June 24, Mr. Kipling and the Islanders, and the reception of the Boer generals, is followed up by the Trade Union difficulties, and Mr. Chamberlain's speech, which so infuriated Germany. In the last page, after the description of the death of King Edward, Mr. Gretton remarks that it is curiously characteristic of this period that the word "respectable" practically ceased to have any weight in upper and middle-class life, where of old it had borne a moral significance; it is a part of English life, enfranchised from strict upbringing, making mistakes, spending rather wildly, inclined to be noisy, but on the whole demanding reality.

The Isle of Life. By Stephen F. Whitman. (Scribner.)

About two years ago a powerful novel, entitled "Predestined," appeared from the pen of a new writer, Stephen French Whitman. His second book, which he calls "The Isle of Life," fully sustains his reputation for literary work and well-built structure. The hero of this story is a singularly repellent person, who, however, contains in him what tradition and literature have come to recognise as the essentials of masculinity. Repulsed by the girl he loves, he seizes her in his arms and springs overboard from the deck of a Mediterranean steamer. He then swims with her to a small island off the coast of Sicily, she fighting like a cave woman against his admiration. In a cholera epidemic and a native rebellion he proves himself to be a real hero, and, in the end, compels, if ever the term were literally true, the admiration and love of the woman. There is some fine description, some brilliant conversation, and much that is stimulating.

John Cave. By W. B. Trites. (Duffield.)

An unusual story. Its subject is not a pleasant one. It tells of a rather unattractive American newspaper man, who has many unpleasant experiences while becoming convinced that sordidness does not pay. He had a soul "too timid to destroy itself, too weak to uplift from the morass its weight of flesh in sustained flight." There is a beautiful, pure and angelic "Diana" and an unfortunate but very attractive "Prudence," who "had not always been as she ought to have been." The story is told with a powerful, realistic directness which suggests the Russian masters in its pessimism and the French in its artistry of style.

The Adventuress. By George Willoughby. (Max Goschen.)

This new firm of publishers evidently knows good work when it appears. Mr. Willoughby's short studies and stories, though they have some defects of immaturity, are possessed of a real distinction. (The first in the book, which provides the title, is perhaps the weakest of them all.) Mr. Willoughby writes, in the main, of the horse-'bus epoch; we should say that, about 1903, he discovered London—its river, its buildings, its restaurants, its excursions and alarums, its women of different kinds. He wrote, one would imagine, when his impressions were fresh. At any rate, they are freshly written. They have, too, the

rather youthful fault of (apparently) dwelling on more delicate subjects with a half-defiant, aggressive worldliness. But they have a real personality and life; none too common qualities in such stories.

Mrs. Gray's Past. By Herbert Flowerdew. (Paul, 3/6.)

Mrs. Gray and her little son are the objects of gossip and slander in the town of Hollowminster; more particularly are they persecuted by Miss Pettival, one of those old maids who are supposed to haunt every cathedral city and traduce their betters. Miss Pettival wants to know who Mr. Gray was, who Mrs. Gray was before she was married, and why she is so friendly with Gerald Winyer. Mr. Flowerdew does not attempt to tell any very new story, but he contrives to put old situations with a considerable amount of freshness and vivacity, and he does not forget to make his characters real human beings, and to give them motives that are credible and actions that are possible. The suspense of the story is very ingeniously sustained, and the reader is really left in doubt as to the exact past of Mrs. Gray and the share in it of Godfrey Markham, the handsome and scoundrelly artist. It is almost a surprise to find that Mrs. Gray has all the while been sheltering her sister, who is married to Canon Gabriell, a cleric of the most rigorous standards. The plot unravels very neatly, and everyone who deserves it gets happiness, while the voice of slander is successfully quieted.

A Page in a Man's History. By Penelope Ford. (J. Long.)

The tragic story of a modern girl, a real genius, but restless and somewhat neurotic. In South Africa she meets a man forceful and handsome, but rough and ill-mannered. At the moment of their parting he leads her to believe that he loves her. Meeting in society later, she finds that she has been but an incident in his life.

Gabriel's Garden. By Cecil Adair. (Paul.)

A romance full of beautiful thoughts and with a hero whose self-sacrifice might be called sentimental in these modern and material days, for Miss Adair reminds one of the late Rosa M. Carey. Gabriel Gascoign has in a moment of aberration cheated at cards, and is exiled by his father to his mother's estate in an island off Las Palmas. There he finds a couplet carved in stone which has comforted his mother and gives him a new view of life and eternity. Gabriel meets in his island a girl who satisfied every desire of his soul, finds that she is betrothed already, but that there are overwhelming obstacles against a marriage. Gabriel could probably remove the impediment, and rises to the occasion. The description of the island garden is beautiful, though rather too long drawn out.

A Soul in Shadow. By Elsè Carrier. (Long.)

A gloomy and not particularly natural story, in which twin brothers are introduced, the elder being made to believe that he has committed first bigamy and then murder. The deceit of his twin and his own supposed misdeeds bring him nearly to death's door, but his wife's love draws him back.

So It Is With the Damsel. By Nora Vynne. (Stanley Paul, 3/6.)

Probably Miss Vynne had no intention of helping the imagination towards a future for Miss Robins' "Little Sister," but she has taken a girl of somewhat stronger nature, but just as absolutely innocent, and allowed her to fall into a similar hell. Miss Gower is carried to South America, but escapes from her keeper, rising from her fall as Aurora Leigh did. But more modern than she, Miss Vynne's heroine thinks no shame to marry a man brave and noble enough to realise the circumstances, and the fine and courageous spirit which overcame them.

The Little Hour of Peter Wells. By David Whitelaw. (Hodder.)

This tale of an undersized Cockney clerk, who behaved with as great a chivalry as any knight of old, goes with a swing from start to finish. Peter undertakes a political mission, rescues a beautiful lady and restores her lover to her in most thrilling fashion.

The Outlaw. By David Hennessey. (Hodder.)

This novel, which won the £400 prize in a recent competition, shows the wisdom of the judges, for not only are the adventures enthralling, but the hero himself is an original, Salathiel being the son of a Jew who had been a convict.

The Arnold Lip. By C. E. Lawrence. (Murray.)

Mr. Lawrence's description of a thoroughly conventional and solid stockbroker and his family connections would make a capital theme for a farce, especially in that part which relates to the son's adoption of a baby left on his threshold in a famous inn just off Fleet Street. The picture of the laundress, the laundress's daughter, and the embryo barrister, his sweetheart (she and the uncle and aunt dancing attendance upon the baby, whose dry nurse is the quixotic young Arnold himself) is so farcical as almost to overshadow the underlying pathos.

Hard Pressed. By Fred M. White. (Ward, Lock.)

A smooth-running story, in which horse-racing and love play alternate parts, for a father wants his daughter to marry a seemingly rich scoundrel, who is after all a cheat, gaining his money by manœuvring a telephone on top of a house overlooking a suburban racecourse.

Half and Half Tragedy: Scenes in Black and White. By Ascott R. Hope. (Black.)

These half-a-dozen stories of schoolboy life—Scottish, Irish and English—are told with the fullest sympathy and understanding. "Sent to Coventry," the first story, contains material for a whole volume.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

The interest taken throughout Australasia in educational affairs is symtomatic of the desire to give the rising generation the very best upbringing possible. I am therefore, starting this section when, every month, some articles will be given, dealing with educational matters, telling of what is being done elsewhere, or chronicling the opinions of great teachers and psychologists. Education in England is again at the parting of the ways, and the result of Lord Haldane's efforts will be closely followed here. He proposes to entirely reorganise and readjust British education, and if his Bill is passed, it will create practically a new national system.

The Workers' Educational Association.

Mr. Albert Mansbridge is visiting Australia, at the invitation of the Universities in order to tell about the great experiment of democracy which is being so successfully carried on at home, and to advise about its application here.

Mr. Mansbridge has been leading a most strenuous life since he arrived in Melbourne, but he seems to thrive on conferences and meetings, an extraordinary number of which he manages to crowd into every day of his stay. He expects to be in Sydney early in August, and then goes to Brisbane, Hobart, Adelaide and Perth, returning again to Melbourne on his way to New Zealand.

It was quite a breath of the old country to have him look into the office, where he kindly explained the movement he represents. A recital of the offices Mr. Mansbridge holds is reminiscent of the titles of a Spanish grandee, which are announced on State occasions. There seems no end to them! His chief activities are exercised though, as general secretary of the Workers' Educational Association.

What, I enquired, is the Workers' Educational Association?

It is a federation of over 2000 working class and educational organisations which has as its guiding principle that brains and character should alone qualify for admission to the highest educational privileges. It believes that Universities should be accessible to all who can fit themselves for the highest teaching. After five years' experience the Association became convinced that its co-operation with Universities must, in the main, depend upon the establishment of a system of classes in industrial, and, if possible, in rural districts, open to working men and working women alike, regulated and governed by the students themselves, subject to the approval of a body composed of direct representatives of work people as well as of members of the University.

How was this done?

Seven work people and seven representatives of the University drafted a scheme which has resulted in the establishment of joint committees in each University town and of a Central Joint Advisory Committee, which acts as a sort of clearing house for them. These committees arrange for the teachers in the different classes.

And what do the classes consist of?

A class is a group of people who may differ fundamentally in politics, religion and theories of social organisation, but who are anxious to get facts, mental

training and a clear exposition of varying views. No class consists of more than thirty students, and comprise twenty-four two-hour lessons each winter, with twelve fortnightly essays. Each student pledges himself to attend unless illness, employment, or, if he be an official, meetings of his trade union intervene. No one under 18 is admitted, but there is no other age limit. The teacher is regarded not so much as an instructor, rather as a comrade, who has great skill in imparting knowledge which he has had special opportunities of acquiring. A teacher who had been most successful confessed himself nervous before meeting thirty students. "What right have you to be nervous," he was asked, "you are only one thirty-first of the class?" That is true, and represents the spirit of the tutorial classes. It is a mutual relation. None before and none after. As one student said, the teacher addressed the class for one hour and the class addressed the teacher the second hour.

What sort of subjects are taken up?

Mainly industrial history and economics, but literature, history, natural science, philosophy and psychology also have a place.

Do fees have to be paid?

Usually, 1s. for twelve lessons. This does not, of course do much towards meeting the cost of the work. The working people who helped devise the scheme said that no man should earn less than £400 per annum if he took five classes. In addition to the teacher the chief expense is in buying books. The finance of the classes is arranged upon a triple basis. The Universities give a grant towards the tutor's fee, the local education authority gives one, and so does the Board of Education.

And these grants cover the cost?

By no means; both State and local authorities will have to give larger sums.

About how many classes are there in England now?

One hundred and twenty. A healthy tutorial class speedily develops classes round about it. One, for instance, in the midlands was the means of starting no less than 23 others. There are now some 3700 students, of whom only about 400 are women. All kinds of trades and callings are represented, there being also a large number of unskilled workers.

MR. ALBERT MANSBRIDGE.

Do you find the attendances keep up?

The average works out at 75 per cent.; illness and overtime are responsible for the 25 per cent.

What are the prospects of starting similar classes here?

Very bright. The Trades Hall and the University are now conferring in the matter. There will probably not be the same difficulty over finance here as we have experienced at home, but there will be difficulty until the value of the classes is realised in practice.

Do you find much interest taken here in the scheme?

The enthusiasm of the audiences I have addressed indicates clearly that there are great reservoirs of educational enthusiasm, and of powers as yet untapped. One of the most pleasant experiences I have had in this country has been meeting men who, having been through the classes at home, now offer to place their services entirely at the disposal of the movement here. These will form a very fair nucleus.

A REVOLUTION IN PEDAGOGY.

BY MAY SMYTH.*

During the past twelve months the whole educational world has been profoundly stirred by the remarkable achievements of Maria Montessori. This Italian woman doctor is to-day the clearest thinker, the most daring innovator, and by far the most interesting figure in the realm of pedagogy.

The doctrine of self-education has had many apostles, from Plato downwards, but what others have preached Dottoressa Montessori has practised, and with such striking results that pilgrims flock to Rome from all quarters of the globe to see for themselves those wonderful schools in which perfect freedom and perfect discipline go hand-in hand.

DR. MARIA MONTESSORI.

Liberty—that is the watchword of the Montessori philosophy. It confers on the child an amount of freedom hitherto undreamt of in our schools, a freedom which reveals his personality, allows him self-expression, and makes of him a separate entity, an individual, not a human automaton responsive in mechanical fashion to the bidding of his teacher.

He has liberty to grow and develop. His progress towards self-realisation is not hampered by the unwise though well-meant pressure applied by the old-fashioned type of preceptor. He is like a plant in the hands of a judicious gardener, who, after seeing to it that his seedling has the right kind of soil and light, leaves Nature to do the rest.

The Montessori teacher provides suitable channels for the natural activities of the child, and leaves him to work out his own salvation. And step by step the infant mind progresses along the path of self-development, with the teacher always in the background ready to encourage, to sympathise, but never to interfere with the wholesome, natural growth of the individual. Free from external pressure, the child learns the discipline of self-control, a far more wonderful and valuable form of discipline than that of forced obedience.

As an outlet for his energies and to assist in the process of self-education, he is provided with a carefully devised set of "toys," by means of which his senses, particularly that of touch, receive a valuable training. He learns to distinguish the size, shape, and weight of various objects, to differentiate between the finest shades of any given colour, and even to master without effort the arts of reading and writing.

Until some two years ago very little was known of the new teaching outside Italy itself. But about that time the English Board of Education, wishing to gain first-hand information on the subject, sent out to Rome Mr. Edmond Holmes, their late Chief Inspector, in order that he might see and report on the new system. Mr. Holmes came, saw, and was convinced of its efficacy. Others interested in the cause of education and anxious that this new vivifying

*By special arrangement with the *World's Work* (London).

influence should be brought into the schools, and particularly the public elementary schools of Great Britain, formed a committee to which Dr. Montessori gave her formal recognition. The committee founded in March, 1912, the Montessori Society of the United Kingdom. The first thing to do was to send out into the world properly trained, efficient teachers. Dr. Montessori agreed to instruct a limited number of very carefully-selected students sent her by the committee. Miss Lidbetter had been sent to Rome some time previously by the Hon. Mrs. Bowing and Mrs. Spender Clay to learn the system in order to teach their own children on Montessori lines. When she returned, the two ladies unselfishly allowed her to work for the committee instead of for the benefit of their children.

In August, 1912, Miss Lidbetter began instructing a class of village children at Runton, in Norfolk. She soon proved to the full the truth of the precept that the letter kills, the spirit makes alive, for there is no doubt that the Montessori system is not a cut-and-dried one to be imported *en bloc* and slavishly copied in our schools. Once the master-principle of liberty is grasped, the method is capable of being modified and adapted to suit differences in character and climate. And it was in this adapting of the method to the needs of English children that the Runton experiment proved most valuable.

Difficulties were overcome and problems solved, with the result that the little Norfolk class is to-day a striking example of what the Montessori system can do for English children, and a practical refutation of the objection that a system invented by an Italian woman for Italian children is unsuited for those of another race.

AMONG POOR CHILDREN AND RICH.

For seven months Miss Lidbetter lived and worked at Runton. Then, fortified by this valuable experience, it was felt that the moment had come for transplanting her to the sphere of work for which the committee had ultimately intended her—viz., an infant class in a public elementary school. Leaving the Runton class in charge of a capable and sympathetic assistant, who had worked with her there for some months previous to her departure, Miss Lidbetter started work at the beginning of April, 1913, in a village school in Buckinghamshire, under the control of the County Education Committee. There she is now engaged in the interesting and important work of adapting the Montessori system to the exigencies of the public elementary school, and may all success attend her efforts.

But it must not be thought that Miss Lidbetter's work represents the sum total of Montessori achievement in England during the past twelve months. A fellow student of Miss Lidbetter's in Rome, Miss Dufresne, came to England in the autumn of 1912 and was engaged by an American lady, Mrs. Saunderson of Lyndhurst, to direct a Montessori class made up of her own children and those of neighbouring friends. It is interesting to note that of the two classes being conducted simultaneously in England, one consisted of children of the working classes and the other of those of the well-to-do.

In each case the experiment was an undoubted success, proving that the Montessori system is not one for poor or for rich, but for all children, whether they come from palace or from hovel. And, in this fact, and in the larger humanity and wider sympathies which self-education creates may we not hope for a solution of many of the vexed social problems of this unquiet age?

A "LABORATORY TEST."

I will now touch on the Fielden experiment at Manchester, the result of which was made known by Professor Findlay in an address given by him last March at the College of Preceptors. Professor Findlay confessed at the outset that he and his colleagues had undertaken with considerable misgiving what they described as a "laboratory test" of the Montessori method. They came to the work somewhat prejudiced against the Dottoressa's system, but ready to give it what they considered a fair trial.

And here it must be remarked that prejudiced, unsympathetic teachers were hardly likely to get the best results from

the children in their charge. But despite even this drawback the system triumphed.

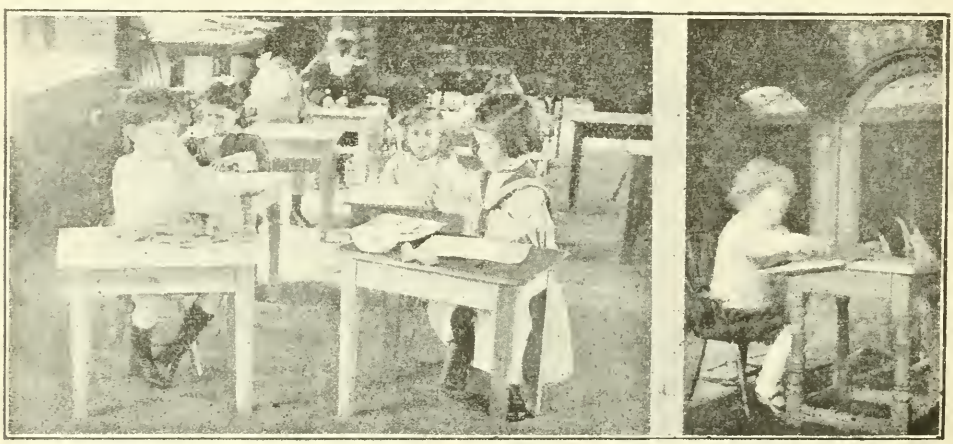
It was applied in the kindergarten-room of the Fielden school, and accurate daily records were kept of the results in the case of each child. At the end of four months, those who had conducted the experiment were compelled to give the Montessori system their approval as one which accelerated the normal development of the child on many sides of his nature, which fostered independence and self-reliance, and which produced unselfishness and consideration for others.

An even more interesting and successful experiment was that conducted during the past winter at the Canterbury Road Council Infant School, on the outskirts of Birmingham. In this school there are now two Montessori classes. One—the "babies'" class—has been "doing Montessori" for about six months. The other—the lowest class but two—has been doing it, at the time of writing, for about a fortnight. In the former class there are forty-eight children, and in the latter sixty, and in each case the class is in the hands of only one teacher. These teachers had never seen a Montessori class at work, but they had made a careful study of the Dottoressa's book. In the babies' class the experiment has been splendidly successful. Of the other class it is too early to say much, but Miss Phillips, the head mistress, says that liberty has already begun to *humanise* the children. It is the effect of freedom (as given under the Montessori system) on *character* which impresses her most strongly; but, apart from this, she thoroughly believes in the system and is going to extend it gradually in her school.

All this time—*i.e.*, during the winter of 1912-13, the Montessori Society had been quietly working for the advancement of educational reform on the lines laid down by D. Montessori. Students were sent to Rome for special instruction, lectures were given and pamphlets distributed. But until the training of the society's students was complete nothing further could be done in the way of establishing schools.

The work of Montessorians has during the past twelve months been almost entirely that of preparing the soil and sowing the seed. They cherish the hope that a day is coming when children will be treated as individual human beings, each free to develop all the possibilities for good latent in his nature; when liberty, not restraint, will be the motto of our teachers; and when the self-control begotten of that liberty will produce a finer race of citizens, a higher type of humanity than any England has yet seen.

Much interest is being taken in the Montessori system in America, and ere long no doubt this revolution in teaching will be tried in Australasia.



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IMPERIAL VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

The Lord Chancellor's various pronouncements upon the necessity for the reorganisation or readjustment of the British educational system are so vital that as a natural sequence many and various opinions have been put before the public in books, magazines, and newspapers. The ideas of the two great educationalists who have each embodied their opinion in a book will prove useful.

Dr. Gray has had the practical experience of thirty years as headmaster of Bradfield College, which he found in the depths and brought to a high degree of efficiency. He is himself an Oxford man, who has since his retirement from Bradfield gained fresh insight into educational matters as a member of the Mosely Commission, and by his departmental work in British Columbia, and, moreover, those who passed through his hands at Bradfield will agree that he is entitled to speak with authority. In his book, "The Public Schools and the Empire" (Williams and Norgate), he summarises his experiences, which lead him to the conclusion that external control over all stages of education is, in the interests of Empire, the only remedy for the existing state of educational chaos.

DR. H. B. GRAY

This opinion Dr. Gray holds—not through an undue bias in favour of extending the power of the State over the life of the individual citizen; not because the body of men who fill the ranks of the scholastic profession are not fit for independence and unfettered authority. On the contrary, he feels it to be a crying shame that they have been accorded so few marks of public recognition for their able, loyal, and self-denying services. But nothing short of external control will get rid of the chaotic and unscientific system—or want of system—under which the education of the future citizen is carried out. For the grounds upon which Dr. Gray founds his conviction our readers must go to the book itself; no short summary could give their value adequately.

Scarcely a phase of schoolboy life is left untouched in his book, which deals with the system of housemasters, the mistake of all teachers being University men, the question of prefects, holidays, boys who fail to profit by the ordinary system, the necessity for a religious basis, a little discretion as regards sports, and so on; but the one point upon which he lays great emphasis is the fact that revision must begin with the universities, meaning, of course, Oxford and Cambridge. The system by which boys who have not the least likelihood of going to any university—that is to say, the large majority of the scholars in England's secondary schools—must pass under the yoke of the examinations of these rival universities is more than absurd, it is harmful to the

last degree. Dr. Gray uses the term "rival universities" because, while Oxford and Cambridge have a Joint Certificate Board there is no co-operation of the two Universities in working the ordinary locals. It requires but very little thought to see that this takes away much freedom for that individual expression upon which Dr. Gray so strongly insists.

For a well-thought-out plan, Lord Haldane would apparently advise us to go to Germany as an example; but our other educationalist, Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, in his "Studies in Foreign Education" (Harrap), would incline us more towards the French methods. Mr. Brereton is a Cambridge man, a Licencié-es-Lettres, has passed some years in France and America, and as Divisional Inspector for the London County Council, he naturally lays great stress upon vocational education as the practical need of the day.

In his preface, Mr. Brereton says truly that we cannot go to school with any nation, or, in other words, we cannot blindly adopt the organisation or methods of any of our neighbours, for each nation has its own particular way of dealing with its educational questions as a result of long years of trial and experiment; but we can try to study and understand the methods, and, above all, the loving care and insight that each nation lavishes on the coming generation. But to do this needs an expert knowledge of the educational systems of other countries, and in default of that personal examination for which so few of us have the capacity and still fewer the necessary time Mr. Cloudesley Brereton here places his own expert knowledge at our service. It is at the instance of educational experts in England, and with the approbation of such Frenchmen as MM. Poincaré, Ribot, Gautier, Liard, etc., that these "Studies" have been presented to the public.

Mr. Brereton strongly advises us to examine thoroughly the intellectual side of French education, especially the cult of the mother tongue and the enforcement of moral education through reaching the emotional side by means of the intellect. At the same time he counsels us to go to Germany for an illustration of their methods of preparing the students for their vocation in life, the preparation for a livelihood being one of the specialised aims of State education.

The English methods for the formation of character are approved on all sides, but the system of examinations, leading to over-pressure and hanging like a never-lifting cloud over the English school, are too often simply an audit of knowledge or a mere audit of facts, for the examinations on the whole are largely a matter of memory; originality is too rarely sought for or desired. When a French University Professor is shown an English examination paper containing some ten or twelve questions, he is lost in astonishment, and when he is told that full marks can only be obtained by answering them all, and that but three hours are allowed for the paper, he is dumbfounded. For in a Lycée only one or two questions would be given for a three hours' composition.

Mr. Brereton tells us how the Classics are taught in Germany. He describes the later movements in French secondary education, such as the work of M. Demolins and those who have followed him, gives some extraordinary valuable information on French rural education; a most interesting account of French physical education, showing also that the Swedish system, though practised in the primary schools of Paris, has not taken much ground elsewhere, for the Swedish exercises are too often meaningless as far as ordinary purposeful actions are concerned, whereas the French ideal appears to be that of a living being in movement whose development takes place, not by excessive attention first to this part and then to that, but to a large extent synthetically and harmoniously.

The concluding chapter gives Mr. Brereton's view of education in America. His is not a book to be lightly taken up and glanced through, for it is the product of some thirty years of observation by an expert who here places his information at the disposal of thoughtful men.

Both authors write essentially for the patriotic man who desires that his country should have the best of everything going, and for the parent, whose children's interests are so entirely concerned.

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OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS IN ITALY.

The manifold advantages of open-air instruction in the case of delicate children, especially of those having a predisposition to tuberculous disease, are quite generally realised. In a recent bulletin of La Scuola di Roma, Signor Grilli gives some particulars concerning the utilisation of this idea in Rome, where there are at present six schools of this type in operation, while in many of the other schools provision is made for giving outdoor instruction to the pupils during a part of the session.

The open-air schools, properly so called, constitute what might be termed "school colonies." Here are grouped together from the different city schools those children whose physical condition indicates the special need of an abundance of fresh air and sunlight. To secure this and at the same time afford the children protection in bad weather, pavilions of a special type have been built, with removable walls, so that while constituting closed but well-ventilated halls in bad weather, they give merely a roof shelter in fair.

Of the conditions governing these open-air schools, Signor Grilli writes:—

The boys and girls admitted to the classes are in school daily, except Sundays, from 8 a.m. to sundown. They are provided gratis with three meals daily and their school tasks are suitably reduced, only two and one-half hours' daily study being required, divided into half-hour periods, alternating with periods of absolute rest, play, respiratory exercises, or light gymnastics. The medical examination made before reception into the school is repeated twice a month, so as to determine the results of the physico-psychic treatment.

The limitation of the hours of study, with the corresponding reduction of mental effort and nerve waste; the pure air constantly renewed; the light, air, and sun baths, supplemented by a weekly bath in pure water; the provision is simple, pure, substantial food and of Ruspini syrup; the alternation of study and play, of exercise and repose, the substitution of the intuitive for the verbal method of teaching; the constant watchfulness of doctors and teachers; the pleasant companionship of these fresh young souls, unfolding like flowers under the beneficent influence of natural forces; all these contribute to render this type of school effective.

These schools are in a measure "peripatetic," as the children are furnished with specially constructed portable chair-desks, which make it possible to hold sessions occasionally in various parts of the city, in the Coliseum, in the Janiculum, etc., where the pupils may study the history of Rome surrounded by the monuments of her glorious past.

In order to extend the benefits of this plan as widely as possible, arrangements have been made in several other schools to give the pupils open-air instruction for at least a part of the school session, each class in turn being transferred for a brief period to a court, garden or terrace connected with the school building. In the schools of this class one free repast is provided for the children, if necessary, or the parents share the expense of this meal equally with the school, if they are able to do so. Of this category Signor Grilli says:—

Given the poor condition of some old school buildings, destined indeed soon to disappear to make place for the fine modern edifices now being constructed, the schools of this type represent a transition stage, soon to pass away. When all the projected school buildings shall have been erected, there will be an opportunity to establish new open-air schools in the environs of the Eternal City, or in urban villas, where each morning at the school hour, thanks to the development of rapid transit facilities, our children may be sent forth into the open country. Here they can at once drink from the pure springs of knowledge and absorb the life-giving forces of Nature. The proposed permanent school colony at Ostia, to be called *Il sole per tutti;* "The Sun for All," will be typical of what can be accomplished in this direction.

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BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

It is not very clear from the March, 1913, report of this bank why it should have been thought necessary to disclose so large a profit as £285,746 for the half-year. The earnings have for some time now been steadily rising, but the movement in each half-year has for the most part been a small one. But now the bank suddenly admits to earning over £70,000 more than it did last September, itself a record period. One reason for this no doubt is that the directors desired to add £10,000 to the officers' provident fund, and £15,000 to the Buckland fund (another staff fund). But these, taken with the additional £8000 required for the dividend of £158,000, do not account for more than £33,000 of the new profit. The necessity then for that amount of extra profit is clear, but not so that of disclosing so large a balance of new profit in order that the reserve fund addition might be raised by £35,000 to £100,000.

* * *

There was, of course, a reason for this, and presumably a good reason, too, but the chairman in his speech never hinted of its nature. It is not unlikely, however, that the directors think the published reserves should be increased more rapidly to assist in maintaining a satisfactory margin of assets over liabilities. Up till quiet recently the deposits have grown so rapidly that only by fresh issues of capital and by solid additions to the reserves has a reasonable margin been preserved. But of late the deposits have not moved up so quickly, and the margin has improved. Some further improvement, however, is probably desired which no doubt accounts for the unusually large reserve addition this time.

In the past twelve months the funds of the bank have risen by over £1,830,000 to almost £47,500,000. These new funds were provided by the bills payable and other liabilities increasing by £2,000,000 to nearly £6,900,000, while new capital and reserves of £550,000 also contributed to them. The growth in bills payable, etc., was chiefly due to the Commonwealth Bank, which since January last, has kept its State accounts with this bank. But much of what was gained thereby was lost by the transfer of the Federal Government deposits to the Commonwealth Bank. This drain was checked to some extent by incoming public deposits, and the total did not fall by more than £600,000 to £34,800,000.

* * *

The new funds mentioned above went entirely into the liquid assets, which benefited also by a reduction of £760,000 in the advances to £25,380,000. As a result, the bank held in liquid assets £21,300,000, over £2,600,000 more than it did a year before and representing more than 51 per cent. of the public liabilities.

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At the time of writing the bank's shares (£20 paid with a reserve liability of £20) are selling at £40 1s. 6d., yielding just under 5 per cent. As the reserves of over £2,337,000, represent £13 7s. per share a purchaser at this price is paying about £6 14s.—per share for inner reserves which the investment market, however, does not consider to be an unduly heavy valuation. The new shares issued on June 30 are rather cheaper, £39 5s.—for they will, of course, only rank for a quarter's dividend in September.

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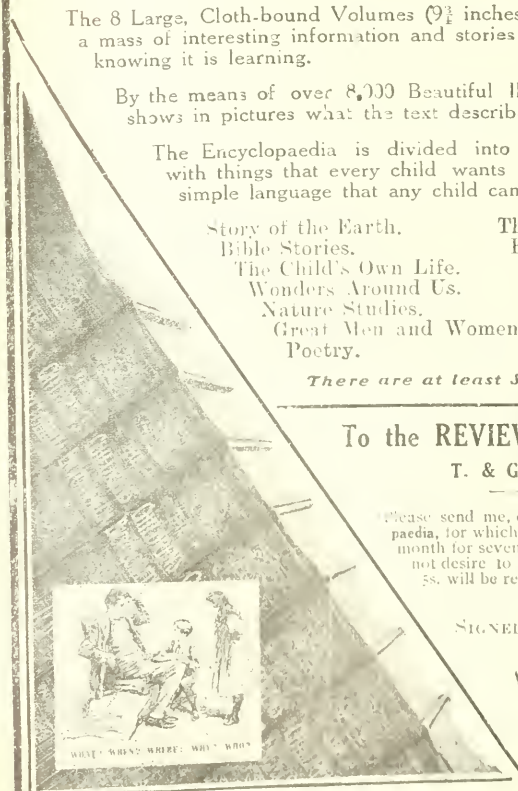

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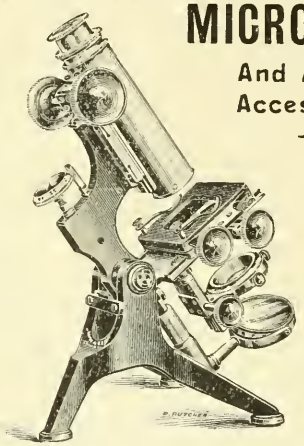

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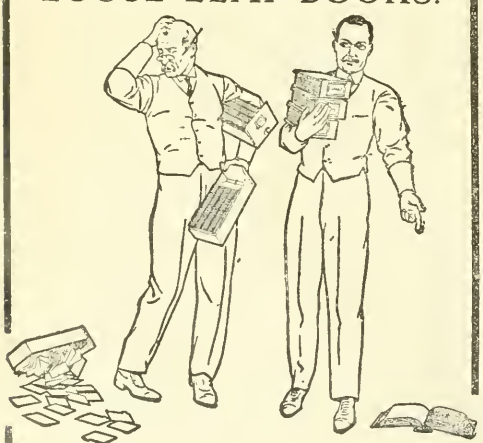

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The adverse conditions which prevailed in the pastoral industry in the earlier portion of the period materially affected the profits earned by this company for the March, 1913, year. The decline in the net earnings was almost £189,000, as compared with those of the preceding period. This is attributable partly to the drought conditions, and partly to the fact that in the previous two years the profits had been swelled by the gains from station properties sold. A repetition, therefore, of the handsome profits earned in those years could hardly have been expected. As the directors state in their report that none of the properties were realised upon during the financial year, it is evident that the declared profits of £132,923 represent solely the year's trading result. A true comparison cannot, therefore, be made with the former years in which large gains resulted from the sales of properties.

* * *

Nevertheless, a portion of the large decline was due to a shrinkage in the trading profits. So much is admitted by the directors, when they state that "the results of the drought are reflected in the modified volume of business done for the year." This statement is confirmed by a perusal of the comparison of wool transactions for the two years. In the 1912 year, the total bales dealt with were 155,194, as against 118,819 for 1913, a decrease of 36,375 bales. The directors, in their report, do not, however, give any idea as to what was the actual effect of the drought upon the profits. This is regrettable, for, in its absence, the shareholders, as well as intending investors, cannot gauge the importance of the decline. However, the fault lies more in the 1912 report than that of the year under review, for had the profits from sales of properties then been shown, distinct from trading profits, a true comparison would now be possible.

* * *

The bearing this question has upon the dividend rates, makes it of still greater importance. In 1912 the rate of dividend paid was 20 per cent. per annum, but this has now been reduced to 15 per cent. per annum, and upon the basis of the past year's earnings it does not appear reasonable to expect a higher rate. Still the directors evidently do not consider that year as a normal one, but rather as one under the average. It would appear also from the report that they consider the outlook for the current year is at present favourable, and that they look forward to showing improved results in their next report. The shareholders, no doubt, will be pleased to see this hope fulfilled.

* * *

The report contains no explanation as to why the dividend rate was reduced though at the meeting the chairman gave as a reason, the advisability of making provision against drought and other causes of loss. The 15 per cent. dividend rate declared absorbed over £105,000, leaving only about £27,500 to be carried forward of the year's profits. This, then, did not permit of a dividend of 20 per cent. per annum being paid. Certainly the board was acting rightly in paying only 15 per cent., on the wise principle that the dividend of any one year should be governed by the profits of such year.

* * *

Still out of the 1912 profits, £150,000 was added to the reserves, and the shareholders were then told that the directors deemed it advisable "in times of abnomal prosperity so as to be able to equalise dividends, to strengthen the reserve fund." Though not necessarily a dividend equalisation reserve, the directors by making such an addition to the reserve fund, apparently treated it as such. Despite this fact, and after paying 20 per cent. for two successive years, the rate is reduced to 15 per cent., while, with the appropriation of but £35,000 of the reserve addition for the purpose of equalisation of dividends, the directors would have been enabled to pay the higher rate of dividend. Moreover, out of the profit and loss balance of over £70,000, it would have been easily possible to pay the extra 5 per cent.

THE OVER SEAS CLUB.

MOTTO.

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3. To insist on the vital necessity to the Empire of British supremacy on the sea.
4. To draw together in the bond of comradeship the peoples now living under the folds of the British flag.

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Information concerning the Over-Seas Club can be obtained from the following:—

Australia: New South Wales.—S. Duncalfe, 321 George-street.
Victoria.—A. Peters, c/o. Review of Reviews, T. and G. Building, Melbourne.
Queensland.—Hon. E. H. T. Plant, Charters Towers; or J. Frostick, One Mile, Gympie.
South Australia.—A. E. Davey, Currie-street, Adelaide.
Tasmania.—H. T. Gould, J.P., 94 Elizabeth-street, Hobart.
West Australia.—W. M. Peters, 2 Cathedral-avenue, Perth.

New Zealand.—J. K. Macfie (Hon. Dominion Secretary), 79 Castle-street, Dunedin.

Fiji.—A. J. Armstrong, Native Office, Suva, Fiji.

Canada: Quebec Province.—E. B. Pritchard, P.O. Box 2284, Montreal.
Ontario.—A. T. McFarlane, 61 Metcalfe-street, Ottawa.
Manitoba.—C. Nightingale, 15 Linda Vista, Vaughan-road, Winnipeg.
Saskatchewan.—E. A. Matthews, P.O. Box 1629, Saskatoon.
Alberta.—T. A. K. Turner, Customs Department, Edmonton.
British Columbia.—W. Blakemore, *The Week*, Victoria.
Nova Scotia.—H. Howe, P.O. Box 370, Halifax.

South Africa: Natal.—T. W. Jackson, 18 Timber-street, Pietermaritzburg.
Transvaal.—Horace Kent, Henley-on-Klip.
O.F.S.—Charles E. Heywood, Springfontein.
Cape Province.—G. J. R. Howells, 130 Hatfield-street, Capetown.

United Kingdom.—The Organiser, Over-Seas Club, Carmelite House, London, E.C.

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Progress of the Over Seas Club.

THE ORGANISERS' TOUR.

After visiting Melbourne Mr. and Miss Wrench left by the "Rotomahana" for Hobart—not, they say, one of their happiest experiences. Tasmania accorded them a hearty welcome. They stayed at Government House with His Excellency Sir William Macartney, an old personal friend, who presided over the large meeting which welcomed them. The Governor was supported by the Mayor and Mayoress, the Premier and Mrs. Solomon, Bishop Mercer, and many other prominent men. In an eloquent address the Governor said he was sure that during his 48,000 miles trip Mr. Wrench had met no other chairman who had known him personally for 25 years. The Club's branches could congratulate themselves most heartily on having someone like Mr. Wrench to place his services at their disposal. He knew the work Mr. Wrench was now carrying out was a labour of love. In order to do it Mr. Wrench had given up much that men valued, much that men strove for, and much that men coveted. The fact that he had done this would not lessen their gratitude to him, or diminish the warmth of their welcome.

Bishop Mercer, who is the president of the Peace Society, said that he had carefully considered the constitution of the Over Seas Club, and had made up his mind to join it forthwith. He believed that the Over Seas Club had a great future before it in its ideal of moral union. In politics let them not put their morals in one compartment and their politics in another. Unless we had ideals of righteousness and brotherhood underlying our politics, we could not be true patriots. That policy would save from innumerable dangers. There was selfish, cruel competition that had for so long kept down great masses of the people who were now, thank God, raising their heads, and seeking to come into the sunshine of Empire with the rest of us. If we could get rid of the degrading worship of wealth, and the barbaric delight which characterised some nations for war and procuring new territories, keeping righteousness and brotherhood the foundation of all that we said and did, a great change would be effected. We could rally whole-heartedly round our flag as a symbol of high and noble ideas, and we could rally round our work in the spirit of true patriotism in making our Empire not only a glory, but a blessing to nations yet to be.

The organisers really found everything organised at Hobart, and they had little of that work to do there. They visited other branches in Tasmania, and returned to Melbourne, expressing themselves delighted with the flourishing condition of the Club in the Island State.

The Club Rooms in Melbourne.

During their absence from Victoria the energetic committee, which had been formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Alfred Peters, had worked wonders. When Mr. Wrench left for Tasmania there was practically no Club. When he came back, ten days later, he walked into the fine Club premises in Imperial Arcade, and was defeated—by his sister—on the Club billiard table! As he said at the farewell given him in the Club rooms, he never in all his wide experience had met so energetic a committee, and he would hold the Melbourne branch up as a model of organisation. The members already number 300, and it is confidently expected that by Christmas there will be a thousand. The launching of a very ambitious programme only awaits more members. The subscription has been fixed at 5s.

The Melbourne Meeting.

The Lord Mayor presided at a large and representative gathering to welcome Mr. and Miss Wrench. He was supported by His Excellency Sir John Fuller, Mr. Fisher, Sir John Forrest, and other notable men. The speech of the evening was undoubtedly that of the Governor, but all were on a high plane of Imperial thought. Dr. Barrett threw out the wise suggestion that the Victorian League, the Royal Colonial Institute, the Over Seas Club, and similar organisations working for much the same objects, each in its own way, should keep each other informed as to what they were doing. Mr. Wrench spoke well, and his sister afforded, by her eloquent address, a good example of the value of a woman's counsel in the organisation of an Empire Club of this nature. The Lord Mayor stated that he intended to take a deep personal interest in the future of the Over Seas branch in Melbourne.

Adelaide, Perth and South Africa.

Mr. and Miss Wrench then went on to Adelaide, where they were the guests of Governor Bosanquet. They had a very busy time in South Australia before departing to Perth *en route* for Natal. They intend remaining in South Africa for some three months. A glance at the strenuous programme arranged for them raises doubts of their physical ability to carry it through. Still, there is little doubt that when they leave the Over Seas Club will be stronger in South Africa than in any other Dominion. It has an ever-present object there, the creation of friendship and union between the two white races, who, after their great struggle, are now both loyal members of the Empire.

CLUB NOTES.

A great work is being done by the Over Seas Club in Canada in protesting against the Americanisation of the moving picture business in the Dominion. The Montreal branch reports that steps are now being taken to put the production of British moving pictures on an entirely new basis. We are as tired in Australia as they are in Canada and England of the everlasting scenes of American Wild West life, and the peculiar domestic episodes shown on the Continental film. In America 100 firms are engaged in producing pictures; in England there are only 10! This lack of British films is giving those inhabitants of the British Dominions who have never seen England a totally erroneous impression of the country. If a battleship is shown it usually is flying the Stars and Stripes; if the film depicts the work of a fire brigade, the scene is sure to be laid in an American city. Winnipeg alone with its 200,000 inhabitants, speaking 20 or 30 languages, throngs the 30 picture palaces every night, and sees picture after picture of American production, because British films simply cannot be obtained in sufficient numbers. The result of the Over Seas Club agitation against this state of things has resulted in a desire to see British scenes, a demand English firms are arranging now to meet.

In Australia much the same state of affairs exists. It would be an interesting task if members of the Over Seas Club here were to ascertain the proportion of foreign films used compared to those of British production. The members in Canada find that some 90 per cent. came from the United States, France and Italy.

The Montreal branch bestows a first-grade Order of Merit Badge on the member enrolling the greatest number of new members in a given time, and a second-grade Order of Merit Badge on any member who enrols five or more members.

Omaru, N.Z.—The local branch now numbers 140 members. The Club flag flew for the first time in Omaru on May 30th, on the occasion of the visit of H.M.S. "New Zealand." On May 26th, Empire Day, the Club gave a free concert and patriotic picture show to 1200 scholars of the primary schools. The children were addressed by the president, Mr. Milner, and at the close of the function a souvenir card was distributed to each child.

The Farthest West Branch—Masset, Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.—The branch of the Club in Masset was reorganised in April last. Mr. Chas. Harrison, S.M., was elected president, and it was decided to call the Club the "Farthest West" Branch of the Over Seas Club. The secretary, Mr. Jessup, confidently anticipates having 100 members in a month or two.

Dunedin N.Z.—When H.M.S. "New Zealand" visited Dunedin, the Over Seas Club then made Captain Halsey an honorary member. The gallant captain regretted that owing to his short stay in Dunedin he was unable to meet the members of the branch, as he has done in other centres. The Club despatched a cable message to the King, extending birthday congratulations, and received the following reply:—"I am desired to express His Majesty's thanks for the telegram of congratulation and good wishes which His Majesty has received from the members of the Club.—Stamfordham."

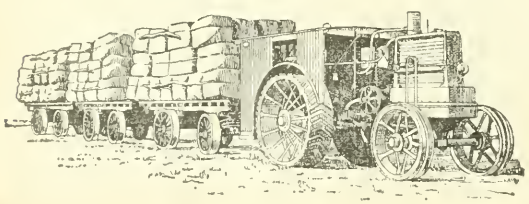
Otago, N.Z.—On the occasion of the visit of H.M.S. "New Zealand" the local branch of the Over Seas Club arranged to have bonfires lighted on the hillside at St. Clair, and also on the hill at the back of Anderson's Bay. One was burned as a welcome, the other as a farewell as the gift Dreadnought passed by.

Port Stanley, Falkland Island.—The branch of the Over Seas Club here is certainly living up to one of the rules, i.e., "to help one another." The secretary, A. C. Kirwan, writes that members are collecting £100 to give to the London Hospital.

Gisborne, N.Z.—The branch here has decided to make a point of commemorating the anniversaries of the birthdays of notable figures in the history of the nation. The form this takes is usually to offer prizes for the best essay on the life of the man or woman in question.

Antofagasta, Chili.—J. S. Brace, hon. sec., reports that the membership of the branch is swelling rapidly, and that the inaugural concert was a huge success, no such gathering of British subjects having ever before been seen in Antofagasta.

The secretaries of the different branches of the Over Seas Club should send any reports they desire inserted in the Review of Reviews, to reach Melbourne not later than the 18th of the month. Address all communications to Henry Stead, T. and G. Building, Swanston-street, Melbourne.



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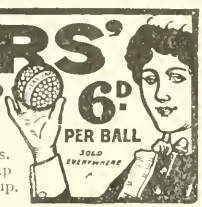

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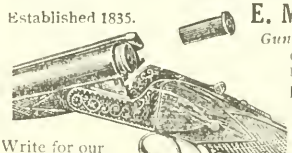

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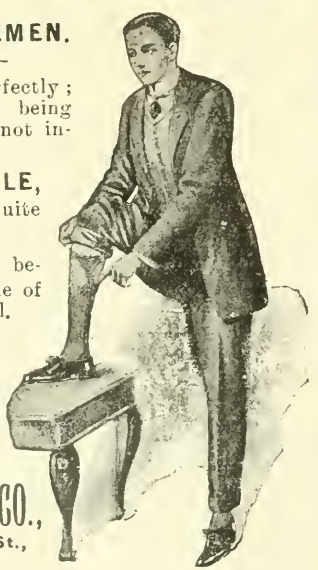

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